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The Musical World

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THE
MUSICAL WORLD.

VOL. LV.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244, REGENT STREET.

1877.

Mus 18.2\$ *

Harvard College Library
Mar. 15, 1921
Naumburg Fellowship fund

LONDON :
PRINTED BY HENDERSON, RAIT, AND FENTON,
73 & 74, MARYLEBONE LANE, W.

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VOL. 55.—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEASON TICKET ARRANGEMENTS.—The Directors having found it necessary to revert to the plan of making all the Annual Season Tickets terminate on the same day, the Season Ticket year will commence May 1 in each year, and terminate April 30 in the succeeding year. In order that those Season Ticket-holders whose tickets expire between Jan. 1 and May 1, 1877, shall not suffer any inconvenience, arrangements have been made for the renewal of their tickets on payment of a *pro-rata* charge of 1s. 9d. a month. Thus, a person taking a Season Ticket in January will pay £1 8s.; in February, £1 6s. 3d.; in March, £1 4s. 6d.; and in April, £1 2s. 9d. for a ticket available till the last day of April, 1878.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEASON TICKETS.—The Season Ticket admits to the Palace and Aquarium whenever open to the public, and the ticket for 1877-8 will admit on all the days of the Handel Festival in June next.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HALF-A-CROWN SATURDAYS.—During the forthcoming season the charge for admission on ordinary Saturdays will be Half-a-Crown, except during the months of July, August, and September.

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* This Essay, of which Mr Charles Lunn has presented the Copyright to the Orphanage, will be published, with additional remarks and an account of the Soirée by the **MUSIC AND ART ASSOCIATION, 39, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London.** Price One Shilling.

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The **LENT TERM** will commence on **MONDAY, Jan. 15, 1877**, and terminate on Saturday, April 21.

Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) will be Examined at the Institution on **Thursday, Jan. 11, at Eleven o'clock.**

By order, **JOHN GILL, Secretary.**
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The **NEXT TERM** commences Jan. 15, 1877. The Examination and Entrance days are Wednesday, Jan. 10, and Friday, Jan. 12, 1877, between the hours of Eleven and Four.

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MISS RACHEL GRAY and MR FREDERIC PENNA will sing HENRY SMART's popular Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Shrewsbury, on Jan. 16, 1877; Jan. 17, at Bridgnorth: on Friday, Jan. 19, at Leamington.

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MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," during this month at Stroud, Cirencester, Taunton, Exeter, Plymouth, Torquay, Worcester, Chesham, Hereford, Swansea, Newport, and Southampton.

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MADAME THADDEUS WELLS and MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN will sing H. SMART's Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Banbury on Jan. 2nd; Chesterfield, Jan. 5th; Liverpool, Jan. 6th and 8th; and Naptwich, Jan. 22nd.

"WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA."

MISS CATHERINE PENNA and MR FREDERIC PENNA will sing HENRY SMART's celebrated Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at the Town Hall, Shoreditch, on Jan. 30.

SIGNOR BONETTI, during his Provincial Tour, requests that all communications be addressed to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME ENRIQUEZ begs that all communications be addressed to her at No. 5, OAKLEY SQUARE, N.W.

MR WILFORD MORGAN requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to his residence, 18, Surrey Street, W.C.

MIDDLE VICTORIA BUNSEN will Return to London at the end of January, having concluded her Continental Engagements. All Letters to be directed, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

GERARD COVENTRY (Tenor), having returned to Town from his Provincial Tour, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios or Concerts. Address—Care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS PURDY begs to announce that she will Return from Italy on March 5. All communications to be addressed to 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MR BARTON MCGUCKIN (Tenor) begs to announce that he has Returned from Milan, and wishes that all Communications be addressed to 33, Shardeloe Road, New Cross, London, S.E.

MR SHAKESPEARE requests that all Communications concerning ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., be addressed—6, Howick Place, Victoria Street, S.W.

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19. Happy and light. From Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*.
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26. Come, sing the song. Opening Chorus, from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*.
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28. The Tuneful Song of Robin's Horn. Tyrolese Chorus, from Rossini's *Guglielmo Tell*.
29. The Chorus of Huntsmen, from Weber's *Der Freischütz*.
30. Hark! the distant hills. Hunting Chorus, from Flotow's *Marta*.
31. Hence! away with care. From Meyerbeer's *Gli Ugonotti*.
32. Hail to the Bride. From Wagner's *Lohengrin*.
33. Hark! Music swelling! (Subject from Overture). From Rossini's *Semiramide*.
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STEPHEN HELLER.*

I am fond of picturing to myself Stephen Heller—and those who are well acquainted with him as a man and an artist will recognise the resemblance—seated before an Érard's piano, in an apartment, elegant, quiet, and sober in appearance, looking out upon a park, with tufted trees rising close to the windows of the house. In such an apartment, so favourable for meditation, a few persons are assembled, with delicately organised minds and ears; persons who know how to listen; to lose nothing; not to ask more, and especially not to ask too much, from the composer or virtuoso, who says only what he ought to say. Heller begins playing! What tender and touching reminiscences, what varied impressions arise from out the distant Past! How picture follows picture in the mirage of the imagination!

Behold Spring, with her song of hope, with the sap of youth gushing up in the blade of green grass, in the flower which offers its calice to the breeze, and in the harmonious rustling of the reeds. Behold Autumn, with the aërial plaint of the ocean-wind in the fibres of the Sicilian pines. One fugitive piece evokes thoughts of love, light as air, and full of caprice and carelessness; another, of love profound and passionate; several remind us of calm tenderness, the basis of family life; at one and the same time, a merit and a reward; a drowsy ideal which is the charm and the honour of English *Laksam*. One melody lends to premature death the cheerfulness and the joyous smile of a morning farewell; another lulls to sleep an infant, beaming in his cradle, like a little Messiah; yet another appears traversed by the apparitions which Dante saw, floating in the cold pale dawn, on the limits between Heaven and Hell. From the mysterious hour of twilight we pass to night, to night which charms us with its nightingales, its thickets, its lovers, and its serenades, or looms forbiddingly, with its owls, its tempests, its old forests, and its gloom. A ray from the Spain of the author of *Rolla*, lights up a bolero; a breath from Chateaubriand's Italy permeates a canticle. I hear on the moor the burden sung by the peasants of Pustza, fresh from indulging in libations of the burning wine of Somlyo; I hear, too, the roundelay of the Hungarian maidens, as ardent as their wines. It was, doubtless, the picturesque and motley poetry of a nomad life which inspired this scherzo. I cannot say why that study should recall to my mind the exquisite and monumental statuary of the Renaissance, statuary conceived by, but not troubling the senses, like, for example, Jean Goujon's Diana, as full of movement as physical vigour itself, yet calm as intellectual power. Will anyone explain to me by what magic of colour and of style this improvisation, breaking into the domain of the purely abstract, absolutely paints forgetfulness, resolution, affirmation, incertitude, nay, even the ideal sentiment of friendship and of inner life? Such, however, are, with a thousand others, the sensations which Heller's music possesses the power of awakening, and the effects which it excels in producing, when this "pianist and composer for his own instrument," as he is ingeniously described in the biographical dictionaries, executes that music himself, or when it is executed by those who are acquainted with its traditions.

From Stephen Heller's calm and studious life, which has been written several times, I select only as much as explains his works. He was born at one of the most violently-agitated epochs of the century—1814—in Hungary, in the native land of the Sandor Pontofi's, the Worosmartys and the Alleardo Allcardis, of all those poets who, thanks to the national genius, combine with a peculiarly Germanic concentration and profundity of thought the vigorous splendour of form distinguishing the South. He was in turn virtuoso, professor, and composer; he possesses, therefore, all the means for embodying his thoughts brilliantly and logically. The friend of Mendelssohn, Robert Schumann, Schubert, and Ernst, he has never ceased to believe, with them and like them, that a work of art should express only what elevates and nobly delights the soul—nothing more; to this solely has his sentiment been directed; all the rest is for him false. He alone gave himself his own musical education, assisted only by a few slight occasional hints; it was by writing that he determined to learn how to write. Stephen Heller possesses a quality or merit which is rare in a musician: he is *literary*. For many years—to his thinking, too short—he has lived on intimate terms with illustrious writers,

both in verse and prose. Poetry has the power of piercing him through and through, and of completely carrying him away. In poetry he has found a fertile source of inspiration and renewed power; thanks to poetry, he has preserved a seductive freshness in the midst of incessant labour. Long unappreciated, he has pursued his course, armed with the courage and the perseverance of the strong, reaching by meditation and the heart the plenitude of his talent, and never reacting against his natural melancholy, but taking even a pleasure in the pungent flavour of sadness which purifies, and raises us above the regions of the vulgar, and tempers proud and believing intellect. He lives alone, in calmness and study, though without misanthropy, arrogance, or roughness. All Heller is comprised in his love of solitude, of reading, and of work; in his disdain for what is common and for easy success; in an extraordinary faculty of inward concentration, which increases tenfold in his case the range and the penetrating power of thought; in a respect for art and those who cultivate it; in a faith in himself; and in elevation of character and simplicity of life.

Shall I add that his tender and elegant poetic nature was calculated to find favour with distinguished women, and to feel at ease in the free enjoyment of their delicate society? Speaking of the noble lady who was Stephen Heller's first patroness, M. Fétié, in an outburst of enthusiasm too unusual with him not to be sincere, exclaims: "Happy the young artist who meets with such a woman at the outset of his career!" This is very true, but the notice taken by a superior woman of any man is a mark of distinction nearly always deserved.

(To be continued.)

Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen."

By DR HANSLICK.*

The August of this year may be called without more ado the Wagner Month. What has already appeared in the way of preliminary pamphlets, books, and newspaper articles, concerning the *Nibelungenring*, constitutes a small library, which will, probably, after the performances, swell into a very large one. For many readers this will be too much, while for others it will not be enough. It is an indisputable fact that we are on the eve of a theatrical event, which, in plan and dimensions, is grand and altogether extraordinary. Nay, more; this music-drama playing for four evenings, the erection of a theatre especially for it, and the thousand-headed pilgrimage from half Europe to a remote and semi-extinct little town, the name of which will now live imperishably in the annals of art, form a remarkable fact in the history of civilisation itself. Whether the work itself satisfies more or less the expectations of the Bayreuth pilgrims, or whether it does not, they will all agree in one thing, namely: admiration of the extraordinary ability, energy, power of work, and power of agitation, possessed by the man who by his own unaided self called the event into existence, and carried it through.

Der Ring des Nibelungen is the work of nearly five-and-twenty years, a work to which, after every interruption (*Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*), Wagner returned with redoubled love. At first the patriotic enthusiasm of 1848 impelled him to awake the Emperor Barbarossa from his sleep at Kyffhäuser. The studies he undertook with a view to the dramatic treatment of that saga led him deeper and deeper into the legendary lore of Germany. In the course of his reading, he was so captivated by the heroic form of the young dragon-slayer, Siegfried, that the old Red-Beard had to yield before it. In the same year, 1848, Wagner sketched the design of a Nibelung drama, and shortly afterwards began working out *Siegfried's Tod*. The success of *Lohengrin* at Weimar stimulating his courage, and urging him to fresh exertion, he again buried himself in the Nibelungen Saga. In the year 1858 he completed his poem, which consisted of four independent dramas, and, during the same year, he commenced setting it to music. Two-and-twenty years later, in the summer of 1875, he directed the first rehearsals at Bayreuth. It is from this place that we shall very shortly publish our opinion of the work under the immediate impression produced by its performance; before we do so, however, some guiding and prefa-

* Translated by J. V. Bridgeman, expressly for the *Musical World*.

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*, of August 13th, 1876.

tory remarks on the poem, apart from the music, may be not unwelcome to our readers.*

The poetical subject, then, chosen by R. Wagner is the Nibelungen Saga. This is more easily said than understood. The Saga, or collection of Sagas, in question has, at different times, and in different countries, widely separated from each other, assumed various shapes, and now exists in greatly differing versions. It has often been a subject of complaint, and we have been reproached, even to an unjust extent, with the fact, that we Germans are more familiar with the Greek and Roman than with the old Germanic mythology. The laudable efforts of philologists, historians, and poets, during the last few decenniums, have only been able to remedy this state of things in a gradual and partial manner. The great mass of the public have, however, grown better acquainted with the Nibelungen Saga, more especially through three plays: Raupach's *Nibelungenhort*, Geibel's *Brünnhilde*, and Hebbel's *Nibelungen*. Anyone presuming that he shall find the same story in Wagner's Festival-Stage-Play begins by making a mistake. Even the designation "Nibelungen" means with Wagner something different to what it means with the others. In the German epic the name of "Nibelungen" is not restricted to the dwarfs ("Niflungen"); it is given to the Burgundians as well, and only the latter are meant when mention is made of *Nibelungenlied*, *Nibelungennoth*, and *Der Nibelungen Rache*. It is in this sense that our modern authors use the term. Wagner, on the contrary, restricts it to the race of dwarfs residing in the crevices of the earth at Nibelheim. His poem knows nothing of Burgundians; in fact, it has ignored any thing historical, and treats every circumstance as legendary and fabulous, without regard to the date. There is nothing in Wagner referring to the spread of Christianity, which permeates our mediæval epic like a new universal history and which is so cleverly employed in Hebbel's tragedy. Nearly all we find in Wagner are a few names, and even these are not the same. Chriemhild, for instance, is with him, according to the Northern tradition, Gutrune. This character, Gunther, and Hagen, do not appear until the fourth drama, and then almost as subordinate personages. While our modern dramatists have worked out the purely human element of the German epic, an element valid and touching in every age, the true love of Siegfried for his wife, Chriemhild, the stubborn vassal-like fidelity of Hagen, and, finally, Chriemhild's vengeance, we see, in Wagner's work, man and everything human purposely thrust back, while gods, giants, and dwarfs are brought, as the personages of the drama, into the foreground. Brünnhilde does not appear as the much be-courted queen of Isenland, but as a superhuman Walkyre, and the favourite daughter of the god, Wotan; Chriemhild (Gutrune) is not represented as an avenger, nor Hagen as an unselfish, faithful serf. In every instance, Wagner adheres to the older, harsher, repellant story of the *Edda*, a story with which we have nothing in common, and which must affect us in an unexpected and disagreeable manner. In the first three dramas (*Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, and *Siegfried*), the full light is turned upon the beings of the upper and the lower world, the personified powers of nature. When we afterwards come to speak of the *music*, we shall see that this view of the subject favours Wagner's brilliant musical speciality, the representation of the Wonderful by means of the most highly refined tone-painting—though certainly at the expense of the *drama*, in which we want to see human beings under human conditions, and to share their joys and sufferings. It is not till the fourth evening that we meet the familiar human beings from the German epic; and it is exceedingly significant that Wagner should now have bestowed the name of *Götterdämmerung* upon this drama, which he originally entitled *Siegfried's Tod*, thus laying, here, too, from the outset, the greatest importance not upon the fate of the human agents in the drama, but on that of the gods.

If we would epitomise the fundamental idea of the entire Wagnerian cyclas, we should do so by saying it is the curse of gold which paves the way for the destruction of the gods and men who

* Anyone desiring more ample information on the subject will find it in the pamphlets by Otto Gumprecht, Ernst Koch, Gustav Dullo, &c.

engage in its pursuit. Having first put on one side all accessory matter, let us see how this idea is embodied in the continuous action of the four dramas. The first drama, or the Prelude, *Das Rheingold*, contains the preliminary story, and introduces no human beings, but only gods, giants, and dwarfs upon the stage. As god Wotan himself subsequently informs us in his conversation with the dwarf Mime, these are the three races which dispute with each other the possession of the earth; each race—the gods high enthroned in the golden Walhalla, the wild giants living upon the lofty rocks, and the dwarfs busily digging and forging inside the earth—endeavours by force or cunning to subject the other two. The first scene of the Prelude takes place in the depths of the Rhine. The Daughters of the Rhine are circling round the "*Rheingold*," the treasure confided to their care; the hideous dwarf Alberich, while following them about with lustful amorousness, perceives the treasure, snatches it forcibly from the rock where it is kept, and disappears with it. The Daughters of the Rhine state the distress in which they are plunged to the god Loge (the diplomatic Mephisto at the court of the Northern Divinities), and solicits the aid of Wotan, the Allgod. The latter resolves to take the gold from Alberich, and—keep it for himself. Accompanied by Loge, he descends into Alberich's cave, binds Alberich, and seizes on the ring into which the precious metal has been transformed. But the two giants, Fafner and Fasolt, threateningly demand it as ransom for the goddess Freia, who has been carried off by them. They at last obtain it, but fall out concerning it, for it "*zur höchsten Macht verhilft*;"* Fafner slays Fasolt and makes off with the ring. The gods proceed, over a rainbow, to their splendid stronghold.

(To be continued.)

Political.



(At the Fish and Volume.)

DR FOX.—I say, what about the news from Constantinople? I suppose Turkey interests you?

DR GOOSE.—Yes, because I'm a goose! That's what you mean?

DR FOX.—Well, take it as you like. But what do you say to the Sultan's Hatt?

DR GOOSE.—A shocking bad one.

DR FOX.—Don't you believe in the Constitution?

DR GOOSE.—No; do you?

DR FOX.—Certainly, and I'll tell you on what grounds. Port is an excellent thing for the Constitution; why, then, should not the Constitution be an excellent thing for Ports?

[Exit DR GOOSE.]

* "Leads to the attainment of the highest power."

Italian Opera in Modern Costume.

(By Charles Lyall.)

No. 2.—IL TROVATORE.

ACT 1st.



FERRANDO.—“Abbietta zingara, fosca vegliarda!”
 (“An inauspicious and ghastly woman.”—Manfredo Maggioni.)



MANRICO.—“Deserto sulla terra.”
 (“Upon the earth forlorn.”—Maggioni.)



MANRICO.—“Infida!”
 (“Unfaithful woman!”—Maggioni.)



DI LUNA.—“Seguimi.” MANRICO.—“Andiam.” . . .
 LEONORA.—“Che mai farò.”
 (“Let’s go.” . . . “Let’s go.” . . . “What can I do?”—Maggioni.)

(To be continued.)

SCENE—EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Panurge, who had taken a walk through Covent Garden and had returned to the hostelry *via* the Lowther Arcade, made a dead stop in the passage, and by violently beating on a small drum attracted a huge crowd—fifteen strong, at least—to the portion of the Strand immediately adjoining the doorway, declaring that any one dropping a penny into a hat, which he had placed on the ground, close to his ankles, might see the “pluckiest” sight ever witnessed. He then receded backwards into the coffee-room, followed by the surging throng, which had now increased to twenty, greatly annoying the customers at the bar, and called for John the Waiter. No sooner had John made his appearance, than Panurge, drawing forth a horse-pistol, fired it deliberately in his face. Down fell John on his back, stiff as a poker. Epistemon, who was largely imbibing whiskey-and-water by the fireplace, rushed to the corpse, and, pulling his little Horace out of his waistcoat pocket, began:—

“Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis;”

and was proceeding—

“Præcipe lugubres”—

when Pantagruel, who sat in a remote dingy box, not taking the slightest notice of what had passed, said with a stern voice:—

“Shut up! A little of that is all very well; but shut up, I say.”

“What’s all this?” shouted a policeman, enticed to the room by the uproar of the mob.

“What’s all what?”—shouted John, leaping to his feet, and thus upsetting Epistemon, who was kneeling over him.

“Aye, what’s all what?”—snarled Panurge, whose temper was by no means sweetened by the fact that nothing had been flung into his hat.

“This nonsense”—gumbled Epistemon, as he returned to his whiskey-and-water—“this nonsense comes of being so near Wych Street. Don’t believe in it a bit. There’s no such thing as *Si Slocum*; there’s a Sly soak-’em—and that’s me.”

And having said:

“Sunt quos, curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat,”

he went to sleep.

—0—
MUSIC IN LEEDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The past month has, perhaps, afforded more opportunities for honest musical criticism in the capital of the West-Riding than has been the case for a very long time. The usual damning faint praise which is but too often accorded to much that is good and worthy of special notice, and the equally objectionable style which slurs over what should be justly condemned, have been characteristic of the criticisms in our local newspapers. The recent notices of the *Messiah* in the Town Hall, on Dec. 20th, seem at last to have roused the discriminating part of the musical people of Leeds to a sense of the namby-pamby style deemed, by the local critics, suitable for art; and, at last, a great number of those who were present have expressed themselves dissatisfied not only with the performance itself, but with the newspaper reports. I need give but little detailed criticism, but, in the interest of art, I may mention one or two points from which your readers may gather what sort of “First-class Subscription Concerts” Leeds amateurs are at present favoured with. You will, doubtless, remember the glorious rendering of Handel’s sacred masterpiece at the last Leeds Musical Festival, in 1874—a performance which you, Mr Editor, and others who, to use a racy Yorkshireism, “know what things belong,” gracefully admitted to have been one of the finest and most interesting ever recorded. To return. As to the chorus, it goes without saying that a Yorkshire chorus knows its way about, and, like the Great Duke’s Army, can “go anywhere and do anything.” In the present instance the chorus gave nearly all the numbers allotted to their share of the work with power and precision, though not with that care and grand effect gene-

rally expected and obtained in these parts. The members of the “scratch band,” in their endeavours to spoil many of the numbers, were most successful. They were an independent lot. Now and then an individual, or coterie, might be heard introducing marvellous effects, by playing in a different time to the remainder—very in-different time, indeed, many of the major chords in the recitatives being played minor, and *vice versa*! The wind (brass and wood) were anything but efficient; in fact, the whole *corps* seemed to be demoralised, and the vagaries of the flutes in “But who may abide” were worthy a burlesque. The big organ was now and again comically descriptive, notably in “For unto us a child is born,” when it groaned as if itself in labour. WONDERFUL!

The principals were Mme Sinico, Miss Enriquez, Mr Abercrombie, Signor Campobello, Mr George Hirst (organ), and Mr R. S. Burton (conductor). Everybody was pleased with Miss Enriquez’s singing. I must defer my remarks upon other local performances until another and, I hope, early occasion.

P.S.—Have you heard that there are two *Josephs* in the field—two new oratorios by Professor Macfarren and Sir Michael Costa? [Certainly. We told our correspondent so, long since.—T. QUERR.]

December 30, 1876.

FIRST FAVOURITES.

THERESA TIETJENS.

Lucrezia, Norma, only Leonora,—
Who, when she sings, can fail to cry “*Aurora*!”
Her Anna, in *Don Juan*, is divine,
And she is Meyerbeer’s own Valentine.

ADELINA PATTI.

Rosina, Gilda, also as Zerlina,
Who, in such parts, can equal Adelina?
For “Una voce,” “Caro nome,” “Batti,
Batti, o bel Masetto,” give me Patti.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Christine of Sweden was not such a queen
As this our operatic Queen Christine.
Long may she wear the laurel-wreath’d corona,
As Violetta, Mignon, Desdemona!

EMMA ALBANI.

Elsa, Elvira, (in *I Puritani*),
Elizabeth, Lucia—that’s Albani.
Were she my Emma, shouldn’t I decline
To grant a share in such an Emma mine!

SHAVER SILVER.

To Kate Thälberg.

ACROSTIC.

Zard! if I were twenty-five,
And I had coin on which to thrive,
Rather than any other girl,
E’en though esteemed a priceless pearl,
’Tis thee I’d like to make an earl.

(Pause.)

Ha! yet I tremble in my shoes—
An obstacle arrests my muse!

(Pause.)

Lov’d child! thou’rt short of twenty-four
By five years, while I’m sixty over;
Ere you are sixty years and more,
Rot it! I shall be full five score!
Go, then, and choose a younger lover.

(Weeps.)

Caper D’Corby, Bart.

Castle and Crown, New Year’s Day.

* Sir Caper evidently means countess; as an Irishman, moreover, he may be pardoned for forgetting he is not an earl, but only a baronet.—D. P.

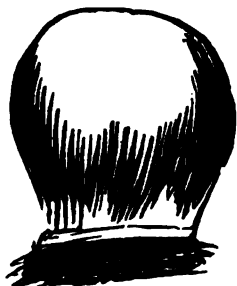
COLOGNE.—A performance of Kiel’s *Christus* has been given under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller.

THE CONSART.

BY ORPHEUS TERRAR.



Our Mall and me tha i - ther day went off to Tru-row hir - in'.



Our Mall and me tha ither day
Went off to Trurow hirin',
To get the usual trade and things
The Christmas time requirin'.
We boft our things, we seed our friends,
And back to "Bull" did hasten;
For they make cups o' comfort there,
Which I delight in tastun'.

I lit my pipe, our Mall went off
To pack the things—a good'un—
We'd plums and curran's, almonds, spice,
To make our figgy pudden'.
She soon comes back—a goodly wench,
The picter of her mother,

Who's dead and gone, poor saw! her likes
I'll never see another.

I looked at Mall drn clouds o' smoke,
That I from pipe was blawin',
"And bless her heart," I thinks to me,
"How fine a maid she's grawin'!"
Her standth so straight as any larch,
So plump as any chicken;
No better heart than hers, I'll swear,
You'd anywhere be pickun'.

She'd got a paper in her fist
That she had bin a raydin',
And when her eyes did light on mine,
They had a look o' playdin'.
"What's now, my gal," says I, as she
The purnted paper shaw'd me,
"Why, blaw my buttons, what's this
yer?"
I thoft you'd better know'd me."

(My sight bain't good, my raydin's
small.)
"Come, tell us what is on it."
With that her pluck'd and fidgetted
The tyestrings of her bonnet.
"This yer's a bill," says she, "about
A martin musically;
A consart 'tes," says she, "and I
Should like to go," says Mally.

Then, in a purty tremlin' vice,
Her rade some furrin' lingo,
The most o' which was Greak to me,
Or French, it was, by jingo.
Such crackjaw names she rattled out,
My head was fairly bodder'd,
'Bout Senier Smith, Herr Jones, Miss
Brown,
An' Arrybeller Goddard.

Says she, "They're going to sing and
play
Such music as 'I'll glad 'ee;
So take some teckuts for we two,
And let us year 'un, daddy.
A reglar consart 'tes to be—
The teckuts are a shellan';
And I should like to year it all,
An' if so be you're wellun'."

Now, I had ne'er seed a consart,
And curis bein' my natur',
I thought at first a succus 'twas,
Or travellin' theayter.
I says, "Tes rubbish;" then again
Says I, "I'm only jokin'."
(For I seed the tears come in her eyes);
"I'll come, when I done smokin'."

Wi' that, she ups and kesses me,
And gently pats my shoulder;
And, dang my buttons, say her nay?
I'll wait till I graws bolder.
I tell'd John Thring, that keeps the
Bull,
My old and friendly crony,
We'd stop and drink a dish o' tay,
Before we'd need the pony.

Then off to consart place us goes,
And ped and took our teckuts,
Which us has took'd away from us
By two chaps at the weekuts.
They tored 'em both a two, and part
They gived a man, who beckon'd
We to follow'n which us did,
And was settled in a second.

The place was fuller nor a church,
Or angry cutcher maytin's,
And chaps like pernoes in disgayse,
The comp'ny show'd to saytin's.
Some laugh'd, some joked, and some
shook hands,
And some did spy dru goggles;
And from some stairs at tap come
sounds
Which gi'd me colly woggles.

There was fiddlers there, and fifers too,
Some scrapin', and some strummin',
And big bassoons, the like o' which
I'd heerd in church a bummin'.
And there 'pin tap a shick'ry stool,
So high I thought he'd tumble,
Was Uncle Zacky Trevithick
A playin' on a grumble.

One chap he wanged on two large drums,
Med out o' biling coppers;
Some others blaw'd down brazen
spouts,
Of which there were two woppers.
Such teramaloo there was, until
A chap perch'd on a dicky,
He threshed a buk, as I'd thresh carn,
Weth a liddle wand or sticky.

Then off they goed and play'd a tune,
Now lower, and now higher;
And they as blaw'd the brassy things
Did graw so rud as fire.
The sweat pour'd off the fiddlers' brows,
They jigged till nigh they breasted;
And when they'd a saw'd tell they
was tired,
They stud quite still, and rested.

Some marms comed out and sing'd
like men,
Some men they squawk'd like misses;
Thinks I, my notion of the thing,
'Twas deferent to what this is.
I wouldn't have'n in my place—
But some folks likes and has'm—
Just then a chap comed out, and
smirk'd
As though he'd got a spasm.

He comed and clutch'd hold o' the led
Of a long box there was standin',
And which before I had a seed
But didn't understand 'un.
The thing it stood 'pin tap tree legs,
Just like a stool for spinnin';
And in the front there was a raw
O' gashly tayth a grinnin'.

I gurtly wonder'd what 'un dud there,
But fear'd to show bad breedin'
By axin' what they us'd 'un for.
Thick spasmy chap came leadin'
One o' the puttiest, fairest maids
My eyes had ever sot on,
And dressed so fine in silks an' trade
As put to shame Mall's cotton.

She bobbed to right, she bobbed to left,
So grand as any Dutchees,
And presses to her pretty breast
The bowpot as she clutches;
Then down in front the gashly thing,
Which was enough to fright 'un,
She sot, and gently strok'd the tayth
That look'd just like to bite 'un.

We staid and sung "God save the Queen,"
And back to humwards hiein',
Our Mall so happy as a bee,
At what she'd a bin enjoyin'.
The consart wadn't much to me,
But rather warsey wisey.
It wadn't so fine as a wild beast show,
Tho' 'twas pratty near as noisy.

She laid her pocket hankercher
Upon a kind o' griddle,
Of which one was on ayther side,
Another in the middle.
She then took off a pair o' gloves,
And rubb'd her hands delightin',
And pulled her bracelets up her arm,
As tho' prepared for fightin'.

"Here, dang my wig," says I to Mall,
"The thing 'ull p'raps spit fire."
"Hush! hush!" says Mall; and
then the gal
Did draw her settle nigher.
And as she touch'd 'un with her left,
The bayst begin'd to growl,
But she hit 'un a scat athurt the chops,
And lor! how 'un did yowl.

"Twill taych you better manners thus
To grissle without rayson."
Now all this time the plucky maid
His grumpses was appaysin';
She made 'un play a pratty tune,
So had she tamed his riot;
And though he growl'd just now and
then,
In main he was made quiet.

When she left off the people all
Got up and clapped and shouted;
They seemed quite glad to find that she
The gashly thing had routed.
And so was I, and Mall were pleased
At what she call'd the playin'.
A turrible piece o' work, thought I,
The gashly monster slayin'.

RAVEN RINGLETS.

SONG.

Raven ringlets floating free,
Smiles, as smiles should ever be,
Lit with thought yet warm'd with glee.
Oh! that they but glow'd for me!
Though her cheek disclaim the rose,
In her dark eyes fond repose.
There's the charm of feeling deep,
Burning though it seems to sleep.
Raven ringlets floating free,
Smiles, as smiles should ever be,
Lit with thought yet warm'd with glee,
Oh! that they but glow'd for me!

Where the fitful tear would start
Nobler pity weeps in heart,
Melts in soul, and helps unseen,
Such hath still young Laura been.
But amid the festive throng,
Soul of dance and queen of song;
E'en her steps seem whispering,
Through which love alone could sing.
Raven ringlets floating free,
Smiles, as smiles should ever be,
Lit with thought yet warm'd with glee,
Oh! that they but glow'd for me.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

* Copyright.

STRASSBURG.—Herr E. Kretschmer's opera, *Die Folkunger*, has been performed at the Stadttheater.

LIEGE.—A new three-act comic opera, *La Comtesse d'Albany*, words by M. Hirsch, music by M. J. B. Rougé, is in rehearsal.

ROME.—A performance of Mendelssohn's *St Paul* has been given, under the direction of Signor Finelli, at the Teatro Argentina,

The Welsh Harp.

We are informed by historians that harps of some kind were common to most nations. The "difficulty" is to know what the name really signified, as the term "harp" was used in reference to all kinds of instruments, many of them totally unlike our own, except that the sounds were produced by "strings" either of silk, gut, or wire. If it be true that the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish all descend from one Celtic origin, it may account for the fact that the harp was familiar to each nation. Welsh writers state that the harp was invented by Idris Gawer; but, as he lived as early as the fourth century, this can hardly be correct. In the "*Welsh Triads*" it is written that "Idris the Champion invented the harp," and that "the three imperial performers were King Arthur, Brave Grey (with the powerful grasp), and Crella (bard of the harp to Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan)." There surely must be some mistake here. King Arthur died in 542, and Prince Gruffydd did not exist until centuries later. Irish historians, however, assert that "Wales was indebted to their country for instruments and music;" and, according to others, that "Scotland excelled even Ireland." Into such disputes want of space now forbids me to enter.

Harps in Wales, like those in Ireland and Scotland, were of various sizes, to which they gave different names. The best model of the Welsh harp of the present age is the one made by Basset Jones, of Cardiff, under the superintendence of the late Rev. T. Price, of Cwmdu, one of the best authorities in Wales. It was afterwards lent by Lady Llanover to the Duke of Edinburgh for his collection of musical instruments. Lady Llanover, to whom the subject has always been of great interest, has kindly sent me a drawing of this harp. The front pillar is six feet three inches in height, and the body about four. These proportions, singularly enough, are similar to those of the Egyptian harps described by Bruce. There is, however, one great distinction between the Celtic and Egyptian instruments. The latter had no "*front*" pillar, and it is difficult—notwithstanding what historians relate—to imagine that a harp without a pillar could produce much tone. The harps in Wales and in Ireland were sometimes made with two rows of strings, but about the end of the fourteenth century the Welsh added a *third* row, and since that time the "triple-stringed harp" has generally been considered the national instrument of the Principality. The word "*national*" is, however, a wide term if it be supposed to imply that an instrument is indigenous, or belongs to *one* particular country. If so, I question whether any instruments in Europe can strictly lay claim to such a title, since most of them are of Eastern origin. But, considering how closely the harp has been associated with Welsh history, for at least seventeen centuries, I think we may with great propriety claim it as our own "national instrument." Whatever we may think of Irish writers, it is nevertheless a fact that, as regards *antiquity*, Wales must yield to Ireland, where there is still to be seen, in Trinity College, Dublin, the most ancient harp in Europe, if not in the world. It is said to have belonged to King Brian Boromh in the tenth century. This, however, is not quite correct. It most probably was the instrument of the O'Neils, an illustrious family in the fourteenth century, so that it is at least five hundred years old, and remarkable for its elaborate workmanship. One strong reason for rejecting the statement "that Wales is indebted for its music to Ireland" is the different mode of "playing." The Irish harpers generally played the strings (made of wire) with their long finger-nails, but the Welsh have always "pulled the strings" (hair and gut) as in the present day. Indeed, it was the custom in Scotland and Ireland, when a harper misconducted himself, to punish him by cutting down his finger-nails, without which he was unable to play. The mode of "playing with the finger-nails" was not limited to Ireland, and is mentioned in the poem of "The Horn-child," a son of King Olla of Sweden, in the time of the first Crusade—"And to play on the harp with his nails sharp." There is now, probably, no model of greater interest to antiquarians and Welshmen, with exception of the harp in Trinity College, Dublin, than the one which Lady Llanover has presented to the South Kensington Museum. As to the claims of Ireland and Wales to the

"invention" of the harp, both are equally incorrect. All "string" instruments may be traced to the East. If we desire to seek the most ancient kind of harp, we find it in the warrior's bow; and it is very probable that the sound emitted when he "pull'd" the string first suggested the idea of a "stringed instrument." But if we are to be guided by what certain historians inform us, it is quite evident that warriors were not the only persons who "pull'd a long bow."

Brintley Richards.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The professional students of the London Academy of Music gave their annual Christmas concert at St George's Hall, on Friday afternoon, December 29th, under the direction of Dr Wyld. The programme was long, but it could hardly be otherwise, owing to the number of students who were naturally anxious to be heard. There were ten pianists (Misses Royle, Erica, Kate Griffiths, Chaplin, Oakey, Adam, Louis, Kate Rawlings; Messrs C. Trew, and G. F. Gear). Three violinists (Misses Perkins, Laxton, and Master Cortie). One violoncellist (Mr Gough). Eight solo vocalists (Misses Bidwell, Landore, E. Webster, M. Smith, E. Villiers, Geater, Ashton, and Mr Noyes). Besides a large number who assisted in part-songs composed by S. Scuderi ("Le Montanino") and E. Philp ("Spring"). Among the pianists to whom special attention may be drawn were Miss Kate Griffiths, who played an "Allegro" by H. Behrens, and a Tarantella, by Liszt; Miss Chaplin, who gave a Nocturne by Chopin, and a Mazurka by Rubinstein, and Mr G. F. Gear, whose performance of Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise in E flat, deserves the highest praise. Among the vocalists, Miss E. Webster may be congratulated on her success in the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; and Miss Landore for her rendering of "Tacea la notte" (*Il Trovatore*). Among those who assisted Dr Wyld were M.M. Marlois (accompanist), Pollitzer and Ludwig (violinists), and Jansen (flautist).

"HE NEVER CAME!"*

(For Music.)

All in the glow of the sunset's splendour,
Calm as the peace of the dying day,
She waits for the joy the hour will send her,
Watches and waits till he comes that way.
Surely her heart must have told its secret;
Yes, for the wild-flowers know it too!
And the wind comes up from the South to listen,
The brooklet murmurs, "Ah, happy you!"
Over the brook he will come—her lover—
Over the bridge to the garden gate;
Ah, joy! for the watching will then be over,
And never again will she have to wait!
"Only a year since we both have parted!
"Only a year!" she murmurs low;
"Only a year," the flower-bells whisper;
Was ever a year so loth to go?
Why are the shadows so swiftly falling?
Why has the night-wind grown so chill?
Why does the name her lips are calling
Echo and die in the silence still?

The brooklet murmurs from morn till even,
Singing, "I care not for doubt or pain;"
But the light has died in the far-off heaven;
The wild-flowers whisper: "He never came!"

* Copyright.

RITA.

MILAN.—The season was inaugurated at the Scala by *Les Huguenots*. Signora Fossa, as Valentine, Signore Gayarre and Merly, as Raoul and Marcel, were applauded. The orchestra, under Signor Faccio, and the chorus, were excellent.

AMSTERDAM.—At the first of the Musical Performances for Ladies, founded by M. Henri Coenen, the great attraction was Herr Joachim, who performed, alone, a Barcarolle by Spohr, and the "Ungarische Weisen" by Brahms, besides taking part in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 47, and Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins and quartet. He was rapturously applauded. Three days later he played at the Felix Meritis Society's Concert, and again excited enthusiasm.

At the Monday "Pops."

PIANIST.

PIANIST (*thinking aloud*).—O Gemini! Here's Acadēmus! I must mind my pedals, as well as my P's and Q's.

CRITIC.

(*Looking at Pianist's right pedal foot*)—Now, we shall hear.



[A pause.]

PIANIST (*inwardly reflecting*).—Voici, il me semble, le beau de la chose. I must play for Acadēmus, sans pedal.

*Dolce e molto legato.*

PIANIST (*inwardly*).—I don't want pedal for my effects. Blow pedal! (*puts down pedal*). Essipoff keeps down pedal all through "Waldstein" (*takes off pedal*). Blow pedal!

*Sempre pianissimo e legato.*

(Puts down both pedals.—Great applause.)

ACADEMUS (*makes signal to "Greater Cape"*).—If Eng^h could play like that.

GREATER CAPE (*signals*).—They have no accent.

ACADEMUS (*signals*).—What wrong octaves they play!

GREATER CAPE (*misunderstanding signal*).—If they would use the pedal, like Rubinstein.

ACADEMUS (*signals*).—Now you can hear what's meant, without pedals.

GREATER CAPE (*misunderstanding signal*).—He knows how to use both pedals.

ACADEMUS (*signals*).—Doesn't he mind his Q's?

GREATER CAPE (*zu fuss*).—Ah! and his P's!

[Exit GREATER CAPE,

*Tempora Mutantur.**Tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles.*

"Why do the nations so furiously rage together; and why do the people imagine a vain thing?"

Returned from Bayreuth.
No. 6.



Hotel de Russie, Frankfort.

DR CHEESE.—I said you would never again move away from here.
ALDERMAN DOUBLEBODY.—Well, the Drexels are such good fellows, and I'm a heavy traveller.

DR CHEESE.—But how did you get back from Bayreuth?

ALDERMAN DOUBLEBODY. I walked. I was hungry, and wanted more flesh on my bones. I rested at Wurzburg and Bamberg, eating on the road.

DR CHEESE.—You have doubled yourself.

ALDERMAN DOUBLEBODY.—I can't help that. I'm a heavy traveller.

DR CHEESE.—Wagner, no doubt, asked you treble price for admission?

ALDERMAN DOUBLEBODY.—I found room, paid £135, and applauded Tetralogy.

DR CHEESE.—But why do the nations so furiously rage together?

ALDERMAN DOUBLEBODY.—And why do the people imagine a vain thing?

DR CHEESE.—*Qui sait?* We have outlived it.

ALDERMAN DOUBLEBODY.—Who knows? Embrace me, Cheese!

The Mental Strain.

BY DR AUTHOR OF

(Repeated by desire.)

I often wonder what I am,
And what I yet may be;
An elephant, an ape, a ram,
A buzzard, or a flea?
My aching heart, my puzzled brain,
Cannot support this mental strain.

And yet were I to choose my lot,
And say I'd be an eel,
Would that be happiness or not?
Should I contented feel?
My aching heart, my puzzled brain,
Cannot support this mental strain.

Dancypylin.

* The names are too long for insertion unless charged as an advertisement.

Modern Paganini the Elder at the Promenades.



MODERN PAGANINI THE ELDER.—Modern Paganini the Younger plays with his bow-arm too far from the body. His bow is too long, and he buttons up his coat.

Modern Paganini the Younger at the Promenades.



MODERN PAGANINI THE YOUNGER.—Modern Paganini the Elder plays with his bow-arm too near the body. His bow is too short, and he can't button up his coat.

Musical World Ballads.

(By our Special Cockney.)

A Ballad ob Bayroot,

(Rote on Chrissmus Heev.)

The Prolog.

Ho! 'ark'n, gents and ladies hall,
 Let me yer heers delite,
 Vith both a trew an' pretty tale,
 Yes' sooted for to-nite.

I haint a goin' 2 sing 2 u,
 Ov turkees an' rost beef;
 Nor yet ov "drains" an' "goes," as brings
 So menny chaps 2 greef.

My mews it his a cut abuv
 That werry low affair,
 An' has 2 do vith peece on herth,
 Vich haingels sung in hair.

Ho! peece on herth is werry nice,
 So's char-e-t likewise;
 And brutherly luv—it makes me lift
 My wision 2 the skies.

Then 'ark'n, gents and ladies hall,
 I vill yer heers delite,
 Vith both a trew an' pretty tale,
 Yes' sooted for to-nite.

The Ballad.

It was a Sur Nite Benny Dick
 Oo 2 Bayroot did go;
 But vere that his, and vy 'e vent,
 This poet do not no.

'E starts for Bayroot, hany 'ow,
 An' 2 hisself ses 'e,
 "My deer old chum, the Habby List,
 i sartenly shall c."

Vich gratefully did rejice the sole
 Ov this 'ere good Sur Nite,
 Oo'd rayther kiss a 100 chaps
 Than wollop vun in file.

"O Habby List, O Habby List,"
 So on the rode 'e mews'd,
 "A menny 'ear agone it his
 Since u and hi wos yew's'd

"2 brekfust, dine and sup (hi pade)
 In deer old Lundun town;
 An' werry fond u wos o' me,
 An' kost me menny a krown.

"But that's not neethur 'ere nor there;
 i luv'd u like a bruther,
 An' wot wos mine wos yourn, as tho'
 The heach 'e vos the huther.

"So, ven i meats u at Bayroot,
 Wot's yourn it vill be mine,
 An' glasses not a fu we'll drink
 Ov rale hold Farmun wine."

This Nite 2 Bayroot gits at lenth—
 "Ho! veer is Habby List?"
 'e hasked ov a long 'air'd cove
 Vith big books hin 'is fist.

The cove 'e fust took hoff 'is 'at
 Then sollumly did say,
 "In Wagginer's 'ouse that 'ere grate man
 I've seed this blessed day."

2 Wagginer's 'ouse vithhout a-doo
 Nite Benny Dick did start,
 An' hat the frunt dore boldly nock'd
 Altho' vith flutfrin' art.

The 'ousemaid hup the hairy cums,
 "Oo did u vant?" ast she.
 "The Habby List," says Benny Dick;
 "Ho! sho 'im hunto me."

That nice young maid made for 2 speak,
 But there wos not no need,
 'Cos Habby List 'e 'erd the woice,
 An' 'asted hout vith speed.

"My Benny Dick! my Benny Dick!
 Ho! fall upon this brest."
 Then heach unto the huther run
 (The pictur tells the rest).

An' 'ere i must lay down my pen
 To vipe away a tear,
 (The 'ousemaid shooldn't veepe alone,
 The pretty little deer;

Vich she did cry most copenuslee
 All hat the tutching site,
 Nor hon the pictur can u look
 Vithout a blub downrite.)

Ow these 'ere gents they 'ob-a-nobb'd,
 Is heasy 2 suphose;
 And it wos preshus late afore,
 From Wagginer's wine they rose.

But ore sich things, in frendship's name,
 I'm bound 2 dror a wail,
 Espeshly has they don't consarn
 The moral ov my tail.

Vich moral hevrybody nose
 As vell as 'is own bruther—
 The chap as does vun jolly turn,
 Desarves 2 git another.

Now long liv Sur Nite Benny Dick,
 Likewise the good Habby;
 And ven they nex do meet and kiss,
 May hi b there 2 c.

The Deppplog.

(2 b Red hafter Chrissmus.)

The c's-on ov good will bein' past,
 i don't mind tellin' u,
 That sum chaps vont beleave my tail,
 But ses it his a "doo."

"The pretty 'ousemaid did'n't veepe,
 Nor did the waters flow
 Ov Benny Dick and Habby List,
 As u 'ave tride to show.

"Instid ov that the good Habby,
 In axents werry cold,
 Sed honly to 'is frend, ' Sur Nite,
 U're gitting to look hold."

But hi the crammer vont take hin,
 The hopposite, i no it;
 And kif u vont beleave i'm rite,
 The picter's 'ere to sho it.

J. B.

Origin of abobe Jap.

[The touching meeting between Abbé Liszt and Sir Julius Benedict at Bayreuth took away attention, for a time, even from the Tetralogy itself. If the *Tagblatt* (*Daily Blague*) may be credited, Liszt, on perceiving Benedict, fell upon his (Benedict's) neck, and wept, like Joseph at the sight of his brethren, who came to Egypt for bread and got it, whereas Sir Julius (and many others) got neither bread nor wine in the city of the Margraves. But then the "reciprocity" must have consoled Benedict (and many others).—D. Peters.]

The Meeting of the Waters.

(Touching Episode at Bayreuth, August 12, 1876.)



"Tears, idle tears" (Tennyson).

Mazzeppa (a tear).—Orestes!

St Peter.—Pylades!

Mazzeppa (two or three tears).—Damon!

St Peter (a tear).—Pythias!

Mazzeppa (many tears).—Nisus!

St Peter (one tear more).—Euryalus!

Mazzeppa (a pool of tears).—My Abel!

St Peter (no more tears to spare).—My—Cain!

[Exeunt severally—much affected.]

In the next column will be found a letter from Mazzeppa to St Peter, explaining the nature of an interview the interest attached to which (*Siegfried* being postponed) arrested attention for an entire midsummer's day from the *Tetralogy*. Nothing else was talked about at Ackermann's. One hundred barrels of beer were quaffed; and at 3 o'clock A.M. there was scarcely a dry eye, Hanslick and Wolf weeping copiously. More beer was demanded, but no more was to be had.

Autograph Letter from Franz Mazzeppa to St Peter.

J' ai pu venir probablement
 par un petit aigle d.
 ou un des Benedict
 mais je n'en ai vu des
 ceux du pasteur Louis.
 Je suis sensible à
 l'émotion que vous m'avez
 fait par votre lettre
 que je ferai ce qui dépendra
 de moi pour ne pas trahir
 l'âme en retour
 avec une dignité d'ami
 grand et un bon bon
 sentira j'espère que l'occasion
 se présentera bientôt et il
 pourra y avoir un peu de
 réconciliation des nos rapports,
 Rappelé vers lui affectueux
 au 10 avril d. J. Mazzeppa

Benedict et vous m'avez
 bien
 fait à vous
 d'arrêter

F. Mazzeppa
 Veuille m'en dire.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.
NINETEENTH SEASON, 1876-7.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8, 1877.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO, in B flat, for two violins, viola, two horns, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, WENDTLAND, STANDEN, and PIATTI *Mozart.*

SONG, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken"—Mlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER *Bach.*

SONATA APPASSIONATA, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for pianoforte and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS and Signor PIATTI *Beethoven.*

SONGS { "Der Jüngling an die Quelle" *Schubert.*
"Marienwärdchen" *Schumann.*

Mlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 50, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (first time)—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Haydn.*

Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 13, 1877.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*

AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr SIMS REEVES *Beethoven.*

SONATA PATHETIQUE, in C minor, Op. 13, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS *Beethoven.*

SERENADE, "Awake, awake"—Mr SIMS REEVES (Violoncello obligato—Signor PIATTI) *Piatti.*

OCTET, in F, Op. 166, for two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass, clarinet, French horn, and bassoon (by desire)—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, WENDTLAND, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI *Schubert.*

Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. (Boulogne).—The verses received and admired. Have you received Stilton and admired? Not an inch to spare this week.

MR BAKER BUTCHER BAKER.—Mr Baker need be under no apprehension. While there are Groves and Menns (plural for Manns) at Sydenham, Ursa Minor will be just as well looked to as Ursa Major, Cape Horn as Cape Goodhope, Mr Baker Butcher Baker as Mr Butcher Baker Butcher. If not, let our correspondent address Mr Wilkinson, one of the most courteous and agreeable of managers.

PHENICOPTER.—Inquire of Mr and Mrs Allen, at the Queen's (most comfortable) Hotel, Leeds. The festival of 1877 will be an enormous success. Think only of that adorable Yorkshire chorus!

DR SNIPE.—If, in his *Alceste*, Mr Henry Gadsby has followed in the path laid down by Mendelssohn, he has shown that he knows how to tread it firmly.

SIDEY HAM.—No. The Winkians of North Malvern are not a branch of the Muttonians of the King and Beard. Their's is not an I O U club, but an I don't O U club. The chief members of the Committee are Admiral Wink (Chairman); Dr Silent Ward (Hon. Sec.); Mr John Harmony Bucephalus Evans (who sings a capital song); Mr Dally (always too late at the meetings); Mr Browning (not the poet); Mr Pidcock (pet of the Assizes); Mr Martin Luther Lucy (of the Outland Revenue); three mediums; three ghosts; and—a—Mr Alchemyst Mellor (of the Plains). Besides, Field Marshal Generalissimo Ap'Mutton, like Othello, cares not greatly for music that may be heard; while Admiral Wink, when not conversing with Rozinante Charley, in the paddock, looking at Saturn's Ring through the telescope, destroying hornets, killing red spiders (and grapes as well) in his conservatory, reading *Tristram Shandy*, or taking a glass with Farmers Point and Stiff at mine host Fuggle's, on market-day in Worcester, is perpetually playing the accordion, to the tune of "My old wife's a good old crittur," composed and sung by Dr. Sanders (much to the delight of Mama, Auntie, and Cinderella, who listen outside).

MARRIAGE.

On the 16th December, at St Mary Abbots, Kensington, by the Rev. E. F. N. Smith, EDWARD WILLIAM, son of E. Lance, Esq., of Balham, to PHEBE ELIZABETH, daughter of A. J. Phassey, of Her Majesty's private band.

DEATHS.

On December 18, at 16, Devonshire Street, Kensington, ROBERT GUYLOT, Professor of Music (composer of "The Rose will cease to blow," and other popular songs), aged eighty-two.

On January the 1st, at Burton's Court Lodge, SARAH WILLIAMS, organist of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

NOTICE.

* * The Index of the Contents of "The Musical World" for 1876 will be printed in the course of January next.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive sixteen pages extra.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

Some time after Daybreak.



(At the "King and Beard.")

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—We must inquire into this.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—The less said the better.

MR PETERS, SEN.—Why?

MR PETERS, JUN.—Ah! there's the point!

MR PETERS, SEN.—I thought so!

(A pause.)

MR PETERS, SEN.—Have you come across Sidey Ham lately?

MR PETERS, JUN.—No.

MR PETERS, SEN.—Or Baylis Boil?—or Purple Powis?

MR PETERS, JUN.—Not since Bayreuth.

MR PETERS, SEN.—I thought as much. This quest of the Niblung's Ring greatly resembles the quest of the Sancgreel, which left King Arthur with only his weary elbows on the Table Round!

MR PETERS, JUN.—There was the Queen.

MR PETERS, SEN.—Guenever! She was ever a thinking o' Launcelot. Not a soul now comes to the I O U Club, limited to non-liquidators. The hundred and fifty Muttonians are like the hundred and fifty knights of the Round Table—all dispersed!

MR PETERS, JUN.—Alas!

(A pause.)

MR PETERS, SEN.—I've done nothing but read Schopenhauer since they went in quest of the Ring.

MR PETERS, JUN.—With Francis Hueffer's glossary?

MR PETERS, SEN.—Well, yes.

(A pause.)

MR PETERS, JUN.—I suppose Dannreuther was Percival?
MR PETERS, SEN.—Yes, and "C. A. B." was Bors.
MR PETERS, JUN.—Both were tempted of devils, in the shape of fair women?

MR PETERS, SEN.—Yes; and both felt uneasy.
MR PETERS, JUN.—Who, then, was Galahad?
MR PETERS, SEN.—Why, Francis Hueffer, of course.
MR PETERS, JUN.—But what of Académus?
MR PETERS, SEN.—He was Hueffer's squire—Sancho to the Wagnerian Don Quixote, who worships R. W. (in his fancy), as Quixote de la Mancha (in his fancy) worshipped Dulcinea del Toboso.

(A Pause.)

MR PETERS, JUN.—I'd rather be Dramuziando, the Moor.
MR PETERS, SEN.—The dwarf? Give me Galaor, the brother of Amadis.

MR PETERS, JUN.—He was a lover of all ladies—like Gawaine, the nephew of King Arthur—

MR PETERS, SEN.—According to Walter Scott; but, according to Malory, Gawaine was chiefly a lover of apples.

MR PETERS, JUN.—I compare Gawaine with Coventry Fish, Wilhelmj with Siegfried, and Joseph Joachim with Launcelot of the Lake.

(A Pause.)

MR PETERS, SEN.—Any news about the reporter we sent to Bayreuth?

MR PETERS, JUN.—Thaddeus Egg?

MR PETERS, SEN.—He promised us a lay, in four fyttles, about the Tetralogy. But it has not turned up. No single line has come to the King and Beard.

(Enter Waiter with letter.)

MR PETERS, JUN.—What's this?—From Dr Wind. He has blown open the envelope.

MR PETERS, SEN.—As usual. (reads):—

The Legend of Bayreuth.

FYTTE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now listen hunto me, hall you
As likes a rummy start;
'Cos hi a werry curous tale
Hinten' for to himpart.
And 'taint a short'un neither, mind,
But, bless'ee, never fear,
Hi shan't break down while blokes like you
Stands fraely pots o' beer.

FYTTE II.

THE MISSION.

D'ye see, I've got two hedditors,
And vun's a merry chap,
Who juvs 'is joke, also 'is glass,
But do not pay a rap.
The hother cove 'e 'olds the purse,
And minds the "subs" an' "ads;"
But, ho! haint 'e a downy vun!
Ha, jist about, my lads.
Vell, these 'ere chaps they comes to me—
"Now, Speshul, hup an' go,"
Ses Number Vun, a takin' enuff,
"Hunto the Bayrooth Show."
Then Number Two he vinks at Vun—
"Ere's flimsy for ten pound—
Vick lib'ral 'tis—to pay yer vay
Hon that 'ere jolly round."
"Old 'ard," ses hi, "hi never buy
A pig wot's in a poke.
Vere is this Bayrooth? wot's the show?
I haint yet quite a make."

MR PETERS, JUN.—Well, go on.

MR PETERS, SEN.—That's all.

MR PETERS, JUN.—Why, he's never been. I always said you couldn't depend on Egg.

MR PETERS, SEN.—I gave you the ten pounds he agreed to go for.

MR PETERS, JUN.—'Twasn't enough to pay his railway, to say nothing of his bye-drinks.

MR PETERS, SEN.—Then, I suppose, he didn't go?

MR PETERS, JUN.—Not he. He "haint yet quite a make."

MR PETERS, SEN.—Then what's he done with the money?

MR PETERS, JUN.—He's spent it, of course, in his own way.

MR PETERS, SEN.—About Liszt and Benedict?

MR PETERS, JUN.—That's all right. T'other chap and Lyall the Limner went together.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING (hastily).—Define me E. D.
DR QUINCE (hastily).—Abgerhamtehueffe.
DR SHIPPING (hastily).—Define me "C. A. B."
DR QUINCE (hastily).—Abgerhamtedannreutherheuffe.
DR SHIPPING (hastily).—Define me Académus.
DR QUINCE (hastily).—Abgerhamtedannreutherercabhueffe.



SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

"My eyes! That begins promising!"

DR SHIPPING.—Heu cauda!

DR QUINCE.—Cave canem!

[Exeunt, with somersaults, precipitately to Keller.

AT KELLER.

DR SHIPPING.—"Saved!"—Define me Schuré.

DR QUINCE.—A squash. Cost me twenty-five francs. Knew less of Wagner than before. Give me Hueffer!

DR SHIPPING (aside).—Give me Hanslick!

(Orchestra hard by.)



DRS SHIPPING AND QUINCE.—Ohe! Haa! Whoop! Help! Toot-manyoso! Help! Schott-Wolf of the Volsungs!

DR SHIPPING.—O! By Abbs!

DR QUINCE.—O! By Adnung! [Rush off precipitately to Potsdam.

AT POTSDAM.

BOTH.—Saved!



(Orchestra at Potsdam.)



SIR PETIPACE OF WINCHELSFA.
"My hair! Here's a go!"

DRS SHIPPING AND QUINCE (in consternation).—To Italy! "Entrons par le Piémont!"

Pantomime, no Pantomime.

IN many respects, alas! in far too many, we may apply to ourselves the oft-quoted, well-worn, but still serviceable, line—

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis."

As the rapid years rolled on, we have grown too sober and sedate for the tastes of our boyhood and youth, just as we have waxed too big for the skeleton suit in which our juvenile limbs were encased, what time knickerbockers were unknown, and young gentlemen's necks surrounded by a feeble and most irritating imitation of the Elizabethan ruff. We have long since ceased, when caught in the rain, to walk from preference, with a happy ignorance of rheumatism and a contempt for colds, through all the puddles we can find, a practice we once invariably adopted to the consternation of our nurse, whose powers of remonstrance were utterly insufficient to restrain us from revelling in our duck-like propensities. We no more yearn for snowballing, nor delight in cricket under a tropical sun, with the thermometer marking some abnormal number of degrees, and impressing on a celebrated firm of opticians the propriety of calling public attention to the fact by an advertisement headed—How hot it has been! The charms of snapdragon have paled before our repugnance for the sticky digital feeling which is the inevitable result of the pastime in question. We pass by sweetstuff shops with proud indifference to toffee and brandy-balls. We are callous to magic-lanterns, and prefer a seat in a hansom, or even an omnibus, to a ride on a donkey. This is fortunate for the donkey, considering that our whilom slim form has attained a bulk which turns the scale at—but why trouble the reader with superfluous figures? In one respect, however, we have remained unchanged. We are as fond of a Pantomime as we were on the never-to-be-forgotten dank, delightful, slushy, delicious, misty, drizzly, supremely happy night, when a rumbling, crazy hackney coach, redolent of damp straw, suggestive of decayed aristocratic grandeur, and driven by a huge great-coat, or wrap-rascal, with innumerable capes and a man somewhere inside them, conveyed us to the Theatre Royal Drury Lane that we might witness, for the first time, one of our favourite entertainments.

We can pardon a contempt for Pantomime in young gentlemen fresh from school, and engaged in battling through an apprenticeship of great bodily anguish while attempting to learn the noble art of smoking, or "men"—of eighteen or nineteen—at college, who consider it is the correct thing to fuddle their brains with vile, adulterated concoctions at wine parties, and create a disturbance in a Music Hall on the evening after a University Boat Race. But we have no respect for the pompous prigs of a more advanced age who express a dignified horror at the absurdity of Pantomime, and grandiloquently dilate upon its childishness. Poor dullards! They entirely ignore the truth of the saying, *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and think to earn a reputation for superior sense while most lamentably displaying their utter want of it. However, they are in a minority, and long may they remain so. Had Pantomime no other recommendation, we still should stand up for it, because it is able, for a short time at least, to bridge over the torrent of Time and take us back to those blissful days when Christmas was associated in our boyish minds only with visions of turkeys, plum-pudding, mince pies, Harlequin and Clown, undisturbed by the dread of indigestion, and unalloyed by the consciousness of impending Christmas bills.

But then a Pantomime should really be a Pantomime in the genuine sense of the word. It must not resemble *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. Of late years this objec-

tionable resemblance has been gradually becoming more and more unmistakable. Just as Captain Titus, under the pseudonym of William Allen, proved, to his own satisfaction, though to anything but that of his Highness, the Lord Protector, an original theory epitomised, as: Killing no Murder, it would not be very difficult now-a-days to establish another theory, to wit that of: Pantomime no Pantomime. Our cherished entertainment, with its present long and elaborate opening and its stunted harlequinade, reminds us each successive season more strikingly of that disagreeably natural, or, rather, unnatural, production, a hydrocephalous child, all head and no body. We have not a word to say against our scenic artists. On the contrary, we are proud of them. We yield to none in our admiration of the wondrous talent which has rendered the name of William Beverly famous; we gaze with delight upon the marvels due to the brushes of such men as Callcott, O'Connor, Brew, Hawes Craven, and others. But there is in all things a limit which it is unwise to overstep. The painter's brush, aided by coloured fires, Dutch metal, and elaborate machinery, has too great a share, to please us, in the composition of modern Pantomime. This was not so when Stanfield, Grieve, Marinari Roberts, and Telbin—no despicable limners, it must be allowed—first reigned supreme in the scene-room. We are sorry it should be so now. Let us, by all means, have good scenery—and with our eminent living painters good scenery is a matter of course—but do not let the Pantomime be forgotten amid the scenic splendour, like Jinks's Baby amid the enthusiasm of the meeting nominally convened in the poor little wretch's behalf. If, too, we are not mistaken, the public are beginning to have rather too much of Crystal Abodes of Fairy Bliss, Homes of the Mountain Sprite and the Sunlit Realms of Roseate Delight, Caverns of Magic Gems, and Corruscating Glades inhabited by Queens of the Rippling Streamlets, in all of which every object visible to the audiences slowly, and not always smoothly, unfolds, without the slightest rhyme or reason, into something else. *Toujours perdrix* is, in the long run, apt to make one desire a change of diet. The celebrated Pantomime of *Mother Goose*, produced on the 26th December, 1806, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, was played for ninety-two successive nights, a run almost equal, considering the difference between then and now, to the run of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville. The performance on the eighty-second night, for the joint benefit of the Clown, Grimaldi—"Joe Grimaldi"—and the Harlequin, Bologna, brought in the sum of six hundred and seventy-nine pounds. Yet *Mother Goose* boasted of no splendid scenery or showy dresses. There was not even a spangle in it, with the exception of those which decked the harlequin's jacket, and even they were within an ace of not being sewn on. Might not a return be made to the old system? Why does not some manager venture on the experiment? We fancy that, if he did so, he would have no cause to mourn over the result.

We may be told that, to carry out this idea, we should have to begin by finding our Clown, as Mrs Glasse informed her patrons that a preliminary step to certain culinary operations was first to catch their hare, and that good Clowns are now almost as extinct as the dodo. We feel inclined to doubt this. We believe that the usual law of demand and supply holds even in the article of good Clowns. We do not expect soon to come across another Grimaldi, who was pronounced by John Philip Kemble the best low comedian of a period renowned for exceptionally clever and unctuous low comedians, and who seems to have possessed unlimited power over his audience. In one Pantomime he was introduced begging a pie from a pieman. The simple expression, "May I?" with the accompanying look and action, was in-

imitable, and one of the finest pieces of acting ever witnessed. Whether he had to rob a till or open an oyster, imitate a chimney sweep or ape a dandy, grasp a red-hot poker, take snuff, sneeze, make love, mimic a tragedian, cheat his master, pick a pocket, beat a watchman, or nurse a child, he did it in so admirably humorous and extravagantly natural a manner that the effect was irresistible. But, though we may, as already observed, not soon be blessed with a second Grimaldi, we may have successors in some degree worthy to wear the mantle of which we have heard so much. To do so, however, we must acknowledge the principle that something more than mere grimacing or tumbling is indispensable to constitute a good Clown. The Clown is the modern representative of the mediæval jester. He should not be an acrobat or a contortionist, but a satirist who takes advantage of his privileged position to shoot folly as it flies, and hold up cant and humbug to ridicule and contempt. Shakspeare says:

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

Clown, if deserving his name, is entitled to much higher rank in the aristocracy of the stage than that now assigned him.

We might say a great deal more on the subject, but our want of space warns us to conclude. Let managers think over, between this and next Christmas, the suggestion we have thrown out—for it is only a suggestion—and restore to Clown, with Columbine, Harlequin, and Pantaloon, the other members of the merry quartet, something of their former importance. Then, and not till then, shall we cease to lament the state of things summarised in the words: Pantomime no Pantomime. J. V. B.

To Dr Abraham Sadoke Silent.

RESPECTED MUTTONIAN,—Gone back a quarter of a century—thanks to "Higher Development" the "Three R's," *Lenore*, *Mazeppa*, &c., &c. Guiseppe Verdi's *Aida* was no go; Bach's Mass in B minor vainly endeavoured to stop the tide; and Rubinstein played, now like Jehu, furiously, now like Orpheus, with unheard-of softness. No go! One man alone can save us. That's Francis Huefer. But he wont. He's got theories. He is a *Sepheopssenhimauisert*, and talked the other night with the Sage of Southwark. No go! *Tannhäuser* showed up a doubtful troubadour and a doubtfuller pilgrim, who loved Venus better than he loved Elizabeth. No go! The Swan of *Lohengrin* came and went as it did last season. We all applauded its coming, and we all applauded its going, as we had already applauded its coming and its going in 18'5. Vianesi affected a liking for Wagner; Costa sat before his desk and beat with imperturbable placidity. Never mind. We have had the *Resurrection*, and hope that the Leeds people will refrain from singing, at their next festival, "Not for Joe!"—for Macfarren's Joseph is to come out. (Look to it, good Dr Spark!) Costa is preparing another *Joseph* for Birmingham. A triumph for them both—say I. We have many Potiphars, but very few Josephs (*pace* Handel, and Etienne Méhul). The more Josephs the better. Arabella Goddard, having been told that she was possessed of none of the "divine fire," plunged into the depths of the earth, and gazed beseechingly at the Southern Cross, hoping to catch a spark or two of the *feu sacré*. Four years later she returned, approaching the instrument with the unbridled "verve" of a Rubinstein—only not shaking wide her yellow hair, as is the custom of that Menad of the "Hammers" (Wagner). Then came Shiboob of the Lesser Cape, like a male ostrich, and stoutly declared

she had no "divine fire"—not even that "*feu sacré* (as the French would say) to *enlever* an auditory." Henceforth (in consequence of Shiboob's disapproval), having flooded the country with Beethoven, &c., she will devote herself exclusively to Thalberg, &c., at John Boosey's Ballad Concerts; and whether Académus (we mean Shiboob, brother of Antar, destroyer of horsemen and horsewomen, hater of the pedal, and inspector of wrong octaves), detect "fire" in her, divine or the contrary, or no "fire," "*sacré*" or the contrary, will not matter a straw, one spark administered to which, under circumstances that give to some critics "the likeness of the appearance, as it were, of lamps," might blaze into a conflagration.



Let our singular good Académus return to Bayreuth, with his portheuffer, and tell us all about it—above everything "*le beau de la chose*." Ride on the wild horse of Mazeppa, fill thine ears with Liszt, state thine "absolute conviction," and rejoice—O! Académus mine!—the heart of thy prostrate gladiator,
Simon Balf.

Half Moon Street.

Errata.

(Not our own, but requiring correction.)

CHAPTER I.

IN that excellent paper, *The Monthly Musical Record*—of which we have to thank Messrs Augener for Vol. VI. (1876), bound—we find the following (page 101):—

"On it being determined, thanks principally to the instigation of Mr Santley, to bring *Der Fliegende Holländer* to a hearing at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, in 1872," &c.

Mr Santley had no more to do with the bringing out of *Der Fliegende Holländer* than he had to do with the bringing out of Cherubini's *Deux Journées* at Mr Rosa's theatre. Quite the contrary. He played in them both. *Voilà tout*.

We have read on more than one occasion, in the musical articles of our pleasant contemporary, *Figaro*, that Sir Julius Benedict instituted the Monday Popular Concerts. Sir Julius Benedict had no more to do with the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts than "Cherubino" himself. On the contrary, Sir Julius declined to have anything to say to them—except as conductor, which post may he hold for years to come!

In other papers Mdlle Tietjens is credited with reviving *Fidelio* and introducing Cherubini's *Medea* at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle Tietjens had nothing to do either with the revival of the one or the introduction of the other. On the contrary. She played in both. *Voilà tout*.

If particulars are required, we are able to give them circumstantially. A. S. Silent.

THE last Saturday "Popular Promenade Concert," given by the Glasgow Choral Union, is announced for to-day, as usual, under the direction of the eminent violinist, Mr J. T. Carrodus.

NEW YORK.—The papers speak of M. Maurice Strakosch's plan of erecting a new operahouse as likely to be really carried out.

FLORENCE.—A bust of the late Signor Luigi Scalaberni, the well-known manager, has been placed in the vestibule of the Teatro Pagliano. It is by Signor Auteri, a literary man and sculptor,

SCHUMANN'S LETTER.

The letter from which we present our readers (Page 12) with a photograph fac-simile of the conclusion was addressed by Schumann, on the 18th November, 1837, to a friend in Warsaw, requesting him to write for Schumann's periodical, *Die Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. The conclusion runs thus:

"Hr. Ernemann flog wie ein Schmetterling durch; wir haben blutwenig zusammen gesprochen. Erinnern Sie ihn vielleicht an sein Versprechen, mir über Chopin's Jugendleben in Warschau einige genauere Notizen mitzuthellen Gerade dies würde sich gut in die ersten Nummern von 1838 schicken.

"Verlassen sie mich also nicht, mein verehrtester Herr und Freund, und geben sie mir bald ein Zeichen Ihres neuen Wohlwollens
Ihrem ergebenen
"R. SCHUMANN."

[Translation.]

"Herr Ernemann flew through here like a butterfly; we had foundedly little conversation together. Perhaps you would take an opportunity to remind him of his promise of furnishing me with some detailed notices concerning Chopin's youthful days in Warsaw. They would be the very thing for the early numbers of 1838.

"Do not, then, abandon me, respected sir and friend, and give me soon a fresh mark of your goodwill towards

"Your devoted
"R. SCHUMANN."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—There were five exercises for Doctor's degree and twenty-two for Bachelor's in the recent Cambridge musical examination. Not one of the former was successful; but nine of the latter were accepted, the authors going up for "*viva voce*" and written tests on Friday in last week. The candidates recommended for the degree of Bachelor of Music were H. C. Allison, J. M. Bentley, C. J. Frost, W. Lawson, G. Oakey, and E. C. Such.

MDLLE FERNANDA TEDESCA, the wonderfully promising young violinist, who was but recently in London, is going to Paris, to pursue her studies under that eminent master, M. Vieuxtemps. The highest hopes are entertained of this young lady, hopes which her already largely developed talent fully justify.

A MEMBER of the first form in a German High School lately rendered the passage: "*Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis pugnare Thracum est*," from Horace, Book I., Ode 27: "To fight amid the goblets formed for pleasure is a custom of the Thracians." On being requested to give a somewhat freer and more elegant version, he coolly said: "It is the habit of the Wagnerites to pitch into each other with pint pots." That member of the first form did not share with his fellow-students the next holiday granted them by the Principal.

THE great "Master" and his still greater wife lately ascended the Capitol at Rome—we are informed by the Berlin *Echo*—and thence contemplated the landscape, clothed in the glowing rays of the evening sun. At last, Cosima, touched by the magnificent sight, boldly ventured to say: "Loved One, behold how splendidly the fiery solar orb darts its rays down on us!" Whereupon the Master, under the influence of sublimely presageful thoughts, rejoined, with a half-deprecating gesture: "O Wife of ecstatic bliss, the celestial spheroid darts its rays up on us!"

FRANCESCA DI RIMINI, the poetic figure immortalised by Dante, appears to exercise a more than ordinary power over composers. Leaving out of consideration the *Françoise de Rimini*, by M. Ambroise Thomas, with words by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, a work which will probably be the lyric event of the Paris season of 1877-78, and also passing over the opera of Hermann Goetz, which will now remain incomplete, in consequence of the composer's death, there are two other operas about to be produced on the same subject in Italy, one by Sig. Serpieri and the other by Sig. Impallomani. According to the *Trovatore*, a *Francesca da Rimini*, composer not named, was brought out in 1829, at Venice; another opera with the same title was performed at Naples, in 1831, the composer being Sig. Staffa; and a third by Fournier-Gorre was played at Leghorn, in 1832. In 1837, Sig. Borgatta

produced one at Genoa; in 1841, Sig. Devasini did the same thing at Milan; and, in 1843, their example was followed by Sig. Canetti, at Vicenza. Finally, Sig. Brancaccio closes the list with a *Francesca da Rimini*, performed at Venice, in 1844.

AMONG the fair vocalists of the time of Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Steele, there was a young girl, now known only as Clara, who attracted much attention by the sweetness and pathos with which she used to sing ballads. She was the original singer of "Black-eyed Susan," and one or two songs afterwards introduced into the *Beggars' Opera*. But she was more especially celebrated for having during many years been the object of Lord Bolingbroke's enthusiastic admiration. On one occasion she ran off with some person, and Bolingbroke saw nothing of her for a considerable period. It was after having met her again that he addressed her the lines beginning:—

"Dear, thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend;
Believe for once the lover and the friend."

and concluding:—

"To virtue thus and to thyself restor'd,
By all admir'd, by one alone ador'd;
Be to thy Harry, dearest, kind and true,
And live for him who more than died for you."

Having entirely lost her voice, she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges in the Court of Requests.

HERR KERSCH, the secretary of the German Theatre in Prague, lately received a summons to make his appearance at the chief police office. He forthwith obeyed, under the impression that there was some question about a farce, or perhaps an operetta, which could not be allowed, because tending to endanger the safety of the State, or exercise a baneful influence as regards the position assumed by Austro-Hungary on the Eastern question. He is used to this sort of thing. A stern Official received him very solemnly. "You have upon your stage Misses who are really Missises," began the Official. "That is something we cannot permit any longer." The Secretary begged for an explanation of this strange and oracular utterance. "The fact is," continued the representative of authority, "I read in the bills: 'Miss' Rigol, whereas I know that this 'Miss' is a Mrs Tauber. This may lead to misunderstandings, the occasion for which must at once be abolished. Then, again, I find 'Miss' Trautmann, when there is no such person of that name in the theatre, but only the widow of Count Tattenbach, who illegally calls herself Miss Trautmann. What is the purpose of all this masquerading? I will not mention any other cases." In vain did the Secretary call attention to many popular and celebrated actresses at Vienna and elsewhere who always figured in the bills under the epithet: "Miss," though it was well known that they had long been married. In vain the police ukase, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, knew no change; and in Prague if a lady belonging to the theatre is Mrs So-and-so, she is not suffered to call herself Miss Somebody-else.

To Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq.

"IF."

(Words for Music.)

If my love had smiled on me
With shining brow and flashing e'e,
I had ta'en her to my heart—
Vow'd for aye the lover's smart;
Praised her tiny, dainty hand;
Swore t' obey her least command!
Yes! this surely had been so
If she'd smiled on me below.

(But she didn't!)

If I lov'd as men have lov'd,
Surely then my fair had prov'd
Constant, tender, 'witching, fair—
In her beauty past compare.
If I bore such fire within,
She'd be all my kith and kin;
I'd do what my heart approv'd,
If I lov'd as men have lov'd.

(But I don't!)

PHITTHILL-THE-RIG.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr W. H. WEBBE, a clever pianist, gave his "second social re-union" at St George's Hall, on Thursday evening last week, assisted by several well known vocalists. A feature in the concert was the capital singing of a new choir "got up" by Mr Webbe. After the concert Mr Webbe gave a ball, and the company dispersed at an early hour in the morning, well pleased with the entertainment their hospitable host had provided for them.

On the 11th Dec. Mr George Russell gave his annual evening concert at the Public Hall, Croydon, with a programme worthy himself and the repute in which he is held. Mr Russell was assisted in the instrumental department by Mr Henry Holmes (violin) and Herr Lütgen (violinello). Beethoven's Trio in D and Mendelssohn's in C minor were performed. The latter commenced the second part, when there was no interruption through late arrivals, and, consequently, being exceedingly well played, its beauties were thoroughly appreciated. In Schumann's *Toccata* (first time in Croydon), and Wagner's "Spinning Chorus," arranged by Spindler, Mr Russell was at his best, giving further proof of his musicianly styles and manipulative skill. Mr Henry Holmes, in an *arioso* of his own and a fugue by Tartini, was much applauded, as was also Herr Lütgen whose solo was a melody by Offenbach. Miss Catherine Penna, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr Shakespeare were the vocalists. The chaste delivery of "Dah, vieni non tardar" by Miss Penna, whose bright soprano voice and genuine musical feeling are more and more estimated, gave general satisfaction. Two songs by Rubinstein, and Mr Russell's own song, "The Swan's Melody," were sung by this charming artist no less to the unanimous approval of the audience. Miss Bolingbroke, in songs by Meyerbeer and Wallace, displayed her fine contralto to advantage. Mr Shakespeare gave two *Lieder* by Schubert, and was encored in "I said we'll ne'er grow old" (his own composition). Mr H. Leslie's trio, "Memory," brought the entertainment to a close. Mr R. Beringer was the accompanist.

Mr W. H. HOLMES gave the second of his interesting "Pianoforte Concerts" on Saturday, December 30, at the Langham Hall, assisted by his professional pupils (including some of his class at the Royal Academy of Music, by permission of the Principal, Professor Macfarren, Mus. Doc.), and some eminent professors. We subjoin the programme:—Trio, in B minor, Op. 19, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—Miss Jenkins, Mr Henry Holmes, and Herr Lütgen (Ch. M. Widor); Duo, pianoforte and violinello (MS.), "Summer Holidays, 1876," (first time of performance)—Mr W. H. Holmes and Herr Lütgen (W. H. Holmes); Quartet, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violinello—Miss Edith Collins, Mr Henry Holmes, Mr Hann, and Herr Lütgen (Friedrich Kiel); Duet, for two pianofortes—Miss Baglehole and Mr W. H. Holmes (Thalberg); New Song, "Forest Violet"—Mr Frank Holmes, accompanied by the Composer (C. Vaschetti); Trio, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—Miss M. Harper, Mr Henry Holmes, and Herr Lütgen (Reinecke); Solo, pianoforte, "Song without words" (Mendelssohn); New Transcription (introducing "God Save the Queen") of the "Galatea Waltz"—Miss Florence Saunders (composed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh); Song, "Donald Gray"—Mr Frank Holmes, words by F. Saunders, Esq. (W. H. Holmes); Memento (G. W. Hammond); Motivo, from *Edin of the Lake*; Scottish Chimes and Chimes of England—Mr W. H. Holmes (W. H. Holmes). We are informed that it is Mr W. H. Holmes's intention to introduce at these concerts the following entire works (many new to this country), performed by his professional pupils (pianoforte), assisted by eminent artists:—Quintet (with wind instruments) by Spohr (to be played by Miss Baglehole, &c.); Trio, pianoforte, clarinet, and violinello, by Mozart (Miss Banks, &c.); 2nd Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violinello, by Raff (Miss Chatterton, &c.); Quartet, by Kiel (Miss Collins, &c.); Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violinello, by Ad. Blomberg (Mlle Adèle Dufote, &c.); Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violinello, by Henselt (Mr Deas, &c.); Sonata, pianoforte and violin, by W. Taubert (Miss Field, &c.); Duet, pianoforte and violin, by Dussek (Miss Fleming, &c.); Duet, pianoforte and violin, by Gade (Miss Fitch, &c.); Trio, No. 5, by Haydn (Miss Gye, &c.); Trio by Lachner, Op. 45 (Miss Constance Harper, &c.); Trio by Reinecke (Miss M. Harper, &c.); Trio by C. M. Widor (Miss Jenkins, &c.); Trio by Beethoven (Miss McKay, &c.); Trio by Edward Bache (Mr Luton, &c.); Duet, pianoforte and violinello, by Reissiger, Op. 147 (Miss Linton, &c.); Quartette by Brahms (Miss Lindsay, &c.); 2nd Grand Trio by S. Jadaschon (Miss Martin, &c.); Quartet by Rubinstein (Miss Pollon, &c.); Trio by Max Bruch, Op. 5 (Miss Thurgood, &c.); Trio by Gernsheim, Op. 8 (Miss Florence Saunders, &c.); Quartet by Rheinberger (Miss Pamphillon, &c.); and Trio by R. Volkmann, Op. 5 (Mr Puddicombe, &c.)

PROVINCIAL.

MAIDENHEAD.—At a concert given on Wednesday, Dec. 28, for the benefit of the National School Rooms, Herr Rosenthal pleased everybody by his artistic performance of two violin solos: Léonard's "Souvenir d'Haydn" and Vieuxtemps' "Rêverie." The *Maidenhead Advertiser* says "Herr Rosenthal's performance was indeed a real treat to lovers of instrumental music."

BATH.—On Boxing-night, Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus* was produced at the Theatre Royal—the principal characters by Miss Helen Cresswell, Lamartine; Messrs Arthur Davley, Cartright, Lionel Hood, and David Honeysett. The incidental "ballet" is very effective, the chorus good, and the dresses and scenery are new and costly. The attendance, up to the present, has been good, and the management may be congratulated on having secured a great and legitimate success. S. W. J.

LIVERPOOL.—The Carl Rosa opera company, at the Amphitheatre, are meeting with deserved success. *The Daily Post*, in its notice of the *Sonnambula*, speaks highly of Mlle Ida Corani's Amina, in which part she made her *début* in Liverpool. The charming young vocalist did full justice to Bellini's heroine, and sang the music, especially the finale to the last act with finish and brilliancy. Mlle Corani was rewarded throughout her performance by enthusiastic applause. Mr J. W. Turner (Elvino) was called upon to repeat "Still so gently." The part of the Count was thoroughly well suited to Mr Celli. The entire performance gave satisfaction.

CHELTEMHAM.—Miss Bertha Griffiths, and Mr Ricardo Linter's second concert in the Assembly Room, in aid of the funds of the Fever Hospital, was almost as numerous, and quite as fashionably attended as the first on the previous evening, and proved as brilliant a success. Miss Bertha Griffiths sang "The Lord is Risen" in the first part of the programme, and "Quando a te lieta" in the second. Mr Ricardo Linter and Mr Holst played Moscheles' "Homage to Handel" on two pianofortes, with great effect. Mr Cummings sang "Waft her, Angels" and Ricardo Linter's "Bonnie wee Flowers" (encored). Mr Ricardo Linter's performance of a pianoforte solo, says *The Looker-on*, was a masterpiece of artistic execution; and the violinello performances of Mad. de Katow elicited enthusiastic applause. Such brilliant execution on the violinello by a lady had certainly never before been listened to in Cheltenham. The financial results of the two concerts corresponded with their musical success; the sum to be handed over to the funds of the charity for which they were undertaken being between seventy and eighty pounds.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr Wm. Pyatt gave *The Messiah* at the new Albert Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, and there was another oratorio by a local society in the Mechanics' Hall. Nothing could show—says the *Nottingham Journal*—with greater force the rapid growth the town and neighbourhood is making in those arts of a more refined character than the existence of two such choruses as were gathered together yesterday. Unquestionably the most singular feature of Mr Pyatt's concert was the chorus, a body independent of any society, yet containing the foundations of a brilliant and effective association. The performance was in every way worthy Mr Pyatt's management, and the crowded hall testified to the public appreciation. Mr Pyatt has helped to "educate" his public, and they are grateful, and support him accordingly. Mad. Patey, Miss Edith Wynne, Signor Foli, and Mr E. Lloyd were the solo vocalists. The band was complete. Mr Val Nicholson officiated as leader, and among the instrumentalists were two or three ladies (violinists), including Mad. Brouail. Mr George Essex played the organ accompaniments with his usual ability.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Egbaston Amateur Musical Union gave their twenty-seventh concert at the Masonic Hall, on December 20th, under the conductorship of Mr C. J. Duchemin. There was a large and appreciative audience—says the *Daily Gazette*—and the performances generally were received with marks of approbation, and reflected credit upon the society's clever chief. The most important piece in the programme was a symphony in C major, by Mozart, never before played in Birmingham. It was the best performance of an orchestral work which the Union has yet given. The other orchestral pieces were the Andante in F (from Beethoven's first symphony), the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. The vocalists were Messrs W. E. Fisher and Ryder; the pianist was Mde Michelson, who played Weber's *Concertstück* and Raff's "Polka de la Reine." Mde Michelson possesses much mechanical power, and plays with intelligence. The steady improvement observable in the performances of the members of the Amateur Musical Union during the last few years shows that their labours are carried on with earnestness.

ANTWERP.—*Le Pompon* has been performed here,

THE LATE GEORGE MACFARREN.

MY DEAR EDITOR AND OLD FRIEND,—You ask me to write of my father, and my pride in the subject is equal to my diffidence of ability to treat it. Truly the space before me and the time to fill it are insufficient for justice to the memory of him to whom I owe, not life alone, but impetus to art, and the first and best guidance in its pursuit. Yet, however briefly, those who knew him may be pleased to be reminded of himself and his doings; those who knew him not may still accept some words of reverence and love for one not without influence beyond his immediate circle. From 1788 to 1843 his life was of almost ceaseless activity. In early childhood he showed a talent for versification, to which a far higher definition would not be misapplied; and some stanzas, dated on his thirteenth birthday, evince depth of thought and power of words betokening ripe years. While a schoolboy he wrote a tragedy, which was acted by his mates, with the assistance of young Edmund Kean, then known by the name of Carey, with the sanction of the afterwards famous actor, Liston, usher at that time in Archbishop Tennyson's school—the scene of the performance. My father played on bowed instruments so well as to sustain either of the parts in a violin quartet. He had some facility on the pianoforte, on which, and on the fiddle, he was my first instructor. Would he had had an apter pupil! He composed songs of merit, and many country-dance tunes that had great popularity. One of the latter, which may now sometimes be heard on street organs—"Off she goes"—has been claimed as a national Irish melody; and this says more for the merit of the tune than the acumen of the editor. Music would have been his profession had he not met with a fashionable teacher of dancing—Bishop by name—who offered to make him a "gentleman instead of a fiddler," and, accordingly, took him as an apprentice. Here was a disparity between name and nature, the calling and the called; and, I earnestly believe, here was a consequent loss to music. Quick in conception and sanguine in enterprise, he promptly formed the plan of a work or of an action, and eagerly pursued it. So, when eighteen, he quitted his parental home, rented a spacious room, and opened a school for dancing. The theatre was the natural home of his diverse talent and the chief arena of his varied exercise. His first public dramatic production was almost extemporised, and acted for the benefit of his then intimate friend, Harley in 1818, at the English Opera House. Many of his other pieces were also written at a sitting, of which perhaps the most remarkable instance was the *Emblematical Tribute* on the occasion of the Queen's marriage. He suggested the first idea of this to the management of Drury Lane Theatre on the Thursday night previous to the ceremony. The idea was applauded, but its accomplishment pronounced impossible. The pronunciation was confuted; for, by a strong power of magnetism, he infused his own ardour into every functionary of the establishment. The book was written, the music composed, the scenes were painted, the dresses stitched, the whole was rehearsed, and the masque presented to the public at the free performance on the royal wedding night, the Monday next following the primary conception. Then, as ever, the word impossible had no meaning for him; and, to all with whom he worked, his example made "will" and "can" identical. Those only may be named here among his dramatic pieces which made the strongest mark at the moment. The *Horatii* and *Curiatii* was written for the appearance at the Coburg Theatre—then (how times have changed!) a place of high esteem and elegant resort—of Booth, who had been a rival of Kean, and was the father of the future presidenticide. *Sir Peter Pry*, which had great success at the same theatre, has been accredited as the foundation of a more popular comedy, whose inquisitive hero is named after another apostle. *If the Cap fit ye, wear it*, had also good fortune, being acted throughout the country under the name of *The Student*, and reproduced at the Haymarket as *Latin, Love, and War*. *Edward the Black Prince*, and, soon afterwards, *Guy Fawkes*, were talks of the town and are still theatrical celebrities. *Winning a Husband*, a protean piece, was written for the favourite actress, Mrs W. Barrymore, and has had hundreds of representations by her and by others. My father's first acknowledged essay—he had contributed scenes or songs to many pieces by other authors—on the classic boards of Drury, was the ballad opera of *Malvina*, the merit of which raised it into an importance far above what was intended in the original commission. Then he wrote *Oberon*, which helped to familiarise the town with the incidents of Wieland's poem, the

ground work of the opera by Weber, at that time in preparation at Covent Garden; and the task was undertaken within a month of the first representation. His version of *Gil Blas*, or rather of the first adventures of Le Sage's hero, long outlived its Drury Lane production. Elliston had acquired great confidence in my father's power during the last year of his Drury Lane experience, and, on abdicating the sovereignty which had been held by Garrick and Sheridan, sought his aid in his new enterprise at the Surrey. The facile author being prostrated by a premonition of the malady to which he succumbed sixteen years later, the veteran new manager was brought to his bed-side. "I open this day fortnight," said Elliston, "and must have a piece from you;" the piece was written and acted. The most notable of his productions at the Surrey was the *March of Intellect*, a protean piece for the display of the versatile talent of little Burke, the child prodigy who acted, and sang, and danced, and played on the violin, and spoke Irish with a "brogue so rich that you might cut it with a knife." I must hurry on to the works wherein I myself had the priceless advantage of his co-operation. There are three operas that have never seen the light, one of them having been accepted at three several theatres, all of which closed in bankruptcy before the intended representation. These, with his prompting of what to think, write, and avoid, made me an apprenticeship of which I, and none but I, can feel the inestimable value. There was the *Devil's Opera*, another case of warfare against time, waged in the bright glowing season of the Queen's Coronation, when my father used to work on his libretto till the first peep of those inspiring summer mornings, and then awaken the composer to travail on the music in the still hours before heat came into the day, bustle into the streets, and out-door occupation into the writer's necessities. Lastly, there was *Don Quixote*, of which but a portion of the music came to his knowledge. This was designed for several different productions, its cast of characters changed for every such purposed occasion, and its composition only completed nearly three years after his death, when it was really to be represented. It is now time to speak of his management of the theatre in Tottenham Street, to which, in honour of King William's consort, he gave the name of the Queen's Theatre. There he ruled from February, 1831, till June, 1832—or would have ruled, had not the despot, Fortune, governed him, distorted his designs, and frustrated his principles and plans. He began with Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, to which Cipriani Potter wrote additional orchestration for him, and its performance was indeed an event in musical London. "The legitimate drama," a term now of the past, was then unallowed in any but the "patent theatres," and thus the performances at the Queen's were restricted to plays written for the purpose. In the production of these, regard was first given to the naturalness of the scene, in respect to stage arrangements, grouping of persons and objects, furniture and other accessories, all, in fact, distinguishes the theatrical presentations of nowadays from the conventionalism of elder times, when a green baize covered the front of the stage, as if to put it in mourning, during tragedies, and when the most sumptuously decorated chamber had but as many chairs as the dramatic action demanded to be sat upon. Once, for the rising of the mist, the artifice of slaked lime, which of late has been re-appropriated with world renown, was employed with magical effect. Elliston, one of the latest representatives of the drama's so-called "palmy days," and himself at the time a rival manager, declared that such perfect pictures as he saw at the Queen's had never been put upon the stage. My father's aptitude for painting, of which some specimens are extant, doubtless helped him to conceive and to put in practice these effects. His musicianship materially enhanced his literary skill in the writing of words to music, one of the hardest tasks of authorship, one in which success is rare as it is difficult, and one in which he was almost singularly happy—witness the poem to Henry Smart's beautiful song of "Estelle," and some of those, such as "A Legend of the Avon," to some of the first of W. Chappell's reuscutations of Old English Ditties. The latest thing that occupied my father was the editorship of *The Musical World* journal, and you know who, at his death, succeeded him. You remember the kindly and encouraging feeling that characterised his administration, how he always sought for merit and did his utmost to bring it to the front, how he would screen defect, and how ill-will was in him an incapacity. You remember his keen perception of the beautiful, and the charming English in which this

was set forth. His sunny temper was vexed by many a trouble, but never wholly darkened; and it had the power of light as well as warmth on all who came within its radiance, to draw out their brightest colours, as well as to nourish their minds and hearts. Such was George Macfarren.

G. A. M.

[We remember all this—and more. George Macfarren was one of those born to govern men, not by harsh despotism, but by courtesy and kindness. Even when, as it might happen at times, you were not entirely of his opinion, you generally found him right at the end. And then, his reasons were urged with a gentleness which more than his logical acumen and knowledge of human nature—both remarkable—went far to convince you even when most perverse and self-willed. We were all young then, and trust we are wiser now. It is only when our elders are gone that we are willing to confess how much we owe to them.—J. W. D.]

A PROFESSIONAL CAREER.*

"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."—Shakspeare.

"How charming! How favourably you appear, sir, in these interesting operatic characters!" exclaimed the inquisitive young surgeon examining a row of photographs in which his host was discovered in the glories of dramatic costume; in the picturesque garb of the Count di Luna; the gorgeous dress of Lucrezia's tyrannical lord; the gaelic plaid worn by Lucia's wicked brother, and in the ponderous uniform of the heavy father of the Bohemian Girl. "So, so! you have smelt the footlights, and have been a devotee to the lyric drama—the frailest maiden—shall I say so, sir, of the art family!"

"They are souvenirs of the past, and painful reminders of youthful folly," replied Pipewell, wishing to evade the subject. But the curiosity of the surgeon was not so to be appeased. Everything connected with the stage had, for him, a strange fascination. To gain access to a "green room" was, he thought, to enter a paradise; and to hold sweet converse with a prima-donna the most enchanting of delights. Before him was seated one who had entered the charmed circle, and he resolved, therefore, to know which way he had taken to gain it. To accomplish this he spoke with earnestness and enthusiasm of the operatic art and its professors; of their genius, beauty, culture, and fascination; of their healthy, delightful, and lucrative occupation, their elevated social position, and the influences they exercised on society. "Surely, sir," he concluded, "you have partaken of these favours, for, if pictures speak truly, these photographs tell me you have revelled in success."

"They are false witnesses if they do," answered Pipewell. "I keep them as relics of failure and ruin; and place them before me for the same purpose as the ancients did skulls, to teach humility. They are the only things left me for years of toil, but they will not prove altogether valueless if they constantly impart to me a consciousness of the limits of my resources."

"I beg pardon," interrupted the young surgeon; "I find I have probed an old wound. Pray let it close again."

"I have suffered," said Pipewell, "but the anguish, I assure you, is passed. To have any little cancer of vanity cut out in private is painful; but to be publicly burned, decked in all the robes of pride, is martyrdom. I will tell you how it came to pass. I was vain enough to think I could extort admiration from the public; I proved only fit for jeers."

"I find, sir," broke in the young man, "you suffer from self-depreciation, an irritable sore very difficult to heal. Surely you must have stumbled on an unsympathetic public or a set of venomous critics."

"No, no!" continued Pipewell. "The truth is I miscalculated my powers. Music, from my earliest childhood, has held a wondrous spell over me. The drone of the lullaby sending me to sleep had charms other than soothing; feeble as it may have been, it was linked to the harmonies that now thrill me, and perhaps will be

found united to, or absorbed in, those sublimer strains I hope to hear in heaven. In whatever form music may be expressed, or whatever may be the mode of its utterance, whether in the rustic ballad or mighty symphony, in the simple hymn or sublime oratorio, if the spark divine be present, my nature is moved within me, and my soul responds with joy to the glorious themes. That I have a musical nature cannot be doubted, but where I erred was in mistaking love for capacity and appreciation for power. I was merely a receptacle, and not a medium. I could feel acutely, yet was without the gift of making others feel. The floods of sweet sounds that fell upon me were absorbed; no grateful exhalations were returned. Musically, I was barren."

"Creative genius," said the young doctor, "I apprehend will be always rare. It cannot, in the Darwinian sense, be evolved, but must come direct and perfected from the great Creator. On the other hand, executive talent is never very rare; and I cannot but think you underrate your powers when you deny the possession of this capacity or acquirement."

"You share the opinion my friends held," said Pipewell, "they fancied I had a priceless treasure in my voice. In truth possessed some powerful notes, for which I was held in great request. Invitations to private concerts were numerous, and most evenings I left my office for assemblies, where music was sacrificed on the altar of vanity. Eventually I became a sort of high priest at those rites. Lady Di Vroth, who took the lead in our sphere of fashion, had by far the most splendid temple, where art paid its idolatrous homage to the god yclept 'Shoddy.' The lady was really good and generous, and took great and kind notice of my vocal efforts. She would often say, 'you sang that morceau delightfully, Mr. Pipewell; you should study in Italy, and soon you would have no peer upon the Italian stage; now Ronconi is failing, I know no one but you able to succeed him.' At first I took those flatteries only as well-meaning compliments, but gradually came to consider perhaps there was something in them. To confirm her opinion she sought the advice of Mr. Supple, her friend and musical prime minister, a gentleman held to be the highest authority on those matters in the country. She gave a little dinner at which the great man and myself were invited. The question as to my ability was most delicately and charmingly put by the lady to the oracle, who, after hearing me sing, declared most emphatically I had untold treasures in my throat. In saying these acceptable words he smiled again and again, thereby advertising his dentist from ear to ear; at the same time he kept soothing and caressing the back of his left hand as if it were as velvety as the paw of a leopard, whereas the sinewy cords and knots of old age were painfully visible. Those will-o'-the-wisps led me through many a miry swamp, and in the end plunged me, soiled and torn, in the slough of despond. I left my desk, where I had little to do and less to think of, for the merciless *solfeggi*. I started for Italy, took up my quarters in Milan, and engaged the best masters obtainable to superintend my labours on that weary treadmill, the *scale*, with its do, re, mi, fa. My first master, Signor Squerini, was above all things a candid man. My voice, once good, he said, was all but ruined by a bad method. I told him it was just as nature made it, when he loftily declared that nature, very well in its way, could not produce a singer; method, such as taught by him alone, could create an artist. His vaunted method consisted in little else than abuse. He abused everybody and everything—nature, composers, masters, pupils, authors, audiences, artists, and critics. One person alone he praised—himself. Every morning he placed me against the wall of his room, and commanded me to smile and shout. 'Smile, smile, will you?' he would say; 'louder, louder that note!' My throat soon became sore and my voice hoarse. My health gave way, and temper too, so I left him, to be abused as the stupidest and most ungrateful of pupils. My next master, Sig. Sapone, proved the reverse. He used oil instead of vinegar, and soaped well the steps of the *solfeggi* treadmill. It was not so unpleasant, perhaps, but I slipped down the scale as fast as I climbed up. After wasting time, money, and labour, I left him also, not one step advanced in the vocal art. Oil and vinegar both were useless."

* From *Lavender Pipewell, Musical Amateur*. By Pencerid Gwffyn.

"I am surprised to hear," exclaimed the doctor, "that Milan is so poor in singing masters. I thought it was the vocalist's headquarters, and was to young singers what our hospitals are to medical students. It has always been regarded by me as a place where vocal music is most assiduously practised, where the art is rendered most captivating, and life generally found thoroughly enjoyable."

"Life in Milan is most assuredly pleasant to the student," replied Pipewell. "Youth, fortunately, cares little for comforts—commodities scarce in Milanese lodgings. Café life is easily contracted, some knowledge of the Italian language can be gained in spite of the *patois*, and a taste for Bohemianism readily cultivated. What a charm there is in perfect freedom, when no restraint is felt, except that which lack of cash produces! In past years Italy was, as you say, the land of song and the dwelling-place of the muse; but the art is now more comprehensively represented in London during the season than in any Italian city, nay, than in all the cities and towns of Italy put together. The decay of the vocal art has followed the decline of the Rossinian opera. The prevailing style of the lyric drama requires force and little else. Violence is the chief characteristic—violence of story and plot, gesture and action, voice and register; and where violence is paramount, art in its true proportions cannot exist."

(To be continued.)

To the Musical World, 1877.

O World, of this our world the true reflex!
Where all find much to please, and more to vex,
Be it Wagnerian, waggish, waspish spite
Or rage, an angel might be pleased to write.

A record of all musical concerns,
Showing by smoke the sacred fire still burns;
Go on and prosper, till thy moons be full;
Be wise, be witty, anything but dull.

Pictorial art add to thy varied charms,
To set at rest competitive alarms;
Think of the great Beethoven's joyous choice,
And take for choir the genial public voice.

Jericho.

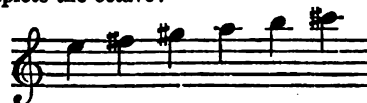
WILLBEN BENWELL.

The Egyptian Shepherd's Pipe.

The most ancient musical instruments in the world which preserve their original notes are the pipes which were deposited in the tombs of ancient Egypt about the times at which the pyramids were built. Given the length of the pipe and the distances of the holes, we can copy and reproduce the same sounds. But there is another interesting feature bound up with this deposit of musical pipes by the side of the dead. It is one of Egyptian mythology. The commonly received opinion of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is that the dead man became either a bird or a beast, to be treated as he had deserved during life; to be thrashed like a donkey (and the pictures of heavy sticks in the hands of Egyptian donkey-drivers show how the animals were punished), or to soar aloft like a lark, without much danger from Egyptian bows and arrows. But the pipes deposited in the tombs had a fresh straw of full length laid beside each of them. The pipes are made of reed, and they were played upon by bits of straw. The straw was cut partly through to perhaps a fourth of its diameter, and then, by turning the blade of the knife flat, and passing it upwards towards the mouth end, they raised a strip of perhaps an inch in length, to serve as a reed to excite the tone of the pipe. This is precisely what boys do now, and what shepherds did in former ages. But why lay a clean straw of full length beside the pipe? It cannot have been for the use of lark or donkey, but is clearly in contemplation of the dead man resuming the human form. In some cases these extra straws have been preserved, as in the Salt collection at the British Museum, and in the Museum at Leyden. But generally they were thought too

unimportant to be retained. And yet what curious mythological conclusions may thus be drawn from them! Some of the straw-reeds which the ancients had used in playing upon these pipes are still found within them, as in one of the pipes in the Museum at Turin and one in the British Museum.

Having now clear proof of the antiquity of the shepherds' pipes, a question which is of greater interest to musicians is: "What kind of music did the Egyptians play upon them? Was it Gregorian?"—for the president of the Gregorian Association had an inspiration that God spoke to Moses in Gregorian tones. Oh no! that series of musical blunders had its origin in the seventh century. The early Christians used Greek music, a minor scale with a minor seventh—our A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and its transpositions. But they used also a pentaphonic, or Scotch scale, both major and minor, which had neither a fourth nor a seventh in it. The major was the Greek chromatic, and the minor their enharmonic scale, which did not require a change of bass, and was therefore suitable for simple melodies without accompaniment. Curiously enough, one of those very ancient Egyptian pipes is upon the pentaphonic major, or Scotch scale, and it is of the exact pitch of the black keys upon a modern Alexandre harmonium—F sharp, G sharp, A sharp, C sharp, and D sharp. Had the Egyptians a Scottish ancestor who taught them this scale? Perhaps one of our Northern friends can enlighten us upon that point. The pipes have so few holes that no one of them has a complete octave, but one pipe runs up six notes of the major scale of E. It wants D sharp and E to complete the octave:



Stratford Lodge, Otlands Park, Surrey.

W. Chappell.

AN EXHORTATION. (?)

Advertise, advertise,
All you who would rise,
And become all the rage
In the musical page.
Good tenors so rare,
Sopranos so fair,
With sweet pretty faces;
Contraltos and basses;
Or how shall we know

When the French horn you blow,
Or fiddle is played,
By man or by maid?—
Quartet and septet
(Lazarus' clarinet)?—
Or even the big drum,
Which may, can, or should come?
Give, therefore, the cue
To the M. Double-u.

WILLBEN.

Bayreuth—opposite Wagner's Theatre.

WAIIFS.

Mad. Clara Schumann is engaged on a German tour.

Señor Sarasate has returned to Paris. He will shortly resume his tour through Austria and Germany.

Mdlle Albani will make her first appearance this evening at the Italian Opera, Paris, in the opera of *Lucia*.

M. Emile J. B. Bailliére, the music publisher, has been elected a member of the Chamber of Commerce, in Paris.

Tchaikowski, the Russian composer, will visit Paris this winter for the purpose of having some of his works performed there.

Miss Catherine Penna has been singing the principal soprano music in *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Creation*, &c., at Liverpool, York, Northampton, and other provincial towns with unvarying success.

On his road to Marseilles and Italy, M. J. Diaz de Soria, yielding to the solicitations of the Cercle des Beaux-Arts, of which he is an honorary member, sang at the club-house. He was supported by Mdlle Marimon and M. Albert Lavignac.

M. Gounod, after spending three weeks at Cannes, where he finished the composition of his new work, *Cinq Mars*, destined for the Opéra-Comique, has been stopping in Paris. He has still to score his work; for this purpose he will shortly return to the south of France. The principal female part, Marie de Gonzague, in the new opera is intended for Mad. Brunet-Lafleur.

A Leaf-Turner, that is, a machine for turning over the leaves of music by a movement of the performer's foot has been invented by Herr F. Sohl, telegraphic instrument-maker, Berlin. It can be fitted to music-stands as well as to pianos.

A private School of Music, *Scuola Privata di Musica*, has lately been established in Milan by Signor Giovanni Pontoglio. The programme includes instruction in every part of the art, from its first elements to the study of its abstruse principles.

Messrs Rudall Carte & Co. have issued their two annual publications, "The Musical Directory" and "The Professional Pocket Book." Both contain valuable information to all connected with music directly and indirectly, we therefore strongly recommend them to the attention of our readers.

The prize offered by the Imperial Musical Society of Russia for the best chamber composition has been awarded to M. Naprawnik, conductor at the Russian Operahouse, for a Pianoforte Trio. Honourable mention has been made of MM. Rimskikorsakoff and Afanassieff, each of whom had sent in a stringed quartet.

During a recent performance of *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung* at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, Mad. Pauline Lucca was observed in the Intendant's box, engaged in conversation with Herr von Hülsen. So emphatic was she in her tones and gestures that she attracted general attention. She has since left for Moscow.

The French Government will supply the marble for the monument to be erected in memory of Félicien David. The Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, M. Waddington, has, moreover, contributed, in his private capacity, to the subscription started by *La Liberté*. The sum already amounts to 15,000 francs.

Herr Niemann has just been photographed as Siegmund, the character sustained by him in the *Ring des Nibelungen*. He did so at the particular request of the King of Bavaria, having previously steadily refused to follow the example set in this respect by all the other vocalists engaged in the Bayreuth performances.

The Italian papers announce the death, at Genoa, of the Nestor of Italian orchestral conductors, Giovanni Serra, Angelo Mariani's predecessor as *maestro concertatore*, at the Teatro Carlo, Felice. According to them, he was ninety-four at the time of his death, but, if Fétis is to be trusted, he was not more than eighty-nine.

It appears probable that a composition by Alfred Holmes, who died in Paris, last March, will be performed by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's approaching visit to the French capital. M. Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, has been in communication with the Society on the subject.

Mdme Sinico-Campobello, has declined the engagement offered to her for *La Scala*, at Milan. She leaves London on the 8th inst. for a tour in the provinces, accompanied by Mdme Rose Hérée, Mdme Demeric Lablache, Mr Wilford Morgan, and Signor Campobello. Signor Norrito (a clarinet player of repute in Italy) and Signor Romano (conductor) also join the party.

On Christmas Eve, a late special service was held in Chester Cathedral, when a part of *The Messiah*, which has not been heard in that church for nearly half a century, was given in an impressive manner. Nearly 5,000 persons were present. The service was intoned by the Rev. E. L. Y. Deacle, the singers (about 150 in number) were under the direction of Mr Cuzner (choirmaster), and Mr F. Gunton presided at the organ. A sermon was preached by the Dean of Chester.

"LES DANICHEFF."—Lord Newry's English version of this celebrated drama, which is attributed by some to a Russian gentleman named Kurukovski, by others to M. Alexandre Dumas, while the playbills of the Odéon assign it to an imaginary personage named "Pierre Nevski," is to be produced at the St James's Theatre with the following cast:—Countess Danicheff, Mrs John Wood; Count Vladimir Danicheff, Mr C. Warner; Osip, Mr Clayton; Anna, Miss Lydia Foote; Princess Lydia, Miss Caroline Hill; and Roger de Talde, Mr Herman Vezin.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's forty-fifth annual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* took place on the 22nd ult. Sir Michael Costa conducted. The vocalists were Mmes Nouver and Enriquez, Messrs Lloyd and Fox. It being Mdme Enriquez's *début* at Exeter Hall, in Handel's oratorio, we subjoin what *Public Opinion* says of the young vocalist:—"A special feature to notice was the singing of Mdme Enriquez, to whom the contralto music was entrusted. This young and conscientious artist's deep voice of bell-like purity, her clear enunciation, and perfect execution, combined to make this performance, so far as her part of it was concerned, one of the finest that has been given of late years in this hall, where so many vocalists have won their triumphs.

The principal character in M. Camille Saint-Saëns' *Timbre d'Argent*, now in rehearsal at the Théâtre-Lyrique, will be sustained not by M. Eyraud, as at first intended, but by M. Blum, who was a member of the company when the *Lyrique* was in the Place du Châtelet. *La Poupée de Nuremberg* will be produced very shortly.

M. Davioud, one of the architects of the International Exhibition, has announced his intention of delivering before the Society of Composers a lecture, in which he will explain the idea, due to himself and M. Bourdais, of a theatre to form part of the Exhibition building, and capable of accommodating seven thousand spectators.

The funeral service for Tamburini was celebrated with great pomp at the Madeleine, Paris. The entire church was hung with black cloth, ornamented with silver palms, and shields with the initials of the Deceased. In the middle of the nave towered an immense catafalque, surrounded by wax-tapers and lampadaries. The musical part of the ceremony was unusually fine. After the organ had played the funeral march from *La Gazza Ladra*, and the bass air from the *Stabat*, in which Tamburini used to be especially good, it gave a "Kyrie" by Handel; a "Pie Jesu," by Alary; another, by Niedermeyer; a "Sanctus," by Th. Dubois; and a "Libera," by the same composer. The solos were sung by MM. Miguel and Lauwers; the choir and orchestra were under the direction of M. Th. Dubois, chapelmaster of the Madeleine. At the conclusion of the service, M. C. Saint-Saëns performed Chopin's "Funeral March" upon the organ. Among the persons present were General Cialdini, Italian ambassador; all the Lablache family; Strauss, and a fine looking man with a full patriarchal white beard. The last-named person was no other than the Duke of Candia, more famous as Sig. Mario, the former colleague of Tamburini. A funeral car drawn by four horses afterwards conveyed the body to Montretout, where it was finally deposited in a family vault.

DRESDEN.—Verdi's *Aida* has been performed at the Royal Operahouse.

MARSEILLES.—Kosiki has met with a favourable reception at the Théâtre des Bouffes.

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MR GERARD COVENTRY (Tenor), having returned to Town from his Provincial Tour, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios or Concerts. Address—Care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS PURDY begs to announce that she will Return from Italy on March 5. All communications to be addressed to 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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Let each speak of the world as he finds it.
Sing me the songs that I loved long ago.
The Piquet.

The Wild, White Rose.
A boatman's life for me.
My Lily.
Sing, dearest, sing.
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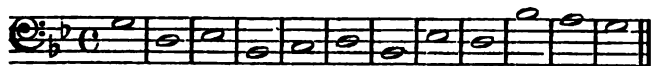
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1876. 11 A.M. TO 1 P.M.

*. In figuring the bass, the figures must denote what would be the complete chords were the harmony amplified, and not merely the written intervals. There should be no figure for the common chord in its direct form, except where needful to contradict previous figuring on the same bass note. Passing-notes should not be figured; but, when in the bass, a line should be drawn over or under them from the preceding harmony notes.

1. Find the answer of this perpetual canon for 2 in 1, free as to intervals. Write the whole in score, marking the repeat at the bar whence this begins, and at the bar at which it ends. Figure the bass.



2. Write counterpoint for soprano (not treble) and tenor, each in its proper clef, both of the second species, above this subject. Figure the bass.



3. State when the seventh of the dominant should rise to the fifth of the tonic. Write, in four parts, an example of the same in the key of B.

4. Write this chord varieties. State what is with each of the three of the three in the minor major key, of which the prefixing the key-signatures. These to be of the discord being the pianoforte score.

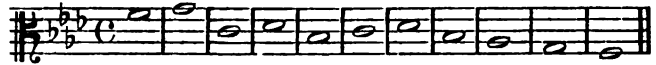


with two enharmonic the root of the chord notations. Resolve each key, and also in the root is the dominant, ture to each of the six in four parts, the root duplicated note, and in

5. Write answers to these fugal subjects. State whether each be real or tonal, and, if the latter, whether authentic or plagal.



6. Write counterpoint of the fourth species, in the soprano clef, above this subject, and counterpoint of the third species, in the bass clef, below it—the two counterpoints and the subject to be played together. Figure the bass.



7. Write parts for two sopranos, alto, and tenor above this figured bass, introducing passing notes, in any one or other of the parts, when convenient.



8. Write a double counterpoint in the eighth upon this strain. Place the counterpoint above as well as below the given part, and figure the bass of each. It is desirable that the counterpoint have shorter notes against the longer, and longer notes against the shorter, of the given part.



(To be continued.)

THE DESCRIPTION OF COLONOS.

A PARAPHRASE.

(From the Greek.)

The noblest spot of all the earth
Like thee is none beside,
That chief among thy wealth dost boast,
The steed thy dearest pride.

Thy hills are purple with the vine,
Thy olive groves are green,
And sings the nightingale divine
'Mid laurels thick unseen.

There doth the sweet narcissus pale
Its clust'ring orbs unfold,
And there the crocus in the vale
Displays its cup of gold.

The sleepless streams of Cephissus
For ever softly flow,
And o'er the richly fruitful plains
Shed blessings as they go.

And mighty Zeus looketh down
Benignant from on high;
Poseidon and Athene fair
Keep watch with loving eye.

MARIA XIMENA HAYES.

Dec. 21, 1876.

VIENNA.—Mad. Christine Nilsson commenced on the 4th inst. a series of four performances at the Imperial Operahouse, as Ophelia in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Her other three characters were Margarethe in *Faust*, Marguerite de Valois in *Les Huguenots*, and Elsa in *Lohengrin*.—Johann Strauss's buffo opera, *Methusalem*, is in rehearsal at the Karltheater. The management appear to reckon upon a long run, having had the principal parts under-studied, and sparing no expense for the *mise-en-scène*.

A PROFESSIONAL CAREER.*

"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."—Shakspeare.

(Continued from page 26.)

"To continue my story. After two years of study I procured an engagement to sing in *Il Trovatore*, at one of the minor theatres. I did fairly well, for I had the force and strength of youth. Sometimes the audience hissed, and sometimes cheered; they were ready for both on the slightest provocation. The journals were complimentary, especially those who had shared my purse. A few were bitter, for my pockets were somewhat light, markedly one who saw true genius in the bass who took the less important part. This gentleman was my rival in many things. He was the rejected candidate for the rôle of *Il conte di Luna*, and I had also the misfortune to be his victorious rival in the love of the *prima donna*. The good lady must perforce love some one, and upon principle fixed her affections upon me, the baritone, the tenor being too old and ugly, and the heavy bass held merely in reserve and resorted to only as the very last resource. My deep voiced rival, however, was blinded by the bright soprano star, and hated me bitterly for eclipsing him. Yet I did not reciprocate the tender passion of the lady, who seemed to my poor perceptions only remarkable for the loudness of her voice, and the bigness of her mustachios. She elected, however, to take me under her favour and patronage, in spite of my indifference and the scowls of the *basso profondo*."

"Ah! ah! I fancied you had been a lady-killer" laughed out the surgeon. "I hope you got well out of the hands of the *basso profondo*, for the possessors of that voice are nearly all murderers—at least, they are represented as such on the stage."

"The English and American students," resumed Pipewell, "were in the habit of resorting to a café in the Corso, where mischief, not always of an innocent or delicate character was practised. Knowing that unfriendly relations existed between Mr Ivey, the bass, and myself, they brewed a cup of malicious fun for their delight at our cost. A Mr Grice, now a popular Baptist preacher in London, was the leader in the plot. Topics of dispute between Ivey and myself were always pushed to the fore. Comparisons were made of our voices, merits, masters, and, above all, our progress in the affections of the *prima donna*. My rival was easily excited. I passed over many of his provocations to quarrel, but one night he insulted me in such a gross and offensive manner that I could restrain my anger no longer, and I threw the contents of my wine glass in his face. This was just what they wanted. They all declared the outrage deep and diabolical, and only to be washed out by blood; a duel, and a duel only, could ensue. They took upon themselves to arrange a meeting for the next morning. Pistols were the weapons chosen. I certainly felt no thirst for Ivey's blood, and would willingly have apologised for my hasty temper; but Grice, who had elected himself my second, would not hear of it. He was the presiding genius of the affair; he selected the place, appointed the hour, and undertook to provide suitable weapons for our mutual destruction. Sad at heart I went to my lodgings, arranged my papers, and wrote a letter to my friends, to be posted in case I should fall, or have to fly the country for killing my man. At six o'clock in the morning we were to be placed face to face on a common some miles out of the town, and at daybreak I started on the wretched expedition with remorse, but with less dread than I had felt in my first appearance on the stage. To some shyness gives greater pain than fear. On arriving at the spot I found most of the resident English and American students present, with several others, amongst whom I discerned the bilious face of my old singing master twinking with delight. My second, the embryo preacher, measured the paces, and brought forth the loaded pistols, which I observed were somewhat of an antique pattern. We were placed in position, and at a given signal I fired. The results were most unexpected. My pistol had burst and wounded my arm; whilst my antagonist was pulling away at his trigger like a madman—he could not discharge it. By the faces of our café friends I saw we had been hoaxed. The

weapons were old theatrical properties, and loaded with nothing more harmful than powder. I could not refrain from joining in the general laugh; but my opponent, wild with rage, throwing the old pistol at the crowd, ran after Grice, and gave him such a pummelling a *l'inglese* that he will never forget should he live to be an octagenarian preacher of the gospel. Going towards Ivey I held out my hand in reconciliation and amity, which he refused. Soon after, however, he gave it in marriage to the *prima donna*, and so worked his revenge on me."

"By Jove," ejaculated the doctor, "perhaps you were well out of it. A marriage certificate often proves more deadly than powder and ball. Proceed, my dear sir!"

"Milan became," resumed the host, "too hot for me after the affair was noised abroad, and I soon left for London. My cash was also getting short. True I was singing, but I was paying for the luxury. Money is not to be earned in Italy by English singers. 'Take all and give nothing' appears to be a favourite motto of the Italians. I re-crossed the Alps, resolved on the conquest of Britain with my newly acquired artistic powers. Soon after my arrival I tried their force upon my old friends, adding thereby a fresh interest to their musical gatherings, and kindling in the breast of my kind patroness, Lady Di Vroth, most enthusiastic admiration. 'My progress, nay,' she would say, 'my absolute proficiency was really wonderful.' She busied herself night and day on my behalf with the impresarios of the Italian Operas, by whose advice I transformed my name to Signor Lavendi Pipebene, as their audiences demanded that tribute should be paid to fashion. The season, however, passed, and the first appearance of the great baritone, since his return from Italy, never came off. In the autumn an operatic tour was arranged by Mr Easy, who offered me an engagement to appear in the Channel Islands. He assured me it would be but a mere holiday trip, in which I could gain experience for a more extended field of operations. In accepting it I little thought what its duties would entail. To my horror I found there was to be a change of opera every night for three weeks, and I had to cram my memory, never very capacious, with eighteen operas. In the attempt I choked up my brain with a wilderness of themes. My mind became a very chaos. At times I could not recognise the sayings of the heavy villain from the utterances of aged parents. Airs of Mozart glided imperceptibly into phrases of Bellini. Times, places, characters, dresses, positions, entries, exits, dialogue, and recitative, all became mixed and confused."

"Just as I felt" said the young surgeon, "when I crammed for my exam: they gave me enough for a whole university to learn."

(To be continued.)

THE CALM VOYAGE.*

(From the Italian.)

How gently o'er this tranquil summer deep
The light bark glides!
The full sail bears her through the waves that leap
Around her sides.
The spirits of a hundred flowers, that died
With dying day,
By evening breezes wafted o'er the tide,
Perfume our way.

Thus ever may'st thou float, with favouring gales,
Life's ocean o'er!
Thus, too, may Health and Hope, to fill thy sails,
Breathe from the shore!
And when the bloom that decks the flowers of youth
No more appears,
Thus may their odorous spirits come to soothe
Thy fading years!

H. F. SPENCER.

* Copyright.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Sig. Parmigiani has been compelled to terminate abruptly the Italian operatic season which he inaugurated a short time since. Considering the state of matters here at the present moment, this result is far from surprising.

* From *Lavender Pipewell, Musical Amateur*. By Pencerdd Gwffyn.

STEPHEN HELLER.*

(Continued from page 5.)

Refined, delicate, feeling that his idea is superior to its realisation, and that his sentiments are more complete than the way in which they are rendered, the master whom I am endeavouring to sketch in a few rapid touches, writes at chosen moments, in fragments, and as he thinks, without going beyond himself. Is not this alone calculated to make a man think truly and feel profoundly? Heller conciliates, in a rare degree, picturesqueness and Atticism. There is a grand air about his style; its lines are open; and, though sometimes highly worked up, its design is always characterised by breadth. It is ever varied by unexpected and delicate gradations, intended and novel encounters, and effects peculiar to it. Uneasy and sometimes uncertain, Heller becomes grave and noble the moment he enters into his subject.

Heller's harmonic work is marked by the care and curiosity of new types, of forms unknown to the formulas of the schools. His talent is to be a great re-beginner; what he has missed on one occasion he recovers on another; he has never exhausted himself, and frequently repeats previous offences. He subtilises too much, perhaps; though, if the brain takes with him, at certain moments, the place of the heart, there is, at any rate, poetical fire mixed up with it. He has been classed in the ranks of *fanciful originals*—we are so fond at the present day of forming collections! His fancy is nothing more than a spontaneous conception of design, colour, and rhythm. As a poet he has often been in a position to perceive, from the quality itself, the insufficiency of pure fancy as a guide to the Beautiful—to learn how fancy succumbs and swerves when not supported by guides, invisible, perhaps, but certain. Hence, for him, the absolute necessity for rules, powerful auxiliaries, which restrain and direct a man amid different impulses, and assemble contrary things under the same law. "We do not show our grandeur by being at one extremity, but rather by touching both extremities at once, and filling the entire intervening space." The author of so many works essentially different cannot have disregarded this precept of Pascal's. Carried upwards in his flight he will, after soaring and towering high above us, re-descend to earth with virile grace, without effort and without apparent shock.

As to the originality which has justly been ascribed to Heller, it is neither extravagance, as some have asserted, nor the result of eccentric tendencies, as others would make us believe, but an entirely personal and exceedingly lively way of feeling and expressing things. Of a truth, such originality is of a nature to surprise and even to strike people with singular force, at an epoch when pasticcio, when indiscriminate and confused imitation of all anterior styles is so flourishing. But for a man to be himself, without uniformity, and with prismatic flashes irradiating all the currents of his work, is something grand and worthy of remark, is it not? Yes, but he is always "melancholy," I shall be told. How can we refuse to accept such predispositions of temperament, which, in the sphere of sensitiveness, dominate an artist's entire career and all his works?

Musical science has taken a vast amount of trouble to produce Treatises on Experience and the Beautiful, but Nature unaided furnishes the Treatises on Inspiration and Poetry. Stephen Heller relies wholly upon these last. Analysis would give us only a very imperfect idea of his rhythmical and harmonic way of going to work. Form! Aye, it is in form that a perusal of him is interesting and reductive. For shape and extent we may compare most of his pieces with the arch of the rainbow, vague and undecided at each end, elevated and radiant in the middle; then the bright colours grow fainter as the semicircle sinks, the luminous gradations die away, the sombre tints take their place, and everything is plunged into obscurity. In a few bars, Heller entrances you with his ideal, however elevated and far removed it may be from your own moral or intellectual disposition. When the brief symphony is concluded—for it really is one, and you have been under the influence of its charm—you require a certain respite to triumph over your emotion and return to reality.

I have now to consider Stephen Heller's works.

Heller's works comprise all styles. He has cast the pure and

sonorous metal of his inspiration in the most opposite moulds of composition, marking all, however, with his own effigy.

In his Sonatas, Scherzos, and Nocturnes, he approaches, by the elevation and distinction of the melodic thought, the finest classical models. He reveals himself a master of the difficult art of writing for the piano in his "Études," his "Caprice caractéristique sur deux Thèmes de Mendelssohn," his "Allegro pastorale," his "Saltarello," and his most remarkable transcription of Schubert's melodies. In his "Études," moreover, he makes good, with incontestable brilliancy, his right to be considered a poet.

While the fantastic element claims the conflict of demons and angels dedicated to M. L. Wertheim, as well as "La Ballade," "Le Conte," and "La Rêverie du Gondolier," written for Vincent Adler, Fancy marks as her own the "Impromptus," the "Feuilles d'Album," the "Arabesques," and the "Préludes," delicious genre pictures painted with the most exquisite care, Florentine enamelling, specimens of the most delicious and effective chasing. Fifty bars at the utmost: a passing shadow, an azure vapour curling upwards, a will-o'-the-wisp, which dances, is extinguished, and then laughs mockingly further on. What exquisite and searching art! What enjoyment we derive from original thoughts interpreted with sober and luminous elegance. How opposed Heller is, on such occasions, to aught like solemnity; how gracefully simple he becomes!

In *Les Nuits Blanches* (four books, containing eighteen pieces), Heller allows his imagination to pursue a vagabond course and his pen to run on as it lists. Is not such music of a truth improvisation in its most natural shape? At whatever page you open the collection, you are sure to come upon some original sentiment, which will remain all the more deeply engraven on your memory, because it seems produced unconsciously. Do not, however, trust to appearances. Art is here dissimulated to such a point as to make you think that nature alone speaks.

(To be continued.)

MEN'S VOICES IN THE CHURCH.

For nearly two years past the music at one service in each week at St Paul's Cathedral has been sustained by men's voices only. Considering that the playground of the chorister boys consists of the limited area of the roof of the schoolhouse, this is certainly a wise arrangement, inasmuch as it gives the little fellows regularly once in each week an opportunity of getting a run in the country and a breath of fresh air. As our readers are aware, there is a goodly repertory of sacred music for men's voices, in which Mendelssohn's "Festgesang" and three Motets, Schubert's "Great is Jehovah" and Gounod's "Hail gladdening light," stand pre-eminent for beauty of melody. We were not a little surprised, therefore, to find a correspondent of the *City Press* who, after attending one of these services, was evidently under the impression that the short and easy method adopted by the musical authorities in order to get male voice music, was, to take ordinary services and anthems but omit the treble part throughout!! He actually writes to say—"the melody being unrepresented, the musical portion of the service was almost in dumb show." Moreover, he thought the efforts of the organist to play the omitted treble parts were a failure, for he says "the organ feebly endeavoured to make up the deficiency!" We condone with tenors and basses on this newly-discovered fact that melody is only to be found in the treble staff! But the malcontent correspondent of our contemporary surpasses himself when he says quite seriously and in good faith—"May I ask you, sir, or some of your more enlightened readers, whether this (service for men's voices) is any further Ritualistic development?" All we can say in reply to this is, to ask some of the more enlightened readers of the *City Press* whether, arguing from analogy, an organ stop of 16-feet pitch is, or is not, more Ritualistic than one of 8-feet! Some readers may have observed that among the officers of the Challenger scientific expedition there appeared the names of Nares, Aldrich, and Havergal. The first of these, it need hardly be said, is now Sir George Nares, who's name is on everyone's lips as leader of the Arctic Expedition; the second has been promoted to a Commander for his skill and gallantry in the same perilous voyage; the last is a Lieutenant, R.N. Musicians will be interested to know that Sir George Nares is a descendant of Dr Nares; that Commander Aldrich is one of the line of Dean Aldrich, of musical, architectural, and logical fame; and that Lieutenant Havergal is a son of Canon Havergal, the Church musician, whose beneficial influence on hymnody is now fully recognised.—*The Musical Times*, January 1st, 1877.

* Translated by J. V. Bridgeman, expressly for the *Musical World*.

Jäkderjantkillerren.

A Wagnerian Teatraylogy, or Art-poem-libretto, with a good deal of Cupan Sorcery in it, accompanied by some indication of the glorious Unconventional Music of the Future.

(From "Mr Punch's Pocket Book.")

PREFACE.

This *Teatraylogy* consists of three parts, and occupies about as many weeks in performance. Of course what is here given can be no more than an inadequate specimen of the whole composition of the All-poet-musician. Still we have no doubt but that it will be found quite enough for the present, without entering fully into the Music of the Future.

The First Part partakes of the character of a Preludian Prologue, and introduces the Hero, Jäk, and the chief characters, with what may be termed the *basso-motivo* of the Opera-Poem.

The Second Part shows how the Hero Jäk, determined to rescue his Lady-love, attacks the Jiant in their Castles.

The Third Part, which is subdivided, shows how Jäk, having still to find his Lady-love, Leetelred Ridinood, seeks the Storhausen of La Mere Hobbard, who lends him her learned Dog, *Waggnar*, to guide him on his travels. *Waggnar* is soon on the Wolf's trail, but unfortunately Jäk's object is defeated by the elevation of the Jiant Wolf's Castle on the rock, which is some 50,000,000 feet above the sea-level. This introduces the Slavonic Legend of the Beanstalk. Jäk goes out Beanstalking. And, as he climbs, the elements are set in commotion, the animal world goes mad, the astronomical system gets hopelessly muddled, and a hitherto inanimate object, suddenly becoming endued with life and motion, elopes with, as might have been expected, its own spooney one. All this offers a splendid scope for the genius of the All-Poet All-Musician Wagner.

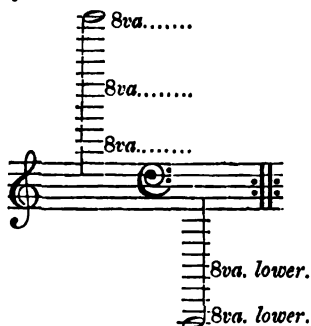
The Orchestral Finale of this part is perhaps the finest thing that even this Great Master has ever written. It commences with a tonic description of the "Lofty Diddle-diddle," or "High Diddle-diddle" movement by all the stringed instruments in fugue. The diapason is kept on throughout, and the occasional insistance on the minor seventh produces a discord which is now startling, now plaintive, according to the variations on the Theme.



Then follows the most exquisite, the most perfect bit of animal painting ever known in harmonics, clearly portraying—if notes can ever portray anything, if there is, as indeed there is, a true Language in Notes, a genuine expression of undying Narrative in Music—the first appearance of the Cat. The legend takes her, in the hand of the All-Poet, thus far:—

"High Diddle, Diddle,
The Cat. . . ."

The first Diddle is carried as high as fingers which (were made before tuning-forks) will go on a violin, violoncello, or double-bass. But the second Diddle is taken as low as the first was high. Thus producing a striking contrast, and preparing the audience for what is immediately to follow.



Then comes the last solo (Der Katzkey), and here Herr Richard Wagner's Mews truly inspired him. Richard Wagner makes no secret of his descent from Richard Whittington, whose family were originally German, and who, had his parents but stayed in

their own native land, would never have been Lord Mayor of London. But this by the way; the cries of the Cat are marvelously rendered, piercing and plaintive, fierce and ferocious. Then just at the most intense point of the symphony is heard the first strain of the soothing violin,

"High Diddle, Diddle,
The Cat, and the Fiddle."

The Fiddle remonstrates with the Cat. The Cat objects to the Fiddle speaking at all, when, thereupon, the Fiddle reminds the Cat of their relationship, and points out that both Fiddles and Cats owe their powers of music to the same cause. This leads to a disquisition on the relative value of Cats and Fiddles, and each discusses his and her own peculiarities in speeches (of course to touchingly and thrillingly descriptive music) of some 826 lines apiece. Finally the Cat and the Fiddle join in the nearest approach to what the "All-Poet" ever admits into his work as an Operatic Duet, which, however, is suddenly broken in upon by a Gigantic Discord, introducing a lovely pastorella. It is night, the moon is shining, the shepherds are slumbering, the flocks are sleeping, the heifers are in the paddock, the cows are in the cowhouse, all save one, which, overcome by the loss of its calf, is careering about the country refusing all consolation. Thus far have we now got in the legend which forms the finale of the first part of the third Act, or Divisional Poem of the *Teatraylogy*.

"High Diddle, Diddle,
The Cat, and the Fiddle:
The Cow. . . ."

Of course this maddening and exciting scene, musically expressed, brings us to the tableau pictured in the words

"Jumped over the Moon."

And here, of course, all the resources of a stage arranged for the greatest mechanical effects are brought into play. Of the remainder it would be difficult to speak briefly.

"The Little Dog laughed to see such fun."

The Laughing Chorus of Dogs, all assembled in the Isle of Dogs, is one of those marvellous compositions of which a Mendelssohn might be proud, a Mozart boast, and which would cause a Beethoven to be astonished at his own genius. The Big Newfoundland's *Barkarole* is a magnificent specimen of the Composer-Poet's art of expressing animal sorrow and fury. While

"The Dish ran away with the Spoon"

brings this part to a satisfactory conclusion, amid the roar of the waves, the howling of the winds, the terror of the Man in the Moon at seeing his residence leapt over by a flying Cow, as Jäk places his foot on the first projection of the Beanstalk, and commences his perilous ascent. On this picture the curtain descends.

The Second Division of the Third Part, which is again subdivided (but only takes ten days in performance), shows how Jäk, having climbed the Beanstalk, attacks Jiant Wolf, rescues Leetelred Ridinood, and is joined by all the characters who have ever appeared, at any time, in the piece from its commencement. This affords an opportunity for one of the most effective finales, both musically and dramatically considered, in the whole of music.

The *Finale* alone lasts three days, and is divided into acts, deeds, and processions. All kinds of difficulties—expressed by a perpetually recurring chromatic scale, interwoven among a perfect network of chords, fugues, and symphonies—are placed in the way of Jäk's wedding, but he overcomes them one by one, passing from sharps, flats, double sharps, and incidentals, into the key of a calm C major. Then with one great discord, one Gigantic Bang on the Big Drum, the Art-Poem concludes.

(To be continued.)

1877.

MAKE UP YOUR MINDS.

(Written on the spur of the moment.)

If seven's a lucky number,
Two sevens must be luckier;
So, love, we cannot blunder—
If we get married this year.

To BENWELL, Esq.

Weissen.

Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen."

BY DR. HANSLICK.*

(Continued from page 6.)

Wagner designates *Das Rheingold* a Prelude. The drama proper commences, therefore, on the second evening, with *Die Walküre*. Siegfried, the hero of the whole work, does not appear yet awhile. The drama of *Die Walküre* first develops the story of the race of the Walsungen before his birth. Walse, the founder of the race, is, according to Wagner's version, none but god Wotan himself. Siegmund and Sieglinde, brother and sister, who do not know each other, are the Walsungen introduced at the beginning of the piece. Siegmund, who is a fugitive, enters, during his flight, Hunding's dwelling; and Sieglinde, Hunding's young and beautiful wife, brings him refreshment. The two feel glowing love for each other, and do not make any effort to repress it after discovering that they are brother and sister. Sieglinde stupifies her husband with a sleeping draught, and passes the night with Siegmund in uninterrupted bliss. The next morning, Hunding and Siegmund engage in combat with each other, and both fall. Brünnhilde now takes part in the story. She is one of the nine Walkyres, who ride about battle-fields and carry the slain heroes to Walhalla. Brünnhilde (according to Wagner, the daughter of Wotan himself), has, contrary to her father's especial order, aided Siegmund in the fight. As a punishment, she is plunged into sleep by Wotan, and surrounded by a circle of fire (the "wabernde Loh").† No one but a man who "knows not fear" shall deliver and call her his own. With this "fire-charm" the piece closes. In *Siegfried*, the third drama, the action of which is supposed to take place some twenty years later than that of *Die Walküre*, a new hero, young Siegfried, the son of the brother and sister, Siegmund and Sieglinde, is brought upon the stage. He is presented to us as the ideal of robust strength and high spirits, forging the sword "Nothung," hunting a bear, killing the giant Fafner, who has been changed into a dragon, and slaying his foster father, Mime. By tasting the blood of the dragon, he becomes endowed with the power of understanding the language of the birds, who tell him all about the flame-encompassed Brünnhilde. He has despoiled Fafner of the Nibelungen-Ring and the Tarnkappe, or Cap of Darkness, which renders its wearer invisible, and now forces his way through the fire to the sleeping Brünnhilde, whom he awakens with a kiss. With the long love-scene between the two ("O hehrster Thaten thöriger Hort! Leuchtende Liebe, lachender Tod")‡ the act closes.

This is followed by the fourth and last drama: *Götterdämmerung*. We behold Siegfried setting forth in search of fresh exploits, after taking a tender farewell of Brünnhilde, and placing upon her finger the Nibelungen Ring as a pledge of fidelity. He rides off to the Rhine, where the proud race of the Gibichungen hold sway. King Gunther's lovely sister, Gutrune (the Chriemhild of the *Nibelungenlied*), immediately conceives a violent passion for him, and, at Hagen's suggestion, gives him a magic potion, which renders him entirely forgetful of Brünnhilde. He desires and obtains Gutrune as his wife, promising in return to win Brünnhilde—who can be subdued by him alone—for Gunther. Changed by the agency of the Tarnhelm into the semblance of Gunther, he forces Brünnhilde into the bridal-chamber, and tears from her the ring as a token of the marriage. Hagen (according to R. Wagner, a son of Alberich's) desires to obtain possession of the ring himself, and, therefore, resolves to compass Siegfried's destruction. Brünnhilde recognises her ring on Siegfried's finger, and consequently the falseness of him she so dearly loved. She demands that he shall be killed, and Hagen stabs him in a dastardly manner, while they are out hunting. Immediately before Siegfried's end, however, Hagen gives the young hero another magic potion, which neutralises the effects of the first

one. Siegfried suddenly remembers Brünnhilde, and dies with a message to her on his lips. Gutrune, without more ado, cedes her place by the side of the murdered man to Brünnhilde, who disputes it with her, and who then flings herself upon the blazing funeral pile prepared for Siegfried's corpse. The waters of the Rhine overflow into the hall; the Daughters of the Rhine swim in, drag down Hagen, who endeavours to gain possession of the ring, and hold it up exultingly. At the same time there appears in the sky a red glow the reflection of the conflagration which consumes the stronghold of the Gods and all its splendour.

(To be continued.)

PANTOMIME NO PANTOMIME.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—J. V. B., in his article, "Pantomime no Pantomime," will find many to sympathise with his views. Some fourteen years ago I wrote a satirical pamphlet, which the members of a rather serious family thought amusing. I subjoin an extract as pertaining to this season, and bearing reference to pantomime. The subject was *The Iron Times v. The Good Old Days*:—

"Another circumstance peculiar to the age that is past deserving condemnation was the absurdly social manner in which the season of Christmas was kept—the season of plum pudding and pantomime—mince pies and misletoe, champagne and charades, figs and fun, snap-dragon and Sir Roger de Coverley, rum punch and revelry, wassail bowl and what-you-like. The observance of Christmas in the olden time was altogether different from the simple, every-day-matter-of-fact sort of manner in which we now keep it. But, of course, when the 'good old customs' disappeared, Christmas, the monarch of the winter was dethroned, and his laurel crown thrown behind the fire. No longer vaulted ceilings ring in his presence. This once merry king is now a staid old gentleman. He has lost his rubicund face, and looks as if dosed with camomile pills or addicted to Banting.* Formerly his annual visits were expected by old and young, by squire and peasant. He did not come alone, but with a jovial train of spirits. But his train has now been run off the line. In his time there were wassail bowls galore and yule logs burning cheerily. There was waste! The day was not long enough for the fun; the night was robbed of hours, and the larceny went unpunished. The revelry was kept up unceasingly; sleep was banished, in spite of Sancho Panza, who said 'blessed is he that invented sleep; while Mirth, with 'dimpled cheek,' and Laughter, 'holding both his sides,' supplied his place. But now wassail bowls are bowled out, or perhaps used as washing bowls; and yule logs, you'll logically infer, are used for railway purposes. Christmas boxes are being packed up to be sent away with the rest of the baggage. Soon we shall have nothing characteristic of those days. Lord Mayor's Show is among the few things left, though the men in armour, which were the chief part of its glory, have melted under their metallic responsibility.† Plum pudding, a conservative institution of old Christmas, is coming to be regarded as something vulgar. So long in partnership with roast beef, it is time that a dissolution should take place, and a company, limited, be formed out of it. The Christmas pantomime, too, once anxiously looked forward to by old and young, has almost entirely changed its character. Many a life has been prolonged by pantomime. Laughter made the lean grow fat, and brought health to the sickly. I should like to know what business had Laughter to interfere with the practice of doctors of medicine? He is not one of the faculty, but a quack, and his patent medicine should pay a tax to the Government. The burlesque before a pantomime now is everything, the harlequinade of no moment. The first part used to be a short preamble to the second, when the fun was wont to begin, when the chuckles of infants used to make the theatre ring again, especially when clown began to feel the effect of the red-hot poker. Pantomime is becoming simply a medium for scenic display, Clown and Pantaloon existing merely in name. Clown will henceforth never be known to posterity, like Joey Grimaldi. He and Pantaloon must alter their natures and pursuits. Pantaloon must turn tailor, and make articles of apparel which his name has immortalised. Clown, instead of whitening his face, would do well to blacken it, and join a troop of Virginian minstrels."

F. P.

GENOA.—The Carlo Felice opened with the *Huguenots*.

* *Neue Freie Presse*, August 13, 1876.—Translated expressly for the *Musical World* by J. V. Bridgeman.

† "The flickering blaze."

‡ "O foolish refuge of most sublime deeds! dazzling love, laughing death!"

* This was all written fourteen years ago.

† The present Lord Mayor has re-introduced them.

Italian Opera in Modern Costume.

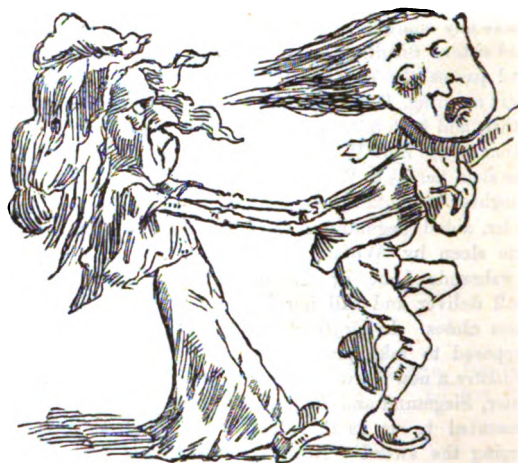
(By Charles Lyall.)

No. 2.—IL TROVATORE.

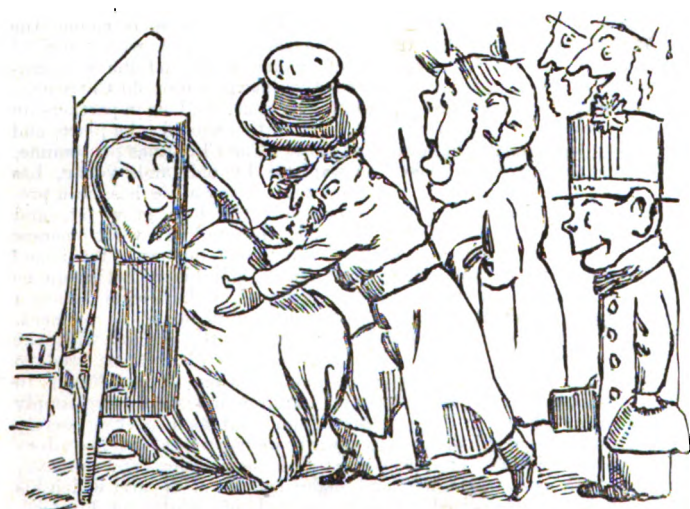
ACT 2ND.



AZUCENA.—“Stride la vampa!”
 (“The flames arise.”—Manfredo Maggioni.)



AZUCENA.—“Ferma! son io che parla a te.”
 (“Stop! 'Tis I who speaks to thee.”—Maggioni.)



[DI LUNA (irrompendo ad un tratto).—“No, giammai!”
 (Suddenly issuing from the wood).—“Ah, never!”—Maggioni.]



LEONORA.—“Oh!” MANRICO.—“T'arresta!” . . .
 DI LUNA.—“Ho le furie nel cor!”
 (“Alas!” . . . “Withdraw!” . . . “I am mad with rage!”
 Maggioni.)

(To be continued.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL. NINETEENTH SEASON, 1876-7.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT,
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 12, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
—MM. HENRY HOLMES, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*
LIEBESLIEDER-WÄLZER, Op. 62 ... *Brahms.*
Mdlles SOPHIE LOWE and REDEKER, MM. SHAKESPEARE and PYATT.
Pianoforte—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN.

PART II.

RONDO, in C major, Op. 73, for two pianofortes (first time)—
Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Mdlle MARIE KREBS ... *Chopin.*
QUARTETS { "Es ist verrathen" } ... *Schumann.*
{ "Ich bin geliebt" }
Mdlles SOPHIE LOWE and REDEKER, MM. SHAKESPEARE and PYATT.
TRIO, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, MM. HENRY HOLMES and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 13, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, MM. HENRY HOLMES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*
AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr SIMS REEVES ... *Beethoven.*
SONATA PATHETIQUE, in C minor, Op. 13, for pianoforte alone
—Mdlle MARIE KREBS ... *Beethoven.*
SERENADE, "Awake, awake"—Mr SIMS REEVES (Violoncello obbligato—Signor PIATTI) ... *Piatti.*
OCTET, in F, Op. 166, for two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass, clarinet, French horn, and bassoon (by desire)—MM. HENRY HOLMES, L. RIES, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, WENDTLAND, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... *Schubert.*
Conductor ... *Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR GROKER ROORES.—A prettier melody of its kind than "Sally in our alley" could hardly be desired; but the words are silly and pointless. We are glad to hear once again of a correspondent of such long standing as Mr Roores, and at the same time recommend him, until he has more seriously entered into the spirit of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, to direct his attention to other studies. Let him consult the writings of Francis Hueffer on the "Music of the Future" and Wagner in connection with it; and if he wants to get up a magazine article, he may crib from them, as others have done. The book of Schuré is a veritable wind-bag. Wagner himself could hardly read with satisfaction such inflated bombast.

DEATH.

On January 9, at 2, Beaumont Street, Mrs J. BALSIR CHATTERTON, widow of the late Balsir Chatterton, professor of the harp, aged 70.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

IN the absence of other subjects for immediate consideration, we can hardly do better than quote an article which has recently appeared in the musical column of a weekly contemporary, relating to a tendency of our day which has on several occasions been discussed and questioned in the pages of the

Musical World. Under the heading of *A Retrospect*, the *Graphic* makes the following observations:—

"A glance back at the doings of the year just past, though a good deal for the advantage of music has been effected in several quarters, is not altogether reassuring. Too much stress has been laid upon what is somewhat vaguely termed 'progress.' Now the word 'progress' sounds right enough when there is a given point from which to start. To ordinary thinkers that point would seem to be the last point on the road to perfection at which we had previously arrived. To travel onwards from this, in the same direction, would be 'progress' in the legitimate sense of the term. But before travelling beyond, we must have reached it. That, however, is by no means the case with the actual (so-called) 'party of progress' among musicians. Without having thoroughly mastered the rudiments of their art, there exists a large number of young and middle-aged composers, German and French especially, who affect to take Beethoven's 'last word'—as revealed (or, to many, hidden) in the *Missa Solennis* and the 'Choral Symphony'—for their 'stand-point.' How few remember what years of anxious thought and weary labour it took Beethoven to get there! He did not neglect the early study of counterpoint, the disregard of which has proved the bane of numbers who, if not exactly men of genius, were, it must be admitted, gifted with natural talent, the precocity of which should have been turned to excellent purpose. Instead of this, we have extravagant pretension, and, in place of symmetrical form, what is little better than rambling incoherency. Even Schubert is occasionally open to protest on this account; but he, to cite the words of Joseph Joachim, was 'a heaven-born genius'; and we can quite understand the eloquent expression of Schumann—'himmlische Länge' (heavenly length)—in his delightful essay on Schubert's ninth symphony, which, had it the logical sequence and development of Beethoven's 'No. 9,' might fairly have claimed a place side by side with that imperishable masterpiece. But none of Schubert's successors—not Schumann himself (far from it)—were richly endowed like him. Even Mendelssohn, who did such genuine service to music by religiously adhering to the principles of those great old masters who (again to quote Schumann) 'look down upon us from among the stars,' cannot, for exhaustless variety of invention, be compared with Schubert. Yet Mendelssohn was the one who most successfully upheld the dignity of art during his brief career, and had he lived, would, as a sage, have commanded no less obsequious respect than, as a youth, full of brilliant promise, he won unanimous admiration. His death left a free field for the men whom Schumann, in his earlier time, might have enlisted in the 'Davidsbündlerschaft,' but whom, later on, it is more than probable he would have expelled as 'Philistines.' The musical record of last year has brought the works of these 'reformers,' who begin at the end without having mastered the beginning, too prominently forward. At the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, the concerts of the Philharmonic Societies, Old and New, and elsewhere, they have taken up time and attention which might have been more profitably bestowed. We do not object to hear and judge them occasionally, because it is always well to know what is going on abroad, in the musical art as in other arts; but we strongly object to that intolerance of criticism which causes their disciples in this country to attribute anything that assumes the shape of calm and impartial opinion to party prejudice and foregone conclusion. As it is quite out of our way to be personal, we object to citing names; but we cannot refrain from adding that much of the harm that has been done, and threatens to be done, is owing to the influence of a man of undoubted genius—viz., Richard Wagner, whose recent 'Festival-stage-play,' at Bayreuth, was a sort of heathen Oberammergau. The regardlessness of form and structure, of which this much-talked-of composer (far better dramatist, by the way, than musician) defiantly makes a boast, is hailed by some of his compatriots as oracular; and, without a tithe of his genius or one-hundredth part of his ability, they strive to follow in his footsteps; whereas they are but pigmies, burying themselves in the seven-leagued boots of a giant. We have broached this matter for the simple reason that the Wagner mania seems likely to influence not a few of our own musicians—which, as we are now advancing, would be a thing greatly to deplore. This recalls to us an anecdote told of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, who, when Principal of our Royal Academy of Music, being asked by a pupil, 'Do you know, sir, the fourth symphony of Schumann?' replied, 'Do you know, sir, the first symphony of Mozart?' Being answered in the negative, Bennett said, 'Go and make yourself acquainted with it, and then I will talk to you about Schumann.' Here was a plain example (on the pupil's side) of beginning at the wrong end. To those incidents which have more directly concerned our musical doings at home, during the past year, we may shortly refer; it was our present purpose merely to say a word or two about a new sign of the times,

promising anything rather than good to the most popular, and, if wisely administered, refined and humanising of the arts. Why endeavour to make an unfathomable mystery of it? Music is 'Orphean' (tuneful), or it is nothing."

Of our hearty concurrence with the sentiments expressed in the foregoing our readers need not be reminded. D. p.

PROJECTED MONUMENT TO BEETHOVEN.

FOR the moment we must limit ourselves to reproducing the very appropriate and admirable address of the Committee for this patriotic, artistic, and glorious undertaking, together with the names of the musicians and literary men who compose it. That we shall return to a subject of such universal interest need scarcely be added.

"Cinquante années se sont écoulées depuis que l'âme de Beethoven s'est envolée vers les sphères célestes dont il a révélé au monde les divines mélodies. Les membres du comité, qui s'est constitué à Vienne dans le but d'élever un monument au plus éminent des maîtres, ont cru le moment opportun pour prier les admirateurs de Beethoven, qui sont répandus dans l'univers entier, de concourir au succès de leur entreprise par des concerts ou des représentations dramatiques. Vienne, qui a vu naître les chefs-d'œuvre impérissables de Beethoven, renferme les cendres de leur immortel auteur. Son monument doit donc être digne du génie dont il rappellera la gloire éternelle. Le projet, composé par le professeur Zumbusch, a été accueilli avec enthousiasme par les membres du comité artistique, et le modèle, en partie achevé, est prêt à être exécuté en bronze. Le concours de tous ceux qui gardent précieusement la mémoire du grand compositeur nous aidera à terminer l'œuvre dont, malgré l'insuffisance de nos ressources, nous avons pris hardiment l'initiative et nous espérons que la lyre de Beethoven, renouvelant le miracle d'Amphion, aura le don d'attirer les pierres du monument qui perpétuera à tout jamais la gloire du maître immortel.

"LES MEMBRES DU COMITÉ.—J. Brahms, O. Dessoff, F. Dingelstedt, N. Dumba (président), D. Guttman, F. Egger, Th. Hansen, E. Hanaliok, J. Hellmesberger, J. Herbeck (vice-président), F. Jauner, A. Koeh, E. Král, S. Mosenthal, J. Nordmann, G. Nottebohm, H. Richter, F. Schmidt, W. Wiener, L. A. Zellner (secrétaire).

"Vienne, décembre, 1876."

For Music.

What care I for the weather,
For rain, or snow, or hail,
When friends can meet together,
And genial thoughts prevail!

Some minds are tinged with sadness,
When clouds obscure the skies,
For them there is no gladness,
No sunbeams in kind eyes.
London Magazine.

But when the way is weary,
To trav'ler doomed to roam,
The path need not be dreary,
Made bright by thoughts of home.

Then let us take the weather,
Like life, as good for man,
The bright and dull together,
For that is Nature's plan.
M. A. BAINES.

M^DM^E ANNA BISHOP is once more in London, after again making almost the tour of the globe. Of one thing we are sure—every true amateur will be delighted to see, and, if possible, to hear her.

THE LATE MR ALFRED HOLMES.—We are informed that the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts has made an official request to the Conservatoire to perform one of the symphonies of the late Mr Alfred Holmes, in February, during the Lord Mayor of London's expected visit to the French capital; and, further, that the Lord Mayor has expressed to the widow of the defunct musician the pleasure he shall experience in being present at the performance.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—These admirable entertainments were resumed last Monday. The re-appearance of M^dlle Marie Krebs delighted all who can appreciate first-class pianoforte-playing. The accomplished lady chose for her solo the *Sonata Appassionata* of Beethoven, which she gave with splendid execution and in admirable taste. She also joined Signor Piatti in Beethoven's first violoncello sonata—a performance on both sides beyond criticism. We shall return to this concert.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION.—On the evenings of January 18th and February 15th, Mr W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac., Oxon., joint author of Stainer and Barrett's *Dictionary of Musical Terms*, will give two lectures. His first lecture, on "English Madrigal Composers," will be illustrated by a choir of 20 voices, selected from the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Lincoln's Inn Chapel, &c., who will render eleven compositions by Edwardes, Byrde, Wilbye, Dowland, Morley, Bennett, Bateson, Gibbons, Linley, De Pearsall, and Walmisley. The second lecture is to be on "English Glee Composers."

THE celebrated French actor, Montfleury, considered his profession so honourable that, when his marriage articles were preparing, being desired, as a man of family, to describe in what manner he wished to be distinguished, he answered that it was not in the power of ancestors to confer talent, and that the most honourable title he desired to be known by was that of *Comédien du Roi*.

It is affirmed that the Wagner performances in the new theatre at Bayreuth will be repeated during the ensuing summer, commencing earlier than usual, that is on the 20th of July, instead of the 12th of August. There will be three performances of the entire Tetralogy in three successive weeks. Whether all the details will be precisely the same as before is not stated. The charges for admission, however, are to be very considerably reduced. The town and burgomasters of the city of the Margraves will probably do something to help the undertaking.

In his *Table Talk*, Hazlitt speaks as follows on the subject of the remuneration of artists:—

"It has been usual to raise a very unjust clamour against the enormous salaries of public singers, actors, and so on. This matter seems reducible to a moral equation. They are paid out of money raised by voluntary contributions in the strictest sense; and, if they did not bring certain sums into the treasury, the managers would not engage them. The sums are exactly in proportion to the number of individuals to whom their performance gives an extraordinary degree of pleasure. The talents of a singer, actor, &c., are, therefore, worth just as much as they will fetch."

THE practice of managers acting as their own trumpeters and writing their own criticisms is not confined to the latter half of the 19th century. See an extract from a Covent Garden bill of 1821:—

"The new opera, called *Don John*, was received with roars of laughter and shouts of applause, and the acting of Mr C. Kemble, Mr Liston, Mr Jones, Mr Abbott, &c., was hardly surpassed even in the days of Garrick! The music absolutely enchanted and electrified the audience—almost every piece being encored—and, whilst Miss Stephens, in the Second Violetta, so exceeded all her former successful efforts, as to add another laurel even to her high reputation, Miss Halland, in the First Violetta, made as triumphant a debut as was ever made by any singer on the English stage."

Few pieces of note have been produced in the Paris theatres since the season of 1876-77 began last September. M. Parodi's *Rome Vaincue*, at the Théâtre Français, contained some striking passages, and, considering that the author is Italian, it is to his credit that he writes French verse so well. The interpretation was excellent, and M^dlle Sarah Bernhardt's impersonation of the blind grandmother of the erring vestal whose faithlessness brings about the triumph of the Carthaginians, raised her at once to the rank of a great actress. It is difficult, however, to believe that *Rome Vaincue* will find a lasting place in the repertory of the Comédie Française; and the same may be said of M^M. Ereckmann-Chatrian's *L'Ami Fritz*, which would scarcely have got through ten representations if "patriotic" journals had not given it the best advertisement by protesting beforehand against the reception of a piece written by men who had exalted Germany at the expense of France. To this unjust accusation and to the manner in which the piece has been put upon the stage—to the "real" bisque soup and "real" cherries plucked from a "real" tree—it owes nearly all its success, there being nothing in the plot to excite interest, while the dialogue is not brilliant. The National

Opera still lives upon its staircase; while at the Opéra-Comique the only novelty is a fresh director, *Mignon, Lalla Roukh*, and the *Pré aux Clercs* being the staple pieces. Italian opera at the Théâtre Ventadour is in better case, Mdlle Albani made a brilliant *début*. The musical novelties of the season have been Victor Massé's *Paul et Virginie* at the Théâtre Lyrique (formerly the Théâtre de la Gaité) and Lecocq's *Kosiké*, a Japanese opéra-bouffe, at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. MM. Alexandre Dumas and Gustave Fould have produced the *Comtesse Romani* at the Gymnase, a comedy of somewhat repulsive character, though a study of scenes in contemporary society. The *Sept Châteaux du Diable* is just the piece for the Châtelet, the stage of which is so large that the director moves on horseback while superintending rehearsals. The Porte St. Martin has revived the *Reine Margot* of Auguste Maquet, who assisted the elder Dumas in the manufacture of his romances. M. Sardou has a piece in rehearsal at the Vaudeville, and Mdlme Sardou is about to appear as a dramatic authoress; so that some lustre may yet be shed on a hitherto uneventful season.—S. S.

SHAKSPERE was accustomed, when he had settled in London, to visit Stratford annually. In performing these journeys, he used to bait at the Crown Inn, Oxford, then kept by John Davenant, father of the dramatist. Davenant's wife was very beautiful, and the constant visits of the great poet gave rise to scandalous reports. Among other things, it was stated that Davenant's son (afterwards Sir William Davenant), who was so fond of Shakspeare that he would run from school to see him whenever he heard of his arrival, was once observed by an old neighbour speeding homeward almost out of breath. On being asked whither he was going in such a hurry, he answered: "To see his god-father, Shakspeare." "That's a good boy," replied his neighbour, "but have a care you do not take God's name in vain."

A NEW weekly journal, price one shilling, is about to be published by Messrs Provost & Co., of Henrietta Street, under the title of *The Portrait*. It is intended to "illustrate the time we live in" by means of large photographs and elaborate memoirs of "those who adorn or disgrace it." Writers of ability, "and of known modesty," are to be invited to supply their own memoirs, "which"—says the prospectus—"will not be charged for as advertisements. Portraits of the Earl of Beaconsfield, General Tcherniaeff (with a memoir by Mr Archibald Forbes), Mr William Black (with a memoir by Mr Black himself), M. Dourguéneff (with a memoir by Mr W. R. S. Ralston), Mr Algernon Swinburne, and Mr Woolner, R.A., are to appear in the first numbers. Naturally our great composers will not be forgotten; and we are further informed that "women of surpassing beauty will be entitled to a place in our collection, by reason of their good looks."

PROVINCIAL.

DUNDEE.—The Dundee Choral Union's second concert, owing no doubt to the inclemency of the weather, was not so numerously attended as its merits deserved. There were many fine pieces in the programme, including Bach's "God's time is best;" Spohr's "God, Thou art great;" and Gade's *Zion*. About the performance of these works the *Dundee Courier* remarks that the excellencies exhibited by the chorus may be summed up as vigour in the broad *forte* passages, good quality of tone, and, as a rule, correct intonation. The solo vocalists were Mrs Osgood, who possesses a fine voice directed by intelligence and feeling; Miss Fairman and Mr Wadmore, both excellent artists; and Mr William Shakespeare, who, the same journal says, can declaim "Deeper and deeper still" with dramatic truth and intensity.

EDINBURGH.—*The Messiah*, on Friday evening, the 29th ult., drew a large audience to the ordinary seats in the Music Hall, but the "reserved" were only half full. The chorus was that of the Edinburgh Choral Union, the orchestra the same which has been playing at the subscription concerts, led by Mr Carrodus. The solo singers were Mrs Osgood, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr William Shakespeare, and Mr J. L. Wadmore. Mr Hartley was organist and Mr Adam Hamilton conductor. Mrs Osgood made a favourable impression. Miss Fairman sang "O Thou that tellest" remarkably well, but hardly let us realise the pathos of "He was despised." The tenor solos were taken by Mr William Shakespeare, one of the more cultivated and refined of the young generation of tenors, and a Royal Academy pupil, who, though he made an unfortunate start in

"Comfort ye," immediately recovered himself, and gave a refined and artistic version of his part, throwing considerable expression into the Passion music, and energy into "Thou shalt break them." Mr Wadmore in the bass music quite realised the high expectations raised by his excellent singing a few weeks ago in *The Creation*. The choruses were sung with the most satisfactory steadiness, the organist acquitted himself well, and the performance was, as a whole, one of great general excellence.

GLASGOW.—The final Saturday evening concert at the Botanic Gardens was one of the most attractive of the series. The selection included the overture to *Tannhäuser*, the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin*, and Weber's famous overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*. The two instrumental preludes by Herr Wagner shed a fresh light upon the capabilities of Mr Carrodus as a conductor. Neither work is child's play, and both a clear head and a steady hand are needed to bring out their peculiar beauties. It is no small credit to Mr Carrodus, therefore, that he should have succeeded so well. A selection from Bellini's *Puritani* brought out several members of the orchestra as soloists, and M. Castagnier contributed his fantasia upon German airs which was so much admired on a previous occasion. Mdlme Tonnelier sang "I dreamt that I dwelt," "Comin' through the rye," and Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus tibi," (clarinet *obbligato*, Mr Tyler). The vocal contingent from the Choral Union gave Calcott's "Peace to the souls of the heroes;" "The Lass of Richmond Hill," arranged for male voices; and a vocal polka by Schäfer. The concert was over about six, and the majority of the orchestra left for London by the 9.10 train. A large crowd assembled to speed the parting guests, who have made many friends during their two months' residence; and the train moved on amid hearty cheers from committee, subscribers, and guarantors, who were all represented in strong force upon the platform.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

The Academy of Music in Bourke Street, a principal thoroughfare of the city, is now nearly completed, and the opening night is fixed for the 6th inst. The building comprises an arcade of shops running from Bourke Street into Little Collins Street, and a theatre overhead. It is a neat little place, the entire floor of which is set apart for stalls. The dress circle, at the back, is raised above them, but there is no space underneath. There is a family circle over the "dress" boxes, and an "amphitheatre" above. The proprietor of the Academy and "Victoria Arcade" is Mr Alderman Joseph Arons; and the lessee is Mr G. W. B. Lewis, well known in Australia and India as a theatrical manager. His wife (Miss Rose Edouin) was, some years ago, a favourite on the Australian stage, but since her marriage has seldom appeared in public. Mrs Lewis is, however, announced as directress of the Academy, and will be the leader of the dramatic company, which is to perform alternately with the musical. The admirers of Mrs Lewis must have received this announcement with pleasure. Mdlle Irma di Murska (Mrs John Hill) and her company, consisting of Susini, Rosenati, John Hill, and a pianist, are engaged to begin the season. Sir George Bowen, Governor of Victoria, Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, and Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of South Australia, are expected to be present on the opening night.

Mr J. Summers, Mus. Bac., Oxon, is making great preparations for the appearance of Mr Sims Reeves in Australia. It is understood that the great English tenor will first sing in Melbourne in *The Messiah*; and, at present, only three other concerts are announced for the first series. Tickets at a guinea are selling.

Mdlle Jenny Claus, the violinist, has returned from San Francisco, and has given three farewell concerts in the Melbourne Town Hall, shortly after which she left for Honolulu, where she is to be married to Mons. Pernet, French Consul at that place.

Costa's *Eti* has been performed twice at the Town Hall, under the direction of Mr Julius Hertz, with great success.

J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, 1st November, 1876.

VENICE.—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was the opera chosen to inaugurate the season at the Fenice, but the performance was so unsatisfactory, that the theatre had to be closed till other artists could be found to supply their places. *Ernani*, at the Goldoni, was not much more successful. There was a fresh baritone at each of the first three performances, each an utter failure.

THINGS MUSICAL AND PERSONAL.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.*

"*Musikalisches und Persönliches von Ferdinand Hiller*. Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel." A number of short occasional articles, previously published in different papers and periodicals, are here collected in one volume of 288 pages. Among them we find a biographical sketch of Cherubini, some short obituary articles, analyses of various musical compositions, such, for instance, as Verdi's *Requiem* and Handel's *Theodora*, and musico-æsthetic essays of a more general nature, like the admirable article "Dramen als Opern" (Dramas as Operas)—in which the author treats of the relation existing between Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* and Mozart's *Figaro* and the pieces by Racine and Beaumarchais respectively on which they are founded. In addition to the above, there are a number of descriptive articles having nothing in common with music. To this class belong the account of a visit paid in 1875 to Copenhagen and Stockholm, Reminiscences of Louis Napoleon and Mme Récamier, &c. Without the uniting bond of a specially captivating literary individuality, such a motley miscellany of odds and ends could scarcely have been launched into the world. It is the fact of our perceiving this individuality always glancing at us with a clear, pleased look which gives the book its peculiar value. The sketches, dealing with the musical life of the Past as well as of the Present, are little cabinet specimens of the musical feuilleton. We invariably feel interested and spell-bound by the author's intimate acquaintance with his subject; by the liveliness of his eminently appreciative fancy; and the natural elegance of his style. The most varied instruction is conveyed to us in lightly-flowing and pleasing language. Something of the specific charm of the art to which they are devoted has passed into the author's thoughts and words. Like all men with minds of normal growth, Hiller takes more delight in affirming than in denying. Yet, whenever anything requires it, the above circumstance is not allowed to blunt his censure. Of his delicacy of conception, as well as of the freshness and clearness of exposition by which he succeeds in rendering even more than usually difficult questions easy of comprehension to his readers, we will here give just one or two examples, taken from the chapter: "Dramen als Opern," already mentioned. In this we read, among other things: "To music alone is given the power of combining into one whole opposite individualities and multitudes excited for good or evil. A crowd of persons speaking at the same time will always have something coarse or constrained about it on the stage—different characters, desiring to express their feelings altogether in passionate words, would be unintelligible, or, if saying the same thing, would appear absurd—but, when grasped by the harmony of tone, their multifariousness is merged into a higher unity. Nothing can, therefore, be more absurd than the wish to banish the chorus and concerted pieces from dramatic music, on the pretext that they are not in keeping with nature. With ordinary nature neither music nor any other art has aught to do; the unnatural and presupposed conditions of their existence are a necessity for that existence; when any art encroaches too much upon these, it becomes something contrary to artistic nature, and this is as bad in art as it is in life." Further on, when the author, in reference to Mozart's *Figaro*, is speaking of the Italian *recitativo secco*, we read: "This, which, as it were, merely renders spoken dialogue in tones based upon lightly and naturally flowing harmonies, forms the true atmosphere of sprightly opera—it is, so to say, the blue ether out of which the musical gems shine like so many stars. The contrast between our German spoken dialogue and the musical pieces by which they are followed, especially when those pieces are by Mozart, is much too great; it necessitates our continually springing into an ideal world, and then falling back into one which is only too real." For this reason *Don Juan* and *Figaro* will never fit, without some pressure, in the framework of the German stage; for, in their case, we have always to choose between one of two evils. We must either force upon our language, so rich in consonants, the *parlando* which we have borrowed from the Italians, and which is always repugnant to our idiom, or, by returning, after each separate piece of music, to the speech of every-day actuality, interrupt in the most objectionable manner the musical continuity. The first is the

plan long since adopted in our performances of *Don Juan*. In those performances we have to pay strict attention to the lofty ideal of the work and of its final tragic catastrophe. In *Figaro*, on the contrary, the spoken scenes have kept their ground up to the present day. In consequence of the far greater amount of spoken dialogue requisite for the explanation of the involved action, they cannot be avoided; but, on account of the more realistic stamp impressed upon all the characters, they are more easily endured.

(To be continued.)

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

(From the "Globe.")

The London Ballad Concerts at St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr John Boosey, have become one of our popular musical institutions. The first concert of this (the 11th) season was given on Saturday last; and St James's Hall was unable to accommodate all who applied for admission. The English ballad is *sui generis*, and retains a hold on popular affection far stronger than has ever been secured by the "*chanson*" of France, the *Lied* of Germany, the "*jota*" and "*seguidilla*" of Spain, or the "*canzone*" of Italy. In its most successful form it is associated with the stirring of emotional feeling through the medium of narrative. "Auld Robin Gray," "The Bay of Biscay," and "Tom Bowling" are instances in point, each having been popular for nearly a century. Among modern examples may be cited Weiss's setting of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" and Mr John Hullah's of Kingsley's "Three Fishers." Outside the comparatively limited circle of connoisseurs capable of appreciating the beauties of abstract art there is a crowd of genuine amateurs, partially or wholly unqualified to seek enjoyment in recalcitrant sources, yet enjoying with the keenest relish such music as they can comprehend. To these the English ballad, whether narrative in form or such an embodiment of simple sentiment as "Home, sweet home," presents a source of enjoyment which never palls or satiates; and after a hundred repetitions it awakens a fresher delight and sincerer enthusiasm than the most brilliant *tours de force* of Italian opera singers. Its popularity was attested on Saturday last by the delight no less than by the numbers of the audience which filled the stalls, balconies, and orchestra of St James's Hall, in spite of "Winter and rough weather." Mr John Boosey may be congratulated on the permanent success of his endeavour to provide music for the million.

The programme included no less than twenty-one vocal pieces, three of which were encored. These were "The Pilgrim of Love," sung by Mr Sims Reeves; "Salley in our alley," by Mr E. Lloyd; and Mr Hullah's "Three Fishers," by Mad. Sterling. Successes were also made by Mad. Sherrington, in Taubert's "Woodland Song;" Mr Lloyd, in Wekerlin's (new) ballad "I love her so;" Mr Wadmore, in Cowen's "One kind glance" (from *Pauline*); and Mad. Sterling, in Gatty's song, "The hay is in the mow." A new song by Pinsuti, "Smile, and bid me live," was admirably given by Mr Sims Reeves, and an encore was in vain demanded. Besides the artists already named, Miss Anna Williams, Mr Kenningham, and Mr Kempton rendered acceptable service; and four concerted pieces were well executed by the London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr F. Walker. The programme was enriched by two pianoforte solos, Thalberg's "Com à gentil," and De Sivrai's "Balmoral," both encored, and both exquisitely played by Mad. Arabella Goddard, who was enthusiastically applauded. Mr Sidney Naylor's performance of his arduous duties as sole accompanist greatly contributed to the success of the entertainment. The second concert is announced for Wednesday evening, January 17.

Moscow.—A fire broke out recently in the Tanejeff Theatre, and burned it to the ground. One person unfortunately was killed, and a great many were wounded while endeavouring to escape. The building was insured for 42,000 roubles.

MADRID.—*Fra Diavolo* has been performed at the Teatro Real. Signor Stagno produced anything but a favourable impression as the hero. Signora Rubini, on the contrary, was much applauded as Zerlina.—A first-class Italian operatic company will, it is said, perform at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso in the spring.

* From the *National-Zeitung*.

THERESE TIETJENS IN CORK.

The *Cork Examiner* writes as follows about a recent concert given under the name of this incomparable artist:—

"The large audience who assembled in the Operahouse to welcome Mlle Tietjens and the eminent artists by whom she was accompanied had every reason to be satisfied with the entertainment provided for them. A programme, in which there was much good music, and some not over familiar to the frequenters of concert-rooms, was executed in a style that left scarcely anything to be desired. The great attraction of the evening was, of course, the gifted *prima donna*, to whom an enthusiastic ovation was given. Two of the pieces set down for her in the programme were admirably adapted for the display of the finest qualities of her voice and style. In the magnificent *scena* from *Oberon*, 'Ocean, thou mighty monster,' the dramatic power in which she is still unapproachable was conspicuous; and the audience, forgetful in their enthusiasm of the heavy strain it imposed on the singer, all but insisted on an encore. The second piece was also Weber's, a delicious air from *Euryanthe*, 'Glocklein im Thale,' wholly different in style and structure from the first, and in this the gracious and finished vocalisation of the singer was admirable beyond all measure. Mlle Tietjens also sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' and, in response to the inevitable encore, the 'Minstrel Boy;' but as most of our readers must by this time be familiar with the fine expressive style in which she executes both melodies, it need only be said that her rendering of them last evening displayed all her wonted power. It was a pleasure to us to find that the ample and splendid voice which has been so long the glory of the lyric stage shows no trace of decay, and is still as rich and capable as ever."

None more than Irishmen can better appreciate and sympathise with what is really great and genuine in art.

FELICIEN DAVID.

All kinds of honours are now being paid to the memory of Félicien David by the Parisians, who, while that musician was living, took comparatively small interest in either him or his works. Now, his "Ode-Symphony," *Le Désert*, a composition, which, though not devoid of a certain Oriental character, is symphonically a very ordinary effort, has become quite the rage. David was never, to speak plainly, the man his surviving compatriots are endeavouring to make him out. At the best, a musician of secondary rank, as a composer of operas, his *Perle de Brésil*—produced at the then Théâtre-Lyrique in 1847—made slight impression; while in later years his *Lalla Roukh* can scarcely be said to have raised him much higher. In matters relating to music the French (or rather, the Parisians—the "provincials" counting for nothing) are a "peculiar people." It appears hardly credible that, since the opening of their great new Operahouse, while such a laboured, dreary concoction as *La Juive* of Halévy—not to name others of even slenderer legitimate pretensions—has found a place in the repertory, the greatest work of Auber, incomparably their most distinguished composer for the theatre, has been ignored. We allude, of course, to *La Muette de Portici*, which we, in England, have long known and admired as *Masanello*. This reminds us of an anecdote connected with Auber. The *Désert* of Félicien David, though it never made any strong impression in London or elsewhere out of France, created an undeniable sensation in Paris. After the *Désert* came *Christophe Colomb*, which was a comparative failure. On leaving the concert-room, at the end of the first performance, Adolphe Adam asked Auber's opinion of the new work. "Il est descendu de son chameau" ("He has got off his camel"), was the brief and witty reply—which, in six words, suggests an exhaustive criticism. The young, and we may add the middle-aged, French musicians, are at present, in a large measure, Wagnerites—which would have shocked Auber, and would by no means have been to the taste of David, realist as he was at bottom. We wonder why some Parisian *entrepreneur* does not revive one of the orchestra quintets, or symphonies, of Félicien David. True, they are as sketchy in design and as slight in development as the two symphonies (in G and D) of M. Gounod; they have merit, nevertheless.—*Graphic*.

TURIN.—After only two performances of *Lucrezia Borgia*, the manager, a certain Sig. Pompeo Grossi, brought the season at the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele to an unexpected close.

BRUSSELS.—Mme Fursch-Madier has appeared at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in *Robert le Diable*, pending the production of *Aida*, for which she was more especially engaged.

MANTUA.—While conducting a performance of *La Contessa d'Amalfi*, Sig. Dall'Argine was taken so ill that it was necessary to convey him home. He now lies in a dangerous condition.

WAIFS.

A subscription has been started for a monument to Déjazet.

When women wore crinoline, they resembled this O. Now they are pinned back, they look like this I.

M. Maurin, professor of the violin at the Paris Conservatory, has been appointed an "Officier d'Académie."

M. Ch. Lecocq's *Girofle-Girofla*, translated into Dutch, has been performed at the Frascati-Theatre, Amsterdam.

Herr Wilhelmj, after fulfilling a series of engagements in the provinces, has left for his country seat, near Wiesbaden.

Herr Robert Eitner, of Berlin, has been created a corresponding member of the Geneva Institute of Science and Literature.

M. Edmond Hocmelle, organist of St Philippe du Roule and of the Luxembourg, Paris, has married Mlle Joséphine Goethe.

Miss José Sherrington was compelled to sing Sullivan's "Let me dream again" thrice, at Mr Webb's *réunion* at St George's Hall.

Mr Barton McGuckin has returned from a very successful tour with Mlle Edith Wynne, Miss D'Alton, and Signor Federici.

Mdles Lamare and Künzler, two *premières danseuses*, very popular in Italy and elsewhere, have abandoned the stage for matrimony.

A one-act comic opera, *Le Chanteur Florentin*, words by MM. Ryon and Legentil, music by M. Willent Bordogni, will shortly be put into rehearsal at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

A marble bust of Auber has been placed on his monument in Père-Lachaise. It will not be uncovered before the 29th, when the monument is to be formally inaugurated.

Herr Franke informs us that he has come into possession of a violin, by Joseph Guarnerius, one of the finest specimens extant by this great maker. It is valued at 300 guineas.

After *Le Roi de Lahore* is produced at the Grand-Opéra, M. Massenet will commence the score of a three-act libretto, *La Fille de Jephthé*, by M. Louis Gallet, for the Opéra-Comique.

The programme of the fifth Popular Concert at Brussels will consist of extracts from Herr R. Wagner's Tetralogical Trilogy; that of the fifth concert, of *Charlotte Corday*, by M. Peter Benoit.

According to the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, Herr R. Wagner has returned ere this to Bayreuth, and is busily engaged in preparing for the series of performances which are to take place in August.

M. Gustave Lafargue, a theatrical critic of the Paris *Figaro* and general secretary of the Opéra-Comique, has just succumbed to disease of the heart, from which he had suffered several years. He was barely forty-three.

Sig. Carlo Guasco, a once famous tenor, for whom Donizetti, Ricci, and Verdi wrote operas, has just died in his native place, Solero, near Alexandria, in Piedmont. He bequeathes 200,000 francs for the establishment of an orphanage at Solero.

A Springfield butcher was invited recently to attend a minstrel show, but positively declined, even when a free ticket was offered him. Pressed for his reason, he replied: "If I went I should see so many people who owe me for meat that it would spoil my fun."

At the Paris Opéra-Comique six operas, *Cendrillon*, *Le Maçon*, *Les Dragons de Villars*, *Zampa*, *La Fête du Village voisin*, and *Le Toréador*, were, a few days since, being rehearsed simultaneously. *Le Maçon* will be performed on the 29th inst., the day of the inauguration of the Auber Monument at Père-Lachaise.

Graun's Passion music, *Der tod Jesu*, will be given at the "special services" to be held at St Gabriel's, Warwick Square, Pimlico, on Ash Wednesday, February 14, at eight o'clock, p.m., and every Wednesday during Lent, under the direction of Mr Marcellus Higgs, the organist and director of the choir.

A Musical and Dramatic Morning Performance will be given at the Théâtre-Italien, on the 4th February, in aid of the Société de Secours Mutuels des Ex-Militaires. Mdmes Krauss, Singer, Reggiani, MM. Capoul, Bouhy, Bonnehée, Mayan, and several members of the Comédie Française have promised their services.

Prizes were carried off at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition by Signor Gaetano Canedi and Giuseppe Elli, both of Milan, for the design for a theatre, and for seats best adapted for an audience. The first prize for musical instruments was awarded to the firm of C. Mahillon and Co., Brussels, who obtained the same distinction at the Exposition of Santiago, in Chili.

The following lines were written by a Saginaw (Michigan) poet while floating down Flint River in a dug-out:—

"Worst the Red Injuns here took their delights;
Fisht, fit, and bled;
Now most of the inhabitants is white,
With nary red."

Tagliafico de Retz has been singing with great success at Nice. A duet, "Saint-Janvier," which he sings with a fair pupil of his, Mdlle de L. . . , has become very popular.

The Northumberland Scholarship for Music, the competition for which took place on January 3rd, was gained by Miss Ella Hall, of the Edinburgh Educational Institution, pupil of our townsmen, Messrs Arthur Edmunds and W. Adlington. This scholarship enables the successful candidate to prosecute her music studies at the National Training School for Music for four years, the sum allowed being £75 per annum.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

In the second act of *Guillaume Tell* two horsewomen and two horsemen cross the back of the stage. During a recent performance at the Grand-Opéra, Paris, the horse ridden by Mad. Michaud slipped. In rising quickly he threw his rider, dragging her some distance along the ground. There was great commotion on the stage and in the front of the house, though the performance was not stopped. A medical man was in attendance, and in a short time Mad. Michaud was conveyed home. She sustained no serious injury, and in a few days will, probably, have quite recovered.

The grand organ in the Cathedral at Orleans is about to be thoroughly repaired and improved by the introduction of all the modern inventions. It was built in 1702, for the Church of the Benedictines, at Fleury-sur-Loire, inaugurated on Whit-Sunday, 1703, and removed to Orleans in 1826. It has long required repairs, owing to the injuries it sustained during the war of 1870. To carry them out properly, however, 60,000 francs would be needed, and the revenues of the Cathedral, together with private gifts and whatever could be raised from every other available source, would not suffice. When the organ of St Eustache's, Paris, was destroyed by fire, a lottery was got up, and the organ restored with the proceeds. Encouraged by this precedent, the Bishop of Orleans has accepted the offer made him of a concert in one of the best localities of Paris for the organ fund, under the patronage of Mad. de MacMahon.

Mark Twain has invented a patent self-pasting scrap-book, about which he writes to a friend: "I have invented and patented a scrap-book, not to make money out of it, but to economise the profanity of this country. You know that when the average man wants to put something in his scrap-book, he can't find his paste—then he swears. Or, if he finds it, it is dried so hard that it is only fit to eat—then he swears. If he uses mucilage, it mingles with the ink, and next year he can't read his scrap—the result is barrels and barrels of profanity. This can all be saved and devoted to other irritating things, where it will do more real and lasting good, simply by substituting my self-pasting scrap-book for the old-fashioned one. . . . One of the most refined and cultivated young ladies in Hartford (daughter of a clergyman) told me herself, with grateful tears standing in her eyes, that since she began to use my scrap-book she has not sworn a single oath."

The first of a series of Masked Balls will take place at the Grand-Opéra on the 13th inst. As our readers are aware, there will be two conductors, M. Olivier Métra and Herr Johann Strauss. The former gentleman will conduct the dance-music properly so-called; the latter will conduct some of his own compositions in the intervals between the dances. M. Olivier Métra occupies at the present day a high position as a writer of dance music in the French capital. Born about 1830, he began by playing the double-bass in various orchestras. While thus employed, he taught himself the piano. He was a pupil of M. Elwart's at the Paris Conservatoire, where he obtained a first prize for harmony somewhere about 1855. He then officiated as conductor at different balls, those of the Elysée-Montmartre being among the number, and began to make himself known by numerous charming waltzes, some of which, such as "La Vague," "Les Roses," &c., rapidly became popular. For three years M. Métra has been conductor at the Folies-Bergère, for which he has written the music of some twenty ballets. He conducted, a few years ago, at the balls of the Opéra-Comique.

THE CLIFFORD DRAMATIC CLUB.—The members of this club gave a performance on Saturday last, 6th inst., at St George's Hall, for the benefit of the Infirmary for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, 26, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. Usually, amateurs, when playing in the cause of charity, find the full advantage of the fact that the virtue in question covereth, in the eyes of critics, a vast amount of bad acting. But the members of the Clifford Dramatic Club form an exception to the general rule. Their merit is far above the average, and that critic must be, indeed, difficult to please who does not speak favourably of their efforts. The pieces selected by them for performance on the 6th inst. were a pastoral, as we may term it, entitled *The Rosebud of Stinging Nettle Farm*, and the drama of *Blow for Blow*, the one and the other by that prolific and clever author, H. J. Byron. Both pieces were rendered with great spirit

and an amount of ease and knowledge of the stage which many a professional might envy. The characters of John Drummond and of Charley Spraggs, in the drama, were excellently sustained by Mr W. E. Garstin and Mr Aubrey Garstin respectively. The former gentleman's portraiture of the villain Drummond was well conceived and as well carried out, while the *vis comica* displayed by Mr Aubrey Garstin gave the risible nerves of the audience plenty to do. Among the ladies we may more particularly mention Mrs Belmore, Miss Alice Nixon, and Miss Claire. Want of space prevents our going into detail. We must content ourselves, therefore, with stating that all concerned acquitted themselves well, and afforded great satisfaction to a very full house. We are glad to think that the performance must have brought in a respectable sum for the admirable institution on behalf of which it was given.

MARSEILLES.—The Cirque Cotrely has been destroyed by fire.

PAVIA.—The *Salvator Rosa* of Gomez has been successfully produced.

NAPLES.—The Teatro San Carlo opened on the 22nd December with *La Forza del Destino*.

BARCELONA.—Signora Pantaleoni and Signor Ciapini have been re-engaged at the Teatro del Liceo.

COLOGNE.—Herr Ignaz Brüll's comic opera, *Das goldene Kreuz*, has been well received at the Stadttheater.

ROME.—The Teatro Apollo opened with Verdi's *Aida*, the principal parts by Signore Mariani-Masi and Edelsberg, Signor de Sanctis, &c.

MODENA.—To the three previously existing theatres, the Municipale, the Aliprandi, and the Goldoni, a fourth, the Teatro del Patronato, has just been added.

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MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Among the least generally familiar of Handel's oratorios—we mean, of course, as a whole—none better deserves a periodical hearing than *Solomon*. Though written at the age of sixty-three, eleven years before his death (1759), not long before he was attacked by the *gutta serena* which eventually deprived him of sight, it is marked by astounding freshness and vigour, while it contains enough to show that had he flourished somewhat later he might have rivalled any of his contemporaries as a dramatic composer, with as much facility as he surpassed all others, J. S. Bach alone accepted, in the composition of sacred music. Though not remarkable as a literary production, the book of *Solomon*, whether supplied by Dr Morell or from any other source matters little, afforded Handel opportunities for varied colouring, of which he availed himself with his accustomed ingenuity. The three parts into which it is divided—the Dedication of the Temple, the Judgment, and the visit of the Queen of Sheba, respectively setting forth the Piety, Wisdom, and Splendour of Solomon—have each a special character. The first is devoted exclusively to praise and thanksgiving for the great work achieved in the building of the Temple, until the arrival of Pharaoh's daughter, the wife of Solomon, gives occasion for an episode about conjugal happiness, which the musician has turned to admirable account, as is shown in the exquisitely-melodious close, "May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours," familiarly, though on grounds by no means incontestable, styled the "Nightingale" chorus. The second part, chiefly taken up by the famous "Judgment," is a masterpiece of dramatic power. The contrast between the two women who assert their claims to the possession of the child could hardly be made more striking, the half-concealed levity of the false mother and the irrepressible anguish of the true, after sentence is pronounced, being depicted with equal felicity. The trio here, in which the women plead first alternately, then in combination, while the words of the King, who holds the balance of justice, are uttered ever and anon with grave solemnity, might even persuade Richard Wagner out of that most indefensible tenet in his theory, which would abolish concerted music for voices, and leave the entire expression of varied emotion to the orchestra. No imaginable orchestra could possibly impart such deep meaning as does the human voice to the pathetic air, "Can I see my infant gored?," allotted to the rightful mother, who prefers abandoning the child to her unscrupulous adversary rather than submit it to Solomon's terrible decrees. Handel's accompaniments are suggestive enough for all purposes, while they allow the vocal melody to follow out its rhythmical course to the end, and the singer to enunciate the words with all the more convincing eloquence. We may add here that hardly in our remembrance has this incomparable air been given with more impressive significance, from beginning to end, than by Mme Edith Wynne; it was simply perfect. The grand choruses in honour of the King, which form the introduction and peroration to the second part, constitute a splendid framework for this touching dramatic episode. The third part, setting out with a triumphal symphony, a sort of "*feu de joie*" for the orchestra, describes the visit made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and, if only for what, not over intelligibly, has been denominated the "Passion choruses," would live for ever. Handel here puts forth his utmost strength, and the comparative insignificance of the words, beyond the mere point of their suggestiveness, is forgotten in the splendour of the music. One chorus especially, "Draw the tear from hopeless love," has scarcely a parallel in pathetic expression. Then, again, we have two magnificent double choruses, to bring the oratorio triumphantly to an end. Of course, in the performance of *Solomon* by the Sacred Harmonic Society very large curtailments are made. These are inevitable; and the only wonder is that at any time and under any circumstances the oratorio could at one sitting have been performed literally in accordance with existing authorised editions. We doubt, indeed, if it ever was so given. Some 20 recitatives, airs, &c., are left out; but, happily, all the choruses, double and single, are preserved. Such grand and masterly double choruses as "Your

harps and cymbals," "With pious heart," "From the censor curling rise," and "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue," not to single out others, could ill be spared.

It is agreeable to compliment our long-standing representative Choral Society, which has helped to spread a taste for music of the highest class as perseveringly as any association of amateurs and professors that could be named, on a performance of Handel's oratorio in almost every respect entitled to high praise. The members of the chorus, allowing for occasional drawbacks—where are these not to be remarked?—performed their duties with equal spirit and intelligence. Not to speak of the grander choral movements, we were particularly satisfied with that elaborate piece of contrapuntal writing, "Throughout the land Jehovah's praise," and with "Draw the tear from hopeless love" (referred to above), which, although among the finest and most impressive numbers in *Solomon*, their high merit notwithstanding, ordinarily obtain scant recognition. The leading solo voice parts were entrusted to artists thoroughly competent. Since Mme Sinton-Dolby gave up singing in public, there has been no such representative of the music allotted to Solomon as our English contralto, Mme Patey, who has the art of declaiming recitative in a degree that few can boast. In the familiar air, "What though I trace," she exhibited equal artistic power, and created so strong an impression that the audience insisted upon its being repeated, and the accomplished singer had no alternative but to comply with the unanimous demand. In other passages Mme Patey was no less happy. Upon Mme Edith Wynne's faultless rendering of the music confided to the "First Woman," in the "Judgment" scene, we have dwelt in appropriate terms. She also undertook what is left of the music belonging to Solomon's Queen in the first part, including the air, "With thee the unshelter'd moor I tread." That appertaining to the Queen of Sheba (Part 3) and to the "Second Woman" (Part 2) devolved upon Miss Julia Wigan, pupil of Mad. Sinton-Dolby, a young lady fast rising in her profession, who, besides elsewhere winning deserved credit, gave such point and meaning to the characteristic air, "Thy sentence, great King, is prudent and wise," as to augur much for her future career. The tenor was Mr Henry Guy, another aspirant (from our Royal Academy of Music), with a telling voice and legitimate promise. Mr Guy is evidently earnest and painstaking, and this was especially proved by his ready execution of the music assigned to Zadok the priest, including the here and there florid, and (*pace* Handel) by no means very sacerdotal air, "See the tall palm" (Part 2), and, later on (Part 3), the hardly less secularly-toned "Golden columns." According to Handel's musical representation of him, Zadok must have been the most jovial and comfortable of priests. What little fell to the solo bass—namely, the Levite's air, "Praise ye the Lord"—was done so well by Mr Maybrick as to cause regret that no more could have been set down for him. The orchestra, allowing for the prevalent loudness of brass instruments, which now and then went far to drown the voices, was excellent throughout; and Sir Michael Costa (whose additional accompaniments were used) conducted in his accustomed masterly style. —*Times*.

Hence opera bouffe! *quantum suf.*
Of all such silly trashy stuff,
Your breakdown now is sure complete,
Go, hide your legs, and use your feet;
Of our applause show you're deserving,
And copy, if you can, P. J. B. B. B.
BENWELL.

VIENNA.—Herr Josef Rubinstein, the pianist, who took so active a share in the preparatory arrangements for the Bayreuth performances last summer, is at present in this capital, where he thinks of settling permanently.—By an Imperial decree, and as a mark of the satisfaction afforded in the highest quarters by his energy, judgment, and administrative talent, Herr Franz Jauner has now been definitively appointed manager of the Imperial Operahouse, a position he has hitherto really held upon approval only.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

*Examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Music. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1876. 2 TO 4 P.M.**(Concluded from page 60.)*

17. Copy this extract with the real pitch of all the notes for the transposing instruments, employing the G (treble) and F (bass) clefs only. Prefix the time-signature, and state from what symphony it is taken.

Adagio molto e cantabile.

FLUTES

HAUTOBOYS

CLARIONETS in B \flat

BASSOONS

HORNS in B \flat

HORNS in E \flat

TRUMPETS in B \flat

DRUMS B \flat and F

VIOLINS 1st

VIOLINS 2nd

VIOLA

VIOLONCELLO

DOUBLE BASS

Adagio molto e cantabile.

espress.

Pizz.

Pizz.

"A NICHT WI' BURNS."

(From the "Sunday Times.")

According to general construction, "a nicht wi' Burns" is by no means the simple time of intellectual gratification which might be pre-supposed; on the contrary, the term has sometimes been considered as a synonym for late hours, an inordinate consumption of "whisky-toddy," and a headache. Under Mr Austin's guidance, however, the Scotch contingent of the inhabitants of an overgrown capital had a more agreeable and less pernicious way of spending an evening with Scotia's bard at St James's Hall, when the birthday of Robert Burns was commemorated by a festival of song. The British Isles are rich in legendary tradition, and with their ancient fictions (for who shall dare assert that history is correct?) music and poesy form no unimportant link. Their melodies are eminently characteristic of the different nationalities, and it must be a very uneducated ear that cannot distinguish the airs belonging to England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. The feature of English ballad is a bluff, homely, sturdy strain, generally cast in the major key, as substantial in its essential qualities as the people whence it originated. In the Welsh airs we find intense patriotism and poetic sympathy, also a nice appreciation of melodic form, whether minor or major be employed. The Scotch and Irish melodies are based upon imperfect modes (taking the diatonic scale as our standard), otherwise having few features in common. The close upon the dominant, as in "Scots wha hae," is seldom found in Irish airs; and, taken all in all, there is a prevalence of the major tone in Scotch music, whereas Irish traditional airs are generally found cast in the minor. None will deny, however, that the music of our Northern Isles is attractive and rich in quantity, or that national pride is called up through the influence of our native strains more readily than by any other.

Robert Burns, the poet, whose birthday was celebrated on Thursday the 25th, has a history which is familiar to all. The fact that he walked at the tail of the plough while composing some of his finest verses is known both to young and old; that he was a self-taught man—one who by sheer application raised himself to the elevation of Scotland's representative poet—is equally familiar. The story of the poet-ploughman is, nevertheless, a sad one. Spoiled by adulation, and weakened in his set purpose by the flattery of parasites, Burns never rose to the eminence his mental powers should have commanded; and after living upon a pittance of seventy pounds a year, derived from the *Excise*, while the kingdom was feasting in delight upon his works, he died at the early age of thirty-six years, comparatively friendless. It is a pitiful reflection, yet not so sad but that it has its counterpart in other directions. Take the case of Mozart, for instance, who died at the same age, and who was huddled into a common grave, uncared for and unattended. However, it is not immediate acknowledgment which establishes fame any more than it is position which gives notoriety; as Burns himself says,—"The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." It is not here the place to estimate the merit of Burns as a poet or songwriter; he occupies in Scottish breasts a position somewhat akin to that which Dibdin and Tom Moore take in the sister-countries,—with this difference, however, that Burns, as a "son of the soil," has won a wider field of acknowledgment in Scotland than either of the writers with whom we have (perhaps somewhat inaptly) brought him into comparison in his. Take Burns' writings as we may, we can but admit that their influence is healthy, and that they possess—apart from their truly romantic and poetic feeling—an impulse and *verve* to be felt by all. We shall not pretend to criticise the strains which the poet has ennobled with his verse; there is no need to dwell upon the imperfection of the Scotch scale any more than there is necessity to condemn the bagpipes in a wholesale manner before those who swear that the pibroch is the sweetest of music. Enough to show how Burns' birthday was celebrated at St James's Hall.

Of vocalists there was good store, the names of Miss José Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Eileen Richardson, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Thurlay Beale, Mr Pearson, and Mr Sims Reeves being in the list. As an additional stimulus for Scottish appetites, two other singers—Miss Hunter and Mr Walker—were announced, with the tempting intimation that they were from Scotland. To vary the vocal selection, Mr J. P. Clarke's Scots Fusilier Guards' band was in attendance, their efforts being

strictly regulated by the nature of the rest of the programme. The first part was devoted to the songs of Burns, as follows:—"My heart is sair" (Miss Annie Sinclair); "Scots wha hae" (Mr Thurlay Beale); "Afton Water" (Miss Eileen Richardson); "Highland Mary" (Mr Pearson); "Comin' thro' the rye" (Miss José Sherrington); "Ye banks and braes" (Mr Sims Reeves); "O' a' the airts" (Miss Hunter); "There was a lad was born in Kyle" (Mr Walker); "A man's a man for a' that" (Mdme A. Sterling); and "Auld Lang Syne" (Mr Sims Reeves). In the second part but one example of Burns was included—viz., "I am a son of Mars," entrusted to Mr Walker, a bass of considerable merit. How the above selection was rendered it boots us not to say, further than that Mr Reeves was in excellent voice, that Miss Richardson sang admirably, but would have done even better if not so nervous, and that the Scottish vocalists distinguished themselves unmistakably. Mdme Sterling made an effect, too. She possesses the gift of a clear, distinct enunciation. Miss Sherrington's "Comin' thro' the rye" pleased immensely. With encores we need not deal.

The audience was enthusiastic—who ever knew a number of Scotchmen get together without waxing strong in support of their country, their national melody, &c.? But this is as it should be. Notwithstanding the obvious delight the entire selection gave, there was sufficient common sense on the part of the audience to desist from applause when an artist declined to repeat a song.

MARIE KREBS AT MANCHESTER.

(From the "Manchester Courier," January 19th.)

It seems curious, though it is true, that Mdme Marie Krebs has not till last evening appeared at Mr Hallé's concerts. She is not, however, a stranger to Manchester, for both last season and its predecessor she played at the Gentlemen's Concerts. Her genuine merits were recognised by us on those occasions, and it is not necessary for us to repeat at length our praises. There may be some want of power in the execution of Mdme Krebs, but her clearness and varied grace of touch cannot be denied any more than her high manipulative ability. And with these excellencies she combines an intelligence in her phrasing, and a command of expression which render her performances sources of real enjoyment, as well as of mere wonderment and admiration. Mdme Marie Krebs played the Beethoven concerto (in G)—Beethoven is evidently her favourite—from memory, and with most laudable care and spirit. We have before suggested comparisons between her style and that of Mr. Charles Hallé. The transparency of her fingering and the rippling charm of her touch, added to her easy, unpretentious, but artistic manner, revived the suggestion. In the cadenza to the first movement, Mdme Krebs particularly delighted the audience by her bold and brilliant execution, as she did also by the dash and crispness of her style in the third movement—*rondo vivace*. She was warmly recalled after the concerto. The Chopin *ballade*, in G minor, served still further to display her great executive talents; and in the encore which followed she paid Mr Hallé a graceful compliment by selecting a piece with which his own name is pleasantly associated. The success of Mdme Marie Krebs was genuine and great, but not at all beyond her unostentatious merits.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of the Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1st:—

Fantasia (E minor, Op. 81)	Hesse.
Sérénade, "Sur le balcon"	Meyerbeer.
Organ Sonata (No. 5, D major)	Mendelssohn.
Allegretto (Pensées musicales, No 6)	Schubert.
Rhapsodie sur Cantiques Bretons	C. Saint-Saëns.
Overture, "La Cenerentola"	Rossini.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 3rd:—

Organ Sonata (No. 4, B flat major)	Mendelssohn.
Andante from the fourth Pianoforte Concerto	Beethoven.
Scherzo (A major, Posthumous work)	Schubert.
Passacaille and Fugue (E minor)	Handel.
Sabbath Song (Le Chant du Dimanche)	Meyerbeer.
March, "Fête de Jupiter" (Polyeucte)	Gounod.

MAGDEBURG.—Herr Taubert's opera of *Macbeth* will shortly be performed at the Stadttheater.

MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

The Swedish *diva* will have good reason to remember her first visit to Austria; it has proved a continuous triumph from the very outset. After enlisting on the stage of the Imperial Opera-house the sympathies of all who heard her, she has now extended her successes to the concert-room. On the 23rd January, she sang in a concert given at the Carl-Theater for the benefit of the General Polyclinic Institution. The house was crammed to suffocation, the Imperial Box being occupied by the Crown Prince Rudolph, accompanied by the Grand-Dukes Carl Ludwig and Ludwig Victor. In the first box on the pit-tier, directly opposite, sat the Princess Pauline Metternich, under whose especial patronage the concert was given. Excited, apparently, by the distinguished and crowded audience whom the charm of her name had brought together—for the concert was expressly called in the announcements and bills the "Nilsson Concert"—the fair and celebrated vocalist excelled, if possible, herself. The able critic of the *Neue Freie Presse* says:—

"Madme Nilsson began with the first Leonora air from *Il Trovatore*. The marks of approbation were very animated, and rose to a storm of applause, when she gave a Serenade of Braga's with charming expression, marking by the nicest gradations of light and shade the varying passions portrayed by the composer. After repeated re-calls, she added Gounod's 'Ave, Maria.' Again were there repeated re-calls and wreath upon wreath. But the grand attractions of the evening were the Swedish songs. In these the singer seemed suddenly to soar beyond herself; her noble features lighted up with bright joy, her voice increased in power and volume, and her execution appeared no longer to know any limit, as the awakening spirits from her Northern home brought back to her the warm greetings of her youth, when, clad in the simple costume of a peasant girl, she first moved her hearers' hearts at the village dance, and allowed her blue eyes, so full of soul, to glance timidly over the listening crowd. When we now hear her with the perfect confidence felt by a popular artist, arrayed in a rich robe of white satin, adorned with sparkling diamonds, and with her breast covered with medals, singing the same old folk's-songs before a select audience, we are taking part in a real romance upon the stage; and while we are delighted at her finished execution, her maidenly fervour in the sorrowful, and her childlike exuberance of spirits in the joyous strophes, the fair singer is affording us a double pleasure of a rare and most entrancing kind. The public appeared perfectly spell-bound by this twofold impression, and, after the last folk's-song, which was, likewise, the last in the programme, quietly retained their seats as if entitled to something more, until the artist resolved to repeat one of the songs. Herz Benedix, the stage-manager of the Carl-Theater, then advanced, and in the name of the Polyclinic presented her with a handsome silver laurel wreath, pronouncing at the same time some few words of thanks for the kindly aid she had afforded in furthering the erection of a Polyclinic Hospital, of which she had that day raised the foundation walls."

The presentation of the wreath, on the silver bow of which a suitable inscription was engraved, and Herr Benedix's short speech were greeted with loud and long continued applause. The critic of the *Tagblatt* observes, among other things, in reference to the same concert—

"Upon the fair artist's appearing for the second time, she sang, with *obligato* violin accompaniment, a Serenade by Sig. Braga, the violoncellist, a composition calculated to produce an impression not so much by skill in execution as by a feeling delivery. Such an impression, achieved by the simplest resources of art, was unusually profound and overpowering, so that Mad. Nilsson and M. Wieniawski, who played the violin part with genuine artistic dignity and discretion, determined to add Bach-Gounod's 'Ave, Maria,' known under the name of the 'Méditation.'"

Mad. Nilsson was well supported by Mad. Auspitz-Kolar, who played several pianoforte pieces very elegantly; Mdlle Zamarra, who was loudly applauded and several times recalled for her performance on the harp; Herr Robert, who declaimed, with much fire and expression, a poem by Lenau; and M. Wieniawski, who executed various compositions for the violin, in addition to the *obligato* accompaniment of Sig. Braga's Serenade. M. de Swert, also, was to have appeared, but he declined taking part in a concert headed simply: "Nilsson Concert." Like Achilles to his tent, he retired in dudgeon to his hotel.

Mad. Nilsson has sung likewise at the Redouten-Saal, Pesth, before the Emperor and Empress, who were delighted with her. The next day there was a select dinner at Court, followed by

a concert, at which Mad. Nilsson gave the Romance from M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* and some of her Swedish Folk-songs. The Empress has presented her with a magnificent bracelet, and the Emperor bestowed on her the patent of *K. K. Hofbängerin*, or Vocalist to the Imperial and Royal Court.

—o—
To J. C. Burund, Esq.

MY SINGULAR GOOD QUIPPIST,—Apart from certain "*brouillamini*," Eugène Desseroy, according to "*Zig Zag*," of the *Gazette du Midi*, and Dusquaney (*avocat*), was a capital fellow. Also, according to M. Paul le Louche and the "*Public Toulousain*," M. Faure, on the stage, "*à vengé, et réhabilité le baryton*." If so, *il a bien fait*. Nevertheless, Blanc Dusquaney of the Nether Alp (brother to t'other) is of a different opinion, declaring that the barytone stood in no need of rehabilitation, having never quitted his legitimate *habitat*. (Ask Mr Santley.) Showing different opinions, MM. Tissot, of the Vosges, and Rozimond, together with the captain of the Greek brig (or "brick") M. Assenos (Qy. Assianos?), declare that, with regard to the *Crous de Prouvenço* (and especially *Amoure Plour*), Francis Hueffer and the several Abgerahmtehueffer tribe (each of whom went to Bayreuth with his portebueffer) can alone furnish exact details—their common motto being:—

"No ambicione fals gloria
Ni l'or que despera afanya."

Tavan has divided his subject into two parts. But that is neither here nor there. "*Tradu dou Catalan*" is all very well, Joan B. Ferrier; but what, may I ask (if you are the respected, as you, unconsciously, are the suspected, author of *Jäckerjantkillaren*), has that to do with the *Crous de Prouvenço*? Moussu E. Roux, it is true, might explain; but as he gets his gurgital liquids from Pau, and the "*Eaux Douces*," which, I need hardly tell you, are not the "*Eaux bonnes*," I rely internally upon you for explanation. Thine in the spirit—Scotch, not Irish, Paul Poist.

P.S.—Poor Sir Grummor Gummorsom (of the Castle) is in straits!

Madme Christine Nilsson has been appointed chamber singer to the Imperial Court of Austria.

As followeth the lark to heaven
My soul; so would I even
Make an attempt to clamber,
When Nilsson sings, into that chamber.

Meiffben.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Die Macabäer*, recently attained its eighteenth performance at the Royal Operahouse, where it may be considered as having become a stock piece, a result due, in no small degree, to the excellence of Mdlle Marianne Brandt as Leah.

Herr Theodor Wachtel's engagement will commence in a few days. His first character will be that of Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*.

A strange fraud has just been detected in the music trade. The nature of it will appear from the following communication addressed by Herren C. A. Challier & Co. to the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:—"Mad. Lucca, the musical publisher of Milan, wrote to us, under the date of the 8th January, saying that, as proprietress of the work, *Dolores*, by Manzocchi, she could not allow the pirated issue of the *pezzi trascritti* published by us, but must insist upon the destruction of all the materials and of the stock-in-hand. We hereupon wrote back by return of post that, as we were totally unacquainted both with Manzocchi's original work and our supposed pirated version, we should feel obliged by some clearer explanation. In consequence of this, we received from Mad. Lucca, by book post, on the 17th January, the copy of a work which we had never seen, and of the existence of which we had not the slightest notion. Its title runs thus: *Dolores. Drama lirico in 4 parti di S. Auteri Manzocchi. Pezzi trascritti. Berlin: C. A. Challier & Co.* We have not the least doubt, after examining the copy forwarded us, that the piratical swindler who has wrongfully taken the name of our firm must be sought, not in Germany, but in Italy. We have answered Mad. Lucca in this sense, begging her at the same time to do her best to discover the cheat by publishing the facts in the Italian class papers. We have undertaken to do so in the German papers, and request you, by inserting this letter, to aid our efforts."

Italian Opera in Modern Costume.

(By Charles Lyall.)

No. 3.—IL TROVATORE.

ACT 4TH.

SCENE 1.



RUIZ.—"Siam giunto." ("We have arrived."—MANFREDO MAGGIONI.)

LEONORA.—"D'amor sull' ali rosee, vanne, sospir dolente."
("On the rosy wings of love, fly to him, my mournful sighs."—MAGGIONI.)

SCENE 2.



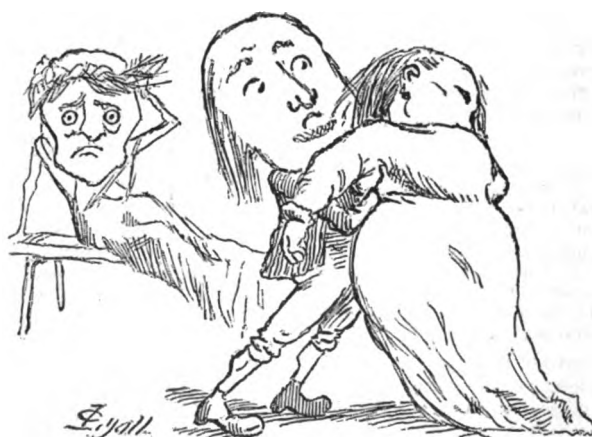
LEONORA.—"Mira, di acerbe lagrime spargo al tuo piede un rio."
("Behold, and oh! let move thee of tears this bitter flood."—MAGGIONI.)

SCENE 3.



MANRICO.—"Madre?—non dormi!"
("Dost thou not sleep, dear mother?"—MAGGIONI.)

SCENE 4.



DI LUNA.—"Ah! velle me deludere, e per costui morir! Sia tratto al ceppo."
("Rather than be my bride for him she chose to die! Now drag him to the scaffold."—MAGGIONI.)



One Thousand Pounds Reward!

For the absolute signification of the plot of *Il Trovatore*. Happy thought.—Who and what are they all?—D. P.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.
NINETEENTH SEASON, 1876-7.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1877.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3 (dedicated to Count Rasoumowski), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Quail"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in C major, Op. 34, No. 1, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS *Clementi.*

PART II.

CHACONNE, for violin alone—Herr JOACHIM *Bach.*
SONG, "When thou art nigh"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD *Gounod.*
QUARTET, in G major, Op. 64, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Haydn.*
Conductor Mr ZEBBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 3, 1877.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

SEXTET, in C major, Op. 140, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZEBBINI, BURNETT, DAUBERT, and PIATTI *Spohr.*
SONG, "The Message"—Mr SIMS REEVES (Accompanied by the Composer) *Blumenthal.*
SONATA, in A flat, "Plus Ultra," for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS *Dussek.*
SARABANDE and GAVOTTES, with pianoforte accompaniment by Schumann—Signor PIATTI *Bach.*
SERENADE, "Awake, awake," violoncello obbligato, Signor Piatti—Mr SIMS REEVES *Piatti.*
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1877.

TOUJOURS PERDRIX.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Allow a correspondent of twenty years ago to say a word. Are we never to hear from our pianists anything but the concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann?—which, by the way, so very few of our current, or ambulant, pianists know how to play at all—without falling back upon such spasmodic rubbish as that of Liszt, or such effete passage-writing as the concerto of Henselt, not to name other things of the sort? How many concertos by "the divine Mozart," who composed 25, are played? Who ever, since Arabella Goddard took to "de" Sivrai, attempts Moscheles? Is there not a concerto in F by Hummel (his last) which no one is allowed to hear—in fact, which has never been heard in public? Are there not concertos of Dussek worth an occasional trial? *Fé donc!* Our foreign pianists, with the exception of two or three classical pieces they have got by rote, seem to know, the two wishy-washy concertos of Chopin excepted, little beyond the music of Rubinstein and such-like modern rhapsody. Heaven pardon them! They have endowments, and are therefore all the greater sinners. Look at their pro-

grammes when they give what are termed "Recitals." Take any "Recital," and what is it but a poor *olla podrida*, seasoned with a *toccata* by Schumann or a Gavotte by Bach, descending even to a transcription of a dance-piece from one of Gluck's operas? And yet our accommodating, and, to quote the late Mad. Pleyel, "*Choucroute-bitten*," public—as Alfred Wolf, of the *Paris Figaro*, would say—"gucule tout cela," while our young ladies leave the concert-room fanning themselves with ecstasy, as though heaven and earth had come together. May I ask you what Rubinstein played in 1876 that he had not already played in 1858, and whether there was any difference in his playing? What in the name of Art does all this hubbub signify? Are we all gone mad? I have been for the last few years, during winter and early spring, in London, and have attended the Popular Concerts and Hallé's Recitals. I have heard much that is good—nay, delightful. But I heard also Raff. Who's Raff? I heard Rheinberger. Who's Rheinberger? I heard Gernsheim. Who's Gernsheim? I heard Kiel. Who's Kiel? I neither know nor care, but their music makes no impression upon me. I was longing for something by Sterndale Bennett, for example. No chance; Hallé wont play, and Mad. Schumann wont play, his music (except "The Lake," easiest of his "Three Sketches"); and the others cannot. The last time I was in London I bought a sonata by Bennett, called *The Maid of Orleans*. I bought it for two reasons—first, because it was by him; secondly, because it was dedicated to an English pianist, who plays his music as no one else ever did or could. Hearing of her return from the Antipodes, after—like Jenny Lind, Grisi, &c.—taking her farewell of the English public, I went up to London. Why? For one reason only—to hear *The Maid of Orleans* played by a lady, of whom Sterndale Bennett used to say, "*She is my Joan of Arc*." What a Joan of Arc! With such a Joan of Arc France would have been in a nice predicament at a certain period of her history. I had previously heard the sonata tossed off with patronising equanimity by Dr Hans von Bülow, and have since heard it from the "Higher Development" fingers of Mr Franklin Taylor; but I have yet to know it as I inwardly imagine it, and suppose must wait a long time. I went, not long ago, to the Crystal Palace, and was treated to what was announced as a symphonic poem, entitled *Maseppa*. I had already listened to a burlesque upon Burger's *Lenore*, signed Joachim (fancy, Joachim!) Raff, and was so smitten with that, that at the very first chord of *Maseppa*—



I precipitately fled, like the late Mr Ayrton, of the late *Harmonicon* (price three shillings), when a new overture by a "British" composer was about to begin at one of the concerts of the Society of British Musicians, in 1834-5. Mr Ayrton used to call these concerts the three-and-sixpenny concerts. He was one of the seven directors before, under the sway of Mr, now Sir Michael Costa, they became the seven directed. *Hinc illa lachryma.* And, in revenge for his stigmatising the concerts of the Society of British Musicians, dear old Lovell Phillips called him the three-and-threepenny critic. We can now hear quartets for a shilling; but where are our British Musicians? *D. V.*, I shall go to Leeds to hear Macfarren's *Joseph*.—Yours as of old,
Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham. AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

M. FAURE'S operatic tour promises to be even more prosperous than the concert tour which preceded it. At Nice his success has been extraordinary. His next destination was to be Marseilles.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ, at his admirable concerts in the Manchester Free Trade Hall, is repeatedly producing examples of dry and uninteresting *suites* for orchestra from the pen of that dilapidated composer, Lachner. What, in the name of Helio-gabalus, can such a musician as Mr Hallé see in them? Even the commonplace utterances of Germany would seem to be preferred by our teacher to the most fresh and elegant thoughts of Englishmen. *Proh pudor!*

MR FREDERIC SULLIVAN, brother of Mr Arthur Sullivan, died last week, aged thirty-nine. It will be hard to meet with a worthy substitute for this gentleman as the Judge in *Trial by Jury*. Mr Sullivan, before he took to the stage, was by profession an architect. He is deeply regretted, not only by his family, but by the numerous friends attracted to him through his amiable manners and genial, charming disposition—as an actor, and, indeed, as a lyric artist, he was fast rising into eminence and popularity.

HANDEL wore an enormous white wig. When things went well at a performance the wig had a certain sort of nod, or vibration, indicative of pleasure. Without this manifestation, nice observers were certain that the composer was out of humour.

A CLERGYMAN once carried some observations he had written on Shakspeare to Sheridan, and requested his opinion. "Sir," said Sheridan, "I wonder people wont mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own Bible, but please leave ours alone."

MARIETTA ALBONI, the celebrated contralto (widow of the late Count Achille Pepoli), was married at Paris, on Monday, to Captain Ziegler, of the Republican Guards. No amateur can have forgotten the first appearance of Alboni, as Arsace, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, at Covent Garden Theatre, with Grisi as Semiramide, and Tamburini as Assur (April 6, 1847).

A CELEBRATED vocalist, whose demeanour and acting were as awkward and ungainly as his voice was beautiful, said one day to Charles Bannister, "Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" "No," replied Bannister. "Why, then, when I was fifteen, I swallowed by accident some train oil." "I don't think," rejoined Bannister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing-master."

THE Crystal Palace Concerts are to be resumed to-day. The date (Feb. 3) being the anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, the whole programme is to be devoted to his music. Not the least attraction will be the first appearance of the emperor of violinists, Herr Joseph Joachim, who is to play the one concerto written by Mendelssohn for the fiddle. A movement from one of his early (unpublished) symphonies will also be introduced. Why not the whole symphony? "If no more"—as the interlocutor of King Arthur's ghost says, in Fielding's *Tom Thumb*—"why so much?" In all respects the occasion will be of uncommon interest.

HORSES are great lovers of music. Shakspeare says in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V.:

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetchng mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music."

It is related by Nathan that while a lady of his acquaintance was playing the piano in her room, the window of which looked into a paddock, where several horses were grazing, the animals left their food, drew towards the window, and remained there apparently pleased, rubbing their heads against the paling. Occasionally they would stretch their necks over it, as if wishing to approach still nearer. When the music ceased, they gradually dispersed, and re-commenced grazing as before. The love of horses and mules for bells is well known.

THE Earl of Mornington—whose son was the Iron Duke—evinced his great love for music at a very early age. His father played well, for an amateur, on the violin. This always delighted the child, whilst in his nurse's arms and long before he could speak. Nor did his satisfaction proceed merely from a love, common to other children, of a sprightly noise, as will appear by the following anecdote. Dubourg, the celebrated violinist, happened to be at the family seat, but the child would not permit him to take the violin from his father till his little hands were held. After he had heard Dubourg the case was changed, and there was then much more difficulty to let Dubourg give the instrument back to the boy's father. Nor would the child-amateur ever after permit his father to play with Dubourg in the house.

AMONG the boy-actors of the Elizabethan era was S. Pary, whose special forte was the impersonation of old men, though he died at the age of thirteen. Ben Jonson wrote the following epitaph on him:—

"Yeeres he number'd scarce thirteen, when Fates turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he been the stage's jewell;
And did act (what we do mourn) old men so duely,
As sooth the Parcs thought him one, he played so truly.
So, by error, to his death they all consented,
But, viewing him since (alas, too late!), they have repented,
And have sought (to give new birth) in bathes to steepen him,
But, being much too good for earth, Heav'n vows to keepe him."

This celebrated boy originally performed in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster* in the years 1600 and 1601.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

WE subjoin the programme of the thirteenth "recital" given by Mr Augustus L. Tamplin on Thursday afternoon, February 1st, in the "Estey" Organ Rooms, Argyll Street:—Preludium; Etude de concert (A. Schmidt); Songs, "Gruss" (Ignaz Brüll), and "Frühlingslied" (Rubinstein)—Mdle Friedländer; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major (J. S. Bach); Trio, "Ave Maria" (Ed. Ch. Essex)—Mdle Friedländer, Mdle Redeker, and Mr Frederick Wood; Berceuse and Barcarolle (Aug. L. Tamplin); Songs, "Frühlings-gruss" and "Es war ein Traum (Lassen)—Mdle Redeker; Fantasia, *La Favorita* (Donizetti).

The third Ballad Concert of the season received the vocal support of Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, Mr Kempton, Mr Thornton, Miss Josephine Yorke, Mdme Lemmens, Mdme Sterling, Mdme Arabella Goddard, and the London Vocal Union. The selection was chiefly confined to old ballads—concerning which, in their manner of interpretation, we say nothing—and further included such novelties, as the ballad, "From his mother's nest" (*Pauline*), sung by Miss Yorke, who, it will be remembered, was the original Widow Melnotte in the opera; a charming new song by Arthur Sullivan, called "Sometimes," entrusted to Mr Edward Lloyd, and enoored unanimously; and a song by Molloy, in the "Vagabond" style, entitled "The King's Highway," and rendered by Mr Maybrick. Mr Sims Reeves was grandly successful in "My Pretty Jane" and "Tom Bowling;" and Mdme Goddard played some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* and a Fantasia on the "Vicar of Bray" in her unsurpassable style. The audience was one of the largest ever assembled at a Ballad Concert.

THE eleventh season of the concerts given at the Athenæum, Camden Town, commenced on Friday evening, the 26th January, under most favourable circumstances, the attendance being large and the artists good. The lady vocalists were Miss Singleton and Miss Jenny Pratt, who were "called" after each of their songs. Mr Carlos Florentine, in O. Barri's "Haul in the Bowline" was encoored. Mr Charles Lascelles gave "Robin Ruff" with much humour, and "One little Kiss." Both were encoored. Miss Lillie Albrecht, a great favourite at the Athenæum concerts, was the pianist, and by her excellent performance justified the reputation she has obtained. This clever young lady opened the concert with her brilliant arrangement of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," for which she received a unanimous "call." Miss Albrecht's second piece, on *Airs from Guillaume Tell*, well adapted to display her finished manipulation, won an "encore," to which she responded by her "Maiden's Tear," which drew down hearty applause. Miss De Solla gave two Readings—"The Curfew" and the "Heart's Charity." Miss De Solla enunciates with great distinctness, and was "called" to receive well-merited applause. Altogether the evening must have been satisfactory to the large audience. A. B.

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—A "chamber concert" was given in the Music Hall, by Mr Henry Stiehl, on Friday, the 26th ult., at which two well-known artists from Dublin, Herren Carl Bergson and Elsner, assisted. On the 9th of January there was a concert in the Ulster Hall, with Mdles Tietjens and Valleria, Signors del Puente, Bentham, and M. Musin. The *Messe Solennelle* of Gounod was given by the Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Henry Stiehl.

TORQUAY.—An interesting concert was given on Tuesday evening, 23rd January, by a lady, a great patroness of the fine arts generally, and of music in particular. It consisted mainly of concerted vocal music, including a few English glees, rendered in a way that left nothing to be desired. The vocalists were Miss Banks, Mad. Osborne Williams, Mr George Perren, and Mr Frederic Penna. The director and accompanist was Mr Wilhem Ganz, who varied the programme with some pianoforte pieces, including his new and brilliant Grand Galop de Concert, "Allons vite."

WOKINGHAM.—Mr T. S. Brown gave an evening concert in the Town Hall on Jan. 29th. The violin playing of Mdle Bertha Brouil pleased greatly. Mad. Worrell-Duval was encored in "The Maid of Neidpath;" Mr Christian was obliged to repeat "Nancy Lee," and was heard to advantage in "I fear no foe;" Mr H. L. Bennett and Mr Hunt (of the St George's Chapel, Windsor) did justice to their songs; and among the trios, &c., "Maiden fair, a word I pray" (Bishop), and "The Hawthorn in the Glade" (Sir S. Bennett), were well rendered by Mad. Duval, Mr Hunt, and Mr O. Christian. Miss E. Brown gave excellent aid in the vocal quartet, "When evening twilight" (Hatton) and "Slumber sweetly" (Eisenhofer). Mr W. E. Rogers was an able accompanist.

SALISBURY.—A concert was given on the 17th of January, in Hamilton Hall, by Mr Henry Cross (of Salisbury Cathedral). Mr Cross displayed his barytone voice to advantage in Meyerbeer's "Sei vendicata" (*Dinorah*), and, with Mr T. W. Hanson, in the duet "Love and War." Mr Cross also gave, with Mdme Cross-Lavers, Miss Reimar, and Mr Hanson, Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song." Mdle B. Brouil (violinist), and Mr John Cheshire (harpist), assisted. Mdme Cross-Lavers sang "Robin Adair," and Bishop's "Should he upbraid," besides joining Miss Reimar in Mendelssohn's, "I would that my love." Mr T. W. Hanson sang "Deeper and deeper still," and "Tom Bowling." Mdle Brouil, Mr John Cheshire, and Mr G. Thorne gave Gounod's "Meditation." Mdle Brouil played De Beriot's 9th violin concerto, and Mr G. Thorne Mendelssohn's "Andante and rondo capriccioso." Mr John Cheshire gave his fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor* and Parish Alvars "Fairy Dance," being "encored" in both. Mr Cheshire also played, with Mdle Brouil, a romance for violin and harp by Mr J. Parry Cole. Mr G. Thorne presided at the pianoforte.

DUBLIN.—On Saturday afternoon, January 27, Messrs Cramer & Wood afforded an opportunity to a very distinguished audience of hearing, in their Bijou Concert-room, Mr Charles Oberthür. The Ladies Spencer Churchill honoured the concert with their presence; and the audience also included the Countess of Howth and other distinguished persons. The concert commenced with a trio, composed by Mr Oberthür, for harp, violin, and violoncello (Mr Levey and Herr Elsner). Each movement was applauded. Mr Oberthür's harp-playing was splendid, and worthy of his high reputation, especially in a serenade and a fantasia by Parish Alvars. Mr Oberthür's duet, "La Prière," with Herr Elsner, was also finely played. Miss Pauline Elsner played the piano part in a duet for harp and piano on themes from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mrs Scott-Fennell sang Barnby's song, "When the tide comes in," and a romance, "I would I were," in which she had the advantage of a harp accompaniment from Mr Oberthür. Mr Walter Bapty sang songs by Mendelssohn and Gounod, and took part with Miss Bessy Herbert in Mendelssohn's duet, "Fond hours." Miss Herbert also sang Schubert's "Ave Maria," Mr Oberthür playing the accompaniment on the harp. The concert closed with a duet, "Erin go bragh," for harp (Mr Oberthür) and piano (Mdle Elsner).

AN OUTSIDER.

The race is won, Lord Beaconsfield
Send round about the fizzy,
Each noble crack, to you must yield
The field, the field is Dizzy.

B. B.

AUBER.

To-day the monument raised in the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise to the memory of Auber was inaugurated in the presence of a large and sympathetic assembly, comprising many brilliant members of the artistic circles of Paris. Although the ceremony took place five years after the death of the great composer, and the weather was little propitious, the memory of Auber was well honoured. I described to you some time ago the circumstances under which the memorial just uncovered was erected. The author of *La Muette de Portici* died at the crisis of the civil war of 1871, just at the moment when the Commune was being driven from its entrenchments. At that time his remains were placed in the vaults of the Church of the Trinity. After having been conveyed to the Cemetery of Montmartre, the body was finally deposited in the more fitting resting-place prepared for it in the French Westminster Abbey. I have before indicated the character of the monument raised to the memory of Auber; but, since that time, a fine gilt cross has been placed on the summit of the pyramid, which relieves the somewhat heavy effect that the whole formerly produced. Underneath the bust of Auber, which is itself a fine work of art, executed by the late M. Perraud, there are these words: "Auber, Daniel François Désiré, né à Caen le 29 janvier, 1792 (Qy.—D.P.), mort à Paris le 12 mai, 1871." Besides the delegates who attended the ceremony on behalf of the Parisian corporations, there were several from foreign cities, including London, Vienna, and Rome. The religious services commenced with the benediction of the monument by the Chaplain of the Cemetery, during which the well-known tenor, M. Boesquin, sang the "Pie Jesu." The Garde Républicaine took part in the musical part of the programme, under the direction of M. Sellenick. After the prayers and the sacred music, addresses were delivered by the Marquis of Chennevières, Vicomte Henri Delaborde, Baron Taylor, M. Ambroise Thomas, in the name of the National Academy of Music; M. Carvalho, in that of the Opéra-Comique; and the Maire of Caen, as the representative of the native town of the deceased composer. Amongst those present in the cemetery were MM. Gounod, Reber, A. Dumas, Comte de Nieuwerkerke, Ch. Garnier, de Flotow, Michel Masson, Victor Massé, Bazin, Léo Délibes; Lefeuil, the architect of the monument; De Beauplan, Ernest Legouvé, Mathieu Dumas, Emile Rety, Duprato, Chouquet, Wekerlin-Reyer, Ch. Lecocq, Offenbach, Montaubry, Roger, Capoul, Ismael, Du Locle, Perrin, Villaret, Achard, Caron, Melchisedec, A. Pothey, Hippolyte, Lyonnet, &c. I also observed the following distinguished ladies: Mesdames Gueymard, Vandenheuvél Duprez, Mauduit, Sasa, Carvalho, Bloch, Belval, Broisat, and Baratta. Before the company left the cemetery the grave was covered with crowns of immortelles, one of which stood out prominently, bearing the inscription "From the Students of the Conservatory." At the Opéra, Théâtre-Lyrique, and Opéra-Comique, special performances were given in commemoration of the event, all numerously attended. —Correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph," January 30th.

TO FRANCIS HUEFFER, ESQ.

Noun enveja fausso glori,
Ni l'or qu'en fai gau:
Co que m'agrado es la bori
Quante flambo moun fougau:
Siéu countènt de ma bastido,
Lou noum de pagès me vai;
Ma caro espouso es ma vido;
Es mon bonur, moun travai.
Lou vespre, quand me retire
Susarènt, sus lou lindau
Elo ven em' un sourrire,
M'eissuga de soun fadau.
Oh! coume la luno es claro
Quand l'espinchin pèr ensèn!
Lou rai que balso sa caro
Me refresco e me fai bèn;
Mi plase soun suau quouro
Di siéu sènte la sabour:
Que soun douço aquélis ouro,
Aquélis ouro d'amour!
Dou monde m'enchaute gaire;
Dins aquest pichot cantoun,
Siéu riche emé moun araire.
Ma femo e moun bastidoun;
L'oumbro es ben mai agradio
Quand descend de noste frai;
Dins noste prat quand arrivo,

L'aigro fresquejo ben mai;
Gens de pensado erivejouso
Destrassouno moun repau;
Dis aurasso verinouso
Noun ause lou siblet rau,
Mai la pas libro e courouso
Demoro dins moun oustan.
Basto chasco matinado
Countèmples dins si belu,
Lou cèn de nosto encontrado
Que n' i en a gens de tant blu!
Basto passo mi vihadou
Contro moun fio 'n babihant!
Basto, moun obro acabado,
M'endorme au lie de mi grand,
E moun ouro estènt sounado,
Ieu m'envole en bon crestian!
Moun amigo douço e caro
Posque lis iue me barra!
Quec de moun trepas encaro
Li paure poscon ploura;
Sone mi clar, la campano
Que sonnè moun bateja!
L'auciprès de ma cabano
Vengrè moun cros ousmreja,
E me couchon dins l'andano
Ount mi reire son déjà!

Düsseldorf.—Herr Johannes Brahms is said to have declined the post of Town Musical Director offered him by the Corporation.

Injunctions.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society print the following injunctions in each of their programmes :—

"Numerous complaints having been made of the great inconvenience experienced by those desirous of listening to the performances until their close, from persons quitting their places shortly before the conclusion, it is earnestly requested that no person will leave the Hall (except during the interval between the parts) until the termination of the Concert.

"In consideration of the sacred nature of the performance, the audience is requested to allow it to proceed without interruption from applause or encores."

Who obeys them? Nobody. Director Arthur S. Chappell, of the Monday Popular Concerts, prints an injunction in every one of his programmes, to similar purport—besides allowing five minutes between the penultimate and ultimate piece. Who obeyed it? Nobody. Consequently the sagacious director has lately omitted it from every one of his programmes.

Mr John Boosey, director of the London Ballad Concerts, prints no injunctions in any of his programmes. Who obeys? Everybody.

MORAL.—The public wont be constrained at concerts, any more than at operas. They who want to hear the music come early. They who go for "fashion," or for "chat," come when they please. They pay their money and do as they please. It is no use occluding portals previously patulous, for however brief a period. Your obedient servant,

Long.

[Lord Long may be right, or he may be the other thing. It is for him and the like of him to decide.—D. P.]

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Graphic.")

At a recent meeting of the general committee of this great Yorkshire festival, it was stated that the guarantee fund already amounts to £11,470—£4,000 in excess of that of 1874. Every amateur must regret to learn that circumstances will not allow of Mr Henry Smart's completing the secular cantata he had promised to write for the forthcoming occasion. In place of it the committee have accepted a work of similar character, composed by Mr Walter Austin, a native of Leeds, to words by Miss Hargreaves, also a native. The title of this new cantata is *The Fire King*. So far as arrangements are already made out, it is calculated that Wednesday morning will be devoted to *Eljah*; Wednesday evening to *The Fire King*, and a miscellaneous selection; Thursday morning to a secular concert, beginning with Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, and including a symphony, with other vocal and instrumental music; Friday morning to Professor Macfarren's oratorio, *Joseph*, composed expressly for the Leeds Festival; Friday evening to a miscellaneous concert, including a symphony; Saturday morning to a *Magnificent* and a *Motet*, by John Sebastian Bach, followed by Beethoven's *Christus am Ölberge (Mount of Olives)*. This is, unquestionably, a programme to be commended; and Professor Macfarren has good cause to rejoice in the magnificent fresh voices which created an impression in the choruses of his *John the Baptist*, three years ago, still vividly remembered. Doubtless in *Joseph* he will give them enough to do—not too much, however, it may well be credited, for their endurance and ability. Meanwhile, have not the Leeds committee, in their general deliberations, overlooked the fact that a certain musician of renown was also a native of Yorkshire?—that the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, who conducted their festival in 1858, and composed for it his exquisitely melodious *May Queen*, was born at Sheffield (not so very far from Leeds), and that he is the author of one of the purest, most highly-finished, and beautiful works ever allied to Scriptural text? It is singular that, while his country thought enough of Bennett to give him a resting-place among the great masters at Westminster Abbey, his county has let two local festivals pass over without bestowing a thought upon *The Woman of Samaria*.

With kind regards to our printers, the straight tip,
Give old Atlas himself two worlds he might trip.—B. B.

TOURS.—A new organ, built by M. Merklin, was recently inaugurated in the Cathedral before a large number of amateurs and others. Several talented musicians, including M. Tournailon, organist of Orleans, the Abbé Ply, formerly organist at Soissons, M. Dreyer, Châtellerault, and M. Steenman, of St Eustache's, Paris, tested the capabilities of the instrument.

Charles Halleantowrubinsteinsocean.

(To the Editor of the "Liverpoolmusicalworldcourier.")

SIR,—Our public has had the opportunity of listening to the biggest, anyhow longest, symphony out (it lasted an hour), by the Muscovite virtuoso and composer, Anton Rubenstein, and as the work contains a great deal of sparkingly uncertain, suppositiously descriptive matter, I wonder whether many would agree with me in thinking that, if it were styled *Troubled Waters*, its different movements might separately be named as below :—

Allegro maestoso...	Khiva.
Adagio	Taschkend.
Allegro	Kischeneff.
Adagio	Constantinople Conference
Scherzo-Presto }	and "Packing up."
Adagio }	Political Dead March.
Allegro }	Reforms at home.

[We have no objection.—A. S. S.]

£100 Reward.

For the rhyme, reason, and rhythm of the two amphigouris
subjoined—one hundred pounds reward.

Amphigouri No. 1.

In petticoats our men now walk about,
Not caring a pin for Miss Bloomer;
Miss Bloomer puts on the man's coat—
We shall all be alike the sooner.

Benwell.

Amphigouri No. 2.

When our young folks go out for a walk,
We can scarcely tell one from the other;
Alike in hat, ulster, and talk—
The difference is only a feather.

Wellben.

[One hundred pounds reward for the rhythm, reason, and
rhyme of the foregoing.—A. S. S.]

Nil Nisi.

DEAR D. P.—It has often struck me that a good deal of amusement, if not also matter for reflection, and, therefore, instruction, might be derived from a list which could be made of *Nisi Prius* errors, including some of those which have gone forth to the world, but more especially those which the vigilance of the Judges in *Banco* have nipped in the bud. Will no one undertake the task? Here is a good beginning, just come to hand :—Writing about a recent performance of Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 57, I alluded to the fact that the title "*Appassionata*," by which it has come to be known, is due to the invention of one Cranz, a music publisher of Hamburg, and expressed approbation that a nomenclature of which Beethoven himself was incognisant should have been expunged from certain recent editions. In the first brief sent to me, "*one Cranz, a music publisher of Hamburg*" came out "*our crazy and unwise publisher of Hamburg*;" and in the second there was still an error almost as ludicrous and almost as pertinent—viz., "*ONE CRAZY*," &c. Is not this enough? Yours, &c.,

SCRIBBLER.

Grubb Street.

[Scribbler should have sued for a writ of error, though it was, doubtless, the fault of his handwriting, which his formerly briefless barrister could not decipher. It is a *Nisi Prius* case, or at least one of simony. This would account for the occlusion of portals previously patulous.—D. P.]

UDDEVALLA, SWEDEN.—January 9, 1877.—Last Sunday a very great ceremony took place in the parish of Bro, when a new-built, splendid church was inaugurated. The above church is in the county of Mdlle Victoria Bunsen's father, and in the same parish where she had made her first communion. Mdlle Bunsen, at the request of the Archbishop, sang on this solemn occasion the beautiful hymn "*Hosanna*," for solo and chorus, and the contralto air from the oratorio, *Paulus*. Her beautiful voice produced such effect in the large and vast edifice that many eyes filled with tears. The day after this ceremony Mdlle Bunsen was presented with a paper, signed by all the members of the committee, expressing their thanks.—(Extract from a private letter.)

WAIFS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The lease of the Operahouse in the Haymarket was put up to auction on Thursday afternoon, at the Mart. The first bid was £10,000, but the property ran up to £26,000, that being the closing offer. Before the hammer fell, Mr Archibald Nagle, who had made the last bid, withdrew it, pleading that he had fallen into a mistake. The auctioneer declined to accept his withdrawal, and declared that as there was no other offer, he would have to hold him to it. Mr Nagle refused to sign the contract, but nevertheless the auctioneer declared the sale closed. Further particulars in our next.

Mad. Marie-Roze Perkins has been recently in Paris.

The Grand Theatre at Christiana has succumbed to fire.

The world would be silent if we talked as little as we think.

Félicien David's *Désert* will shortly be performed at Brussels.

The operas composed by Lauro (*Biorn*) Rossi number twenty-nine.

What paper should music be printed on? *Toned* paper.—Q. E. D.

Marchetti's *Gustavo Wasa*, revised, will produced at the Pergola, Florence.

Count Gabrielli, author of ballets, has received the Commander's Cross of the Venezuelan Order of Bolivar.

A new journal of "representative art" (theatrical), entitled *Carlo Goldoni*, will shortly be started at Bologna.

The question of the tax for the Poor on the Paris theatres will again be brought before the French Chambers.

The first twenty-five performances of *Paul et Virginie* at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, brought in 289,585 francs.

M. Sardou, intending to call his new comedy *L'Espionne*, being forbidden by the police, changed the name to *Dora*.

M. Massenet is putting the last touches to his oratorio, *La Vierge*, for which M. Ch. Grandmougin has supplied the text.

Sig. Ravera, now in Paris, is engaged on an opera, *Gli Schiavi di Roma*, of which Sig. Ghislanzoni has furnished the text.

The Sacred Harmonic Society announces for Friday, the 23rd inst., a miscellaneous selection from Handel, Mozart, &c.

M. Alexander Reichardt, the composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far," is now at Nice, *enfant gâté* of aristocratic salons.

M. C. P. H. Verdelle, known as M. Desplaces, stage-manager at the Royal Italian Opera, died, in Paris, on the 24th January.

Herr Johann Strauss has received an invitation to conduct ten concerts of the Madrid Society after his engagement at Paris.

The Kellogg English Opera Company began an engagement at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia (U.S.), on the 15th January.

Three new operas are to be produced in Italy: *Ara*, by Navarre; *Metilda*, by Scintino; and *La Figlia del Diavolo*, by D'Arienzo.

Señor Pablo de Sarasate, the violinist, recently passed through Berlin, on his road to Breslau, where he was to play at a concert.

The Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, will be sold by auction. The *Secolo* says it is mortgaged for 200,000, *Pungolo* states for 500,000 fr.

Signor Tamberlik, the Roman tenor at one time so popular here, is said to be engaged by Mr Mapleson for the approaching season at Her Majesty's Opera.

Handel's *Solomon* was performed on Friday night week by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Were not *Solomon* a very fine work, we should say, "Anything for a change."

Vivienne, a new three volume novel by our esteemed contributor, "Rita," published by Messrs Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, is going the round of the libraries.

Sig. Gomez has written Sig. Lauro Rossi, expressing his conviction that the failure of *La Contessa di Mons*, at the Scala, was due to an intrigue. This opinion is not shared by the public.

Mlle Victoria Bunsen and her sister Mlle Felicia Bunsen, the pianist are now giving concerts with great success at Christiana (Norway). They will return to London immediately.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, author of *Music and Morals*, says of Joseph Jefferson's Rip van Winkle: "I venture to say that, among the temperance lecturers of the day, Mr Jefferson has been most eloquent."

Imitation Limberger cheese is now an article of trade. "The man capable of counterfeiting Limberger cheese," observes the *Boston Courier*, "would be base enough to desert his wife and elope with his mother-in-law."

Mad. Trebelli has been singing in *Il Barbiere* at Stockholm, Herr Behrens being Basilio, and M. Henri Westberg, the Swedish tenor, Almaviva. The last-named intends quitting the Swedish for the French or Italian lyric stage.

A little Chicago four-year-old created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday School class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels was scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He is cross to strangers."

M. Sauvage Trudin, musical amateur, has died at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he brought out two comic operas of his own composition, *Les deux Cousines* and *Le Précepteur*. The first was subsequently performed at the Renaissance, Paris.

On a recent first-night in Paris, a young actress wore an exquisite new costume. "That must have cost at least 3,000 francs," said a lady in the stalls. "No, 2,500," replied her husband. His wife's eye being fixed upon him, he was silent.

M. Ph. Miry has written the libretto of a Flemish opera, *De Dichter en zijn Droombeeld*, in which the personages are the Ideal, the World, Pleasure, Riches, Force, Love, Glory, and Drunkenness. The hero succumbs to the last-named, but is saved by Repentance.

Herr Heinrich de Ahna, having received most pressing invitations to visit Frankfurt-on-the-Maine and Bremen, has been playing in those towns, with eminent success, the Violin Concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Max Bruch, Spohr's "Gesangscene," for the same instrument, and various other pieces.

Mr Gye has made arrangements, it is said, to produce M. Massé's new opera, *Paul et Virginie*, at Covent Garden during the forthcoming season, with Mme Adeline Patti as Virginie and M. Capoul (the original in Paris) as Paul. Signor Gayarre, the much disputed tenor, is positively engaged for the Royal Italian Opera.

During the four months of September, October, November, and December, there were at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, 95 performances of 38 operas by 22 different composers, including Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Spohr, Rubinstein, Taubert, Nicolai, Cherubini, Auber, Halévy, Gounod, Thomas, Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi.

The master stage-carpenter of days gone by gave place to the more dignified official who has figured in play-bills as "machinist." In consequence of the complicated nature of modern stage appliances, it seems probable that the machinist in his turn will soon have to yield to the "stage-engineer." The example has been given by the Theatre Royal, Munich, where a stage-engineer entered on his functions with the first day of the present year.

A dramatic performance was given at King's Cross Theatre on Saturday, December 30th, by the pupils of Mme Cécile. Byron's comedy, £100,000, was given. Several of the young actors did credit to their teacher. Between the parts "My Pretty Jane" and a comic song were introduced—an unnecessary torture. The performance concluded with the farce of *Old and Young*, in which Mlle Sophie, a little girl of ten (who looked quite fifteen), appeared.

—W. A. J.
MR AND MRS GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The fairy sketch, entitled *Our Doll's House*, which was produced as a holiday attraction, will be withdrawn at the end of next week, and a novelty called *A Night Surprise* substituted on Monday, February 12th. Mr West Cromer is the author, and Mr German Reed composes the music. *Matched and Mated*, which is as attractive as ever, and Mr Corney Grain's new sketch, *Spring's Delights*, will retain their places in the programme.

M. Albert de Lasalle has just published an interesting book, entitled: *Mémoires du Théâtre-Lyrique*. It is an exhaustive history, told by the works produced, of this theatre for "young" composers, from its foundation down to 1870, under the successive managements of MM. Mirecour and Adolphe Adam, Seveste, Carvalho, Réty, and Pasdeloup. The total receipts of the theatre, dating from the first night, amount to 12,981,491 francs, 45 centimes; the number of performances was 5,670, the average nightly receipts were 2,239 francs; the 182 operas played (121 new and 61 old) give a total of 405 acts; and among the composers 138 were French; 18, German; 15, Italian; 9, Belgian; 1 Dutch, and 1 English.

Herr R. Wagner has issued an address to his adherents calling upon them to resuscitate the Wagnerian Societies, which worked so well for the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances last year at Bayreuth. He wishes the societies to be permanently organised with a view to assuring the continuation of performances of the above "model" description, by disposing of a thousand patronal cards at 100 marks, or about five pounds, a-piece, each card to admit the bearer to one series of performances. In addition to this, the Composer of the Future modestly calls upon the German Parliament to vote him an annual subvention of 100,000 marks, on the ground that, by granting this subvention, the Parliament would be simply fulfilling a sacred duty, when so many local enterprises of only second and third rate importance are liberally assisted out of the national funds.

The following are the ages of some Italian art journals: *L'Omnibus*, 43; *Il Pirata*, 44; *Il Cosmoramo*, 42; *La Gazzetta dei Teatri*, 39; *La Fama*, 36; *La Gazzetta Musicale*, 32; *L'Arpa* and *Il Trovatore*, 24; *Il Monitore dei Teatri* and *Il Sistro*, 17; *La Frusta teatrale*, 12; *Il Mondo artistico*, *Il Teatro*, and *L'Arlecchino*, 11; *L'Arte drammatica*, 8.

Despite the unsatisfactory state of his health, M. Victor Massé is not content to repose on the success achieved by *Paul et Virginie*. He is now completing *La Nuit de Cléopâtre*, the book by M. Jules Barbier. He is also re-modelling *Les Saisons*, which will prove more successful when it is revived than when it was first produced at the Opéra-Comique.

Mlle CORANI at the LIVERPOOL AMPHITHEATRE.—Mlle Corani, who has already won golden opinions by her brilliant and charming singing, and her no less delightful and intelligent acting, appeared to the greatest advantage as Giralda (in Adolphe Adam's opera, so-called), a part for which she is as eminently qualified, as its music is suited to her particular style. She was immensely successful, singing the extremely difficult and trying music with equal ease and precision. In the *finale* of the second act and the closing air of the opera, which contain passages of such difficulty and brilliancy as must prove a crucial test for any singer, this clever young lady was thoroughly satisfactory, her execution being faultless. Mlle Corani's acting throughout was most vivacious, and her by-play very clever. The encores were amply merited, but it is too bad that music so fatiguing and trying to the singer should be demanded.—*Liverpool Daily Courier*.

Speaking of the Soldene Opéra-bouffe company at Washington, the critic of the *Capital* says:—"The troupe is a museum of anatomy—no, no, we don't mean that—a museum of curiosities interesting to contemplate, instructive to behold. Soldene is a big thing of herself, as we heard one of the detailed firemen remark, and the little Dutch girl savours quite strongly of Aimée. If she were prettier, and could sing a little better, and her vivacity were a little more natural, she would be famous. There were a dozen or so of human, healthy, handsome girls, and a female who kicked in a style unparalleled in the annals of gymnastic experience. She can kick off her back hair every time, and seems never wearied of the diversion. It is truly marvellous that that girl hasn't broken her leg before now." The critic of the *Sunday Herald* appears to be of a more susceptible nature, for he exclaims: "Oh, such a chorus! Arms that would provide the despoiled Venus of Milo, grace that restored the Antinous to its true sex, bright eyes, features of the Saxon type, a bevy of English beauty, fit to make one take a higher view of the race, such as the pencil of Tenniel lingers over."

The full orchestral scores of two hundred Italian operas have just been added to the library of the Paris Conservatory. As it is not customary in Italy to publish the full scores of the works produced there, and as consequently there exist only a small number of copies, which the managers of the different theatres lend each other, it may easily be conceived that operas achieving only a doubtful success soon become rare. Among the twenty-two scores by Rossini which figure in the acquisition, it would probably be difficult to find now-a-days elsewhere *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, *L'Equivoco stravagante*, *L'Inganno felice*, &c., which are "comic farces" written by the composer in his youth. There are, also, *Armida*, *Adelaide*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Matilde di Shabran*, *Mosè rinnovato*, &c. Donizetti is represented by seventeen operas: *Gianni di Calais*, *Le Nozze in Villa*, *Olio e Pasquale*, *L'Esule di Roma*, &c. Mercadante contributes eleven operas, of which the Conservatory previously possessed no copies: *Anacreonte*, *Gabriella di Vergy*, *I Briganti*, &c. There is, also, one opera by Meyerbeer, *Romilda e Costanza*, and one by Cherubini, *Il Giuocatore*. Among others whose works figure in the collection, are Abos, Ascoli, Bellini, Carafa, Coccia, Coppola, Farinelli, Fioravanti, Generali, Guglielmi, Della Maria, Morlacchi, Pacini, Paer, Pavesi, Ricci, Salieri, Zingarelli, &c. All the scores were purchased in Florence—thanks to M. Wekerlin.

STUTTGART.—The number of new students entered last autumn at the Conservatory of Music, which is under the direct patronage of the King of Wurtemberg, amounted to 190. The total number of students at present is 668, being 35 more than at the same time last year. Of these, 211 intend to become professional musicians. 367 belong to Stuttgart, and 36 to the rest of Wurtemberg. Baden sends 19; Bavaria, 8; Hesse, 3; Prussia, 19; Bremen, 2; the German Duchies and Principalities send 3; Austria sends 4; Switzerland, 29; France, 3; Great Britain, 31; Italy 1; Holland, 2; Russia, 13; Spain, 2; North America, 62; South America, 2; and India, 2. In the winter half-year, 840 lessons are given weekly by 32 masters, 7 assistant masters, and 3 mistresses.

WIESBADEN.—A new opera, *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*, by Herr Bernhard Scholz, has been produced at the Ducal Theatre.

MILAN.—*La Contessa di Mons* has been followed, at the Scala, by Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, with Signore Fossa, Contarini, Barton, Signori Gyarre, and Merly in the leading characters. Mad. Sass has been engaged, and will appear in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

HAMBURG.—After conducting his Symphony, "Ländliche Hochzeit," at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, Herr Carl Goldmark will visit this city to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, shortly to be performed at the Stadttheater.

CANNES.—"La bonne ville de Cannes"—says the *Paris Figaro*—has the privilege of uniting in its society a number of most aristocratic members. Unfortunately, amusements are not very numerous in the town; but its traditional torpor was lately broken into by the arrival of MM. Gustave Garcia and Paul Viardot, who together gave a concert at the Cercle Nautique, which attracted the *élite* of the colony. The brilliant success these talented artists met with proved how able they were to preserve the traditions of an illustrious musical family. The fine voice and, above all, the perfect method of M. Garcia in the air from *Galathée*, "Tristes amours," as well as in "Eri tu" (*Ballo in Maschera*), was the theme of general praise, and he was rewarded with loud and unanimous applause after both. It is a pity so valuable an artist should have selected London instead of Paris for his residence. In the latter city his place among our greatest singers is marked out for him. M. Paul Viardot, in his execution of the "Hymne de Haydn," with variations by Léonard, revealed powers as a violinist of the highest order; and he afterwards played a Cavatina by Raff and the "Bohémienne," the composition of Mme Pauline Viardot. M. Viardot was unanimously "called" at the conclusion.

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14 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in C	3 0
15. FINALE, 2nd Act, "Champagne, Sparkling Wine"	- 4 0
16. SONG, "To-day we'll happy be"	- 3 0
16 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F	3 0
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VOL. 55.—No. 4.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The THIRTEENTH of the Series of SATURDAY CONCERTS and AFTERNOON PROMENADES will take place on SATURDAY, February 3, 1877. In Commemoration of MENDELSSOHN'S BIRTHDAY. The Programme will include: Overture, "The Wedding of Camacho" (Mendelssohn); Concerto, for violin and orchestra (Mendelssohn); The Scotch Symphony (Mendelssohn); Adagio, in E, for strings, from an unpublished Symphony (Mendelssohn); Overture, *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn). Vocalists—Mr Edward Lloyd; the Crystal Palace Chord. Solo Violin—Herr Joachim. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Reserved (numbered) Stalls, in Area and Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Area or Gallery Seats (unnumbered), One Shilling. Transferable Stall Tickets for the Series of Thirteen Concerts, One Guinea.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, St JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY next, Jan. 31, at Eight o'clock. One part of the programme will be devoted to the popular Songs of Ireland. Artists—Mme Sherrington, Mme Cave-Ashton, and Mme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Mme Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets of Austin, 81 James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSEY & Co., 255, Regent Street.

HERR HERMANN FRANK'S SECOND SERIES of CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS will take place at the ROYAL ACADEMY of MUSIC (new Concert Room), 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, on January 30 and February 13. To commence at Eight o'clock. Programme: Sonata, F dur, Op. 8, for piano and violin (Edward Grieg), piano—Miss Henry, violin—Herr Franke; Songs, (a) "Es war einmal ein König" (Rubinstein), (b) "Der du von dem Himmel bist" (Liszt)—Miss Helene Arnim; Spinnerlied am dem *Fliegender Holländer* (Wagner—Liszt)—Miss Henry; Quartet, B dur, Op. 67 (Brahms), first time—violin—Herr Franke and Van Praag, viola—Herr Hollander, violoncello—Herr Daubert; Songs, (a) "Grüner Frühling kehre ein" (Esser), (b) "Love has eyes" (Bishop)—Mme Mathilde Zimmerli; Trio, B dur (Schubert), piano—Miss Richards, violin—Herr Franke, violoncello—Herr Daubert. Conductor—Herr SAMSON. Herr Franke's Violin School, 1, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. Engagements for the Quartet Party of Herren Franke, Van Praag, Hollander, and Daubert, may be made on application to Herr FRANK.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—THIRD SESSION, 1876-7. THIRD MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, Feb. 5. At Five p.m. precisely, a Paper will be read by JAMES HIGGS, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon., on John Sebastian Bach's "Art of Fugue."

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WILHELMJ CONCERTS.—MR THEODOR HERR-MANN begs to announce that HERR WILHELMJ, the eminent Violinist, having just Returned from the Continent, will commence a GRAND CONCERT TOUR (under his direction) through England, Scotland, and Ireland, on FEBRUARY 7. All Letters, Communications, &c., to be addressed to

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MISS ROBERTSON will sing RANDEGGER'S new Canzone, "MARINELLA," at the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, on Tuesday, Feb. 6.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

MISS FANNY ROBERTSON will sing HENRY SMART'S popular Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Bedford, Jan. 29; Northampton, Jan. 30; Rochdale, Jan. 31; Stratford-on-Avon, Feb. 1; and Cambridge, Feb. 2.

"THE MARINERS."

MISS ROBERTSON, MR JAMES SAUVAGE, and MR HENRY POPE will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "THE MARINERS" ("I NAVIGANTI"), at Bedford, Jan. 29; Northampton, Jan. 30; Rochdale, Jan. 31; Stratford-on-Avon, Feb. 1; and Cambridge, Feb. 2.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Southsea, Feb. 5 and 6; Brighton, Feb. 9; West Bromwich, Feb. 12; Birmingham, Feb. 13; and Cambridge, Feb. 22.

"KILLARNEY."

MISS CATHERINE PENNA will sing BALFE'S popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Mr Henry Nicholson's Concert, Leicester, on Tuesday, Feb. 27.

"THE MARINERS."

MISS ADELA VERNON, MESSRS C. WADE and CHOLMELEY JONES will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "THE MARINERS" ("I NAVIGANTI"), at Oxford, Jan. 30.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR ARTHUR WADE will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Oxford, on Jan. 30.

SIGNOR BONETTI has Returned to Town, and requests that all communications be addressed to him to the care of Messrs D. DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

MR E. W. DOYLE has Removed to 82, ALBANY STREET, Regent's Park, N.W., where he begs that all communications and ENGAGEMENTS may be sent.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR ALFRED BAYLIS will sing the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on February 13, at the New Town Hall, Kilburn, and Every Evening during his forthcoming Tour.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," during this month at Stroud, Gloucester, Taunton, Exeter, Plymouth, Torquay, Worcester, Chepstow, Hereford, Swansea, Newport, and Southport.

"WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA."

MISS CATHERINE PENNA and MR FREDERIC PENNA will sing HENRY SMART'S celebrated Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at the Town Hall, Shoreditch, on Jan. 30.

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MR W. DORRELL begs to inform his Pupils and Friends that he has Returned to Town for the Season.—25, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square.

MR ARTHUR SHELLEY (Primo Tenore) announces his Return to England after a five years' career as Operatic Singer in Italy (Milan, Turin, Bologna, &c.). For Concert, Opera, or Oratorio ENGAGEMENTS, or further particulars, address—14, Everett Street, Russell Square.

MDME ENRIQUEZ begs that all communications be addressed to her at No. 5, OAKLEY SQUARE, N.W.

MR WILFORD MORGAN requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to his residence, 18, Surrey Street, W.O.

MR GERARD COVENTRY (Tenor), having returned to Town from his Provincial Tour, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios or Concerts. Address—Care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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Sad sounds the harp now.
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Let each speak of the world as he finds it.
Sing me the songs that I loved long ago.
The Piquet.

The Wild, White Rose.
A boatman's life for me.
My Lily.
Sing, dearest, sing.
Many weary years ago.
Return of the Exile.
Glory or the Grave.
The Alpine Hunter.
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ZUMMERZETSHIRE CHURCH ZINGING.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Zur,—Cumming out o' church last Zunday night I zaid to Till—
you're hard I ta'k avore o' Till—"I'll write," zaid I, "to th' Lun'on
editur about th' doings in thik church o' ourn." "Willum," zays
Till, "do'e think yourself scholur enow vor th' geh'leman and his
readurs?" "He be a man," zays I, "what doant care a straw about
turning zo long as truth and right-veeling be thur. I've hurd'n zay
that the depth o' zentimunt wur often vound wi'out th' froath o'
wurds on th' top." "But do'e think," anzurd Till, "that religiun
be a proper ta'k vor a musical paper?" "Aint music," zaid I
warmly, "zum'et like religiun? Least ways I vind it zo when it
cumes creeping an' a-stealing on my ears. Then I veel as if th'
good spiruts wur a-ta'king to me, and lifting up the curtain that
hides t'other world, showing me a zight o' a bit on't, and making
me gasp vor th' pure air in't, zo that I might become vit vor you,
Till, vor I be sure you belong to th' angial land. If music, my dear,
baint religiun, it be sureluy hur survant, vor it wearuth heav'n's
livery. Zing to me, Till! Zing do'e now this minute!" "Lawks,
Willum!" broke in Till, "how beautivul you do ta'k and go on!
If the Lun'on volk cou'd on'y hear'e as I do they wou'd—" "
Well, what!" zaid I. But our ta'k wur stopped by a vunny
noise like burds. "Twarnt th' zolemn zong o' th' nightingul, but a
purty chirping, all th' world like bussing. I wont zay anothur
ward more, vor vulgar courting can't intrest any readurs o' yourn.
I want to tell'e moastluy about th' zinging at church; but thur be
things what lead up to 't. I zuppose all tales, like dumplings, must
'ave a' outside to cut drou avore th' vruit be got at. I promise'e
my pasty sha'n't be thick or heavy.

The vicar now o' our parish cume a'ter a kind ould gen'leman
what lived long wi' us very much beluv'd, and who died wi' th'
notion he wur going to join his vlock, buried by him one a'ter
anothur, in a sure and zertain hope ov a life to cume. Well, when
th' new p'eson got hur, he zays everything wur gone wrong, yet thur
wur more love then than now a good deal. He zaid a gurt many
hard wurds—some on 'um I cou'dn't make out—and he begun to
knock th' ould place about. He tore down th' gurt pews, aye, and
th' squire's too; and he pull'd down the galluries—both the zide 'nes
and th' zingurs', he cut off a bit o' th' pulpit to make 't lowur,
and put it undur th' communion tabul to make 't highur, and had
a' organ placed near 't; and got boys an' men dress'd up like his-self,
wi' white gowns on, to zing an' bow an' scrape. At vurst th' volks
gaped wi' thur mouths wide open at it; then they got to like 't, and
zaid "light wur cume." But it turn'd out 'twar on'y a dim zort o'
light, vor zome begun to zay th' vicar halted by th' wayzide. Then
they started to build a new church, and a grand 'un they've got,
sureluy! 'Twar open'd t'other day. Thur be a high towur, and
such a peal o' bells in 't! I assure 'e you can't hear th' tinkling o'
th' parish bells—at least, I cou'dn't Zunday when I went thur wi'
Till. But 'taint on'y bells, but ev'rything they've got to beat th'
vicar, and drain th' parish church o' peopul. You'll zee sometimes
at a vair that th' biggest show aint got th' best custom. A littul
'un alongzide, making a gurt noise, wi' plenty o' lights and picturs,
an' th' showmen in smart toggs 'ull cut t'others out completeluy.
Well, our ould church be left nigh bare 'cause thur be more vinery
at th' new 'un. The vicar on'y guve a taste, and not a veast.

When I an' Till got inzide last Zunday night we wur stunned.
The vust thing I look't at wur th' lights—fire o' any zort draws th'
eyes, doant it? Well, on th' tabul they now call the altar wur a
rare zight o' flowurs an' lights; littul and gurt canduls wur burning
zo close together as to make one big vlame, an' th' altar to look all
a-blaze. It guve enow light to zee ev'ry thing in th' church, and
bring out the purty colours in th' marbul pillurs. You wou'dn't
believe't, I didnt know Mr Simmonds, what keeps a doctur's shop,
when he cume to show uz a zeat, vor he had on a black vrock as
reach'd down to his heels, an' carried a long stick; and vinely he
grizzled us when he puts Till in one pew and I in anothur, as if he
wur avraid we should be a-courting instead of praying. Presuntly
th' organ struck up, and I hurd zingers outzide that cume in two

and two, zinging as loud as they cou'd a rattuling tune. And a gurt
noise they made when they wur all inzide; I assure 'e it quite
warm'd me, for music sturs the blood like wind do watur. The
organ did roar an' rumbul as if it tried to swallur up th' zingurs;
but the people cume to hup'em, an' ev'rybody shouted like ranturs.
When I saw Bill Snookes cume in a-carrying a gurt flag, I a'most
shouted "hoorray!" vor he look'd like Sam the blacksmith holdin'
up the flag as the club walks o' Whit-Munday. In vact, it zeeded a
zort o' club-walk, on'y instead of scarves and bows they wore white
smock-vrocks wi' black petticuts. But what a vunny prank yung
Jim Hodge wur a-doing. He drowed about clouds o' zome'ut vrom
a thing like a gurt silver peppur box. I won't zay what antics they
did all drou th' zarvice, vor they tell I they be symbuls o' things I
doant un'erstand, but I do hope they will vind in 'em the gurt
REALITY.

I thought I shou'd a-relished th' music, vor at vust it made my
blood tingul wi' pleasure; but zomehow I got used to the noise
and vound no music in 't. 'Twar like a cloud o' steam made o'
boiling a morsel of vood. Thur wur a peck o' noise to a grain o'
music. The zingers and peopul zang as loud as they cou'd th' air
o' th' tune, and nothing else. Till zays—and she reads notes like a
ha'penny book—this kind o' music be called *unison*. It may now
and then be good, but if the zingurs can zing in *parts*, why make 'em,
boys and girls, men and women, shout always the zame notes? It
zounds coarse and commun. True it be, that when a'ter the diff'
frunt voices 'ave been running about, in an' out, now mixing then
falling away, now joining then parting, I veel it moighty grand to
hear 'em all meet together an' zay th' zame words as wi' one voice.
But it mustn't be of'en or it zounds like bullying. Music in *parts* I
vancy be like a happy vamily, o' which th' bass and trebul be rather
and mothur, an' t'other parts the chil'ren. Aint it beautivul to hear
'em in worship answer one anothur zo lovingly, and then hug zo
close together as if they were on'y one. On their diff'runt voices,
diff'runt prayurs and hopes seem to go up a-vloating to heav'n like a
cloud o' many colours. The zounds I hear in vields and woods b'aint
in what's called *unison*. Ev'ry tree, as the wind blows drou't,
pitches his tune in 's own key; and each zort o' burd in the branches
zings his own kind o' zong. To make all zounds the zame wou'd be
like painting sky an' earth one colour. Well, in this new church o'
ourn they be trying to do zome'ut like it in zinging. All on 'em,
bass, tenur, countur, an' trebul, zing the zame notes. But the organ
player he plays in *parts*, an' how he does lash 'em wi' 'em. The
parts seem to be separate thongs o' a gurt big whip wi' which he
beats the zingers to make 'em cry out hardur and loudur.

I be, zur, yourn to cummand,

WILLUM SYKES.

February 6th, 1877.

ART IN HOSPITALS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—All who have any acquaintance with the interiors of our
London hospitals must have been struck by the excessive dreariness
of most of the wards. It is time that this should be remedied. A
little energy on the part of a few philanthropists and artists, aided
by subscriptions from the general public, would suffice to accomplish
this improvement. I advocate the brightening of the wards and the
cheering of their inmates by the addition of suitable pictures,
plate, bronzes, carvings, bric-à-brac, old armour, china, sculpture,
ornamental clocks, fancy glass, tasteful glazed tiles, and other art
decorations of all sorts.

To promote this object I will give a hundred guineas, provided
that a thousand other donors each subscribe an equal or a larger
sum before the 1st of May, 1877. A responsible committee being
formed, I believe that Messrs Roberts, Lubbock, & Co. will act as
bankers to this fund. Soon I hope that some public place will be
granted as a provisional storehouse of and exhibition for art contri-
butions, previous to their distribution to the hospitals of London.
Intending donors, contributors, and subscribers are invited to
communicate with

J. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON.

34, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

[We invite especial attention to this benevolent and admirable
idea.—D. P.]

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

I have lately found myself in the position of those of our officers in the Crimean War who were called away from their duty by "urgent private affairs." However, I am now back again at my post, and, on the strength of the maxim: Better late than Never, will at once proceed to give you some account of the inauguration of Auber's Monument, the work of M. Lefuel, which has been erected by the composer's friends and admirers on the right hand side of the principal pathway in the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise, and at a spot not very far from the graves of Rossini, Lefébure-Wély, Alfred de Musset, Visconti, Arago, and other celebrated men connected with art. Within a gilt iron railing stands a black marble pyramidal pillar, the pedestal of which is ornamented with a lyre intertwined with laurel wreaths. On the top of the pillar is a cross. On the sides of the pyramidal pillar the names of all the deceased composer's works are engraved in gold letters. A little in advance of the pillar I have mentioned there is a smaller one surmounted by Auber's bust, copied from Dantan's original by M. Perraud, who died a short time ago. Below the bust is inscribed:

AUBER

DANIEL-FRANÇOIS-ESPRIT

Né à Caen

Le 29 Janvier

1782

Mort à Paris le 12 Mai

1871.

(Auber, Daniel-François-Esprit, Born at Caen, the 29th January, 1782; Died at Paris, the 12th May, 1871.) A long time previous to the hour fixed for the ceremony, a large crowd, including a great number of composers, singers, actors, and journalists, had collected to pay a last tribute of respect to him who so worthily represented French lyric art. At three o'clock precisely, a priest solemnly blessed the Monument. The band of the Republican Guard, under their bandmaster, M. Sellenick, then performed the overture to *La Muette de Portici*. This was followed by a "Pie, Jesu," the words of which were adapted to the canticle from *Le Domino Noir*, the singers being the Students of the Conservatory, under the direction of M. Jules Cohen. The solo portion found an admirable interpreter in M. Rosquin, of the Grand-Opéra.

One great feature in the proceedings were, of course, the speeches, for, as we all know, no burial of any importance would be considered complete in France without an oratorical display of some sort. First came M. Chénnevières, in the name of the Minister of Public Instruction, and M. François, in that of the Academy of Fine Arts. To them succeeded M. Berthault, a member of the Senate and the Mayor of Caen, who spoke in the name of Auber's birth place, and drew a felicitous comparison between Auber and Boieldieu, both of whom were natives of Normandy. The other speakers were M. Ambroise Thomas, as Chairman of the Monument Committee and Director of the Conservatory; M. Maquet, in the name of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers; Baron Taylor, as the head of the Association des Artistes Musiciens; M. Halanzier, as Manager of the Grand-Opéra; and M. Carvalho, as Manager of the Opéra-Comique. At the conclusion of the speeches, M. Vaucorbeil, in the name of the Society of Musical Composers, placed a large gold laurel wreath on the tomb; the Students of the Conservatory offered an immense crown of *immortelles* bearing the words "*A Auber, les Elèves du Conservatoire*;" and the band of the Republican Guard a crown of jet. The Students sang the Prayer from *La Muette* and the band played the overture to *La Sirène*. With this the ceremony terminated.

In the evening, performances in honour of Auber were given at the Grand-Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, and the Théâtre-Lyrique. At the first-named theatre, the programme included the overture and part of the second act of *La Muette*, fragments from *Don Juan* and *Faust*, the ballet from *Gustave III.*, and the overture to *Le Serment*. During the act from *La Muette* the composer's bust was crowned by all the members of the company. *Fra Diavolo* was played at the Opéra-Comique. M^{me} Brunet-Laffeur also sang the canticle from *Le Domino Noir*, and all the artists

defiled round the composer's bust, presented to M. Carvalho by Dantan's widow. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, M. Vizentini offered his patrons the overtures to *La Muette* and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*; the bolero from *Le Domino Noir*, sung by M^{me} Sallard; the air from *Acton*, sung by M^{lle} Marcus; the "Sleep" air from *La Muette*, sung by M. Michot; the duet "*Amour sacré de la Patrie*," sung by the same gentleman and M. Bouhy; and some verses entitled "*Hommage à Auber*," written by M. Armand Silvestre, and spoken by M. Lepers. Such were the honours rendered by Paris to Daniel-François-Esprit Auber on the 29th January, 1877.

The prophets who announced some time ago that M. Ch. Lecocq would never do anything equal to his earlier works appear to have been somewhat premature. Such is the opinion of very many and very competent judges who attended the first performance at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, on the 3rd inst., of *La Marjolaine*, which was enthusiastically received. Indeed, had not modern theatrical custom cast a slight suspicion on, and consecrated, so to speak, with a halo of doubt, first-night manifestations, I should feel sorely tempted to say that *La Marjolaine* will prove without exception as popular as anything its composer ever produced.

The libretto is by MM. Vanloo and Leterrier, who, provided they could supply M. Lecocq with something amusing, which would allow him full scope for the exercise of his musical faculty, appear to have been of opinion that the end sanctifies the means. In this, however they are simply following the example set them by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, *et hoc genus omne*. Here is a slight epitome of their plot, arranged for persons of delicate taste and timid susceptibilities. In the interests of society, the Municipality of Brussels, so we are told, once instituted an annual prize for the most virtuous member of the gentler sex within the limits of their jurisdiction. This prize, a medal, has been carried off for many years in succession by *La Marjolaine*, and, at the commencement of the piece, she is about to compete for it again, despite the fact that, for no inconsiderable period, she has been the wife of a wealthy gentleman, Baron Vanderbloom, and that married ladies are, by the fact of their marriage, generally precluded from entering the lists. But matrimony has not disqualified *La Marjolaine*, who is as innocent as ever. Indeed, she is such a model of purity that her husband boasts about it rather inconsiderately to Annibal, the president of a terrible society to which the Baron himself formerly belonged, and which is entitled the *Société des gais Célébataires*. The motto of the members is: War to Husbands. In consequence of certain insulting doubts expressed by Annibal, the Baron makes a wager of all he possesses that neither Annibal nor all the jolly bachelors who ever scoffed at virtue will be able, within a stated time, to triumph over *La Marjolaine's* scruples, and induce her to deceive her husband. *La Marjolaine* overhears the wager. Indignant with the Baron for putting such an affront upon her, she determines to punish him. She makes a secret agreement with Annibal, whom she allows to boast—falsely of course—that he has won his wager. Enraged at her supposed infidelity, the Baron turns her out of doors and forfeits all his property to Annibal, who kindly finds employment for him as a scullion. While the Baron is fulfilling the duties of a "gentleman help" in the beautiful country house which was once his own, *La Marjolaine* arrives with Frickel, a foster brother and clockmaker, who is madly in love with her, and with whom she has entered into partnership—commercially. She is still, however, as eligible as ever for the medal, though the Baron refuses to believe so, and, worked up to fury at the sight of one he thinks so perfidious, rushes off for a divorce to the Burgomaster. That civic dignity obliges him without more ado. But, when the Baron returns, Annibal, gained over by *La Marjolaine's* remonstrances, reveals the truth. The Baron is at first overjoyed. Very soon, however, he receives a rude shock. *La Marjolaine*, now free to choose whom she prefers, declares she scorns to return to one who has tested her so cruelly, and bestows her hand upon Frickel, whom she has loved from girlhood.

The music is exceedingly bright and sparkling, and, as before stated, is pronounced as good as, if not better than, anything we have yet had from the pen of M. Ch. Lecocq. Among the best numbers may be cited a chorus sung by the fair aspirants for the medal: "*Baissons les yeux modestement*," very pretty and very

original; another chorus: "Voici la médaille, c'est un vrai soleil;" a ballad sung by Mlle Théo; the song:

"Il est bien gentil, quand on s'aime,
De se promener dans les blés;"

a duet:

"C'était le soir,
Il faisait noir,"

and a second song:

"Monsieur, je vous en supplie,
Ne me regardez pas ainsi."

But, were I to name everything rapturously applauded in the course of the evening, I should occupy more space in your columns than you would care to afford me.

The cast was admirable. Mlle Granier had returned expressly from St Petersburg to play the part of the heroine, for M. Lecoq refused to allow his piece to be performed without her. The event proved he was right. Anything more elegant, more graceful, and more captivating generally than her impersonation it is difficult to conceive. Mlle Théo sustained the part of Aveline, a young lady who is not quite so solicitous as La Marjolaine for prize-medals awarded in the name of impregnable virtue. M. Berthelier as the Baron was inimitable. The other characters found able representatives in MM. Pujet, Hervier, Caliste, and Vauthier. The orchestra and chorus did their duty well. The scenery is enchanting. The dresses combine gorgeousness with good taste. Sum total: A big success.

MR ERNST PAUER'S LECTURES.

Yesterday afternoon, in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum, Mr Ernst Pauer began another course of the lectures to women which have for several years past done good service in spreading a knowledge of musical art. The present series has an object eminently useful, viz.—"To point out the most practical manner of teaching music; to indicate the readiest manner of recognising the requirements of the pupil, and of attaining an entirely satisfactory result." With this end in view, the six lectures comprising the course deal respectively with "Musical talent and its development;" "The art of teaching;" "The art of practising;" "The choice of pieces;" "The musical course;" and "The art of reading at sight and the development of memory." Having regard to the degree in which music is taught by ladies, the value and importance of such lessons from an eminent professor are great, and the expectation is reasonable that the opportunity will be eagerly seized. Mr Pauer's introductory lecture could hardly have been more full of admirable suggestions, drawn from his own large experience, as to the early treatment of pupils. Amongst other things, the need for accurately measuring the extent and character of a learner's powers was pointed out, as was the importance of a careful choice of music, and of special treatment in the case of students who are dull or slow. Briefly, the lecture, while unpretending and of short duration, could not fail to prove in a high degree beneficial to those whom it specially concerned. Mr Pauer's remarks were, as usual, relieved by the performance of a selection of pianoforte music—in itself a valuable lesson. The programme included Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 22), Chopin's Ballade in G minor, and several studies by Köhler, Taubert, &c., all of which were played with a skill that, seeing who was the performer, needs no assertion. The lectures will be continued weekly.—*D. T., Feb. 7.*

ST VALENTINE.*

This month the venturous crocus
Peeps from the snowy ground,
And often bending by his side
The snowdrop fair is found.
She watches him all tenderly,
While standing in the cold,
And he to her admiring eyes
Displays his cup of gold.
And so those first flow'rs of the
spring
Their gentle lives entwine;
The crocus would not be alone,
So takes a Valentine.

We hear the chatter of the birds,
But know not what they say;
'Tis said they, too, make up their
minds
On this auspicious day.
They know about St Valentine,
And sing aloud his fame;
And say to lovers, one and all,
Go thou and do the same.
Make haste, then, your epistles write,
Take them to post in time;
And, like the crocus and the birds,
Choose now your Valentine.

S. P. HOWELL.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Herr Joachim made his first appearance for the season on Monday last, and, as usual, was welcomed by a crowded and distinguished audience with all the enthusiasm the presence of a great artist is calculated to excite. We have so often enlarged upon the remarkable qualities of the Hungarian violinist that little indeed is left to say. And yet the subject can hardly be dismissed in few words, because Herr Joachim occupies a unique position. For example, he is well nigh the only man in the front rank of the musical profession who stands, so to speak, outside controversy. His claims none admit with more readiness than those nearest him in distinction, while he is everywhere accepted as an artist illustrious at once by unrivalled skill, lofty purpose, and the modesty which supplies the crowning grace of genius. The advent of such a man is no ordinary occurrence. Not alone is it the coming amongst us of a great executant, but of one whose unostentatious devotion to art supplies an example unhappily as rare as it is bright and attractive.

Beethoven's quartet in C major (Op. 59) headed the programme, and was played in a manner almost faultless by Herr Joachim and his colleagues, MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Again did the slow movement of this work hold as by a charm an audience familiar with every note. Well it might, for here, if anywhere, is the consummation of musical art—the union in just degree of all the qualities that make perfection. In this instance Beethoven both delights the mind and gratifies the passion for sensuous beauty. But he does more, by showing that the province of his art embraces the highest faculties of our complex nature. No one can hear this wonderful movement without being stirred to the depths, or without consciousness of a pure and exalting influence. And yet how simple are the means employed. There is no writing up, or down, to a "programme;" no stipulation that the listener shall put himself in this or that mental or emotional attitude; no parade or fuss of any kind; merely an unpretending piece of abstract music. Being what it is, and accomplishing what it does, the movement supplies a standard of highest art, and helps to preserve in a time of degeneration the level of public taste. The second quartet was Haydn's ever-welcome one in G major (Op. 64), best remembered by its pretty *minuet* and tuneful *adagio*, to which the singing quality of Herr Joachim's violin lent an almost vocal charm. But the great artist's triumph was obtained by his execution of Bach's Chaconne in D minor—a work indissolubly connected with his name. A more perfect performance even Herr Joachim has never given us, nor has the Monday Popular audience ever more lustily expressed the questionable approval which imposes a double task. The pianist was Miss Marie Krebs, who revived Clementi's Sonata in C major (Op. 34) after seventeen years of abeyance, it having been last played in St James's Hall by M^{de} Arabella Goddard during the season of 1860. Although not the best of the master's compositions for the pianoforte, this sonata is quite worthy of more frequent hearing, if only by reason of a slow movement remarkable—being Clementi's—for depth of sentiment. The full beauty of this part of the work was not brought out as it should have been, chiefly because the *tempo* was unduly hurried; but, in the opening and closing movements, Miss Krebs' agile fingers and neat execution did ample justice to her theme. Mr Lloyd sang Beethoven's "Quail," and Gounod's "When thou art nigh," in his best style, to the accompaniment of Sir Julius Benedict.—*D. T., Feb. 7.*

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of the Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8th:—

Overture, <i>Rosamunde</i>	Schubert.
Sérénade, "Mira la bianca luna"	Rossini.
Organ Concerto (C minor)	Handel.
Prière, pour l'Orgue	A. Guilmant.
Sarabande, from the Violin Sonatas }	Bach.
Alla Breve for the Organ (D major) }	Beethoven.
March, <i>Egmont</i>	

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 10th:—

Organ Concerto (F major)	Handel.
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PRAGUE.—*Die Königin von Saba* is in rehearsal here.

LAIBACH.—The oldest musical society in Germany, the "Philharmoniker," celebrated its 150th anniversary on the 22nd ult.

SMYRNA.—An Italian opera company has been performing here. After the 14th March, a series of representations will be given by the French opera company now at Athens.

POPULAR CONCERTS FOR 1877.

(RETROSPECT.)

At Monday's Popular Concert, January 8th, first of the new year, Mr Arthur Chappell made his patrons an acceptable gift in the shape of another previously unheard quartet by Haydn—the C major, Op. 50 (No. 2). As fresh, ingenious, and charming as any of its companions, this quartet, finely played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, was heard with undiminished interest from one end to the other. No fitter antidote for much that has recently tended to corrupt the public taste could be found than the vigorous music of Haydn, the frequent recourse to which just now is a healthy and re-assuring symptom. "The more of Haydn the better" cannot be urged too often in the interests of genuine art. Mozart's *Divertimento* in B flat for stringed instruments, one of his early Salzburg productions, but not the less graceful and attractive on that account, was also in the programme. The pianist was Mdlle Marie Krebs, who gave weight and dignity to her first appearance by what was on the whole an admirable performance of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata"—thus baptised by Cranz, the Hamburg publisher, though styled simply, "Sonata in F minor, Op. 57," by its composer. We thought that Mdlle Krebs made a little too much out of the unpretentious *andante*, as though to exhibit what Molière, in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, denominates "le beau de la chose;" but the first and third movements (the last taken at a prodigious pace) were beyond criticism. Mdlle Krebs also joined Signor Piatti in Beethoven's early sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (F major)—a performance in all respects excellent. The vocalist was Mdlle Thekla Friedländer, who gave songs by J. S. Bach, Schubert, and Schumann in a pure and expressive style, accompanied by Mr Zerbini.

An important new feature at the concert on Monday the 15th was the *Liebeslieder-Walzer* of Johannes Brahms. This consists of no fewer than eighteen numbers, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, with a quartet of voices *ad libitum*. So long and uninterrupted a series of movements in three-four measure might threaten to become monotonous; but Herr Brahms has so cleverly varied their character and rhythmical structure, and so sympathetically caught the spirit of the verses (from the *Polydora* of Daumer) to which they are allied, that little or no sense of monotony is incurred. The idea is happy, if not quite new, Spohr, in his charming *Lied*, "Beneath the silver beams of Luna," and others of the kind, having anticipated it. The performance was excellent on all hands, the pianoforte part being very effectively played by Mdlle Marie Krebs and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and the parts for voices admirably rendered by Mdlles Löwe and Redeker, Messrs Shakespeare and Pyatt. The audience were evidently pleased both with the composition and its rendering. Another novelty was Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianofortes, which, however brilliantly executed by the two ladies just named, did not impress us greatly. Far better than either Brahms or Chopin was Mendelssohn, represented by his early quartet in E flat (Op 12), which could hardly have been interpreted more conformably with the spirit of its composer than by Messrs Henry Holmes, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. The delicious *canzonetta* in G minor was, as usual, encored. This was the eighteenth performance of the same quartet at St James's Hall. Two of Schumann's charming "Spanisches Liederspiel" (to Geibel's poetry), for four voices and accompaniment for two performers, were also contributed. The concert, one of the most attractive of the series, ended with Beethoven's trio in G for pianoforte and stringed instruments, played by Mdlle Krebs, Mr Holmes, and Signor Piatti.

At the next Saturday afternoon's concert Signor Piatti introduced a somewhat dry sonata by Giorgio Antonioti, a Milanese virtuoso of the seventeenth century. Originally composed for that almost exploded instrument the viol da gamba, it suits the violoncello just as well; and Signor Piatti, accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict, played it to perfection. The pianist was Mdlle Marie Krebs, who gave Beethoven's sonata, *Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour*, about which so many fantastic legends have been written, with great spirit and brilliancy. The concert began with Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, always interesting as having been the first piece in the programme of the first Monday Popular Concert (Feb. 14, 1859). It was finely executed by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Burnett, and Piatti, two of whom by the way—the second and last mentioned—took part in the same quintet on the occasion to which we refer, eighteen years ago, when M. Wieniawski was principal violin and Mr Doyle viola. Monday's concert (Jan. 22) began with the first of the three quartets dedicated by Beethoven to Count Rasumowski (that in F), which, admirable as they are, is not excelled by either of its followers. It was in this quartet, as in his *Sinfonia Eroica* for the orchestra, that Beethoven declared his independence of all previous models, and invented a new art-world of his own. The Thirty-two Variations on an original theme in C minor, for pianoforte alone, which immediately succeeded

the Rasumowski quartets, proclaim an equal independence. Only Beethoven could have imagined them. These were given with wonderful spirit by Mdlle Krebs, who also joined Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's *Tema con variazioni*, for pianoforte and violoncello (originally composed for his brother Paul), and Herr Straus in one of the early violin sonatas (D) dedicated by Beethoven to his quasi-instructor, Antonio Salieri. At both these concerts the singers were German—Mdlle Redeker on Saturday, Mdlles Thekla Friedländer and Redeker on Monday; and at both we had exclusively German songs, in the German language. Surely there are some English, French, Italian, and even Spanish songs worth an occasional hearing. This perpetual adherence to the German *Lied* smacks a little too much of the "*toujours perdrix*." We don't object to Schumann and Brahms—far less to Schubert; but a change now and then would be agreeable to Mr Chappell's audience, even at the sacrifice of Lassen, Rubinstein, and others who could be named.

At the concert on Saturday (Jan. 27) a hitherto unknown quartet by Mozart was introduced. By "unknown" we mean to a large majority of the English musical public, few of whom are aware that, besides the familiar "ten," published in score, Mozart wrote two-and-twenty others. The one introduced by Mr Chappell on the present occasion was composed in 1773, nine years before the celebrated set of six dedicated to Haydn, by which Mozart, as a writer of quartets, is chiefly recognised. The key is D minor, and, though of quite independent construction, the period at which it appeared borne in mind, the quartet in D minor is a masterpiece. The *finale*, an elaborately developed fugue, will be less readily understood than what preceded it. The second movement, *andante grazioso*, full of the Orphean melody which invariably distinguishes the Salzburg musician, was encored, and the entire quartet warmly received. It is a welcome addition to a repertory already extensive without parallel. The *Liebeslieder-Walzer*, by Brahms, were repeated, with the same performers, vocal and instrumental; and so was the duet for two pianofortes by Chopin (played again by Misses Krebs and Zimmermann)—though hardly, we think, with equally good reason. Monday evening's concert (Jan. 29) began with Schumann's third quartet (A major), in some respects the most laboured and least engaging of the series of three dedicated to Mendelssohn. The *finale*, notwithstanding the several episodes, is intolerably monotonous. The sonata was Beethoven's No. 3 of the set inscribed to Haydn, played with great vigour and mechanical correctness by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. No. 5 of Spohr's last set of *Salon-Stücke* for violin, a somewhat cloying composition, was introduced by Mr Henry Holmes (one of Spohr's most valued pupils); and the concert ended with Schubert's interesting trio in B flat for piano, violin, and violoncello, about which, and its companion in E flat, Schumann, in his *Gesammelte Schriften*, indulges in such singular rhapsodies. Four vocal duets (all German, of course) were introduced by two German ladies (Mdlles Friedländer and Redeker), the last of which, Rubinstein's "Nachtlied," obtained an encore. Sir Julius Benedict was the accompanist. At the concert on Saturday (Feb. 3) Mdlle Marie Krebs played Dussek's magnificent sonata, the *Plus Ultra*. Better late than never. We may hope now to hear, occasionally, more from the extensive repertory of Mdlle Arabella Goddard.

(To be continued.)

TO JOHN PARRY.

Parry, we are loath to let you go;
For years we have been saying No,
Waiting till we could find another.
Where didst thou get the schooling
Of thy sweet, gentle fooling?
Hast thou no pupil left, or brother?
No! To the future and the past farewell!
None but thyself can be thy parallel.

Bennett.

BAYONNE.—*Girofle-Girofla* has been brought out with success.

CAEN.—A subscription has been set on foot by the Society of Fine Arts for the purpose of erecting a monument to Auber.

TOURNAI.—A comic opera, *La fausse Alerte*, words by M. Auguste Meedagh, music by M. Henri Blot, has been produced.

AMSTERDAM.—The Evenings of Classical Music at the Palais de l'Industrie are well attended, the audiences numbering from three to four thousand. The orchestra, directed by M. Coen, is good, while the selections furnish evidence of discrimination. One of the latest programmes was as follows:—Overture, "Meeresstille," Mendelssohn; Seventh Symphony, Beethoven; Overture, *Der Freischütz*, Weber; "Festouvertüre," Reinecke; Andante, Haydn; Capriccio, Niels Gade; Adagio and Minuetto, Beethoven.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concert on Saturday afternoon was interesting for more reasons than one. It was the first of the new year; the programme was selected exclusively from the vocal and instrumental works of Mendelssohn; and the incomparable violinist, Herr Joseph Joachim, made his always welcome *début* for the season. These facts sufficiently account for the crowded attendance. The weather, moreover, being favourable, no inducement was wanting to tempt musical amateurs to Sydenham.

That Mendelssohn was born on the 3rd of February, 1809, all who, appreciating his music at its worth, rank him among the very greatest of composers, are aware; and it was no less fitting than graceful on the part of those in authority so to arrange their programme as to make it, to the best of their ability, commemorative of an event of such importance to art. Beethoven alone excepted, no one has helped more towards making the Crystal Palace Concerts, in their most legitimate features, attractive to the public than Mendelssohn. The programme of Saturday offers an excellent idea of the varied phases in the composer's many-sided talent, but might with greater advantage, we think, have been so devised as to represent his progress from early youth to maturity. It is, at any rate, well worth quoting:—

Overture, *Ruy Blas*; Part-song, "For the New Year"; Air, "Then shall the righteous" (*Elijah*); Concerto for violin and orchestra; Part-song, "The Wandering Minstrel"; Song, "The Garland"; Adagio in E flat, from an unpublished symphony, written for quintet of strings and solo violin (first time of performance); Part-song, "Remembrance"; The Scotch Symphony.

The *adagio* in E flat, from the early symphony—the "No. 12," in F—should certainly have come first, and doubtless would have headed the programme, but for the sake of Herr Joachim, who undertook the violin solos, and had also the more responsible task before him of playing the concerto. Beyond that, little mattered. First, or last, the unknown movement would have been welcome, and doubly so had the entire symphony been produced—an example of precocity for which scarcely a parallel could be cited. In his remarks upon this *adagio*, "G," the always well-informed annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes, furnishes his readers with a very interesting catalogue of the twelve early symphonies of Mendelssohn, now, with the remainder of his manuscript compositions, deposited in the Imperial Library at Berlin, where every amateur may obtain access to them. The specimen brought forward on Saturday can only have engendered a strong desire on the part of the audience to know the entire work, of which it forms the third in a series of five movements. Beautiful from beginning to end, it is not the less valuable on account of the manifest indications as to how the aspiring young musician was influenced by the example and attracted by the ideas of composers whom he naturally must have regarded with veneration. Scored for quintet of stringed instruments, with solo *obbligato* for violin as principal feature, the *adagio* has quite a solemn effect, and the studied carefulness of the execution brought all its merits conspicuously into light. Herr Joachim's interpretation of the solo part for leading violin was worthy himself and the master to whom in his early youth he owed so much, and who entertained for him so deep and lasting a regard. Let us hope that henceforth there may be no further obstacles to the musical world's becoming acquainted with all that, under any circumstances, may be presentable among these much-coveted relics of one who, though early taken away, crowned his life work with an inspiration so noble as the oratorio of *Elijah*. Given the dates of production, and whatever their respective merits, they can only be instructive, as landmarks in the career of one of the most remarkable geniuses to be named in the annals of the nineteenth century.

How Herr Joachim plays the violin concerto—the only one published, although we find another, in D. minor, among the manuscripts—is unnecessary to say. To render it more perfectly seems to us impossible. A peculiar interest must always be attached to this concerto when publicly introduced by the Hungarian violinist. The last concert to which Mendelssohn himself ever listened was held at

the Leipsic Gewandhaus in 1847, a very short time before his death, when Joachim, still a boy, was the executant. Often as it has been heard in this country, where it was first brought forward at a Philharmonic concert, in 1846, by the Italian *virtuoso*, Camillo Sivori (shortly before the production of *Elijah* at Birmingham), it always sounds fresh and young, and on Saturday, as may be imagined, was more than ordinarily welcome. The warmth of his reception appeared at first somewhat to disturb the constitutional equanimity of Herr Joachim; but he was soon thoroughly master of his exceptional means, and played more magnificently than ever. His delivery of the exquisite *andante* in C major sounded almost like an elegiac tribute to the master whom he loved so much, and the irresistible *finale* given, in accordance with Mendelssohn's own idea, "as quick as possible," an essential condition of the Mendelssohnian family of scherzos, where rapidity and accuracy can be combined, both astonished and enraptured everybody, and the customary enthusiastic demonstration followed. About the *Ruy Blas* overture and the symphony in A minor ("Scotch") to write a single word that has not been written over and over again would be difficult; but to say that they have never in our remembrance, here or elsewhere, been more splendidly executed than on the present occasion, by the orchestra under the direction of Herr August Manna, is only a just tribute to the admirable conductor and the skilled professors who follow the indications of his *bâton*. The overture was, indeed, as impressive a beginning as the symphony was a triumphant climax. The two solo songs, both familiar, were given by Mr Edward Lloyd with the utmost care and artistic taste; and though the part-songs, here and there, would have fared the better for a little more delicate attention to light and shade, they were for the most part delivered by the choir with commendable earnestness and spirit. Altogether the concert was thoroughly enjoyable, and worthy the musical reputation the Crystal Palace has so honourably earned.—*Times*.

Verses for Music.

GOOD NIGHT.*

The day to silence passes
In passionless repose;
Amid the dew-steeped grasses
The daisy-petals close.
The balmy air is wasting
Its sighs in shadow-light;
Our hour of bliss is hast'ning—
Good night! Good night!

I linger in the shadows,
I watch the daylight die,
While o'er the dusky meadows
The breezes pause and sigh.
O'er copse and hazel-cover,
Sweeps on the dark-robed night;
Farewell; the day is over,
And our delight!

Beyond the rolling waters
The golden sun has fled,
And ev'ning's star-crowned daughters
Light earth and sky instead.
Yet waiting—still together
I whisper.—Wrong or right?
"Oh! that it were for ever!"
And no—Good night!"

"RITA."

* Copyright.

VENICE.—A Politeama is in course of erection on the Lido. PAVIA.—Signor Fraschini has presented the Corporation with 2,000 francs, towards repairing the theatre which bears his name.

HANOVER.—It was determined in 1872 to erect a monument to Heinrich Marschner. Since then the Committee, with Count Bennigsen as chairman, and Mdle Hartzel, of Berlin, the artist chosen to carry out the design, have laboured incessantly. If no obstacle should arise, the inauguration will take place on the 30th May, when a Marschner Concert will be given in the Theatre Royal. Herr Joachim will play, which, it is expected, will bring in the sum required, and even more.

"Tiger" Muses on his Birthday.

*Who nurs'd me in my infant days,
Put up with all my little ways,
And, if I marl'd, would sing my praise?*
Louisa.

*Who watch'd my slumbers night by night,
And, when I gasp'd, jump'd up in fright,
Or kiss'd me if I tried to bite?*
Louisa.

*Who call'd in doctors by the score,
Though only once she heard me more,
And vow'd I lay at Death's own door?*
Louisa.

*Who gave me many a nasty mess
(All for my good I must confess),
And risk'd my loving her the less?*
Louisa.

*Who wash'd and comb'd me, 'gainst my will,
And, more's the pity, does so still,
Although, being old, I take it ill?*
Louisa.

*Who thron'd me on his manly breast,
Where, like a king, I bark'd my 'heat,
And none dare treat it as a jest?*
My Harrett.

*Who took my part, no matter what
The deed of sin they caught me at,
While tid-bits from his plate I gat?*
My Harrett.

*Who thinks that I can do no wrong;
That, through the ages fam'd in song,
I ought to history belong?*
My Harrett.

*Who always, with protecting hand,
A smiling face and mien so bland,
Has help'd me to each ill withstand?*
Dear Duncan.

*Who, though he never fed me much,
Has given me many a loving touch
With fingers I have sought to clutch?*
Dear Duncan.

*Who on the table made me dance,
As though I were a dog of France,
With inborn tendencies to prance?*
Old Jimmy.

*Who, when I "begged" upon the floor
Till all my hinder parts were sore,
Said "Mister Tiger, there's the door"?*
Old Jimmy.

*Who, in his paper, laugh'd at me,
And tried his best to funny be,
With jokes the public couldn't see?*
Old Jimmy.

*Who when in t'other world we meet,
My teeth being sound, my legs being fleet,
Shall I in painful fashion greet?*
Old Jimmy.

*Who'll sing my dirge when I am dead;
Who for good rhymes will rack his head,
And, finding none, use bad instead?*
My Poet.

[Having, in consequence of grave indisposition, been unable to hold Court Plenary on the recent anniversary of his birthday, according to ancient custom, Major-General Tiger, under the weight of ten long years, well spent, retired to his private apartments, and, half sleeping (though wide-awake on emergency), mused as his faithful Post-Laureate ("J. B.") sets forth above.—D. P.]

I see to my mate, I see,
Them Turkeys is spirited chaps,
To throw up their Hatts and Midhats,
And pluckily stick to the Fex.
Bentwellwellben.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

NINETEENTH SEASON, 1876-7.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT,
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.
QUARTET, in E flat, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI... Cherubini.
SONGS { "Star vicino" ... Salvatore Rosa.
 "Suoi dar la vita all'or" ... Buononcini.
Mr MCGUCKIN.
THREE SKETCHES, "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Foun-
tain," for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS ... Sterndale Bennett.
PART II.
SONATA, in D minor, Op. 121, for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle
MARIE KREBS and Herr JOACHIM ... Schumann.
SONG, "The Garland" —Mr MCGUCKIN ... Mendelssohn.
QUARTET, in D major, Op. 64, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and
violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Haydn.
Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 10, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6, for two violins, viola, and
violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.
SONG, "In a distant land"—Miss GOWA ... Taubert.
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 42, for pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES
ZIMMERMANN ... Schubert.
SONATA, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for violin, with pianoforte
accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ... Tartini.
SONGS { "Ich liebe dich" ... Beethoven.
 "Mein Schatz ist auf der Wanderschaft" ... Franz.
Miss GOWA.
QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and
violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, MM. JOACHIM,
ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Schumann.
Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

DEATHS.

On the 25th Jan., at his residence, in Paris, HENRI DESPLACES, of the Royal Italian Opera, London, in his 54th year. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

On February 6th, at 37, Whitfield Street, Tottenham Court Road, GEORGE LEWIS PANORMO, guitar maker, aged 62.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1877.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—I am informed that the *New York Music Trade Review* is about to become exclusively a trade journal, and to abandon criticism on music and musicians.

DR QUINCE.—It is wise in its generation. The two departments were never well fitted. [Exeunt severally.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR MAPLESON has engaged the charming young singer, Mdle Mila Rodani, for a tour in the provinces, to be followed by some performances at Her Majesty's Opera. There is a talk of Mr Mapleson again becoming director of Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, but we cannot vouch for the truth of the rumour.

MDLLE MINNIE HAUKE, the darling of the Berlin, as erewhile of the Viennese, operatic public, is likely to be heard in the summer season at one of our Italian Operahouses this year. She will be welcome back to England, none having forgotten the satisfaction she gave, when quite a young girl, at the late Her Majesty's Theatre, some time ago.

THE success of Mdle Albani at the Paris Italian Opera is enhanced by her appearance as the heroine of Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The young Canadian songstress has been an opportune acquisition to M. Léon Escudier. The recent ineffective performances, by a new company of Verdi's *Aida* went far to weaken the attraction of that much-vaunted opera.

ONE evening, as we gather from the same authority, the conversation turned at a party on the new thoroughfares opened round the Grand-Opéra. Great praise was awarded the Prefect of the Seine for bestowing on those nearest the theatre the names of authors recently deceased. "By the way," said one of those present, "you, too, M. Auber, have a street called after you, though you are still alive and well." "Oh!" replied the composer, "M. Hausmann has given me credit."

THE connection which existed between Auber and Scribe was the result of chance. A letter written by the latter to the former, as we learn from the *Journal de Musique*, was the means destined to bring together these two celebrated men, who ever after remained true to their old friendship. Scribe wrote to Auber, whom he had then never seen:

"Sir,—Will you allow me to place in a vaudeville I am now writing for the Théâtre de Madame your pretty rondo, so justly popular, of *La Bergère Châtelaine*? I will not disguise from you, Sir, the fact that I have guaranteed to my manager the success of the piece, and to enable me to keep my word I relied upon your charming music."

To this prose madrigal the composer replied by another madrigal, as follows:

"My rondo, Sir, is not worth much, and your wit does not stand in need of my feeble assistance. But if, with the permission you demand, and which you do not require, I could lend you M^{me} Boulanger's pretty voice and pretty face, I think we should both make a good thing of it."

Such was the starting point of a professional alliance of nearly forty years, and enrich the repertoires of two styles.

ONE more anecdote, also from the *Journal de Musique*, concerning the same master, and we have done—for this week. In 1867, a prize was offered in Paris for the best Cantata. A number of such compositions were sent in, and Auber was on the Committee appointed to decide who was entitled to the prize. One of the Cantatas was very fearful, but the Committee were undergoing it bravely, when suddenly the member who was at the piano stopped. "What's the matter?" inquired Auber. "The writer has not marked the tempo of this interlude, and I was just thinking how I should take it." "My dear sir, since he has not marked the tempo, profit by the fact, and take it as quickly as you can."

THE *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* gives the following interesting particulars respecting Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez*, which has just been brought out again, or revived, as it is termed, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin: "*Cortez*, composed as far back as 1809, was produced in Berlin for the first time in 1814, on the 14th October, the birthday of the then Crown Prince, afterwards King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. On that occasion it was thus announced: '*Ferdinand Cortez*, an Opera in 3 Acts, with Choruses and Dances.' At the very next performance, however, it was advertised as a 'grand opera;' but it was not till after the fifth representation that it was entitled *Fernand Cortez*. In the year 1818, Spontini introduced into it several alterations, and in 1824—he having been summoned, in 1820, to Berlin as Director-General of Music

—subjected it to still further revision. The third act especially was much altered, and the entire opera put on the stage afresh, the end particularly becoming quite different to what it was before. The two principal characters, Cortez and Amazili, have been played by all kinds of artists, among them being some of the most popular. The part of the hero has been sustained most frequently in Berlin by Eunicke, who sang it nine times; Stümer, ten; Bader, eighty-seven; Pfister, seven; Hoffmann, twelve; Wo-worsky, six; and Niemann, ten. Herr Miller, Herr Kraus, and Herr Ditt played it, moreover, as 'guests,' as did also Herr Tichatschek in the year 1858. The character of Amazili, too, was sung most frequently by the lady who was the original representative in Berlin. This was Mad. Schulz, who sang it fifty-four times. She was followed by Mdle Eunicke, Mad. Grünbaum, Mdle Sabine Heinefetter, and Mdle von Schätzel two and three times each, as well as by Mad. Schröder-Devrient, twice during a starring engagement. Altogether, from 1814 to 1868 the opera was played in Berlin 146 times, the performances not being stopped even by the fact of the composer's having fallen into disgrace and been dismissed. His later works *Nurmahal*, *Alcidor*, and *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*, failed to please the public in an equal degree. The composer was accused of assigning too much importance to the masses and the instruments, and consequently of neglecting melody. This gave rise to differences between him and the public, so, having been legally proceeded against and condemned for speaking unbecomingly of the King, he turned his back on Berlin and went to Italy. He was pardoned in 1842."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR AUGUSTUS L. TAMPLIN's fourteenth recital took place in the "Estey" Organ Rooms, on Thursday afternoon, February 8th. We subjoin the programme: Preludium; Gavotte (A. Fiori); Song, "On wings of music," (Mendelssohn), Mrs Sicklemore; Legende, (Th. Kullak); Duets, "The Angel" (Rubinstein), and "The Tempting Flower" (Schumann), Mrs Sicklemore and Mrs Bradshaw-McKay; Ave Maria (Arcadelt); Aria "God shall wipe away all tears" (Sullivan), Mrs Bradshaw-McKay; Fantasia, *Lucia* (Donizetti).

The Lewisham Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., Oxon., gave their first concert on Saturday last. The programme comprised numerous classical works, among which was the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by Mr Alfred Burnett, leader of the society, and greatly applauded. Gounod's "La Colombe" was given and encored. Mr John Cheshire played Parish-Alvars' "Fairy's Dance" and his own Fantasia on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with both of which the audience were delighted. The vocalists were Mrs Harry Brett, Miss Matilda Roby, and Mr W. Webster, Jun. (amateurs). The gentleman reflected much credit on his instructor, Mr W. H. Cummings. His singing of Rossini's "Miei Rampoli" was so good that he was compelled to repeat it. The society deserves every encouragement.—(From a Correspondent.)

THE third annual concert in aid of the funds of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest took place at the Shoreditch Town Hall on the 30th January. The director and conductor was Sir Julius Benedict, and it can hardly be a matter of surprise that an entertainment provided by a gentleman with so extensive an experience should have resulted in a financial and artistic success. By means of this concert, an institution, situated not in the wealthiest quarter of London, but which for the good that it effects deserves to be fostered by all whom Providence has blessed with health and riches, is likely, we are informed, to be benefited to the extent of about two hundred pounds. The artists responding to the call of Sir Julius Benedict (whose zeal for the charity, "without fee or reward," was gratefully acknowledged by one of the hon. secretaries—an announcement cheered to the echo by an audience which filled every part of the hall) won golden opinions. The vocalists were Misses Catherine Penna, Mary Davies, Lellie Bertie, Frances Brooke, Annie Butterworth, and Mad. Christiani; Messrs Shakespeare, Guy, Frederic Penna, and Maybrick. Miss Albert (Sir Julius Benedict's pupil) was the pianist. The merits of most of these being known, it is not requisite to make special reference to their artistic doings; but the progress Miss Albert is making deserves special notice. This young artist, who played a Fantasia by Liszt and a "Pasquinade" by Gottschalk, was called upon to repeat both. The other instrumentalist was Mr Card, who played the flute *obbligato* part to Sir Henry Bishop's "Echo Song," charmingly sung by Miss Catherine Penna. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied the vocal pieces (no less than twenty-four) with consummate ability.

PROVINCIAL.

KINGSTON.—Mr H. L. Winter gave a lecture on Friday week, on the "Rise and Growth of English Church Music," illustrated by anthems by the old English writers, sung by a choir of fifty from Albert Hall Choral Society; the solos by Miss Matilda Roby, Miss Kate Lerner, and Messrs Barnby, Frost, Monk, King, and Winter. Mr Edwin Bending presided at the organ.—F. A. J.

EDINBURGH.—The organ performances of the Professor of Music, which are to the University students a very pleasing feature of the winter Session, attract large audiences, and are listened to with rapt attention. The following selection was played by Sir Herbert Oakeley on January 25th:—Pastoral Chorus, "Questo è il cielo contenti (*Alcina*), Air, "Dove sei, amato bene?" (*Rodelinda*), Fugue, No. 6, C minor (Handel); Terzetto, "Most beautiful appear," Air and Chorus, "The marvellous work," *Creation* (Haydn); Andante, pianoforte Sonata in F (Mozart); Tempo di minueto, Sonata, pianoforte and violin, No. 3, Op. 30 (Beethoven); Prelude and Fugue, organ, No. 2, Op. 37 (Mendelssohn); Lied, "To Sunshine," No. 4, Op. 36, and Frühlingslied, No. 13, Op. 68 (Schumann); Two Gavottes (Corelli); March, *Abraham* (Molique).

LEEDS.—Mr Ramsden gave, at the last of his annual series of four grand concerts, at Victoria Hall, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. *St Paul*, *The Messiah*, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony were given at the others. The hall was crowded. The instrumentalists were the members of Mr Charles Hallé's Manchester orchestra, conducted by himself; the solo singers being Mmes Edith Wynne and Enriquez, Messrs H. Guy and Archibald Ramsden. The *Mercury* of February 1, says:—"With regard to the allotment of solos, special interest was taken in the fact that Mr Archibald Ramsden had himself undertaken the principal part—that of the Prophet. Having gone rather out of practice as a public singer, it required no little courage to assume this trying rôle, but our townsman may fairly be complimented on the result. The requisites, which he had evidently not neglected, were a careful study of the part and an earnest endeavour to make the best of it. His voice is a baritone of good quality, and what it may have sometimes lacked in power—at least in the low register—was compensated by intelligent declamation. *Elijah's* challenge to Ahab and the idolatrous priests was admirably realised, as well as the scornful taunts of the Prophet, in the florid air, 'Is not his word like a fire?' Mr Ramsden's voice was sometimes rather over-weighted by the orchestra; but the air was deservedly applauded, while the pathetic and melodious 'It is enough,' was given with genuine refinement."

THE STRAKOSCH OPERAHOUSE.

(From the "New York World.")



The Strakosch Grand Operahouse project seems to be meeting with a more cordial support than its promoters had expected. It is proposed to locate the building up town, somewhere between Thirtieth and Fiftieth Streets, in the belief that the wealthy people in that neighbourhood will patronise a place of amusement near home, and in the expectation that such a place would be much used for the purposes of balls, receptions, and public meetings. The hotel-keepers, jewellers, store-keepers generally, and real-estate owners in the upper part of the city have made liberal offers of assistance. In fact, the enterprise has already taken such form that a board of directors has been appointed to carry the plans into execution, and it is claimed that they have received offers of more subscriptions than is needed. Among the directors is William H. Vanderbilt, who takes great interest in the undertaking, and promises material aid to it. There being thus every prospect of success, the directors are turning their attention to the question of selecting a suitable site for the building. They have been offered and will choose one of these three: the large open space opposite the Grand Central Depot, Gilmore's Garden, or Mrs Paron Steven's lot at the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. The last is most likely to be selected as, owing to its central location in the best part of the city, it will be best adapted to the proposed building. It is stated on good authority that the new theatre is not to be devoted solely to Italian opera, but will be used for French, German, and English opera, for dramatic representations, and for spectacular performances. In a few days the board of directors will make public their plans and expectations. Meanwhile it may be said that Mr Arthur Gilman has been selected as the architect of the new building, and is now engaged in preparing and submitting designs. He proposes to embody in the new edifice the chief features of La Scala in Milan, the Covent Garden Theatre in London,

and the San Carlo in Naples. It is to hold 4,000 people, and the leading lines of the auditorium are to be exact copies of those of La Scala, which is considered a perfect model of a lyric theatre. The contemplated ground dimensions are 200 feet in length by 180 feet in width. The distance from the curtain to the back of the boxes will be 105 feet, and from the footlights to the rear of the stage 70 feet. The width across the auditorium will be about 70 feet. There will be five tiers of boxes, all alike, and a gallery, but no proscenium boxes. The corridors and entrances will be unusually large, the foyer will be very spacious, and the doors will be made four times the usual size, so as to afford the greatest possible facility of exit. The parquet will be supported on strong cast-iron pillars, and so constructed that it can be at any time raised level with the stage, though it is some feet below it, thus affording a perfect dancing-floor when needed. The exterior will be in grand style and highly ornamental, of the same school of architectural decoration as the Covent Garden Theatre. Mr Gilman thinks that, when completed, it will be one of the handsomest buildings in the world, and a notable addition to the architectural features of the city. Letters have been received from well-known singers abroad, inquiring about the prospects of the new movement. Among professionals here it is thought that if the Strakosch Operahouse should be built it would cause a sudden and profitable revival in lyric drama, and give a new impetus to theatrical business generally.

QUARTET CONCERTS.

Moved, no doubt, by a desire to place themselves before the public as exponents of their art in its highest and most exacting form, Messrs Carrodus and Edward Howell, assisted by Mr Val Nicholson and Mr Doyle, gave the first of three quartet concerts last evening in the Langham Hall. They are to be commended for so doing according to the precise degree in which it is better for a man to help himself rather than to complain that he can get no assistance from others. We may regret the fact, but it is a fact nevertheless, that English instrumentalists have small chance of being heard outside the rank and file of an orchestra. In this position their duty is, as far as may be, to make their own opportunity, and to force the assertion of their talent where its display is not invited. The English artists now in question are men of whose ability their compatriots have no reason to be ashamed. Of some of them, indeed, we have long been proud; nor was this feeling lessened by last night's experience, which proved that all are adequate to the task undertaken, and prepared for the severe criticism challenged. The programme opened with Beethoven's favourite Quartet in G major (Op. 18)—one of the best known of the six dedicated to Haydn. Throughout the performance of this work the *ensemble* was excellent, the "lead" of Mr Carrodus wanting little of delicacy, and showing abundance of vigour, while the whole exhibited a unity of feeling by no means to be gained at haphazard. The "virtuosity" of the concert-givers had, however, a more complete demonstration in their respective solos, Mr Carrodus selecting the Chaconne played by Herr Joachim on the previous evening, and Mr Howell a sonata in G for violoncello by Boccherini. Each artist obtained an undoubted success. As regards the Chaconne, no comparison between the Hungarian executant and his English *confrère* is necessary. They give different readings of the work, but both, in the matter of executive skill, may claim the highest honours. Mr Carrodus, looking at the prodigious difficulty of his task, can expect no ampler or more emphatic praise than this. In the old Italian master's sonata Mr Edward Howell displayed to great advantage the beauty and even quality of his tone, the precision of his manipulation, and the still higher qualities which spring from true artistic taste. On the strength of this performance alone he is entitled to high rank, and, being still young, to the regard that anticipates yet greater success in the future. Both Mr Howell and Mr Carrodus were, it is needless to state, loudly applauded by an audience of connoisseurs. The vocalist was Mr Lloyd, who sang, charmingly, Loder's serenade, "Wake, my love," and Gounod's "Maid of Athens," accompanied with perfect taste and skill by Mr W. Henry Thomas, who also discharged a like duty, not less ably, in the case of Boccherini's sonata.—D. T., Feb. 7.

In ancient Rome, in days gone by,
All eyes looked where the Bust should lie;
So here, in finding Slade set free,
Lies, beyond doubt, the *Palmyra*. Wefflen.

COPENHAGEN.—On her return from Stockholm, Mme Trebelli will appear at the Theatre Royal.

FAURE IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

(Extract from a Letter.)

After having completed his most successful concert tour, Faure is now starting through the departments in some of his most famous characters on the lyric stage. Of course, there is but one opinion regarding his extraordinary merit, both as an actor and a singer. Every person is enraptured with him, and his journey is accompanied by a continuous pean, taken up by one set of enthusiastic admirers after another, as he proceeds from town to town. The various local papers teem with his praise; indeed, it would almost seem, to alter one word in Shakspeare's text,

"As though increase of eulogy had grown
By what it fed on."

To give all the favourable articles which have appeared on him would be a sheer impossibility, but here are two or three taken at hazard from a heap of others I have just read. *La Côte d'Or*, of Dijon, in its notice on the 18th January of the Grand Théâtre, says:—

"The performance yesterday with Faure in *Hamlet* was magnificent. The house was crammed from pit to gallery. Such an event remains in the history of a theatre, and it will not be one of the least meritorious acts of M. Défossez, who, by the way, has done so many, to have introduced this great, this unrivalled, and this marvellous artist on the Dijon stage.—What can be said of Faure that has not been said already and repeated a hundred times? He occupies in the domain of art so high a position, incontestable and uncontested, that any estimate of him becomes superfluous. We can understand the enthusiasm he excited in the South and the ovations paid him there. He was a king whom the public saluted as he passed. We have seen him in nearly all his characters, and it struck us that the character which suited him best was Mozart's Don Juan. Don Juan, in our opinion, was for him what Camille, in *Les Horaces*, was for the sublime Rachel—his finest and principal creation. But we no longer entertain this somewhat too exclusive opinion. When reaching the height it has reached in the present instance, art appropriates and ennobles all it touches. Faure is now decidedly as remarkable in *Hamlet* as he was and still is in *Don Juan*. Nay, more; when interpreted by him, Ambroise Thomas's work assumes fresh proportions. Nothing in it appears too long, while its defects and shortcomings vanish. We are not going to compare Faure with any of the great singers who have lent lustre to the French stage. Such comparisons always fail in various points. But there is one thing we may say: Never was any artist more assuredly so complete. He possesses a delicious organ, flexible and sonorous, lending itself to every sentiment and to every passion, and, in turn, charming and agitating the spectator to the inmost depths of his soul. He possesses an amount of musical science beyond which there is nothing, unless it be something superior to human perfection. Lastly, he possesses that knowledge of the stage which imparts such value to his intonation, his gestures, and the play of his features. A singer like Rubini, he is as dramatic as Frédéric Lemaitre. This association, this union, of two natures constitutes and realises the highest expression of art. The public yesterday understood this. The applause burst forth from all sides to re-commence immediately afterwards. From act to act, scene to scene, *Hamlet* was nothing but an ovation to the sovereign artist."

Le Bien public of the same date remarks:—

"The performance yesterday was a long triumph for the great artist, whose reputation no longer requires to be made. Faure is decidedly the most accomplished singer, and one of the finest actors of the day. The public, who were enthusiastic, overwhelmed him with applause and recalled him after every act. It is impossible to particularise the passages in which he was more admirable than in others. To our idea, he surpassed himself in the duet of the first act, and was inimitable in the third. The audience were in ecstasies. In the fourth he attained the highest expression of dramatic art. It is impossible to move an audience more. Faure's visit will mark an epoch in the annals of our theatre."

At Nice Faure selected Donizetti's *Favorita* for his first appearance. *Le Phare du Littoral*, of the 31st January, thus writes:—

"We may as well say at once the great artist's success was colossal. Faure is indisputably the first singer-actor of our epoch. His gestures are sober and remarkably appropriate; his physiognomy is most expressive; the way in which he emits his voice is charming; and his method is enchanting. He is not an artist to suit that section of the public who desire only exaggerated shouts and movements. No; he is a refined singer, and, in *La Favorita*, really a king. His 'Pour tant d'amour' would alone suffice to transport and

satisfy those most difficult to please. The air was encored. We are happy to know that we shall hear this great artist in *Faust*."

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Since my last letter we have had a remarkably fine performance of Verdi's *Requiem* under Mr Hallé's direction, with M^{me} Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Anna Williams, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli as the principal singers. It would be a bold prediction to say that this Mass will ever rival Rossini's *Stabat Mater* in popular favour; and the absence of solos of the character of "Cujus animam" and "Pro peccatis" is probably one reason why it will not become such a people's work as Rossini's noble version of the old hymn; but the impression created by the second performance of Verdi's *Requiem* in Manchester was exceedingly favourable, and the work was judged on its merits, without the interest which attended the performance in London. Last week there was a miscellaneous programme at Mr Hallé's weekly concert. Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony was repeated, and Mr Hallé played in his own irreplicable manner Beethoven's Sonata in F sharp, Op. 78. The singers were M^{me} Sinico and Signor Campobello.

At the Concert Hall last week M^{lle} Marie Krebs, who is a great favourite here, played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto to the great delight of a critical audience, and was no less successful in a barcarolle by Rubinstein and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise." Miss Julia Gaylord, a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, whose singing in opera is as much admired here as in London, made her *début* as a concert singer; and Mr Lloyd sang several songs, I need not say how. A fine performance of Gade's Symphony in A minor was one of the treats of the evening.

During last week there were two very agreeable concerts of classical chamber music, one under the direction of M. Hochstetter, who was assisted by Signor Risegari, M. Speelman, Herr Otto Bernhardt, and M. Vieuxtemps; the other by Mr F. Unger, who had the aid of Herr Bauerkeller and M. Vieuxtemps.

Mr De Jong was unfortunate at his last concert. M. Wieniawski's much-deplored illness prevented that great artist from fulfilling his engagement, and M^{me} Varley-Liebe, who had been secured as a substitute, was also unable to come. Happily the resources of the orchestra afforded ample compensation, Mr Van Biene's solo on the violoncello and Mr DeJong's on the flute being accepted without the slightest dissatisfaction. Mr J. F. Barnett's descriptive piece, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was the most important orchestral feature of this concert. The singers were Miss Anna Williams and Miss Joyce Maas, who were both successful.

Herr Joachim will make his first appearance this week at Mr Hallé's concerts.

Next week *Actis and Galatea* is promised, with M^{me} Lemmens, Mr Lloyd, Mr Guy, and Signor Foli. Mr De Jong announces as the attraction of his last concert the most popular singer of the day—in other words—Mr Sims Reeves.

Feb. 7.

PRETTY INNOCENT.—Mamma, mamma! the Queen is going to open Parliament in person.

MAMMA.—Indeed? Are Beatrice and Arthur going to be married?
Benwell.

At a meeting of Welsh gentlemen held at 7, Queen Victoria Street, Mr John Thomas, of the Royal Academy of Music, read a statement containing the following remarks:—"The results of the Scholarship have been gratifying in every way, for not only has it been the means of affording the successful candidate, Miss Mary Davies, a superior musical education at the Royal Academy of Music for three years—which has already enabled her greatly to distinguish herself in her profession—but it has acted as a powerful incentive to other competitors, the competition revealing so much talent among them, and eliciting such high encomiums from the Board of Professors, that they were induced, one and all, to enter the Royal Academy of Music, and are already recognised among the most promising of the 300 students in the institution." It may further be stated that Miss Mary Davies, during the period of her scholarship, was awarded the bronze and silver medals of the Royal Academy and the Parepa-Rosa gold medal, "as the most accomplished vocalist in the institution." Mr Thomas proposes to collect the sum of £1,000 for founding a permanent scholarship in connection with Wales.

CARRODUS.

(From the Glasgow "Bailie.")

Interesting himself as he does mainly in the graver concerns of his native city, *The Bailie* yet makes it a duty, as well as finds it a pleasure, in common he believes with the wiser of his brethren on the bench, to take paternal note of the recreations of his fellow citizens, and his worship knows no purer or more elevating enjoyment than in listening to music of a high class, interpreted, as at present amongst us, by executants of skill, taste, and experience. *The Bailie* seldom misses a night at the choral or orchestral concerts, and he notices with gratification the increasing appreciation in which the instrumental music itself is being held; for a growing liking for that department of the art, which is illustrative for the most part of ideas in the abstract, argues a growing refinement of taste and an increasing apprehension of musical form and expression. Having been an enthusiastic fiddle-player in his young days, and occasionally yet solacing himself with a tune on the tenor when the cares of office press heavily, it is not to be wondered at that among all the instruments of the orchestra *The Bailie* feels the deepest interest in the violin; and it is therefore, also, with peculiar pleasure to himself, as well as in response to what must be the desire of his readers, that the principal violin of the Glasgow resident orchestra, or "leader," as he is technically called, Mr John T. Carrodus, is this week placed in his worship's portrait gallery. This distinguished player is a native of Keighley, a flourishing Yorkshire town, mainly engaged in worsted manufactures, and rather noted of late for its spirited but mistaken resistance to vaccination. Keighley, it may be remembered, is close to Haworth, the home of the Brontës. "The voice of the inhabitants," Mrs Gaskell observes in the description of that town in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, "are hard, and their tones discordant, promising little of the musical taste that distinguishes the district, and which has already furnished a Carrodus to the musical world." The rather Latin-like cognomen of our violinist, suggesting, indeed, to most people, naturally, the foreign rather than the native artist, is, it would seem, a corruption of Carruthers—a family of that name having migrated into Yorkshire some time during the last century from Dumfriesshire; which is another proof, by-the-bye, that a little genealogical study will decide every distinguished man to have been a Scotchman. The elder Carrodus, who was in business at Keighley, was the musical spirit of the town, a violin player, and the leader of its choral society; and his son showing a decided taste for the violin at an early age, it was resolved that he should follow as a profession the art his father was so devoted to. The future concerto-player studied eight and even ten hours a-day, making rapid progress. He made his first public appearance in his native town, when he played one of De Beriot's solos—at the time very popular; and, obtaining an introduction to Molique, he went to London—when only twelve years of age—for lessons from that famous German violinist and composer, who was temporarily resident there and in the zenith of his fame. Molique was at that time concert master at Stuttgart to the Duke of Wurtemberg, and was so pleased with the skill of his pupil (who could essay his own most difficult compositions), and the progress he was making, that, requiring to return to his home duties, the warm-hearted master offered to give the lad gratuitous lessons if he would accompany him to Germany, which our violinist did, being there during the eventful year 1848, and remaining till of the age of seventeen or eighteen, studying both the violin and musical composition. The first orchestral engagement he obtained on his return home was, it is interesting to know, in Glasgow, in the winter of 1851, under Julian Adams, then giving concerts somewhat *à la Jullien*. Mr Carrodus took further instruction from Molique, who had become permanently resident in London, and he was next engaged—a step higher—for the first Bradford Musical Festival, under the conductorship of Costa, when he played a solo by his musical mentor and favourite composer. Costa, not then knighted, marked his approval of the playing of Carrodus by at once engaging him for the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, where he entered in the rear rank of the first violins, with many eminent players as his compeers, besides becoming a member of the principal societies in London. His first important appearance in the metropolis, as a soloist, was at one of the concerts of the once celebrated, but now defunct, "Musical Society of London," conducted by the late Alfred Mellon. It was a surprise to most people that there was one in the ranks of the orchestra capable of executing the difficult solo music performed, and it was not long ere the appointment was offered and accepted of leading violin at Her Majesty's Theatre under Signor Arditì. There at this historical house, so full of vicissitudes and odd experiences, Mr Carrodus remained a few years, and then transferred his services back to "the other house" (Covent Garden) as leader (in place of sixteenth when he entered),

and that post Mr Carrodus now holds. The career of Mr Carrodus is a splendid example of talent, industry and determination. He has now attained a position among the masters of the violin, the first of instruments, which entitles him to a place in the long roll of distinguished players, Continental and British. It is no exaggeration to say that in John Carrodus we have probably the best and most valuable exponent of the English school of violin playing. Mr Carrodus was fortunate in his master, and, following that distinguished example, he has never at any time yielded to *ad captandum* "trick playing," but has continued to respect and to hold his place, not only as a soloist of the best class, but as a leader on whom the fullest dependence can be placed for orchestral steadiness, firmness, judgment, absence of mannerism and eccentricity.

Dr Hans von Bülow.

(From the "Music Trade Review.")

The advent of Mdme Annette Essipoff, the Russian pianist, brings to mind the appearance here, just one year ago, of Dr Hans von Bülow. The Doctor had been in New York only a day or two when he was one of the best-hated men in the city, and not only in the city, but in the country. The reason for this can be told easily. On the 16th of November, 1875, a *Sun* reporter called on Dr von Bülow, and the result of his conversation was published accurately in the *Sun* of the 17th. Few newspaper articles of the kind have been more widely disseminated or more powerful in their influence. The interview was copied—or portions of it at least—in most of the American journals, in most of the German-American papers, and garbled portions found their way across the sea, and were printed in English,* French, and German journals there. The cause of this is plain. Bad news travels quickly. Dr von Bülow, rising from a short nap, to keep his appointment with the writer of the article, feeling rather cross, a privilege of genius, poured forth in a voluble flood of broken English the story of his trials here in America—trials which he ascribed principally to the beer-drinking habits of his countrymen, the Germans, be-rating soundly both habit and people. His unfortunate misunderstanding with the late Mr Bergmann was told at length; and he went so far as to style certain very influential Germans in this city "no gentlemen." Then he attacked Mdme Arabella Goddard, the English pianist (what a pity!—D. P.). He only found words of praise for America and Americans, whom he lauded unreservedly (of course). The result was something quite unexpected to the doughty doctor of music, who, until then, had not fully appreciated the far-reaching power of the American press (!). His manager, the gentleman to whom we owe the pleasure of hearing most of the musical celebrities of the day, among them the great Rubinstein (!) and the charming Essipoff (Hear, hear!), tells an interesting story of the causes that led to Von Bülow's remarkable conversation and the results that followed the report of it in the *Sun*.

"Dr von Bülow," says this gentleman, "came to America with pleasant anticipations. He hoped to leave behind him for a time his sorrows and troubles, and add new laurels to his already great name as a musician. I went to Boston to meet him, and greeted him on shipboard. It was a lovely October day. The air was superb, and Von Bülow was exhilarated and delighted. We drove to his rooms, which were in a private house on Beacon Street, delightfully situated. Arriving there, we found that the good ladies of Boston (Ullmann, Esq.?) had decorated the rooms most lavishly with flowers and elegant tapestries. Here was a compliment and a silent welcome which the Doctor could and did appreciate. He was more than delighted. He seemed to be perfectly happy, and began to converse with me in a most charming manner. While thus engaged he noticed a German paper, published here in America, lying on the table among the flowers and objects of art. In his quick, nervous manner he picked it up, stuck his glasses on his nose, and read the heading of the first and most prominent article on the page. His eyes flashed, his face grew dark, and with an oath he threw the paper to the floor, and his joy and enthusiasm were gone. For the article which thus affected the pianist was a rough, heartless, scurrilous narration of the Doctor's domestic troubles, so well known, reflecting bitterly

* The entire interview (or "hinterview"—as our Special Cockney, in his inimitable lay, entitles it) was published in the *Musical World*. There was no "garbling"—with deference, of course, to the *Music Trade Review*.

against him." "Yes," continued the manager strongly, "in a paper printed in the German language was this vile attack against the great German artist, and some enemy had taken the pains to place it where it would meet his eye as soon as he landed in America. American ladies (Ullmann, Esq.?) did him honour. A countryman sought to do him dishonour here. Thus came about his first impressions of Germans in America. To men like Bülow impressions are not easy to eradicate. Then came the Bergmann affair. Poor Bergmann is dead. I wish to say nothing against him. I but tell the facts in justice to Von Bülow. After securing Bergmann to conduct at the Bülow concerts, I went with him to Boston, drove him to the Parker House, gave him good apartments, ordered wine, and gave orders that all his wants should be supplied. Von Bülow in the most delicate manner, and with rare thoughtfulness, had said that he should be glad to meet Mr Bergmann the next morning, that they might go over the scores together, so that at the rehearsal he (Bülow) would not be obliged to give Mr Bergmann points in the presence of his orchestra. Von Bülow, a conductor himself, knew well how to treat a conductor. But the next day, Saturday, Bergmann did not appear. I learned that he had left the Parker House, taken a room at a third-class German hotel, and was enjoying himself with his friends. I found him, and he promised to come at seven in the evening. But he did not come. Nor on the next day. In short, Von Bülow did not see him until about fifteen minutes before the rehearsal. Consequently, he had to instruct him in the presence of the orchestra, much to Bergmann's ill-concealed displeasure. The breach was further widened when, at the first concert, Bergmann, after the overture, as Bülow was about to play the famous Bach fugues, said aloud, so that I and many others heard, 'Gentlemen, let's go and get a glass of beer.' Bülow could not forgive that insult. It brought about a quarrel with Bergmann, who resigned, and Mr Lang, an American, took his place. So here you have the primary causes that led Von Bülow to think lightly of Germans and beer-drinking."

"What he said on the subject you heard and reported correctly," continued the speaker. "The result you couldn't guess, and do not know. It was a large loss financially to us, and to Von Bülow of the goodwill of the thousands of Germans in America. The next morning after the interview was published the Doctor received a quantity of threatening letters, threatening not only his reputation, but his life. The attendance at the concerts immediately fell off, though we did not feel that as much here in New York. New York being so cosmopolitan in the character of its people, we were not so dependent on the Germans for patronage; but outside of New York, in the provincial cities, we felt the result of the Doctor's injudicious conversation. The article in the *Sun* preceded us everywhere, and small houses greeted us. In the West this was especially noticeable, where at least forty per cent. of the music-loving community are Germans. The German musical societies took action against the Doctor, and not only stayed away from his concerts, but used their influence against him. He was received coldly everywhere by his countrymen. How do I know that he would have drawn better than he did but for his unguarded remarks? By comparison with the Rubinstein business. Bülow began with a much larger business than did Rubinstein. Before the article in the *Sun* we were making 6,000 dollars a week with four concerts. After the article appeared we did a negative business, just about paying expenses, while with Rubinstein we made money on the same grounds. We had engaged Von Bülow for 172 concerts, but after 139 he begged to be released from his engagement, and we consented. But why did Bülow attack the Steinways? Simply because he was in bad humour, and because they are Germans; for no other reason in the world. (Qy.) He bitterly regretted it, as he did the whole conversation, but he never denied having said all that was ascribed to him. The Steinways were advised to reply to the attack, but they knew the nature of Bülow, and chose to overlook the little failings of the man in their admiration of the wonderful talents of the artist." "I was with the Doctor," continued the manager, "throughout the tour, and I found him a great-hearted man, a noble man, easily provoked and irritated, to be sure, troubled about trifles, speaking his mind plainly and unthinkingly, and then feeling hearty sorrow for his hastiness. He fully appreciated and heartily admired America and American institutions (!). He talked seriously of becoming naturalised, and I shall not be surprised should he return before many years and make his home here." "For one thing we may thank Von Bülow," said the manager in conclusion; "that is, for the presence of Mme Essipoff in New York. He continually talked of her wonderful playing, and urged me to bring her over here. I have succeeded, with what result you know." (We know.—D. P.)—*New York Sun*.

[We may have a word or two to say about the Bülow "Interview" by-and-by, now that the Doctor has happily recovered from his severe illness.—D. P.]

WAIFS.

Mme Trebelli has been singing at Stockholm.

Herr August Wilhelmj has gone on a tour in the provinces.

Signor Operti has composed a three-act opera on *Dan'l Druce*.

Mr W. Dorrell has arrived in town from his retreat in Sussex.

Herr Joseph Joachim played in a concert at Wolverhampton on Tuesday.

Mr A. Lawrence Fryer is appointed principal tenor at the Foundling Chapel.

The Swedish Lady Quartet have been very successful in the United States.

Mme Christine Nilsson has given a concert at Vienna with brilliant success.

Herr Wilhelmj has been engaged by Herr Ullmann for a series of concerts in America.

The receipts of the second Masked Ball at the Grand-Opéra amounted to 80,000 francs.

Mme Ilma di Murasa will begin a concert tour through the United States next month.

The Kellogg English Opera Company recently played for four evenings at the Academy of Music, New York.

It is probable that Mad. Marie Roze will shortly make her re-appearance at the Paris Opéra-Comique in *Mignon*.

He murmured: "I'm a man of quiet tastes;" then went behind the door, took flask from pocket, and tasted something.

Le Timbre d'Argent, by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, will be ready for production at the Théâtre-Lyrique in about a week.

The Messiah was performed at San Francisco in Christmas week by the Haydn and Handel and Oakland Harmonic Societies.

On the 26th January, *Robert le Diable*, performed at the Grand-Opéra for the six hundredth time, brought in 18,000 francs.

The Grand Theatre at Christiana has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. How few theatres escape this periodical visitation!

After having been translated into German, Dr Filippo Filippi's book, *Musici e Musicisti*, has appeared in a French dress.

During the series of concerts given by her in New York, Mad. Essipoff played from memory no fewer than ninety compositions.

Mdlle Haupt, who took part last summer in the performances at Bayreuth, has married Herr Siegfried Unger, and retired from the stage.

Herr Johann Strauss is arranging his opera, *Die Fledermaus*, for the Théâtre de la Renaissance. The French libretto is by MM. Delacour and Victor Wilder.

Mr Ch. J. Bishenden informs us that the directors of the Operahouse, Amsterdam, have now adopted the French musical pitch, at the desire of Mme Christine Nilsson.

The orchestral scores of two hundred Italian operas have been purchased in Florence, by M. Wekerlin, for the library of the Paris Conservatoire. Many of them are very rare.

Grann's Passion music, *Der Tod Jesu*, will be sung in the church of St Gabriel, Warwick Square, Pimlico, on the seven Wednesdays in Lent, commencing on Ash Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

Pope and Howard, managers of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, have brought an action against Miss Clara Louise Kellogg for breach of contract. Damages laid at 5,000 dollars.

A Brooklyn young lady who was inattentive at whist, has broken off her engagement with her lover, because he recommended her to "scoop her mind up in a peanut shell and fix it on the game."

We should like to hear Handel's *Solomon*, if only for once, with simply the organ part added to it by Mendelssohn, many years ago, for the Lower Rhenish Festival, held at Düsseldorf.—*Graphic*.

A deputation of Professors from the Paris Conservatory of Music, M. Thomas at their head, waited upon the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, to thank him for augmenting salaries.

According to letters from Riga and Tilsit, great things are to be expected from Herr Hermann Genas, a pianist, hitherto known only in the above two towns, but who is about to visit the various capitals of Europe.

Anton Rubinstein's symphony, entitled "Ocean," has been performed at Mr Hallé's Liverpool Concerts. It was given as far back as 1858, under the composer's personal direction, in the Hanover Square Rooms.

M. Faure's first dramatic performance at Nice was in the *Favorite* of Donizetti. The Nice public seemed to share the opinion of the Paris public—that there is now but one Alphonse IX. on the operatic boards.

A pious father lately entered a New York saloon with a horsewhip and found his son playing euchre. He tanned the young man's jacket, sent him home, sat down and finished the game himself.

M Léon Gatayes, well known in the three-fold character of composer, harpist, and art-critic, died recently at Paris, aged seventy-two. Among the persons present at his funeral was his old and attached friend, Alphonse Karr.

The programme of Theodor Thomas's fourth Symphony Concert in New York, on the 3rd inst., comprised Suite No. 3, in D (J. S. Bach); Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Siegfried's Death, and the finale from Herr R. Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*.

Herr Franz Jauner, definitively appointed manager of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, receives a salary of £960 a year, in addition to 20 per cent. on the profits. He has free lodging, lighting, firing, and the use of a carriage from the Imperial stables. Besides managing the Opera, he conducts the Carl-Theater on his own account.

An impassioned Centennial orator asked: "Where are the men of '76!" A Western editor said he had not seen any old parties of that age since the last Can-Can troupe visited the town, but, on that evening, the orator might have found all the men from sixty-five and upwards, sitting in the water-melon patch, with smiles on their faces and latch-keys in their pockets.

I Puritani, with a new tenor, is to follow *Linda di Chamouni* at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris. Sig. Masini will make his first appearance on the 27th inst., the opera selected being *Aida*. He will afterwards sing in *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *La Traviata*. From the beginning of next month there will be four performances a week: two with Sig. Masini and two with Mdle Albani.

He casually remarked that the new servant-girl had an attractive mouth, but she said nothing. When he came home that night, and learned that the new servant had left during the day for California, and that the only person who could be found to take her place was a woman sixty years old, with two sets of false teeth, and a wen on her chin, he set himself to thinking.

Some months since, when she went to St Petersburg, Mdle Heilbron paid M. Vizentini a forfeit of 20,000 francs for non-fulfilment of her engagement with him at the Théâtre-Lyrique. On her return from Russia, she will sing at—the Théâtre-Lyrique. She will make her first appearance (as, also, Mdle Berthe Thibault, who leaves the Opéra-Comique), in *Le Bruto*, of M. Salvayre.

Dr Verrinder's lecture at the College of Organists on Tuesday last was one of the most successful of the series. Rev. I. Haydon, Dr Bridge, Mr A. Cooper, Mr Turpin, and other members of the college, took part in the discussion; and, on the motion of Dr Bridge, a vote of thanks was tendered to Dr Verrinder "for his eloquent and interesting paper on the Temple Service and Synagogue Music."

A negro woman belonging to a troupe of jubilee singers sang religious songs with so much sweetness and fervour that the citizens of Otis, Indiana, grew enthusiastic in their admiration. They gave her, as "a testimonial of approval of artistic merit and humble worth," a purse full of silver dollars. She got drunk with the money, and, when one of the admiring citizens helped a constable to arrest her, stabbed him with a knife.

Mdle Albani appeared last Saturday in *Linda di Chamouni* at the Italian Opera, Paris, and made a great "hit." The Canadian songstress was "called" for three times at the conclusion of the opera. Mdle Albani introduced, as a *finale*, Arditi's "Belles Viennoises" waltz, which met with great success at Messrs Gatti's Promenade Concerts last season. The waltz, in its vocal form, is christened, "L'Albani."

Three grand "Te Deums" will be sung in Rome this year, namely: those of Canossa, Venice, and Rome—as they are respectively called—the first to celebrate the eighth centenary of the submission of the Emperor Henry IV. to Gregory VII.; the second for the seventh centenary of the day when Frederick Barbarossa implored the forgiveness of Alexander III., and rendered homage to him at Venice; and the third for the fifth centenary of the re-establishment of the Papal See at Rome, after seventy years of exile at Avignon.

When a Chicago girl received a dispatch from Wisconsin announcing that her lover was going off with consumption, she telegraphed to his friend: "Has poor Jeffrey kept up his life insurance?" The friend telegraphed back: "Policy for 10,000 dollars in your favour is paid up to May 9, 1877. Poor Jeffrey cannot last after the first cold snap." The young lady wondering philosophically how she would look in black, telegraphed to Jeffrey: "Darling, I will be with you on Tuesday, never to quit you during life.—LURLINE." "Twill be a sad loss to you, my love," said her mother. "Yes, ma," sobbed the poor girl, "but it's covered by insurance."

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14. SONG, "Poland, oh how I love you" - - - - -	3 0
14 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in C - - - - -	3 0
15. FINALE, 2nd Act, "Champagne, Sparkling Wine" - - - - -	4 0
16. SONG, "To-day we'll happy be" - - - - -	3 0
16 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F - - - - -	3 0
17. SONG, "Thus if a young maid I'm playing" - - - - -	4 0
17 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F - - - - -	4 0
18. FINALE, "To Baron here I'll give my hand" - - - - -	3 0

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VOL. 55.—No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. THIS DAY. The Programme will include:—Overture, *Medée* (Oherubini); Symphony, in 4, "Ox-ford" (Haydn); Pianoforte Concerto in G (Beethoven); Overture, *Saul* (A. Bizini) first time in England. Vocalists—Miss Sophie Löwe, M^{me} Antoinette Sterling. Solo Pianoforte—Miss Marie Krebs. Conductor—MR AUGUST MANN. Numbered Stalls, in Area and Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Area or Gallery Seats (unnumbered), One Shilling.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY next, Feb. 23, at Half-past Seven, a Selection from the Works of HANDEL and MOZART. Principal Vocalists—M^{me} Sinoio, Miss Julia Elton; Mr Vernon Rigby and Mr Lewis Thomas. Tickets, 3s., 5s.; Area, reserved in rows, 7s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. The programme for Wednesday will contain the following standard and popular songs:—"My heart is sair for somebody" (M^{me} Sherrington); "My mother bids me bind my hair" and "Come lasses and lads" (M^{me} Cave-Ashton); "Call'er Herrin'" (M^{me} Antoinette Sterling); "Good-bye, Sweetheart" and "My Pretty Jane" (Mr Sims Reeves); "Phyllis is my only joy" and "Sweethearts" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "The Vagabond," "Nancy Lee," and "Firm as Oak" (Mr Maybrick); "The Village Blacksmith" (Mr Kempton); "Phoebe Dearest" (Mr Thornton). M^{me} Arabella Goddard will perform Benedict's "Erin," Fantasia on Irish airs, and pieces by Thalberg, Kalkbrenner, and Liszt. The modern songs will include "Spinning," by Cowen (M^{me} Sherrington); "The Lost Chord," by Arthur Sullivan (M^{me} Antoinette Sterling); "A Letter," by Blumenthal (Mr Sims Reeves); "One Only," by Weckerlin (Mr Edward Lloyd). English Glees will be sung by the London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSEY & CO., 295, Regent Street.

RUBINSTEIN.

RUBINSTEIN.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN will give his FIRST PIANO-FORTE RECITAL this Season at ST JAMES'S HALL, on the 30th April, at Three o'clock.

RUBINSTEIN'S RECITALS.—Liverpool, March 3rd; Manchester, 6th; Hull, 7th; Bradford, 8th; Sheffield, 9th; Nottingham, 12th; Birmingham, 13th; Leeds, 15th; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 20th; Dundee, 22nd; Edinburgh, 24th; Glasgow, 26th; Dublin, April 2nd; Southsea, 13th; Brighton, 14th; Bristol, 17th.

MR CARRODUS and MR E. HOWELL'S SECOND QUARTET CONCERT, LANGHAM HALL, TUESDAY, Feb. 20, at Eight. Messrs Carrodus, V. Nicholson, Doyle, Howell, and Walter Bache. Vocalist—Miss Annie Butterworth. Accompanist—Mr Henry Thomas. Admission, 7s., 4s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. Tickets of Mr CARRODUS, 47, St Paul's Road, N.W.; Mr HOWELL, 52, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park; Austin's, St James's Hall; and at the Hall.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—THIRD SESSION, 1877-8. FOURTH MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, March 5, 1877. At Five p.m. precisely, a Paper will be read by Dr W. MOLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc., Oxon., on "The Philosophy of Harmony." CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

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MISS JULIA WIGAN requests that all Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios or Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W.; or to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street.

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Tickets (which may be purchased at the door): Balcony, 2s. 6d.; and Stalls, 5s. each.

The HALF LENT TERM will commence on Thursday, March 1, and will terminate on Saturday, April 21.

Candidates for admission can be Examined at the Institution on Monday, the 26th inst., at Eleven o'clock.

By order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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At the STUDENTS' EVENING CONCERT, on SATURDAY, Feb. 24, will be performed, for the First Time, a New Cantata for Female Voices, entitled "THE FISHERMAIDENS." Music by HENRY SMART. Reserved Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON.

MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL, MONDAY, Feb. 19.

A Popular Concert. Vocalist—Miss Giulia Warwick. TUESDAY, Feb. 20, a Wagner Concert: Overture, *Flying Dutchman*; Prelude, *Lohengrin*; Funeral March on the Death of Siegfried. Signor Arditi will conduct his Grand Operatic Selection from *Tannhäuser*. Mr Arthur Sullivan will conduct his Symphony in E. Vocalist—M^{lle} Sophie Löwe. WEDNESDAY, Feb. 21, Overtures, Stern-dale Bennett's *The Naxos* and Mozart's *Flauto Magico*; Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; Mendelssohn's Concerto, G minor (M^{me} Arabella Goddard); David's Violin Concerto (M. Sain-ton); Wagner's Bridal Procession, *Lohengrin*; and Mr A. Sullivan's Incidental Music to *The Merchant of Venice*. Conductor—MR A. Sullivan. THURSDAY, Feb. 22, M^{me} Sain-ton-Dolby's Cantata, *The Legend of St Dorothy* (Conductor—M. Sain-ton), and Mr J. F. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," conducted by the Composer. Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Messrs E. Lloyd and Thurlay Beale. The Festival will conclude on SATURDAY, Feb. 24, with Handel's *Messiah*. Mesdames Edith Wynne and Patey, Messrs Sims Reeves, Shakespeare, and Foll. Solo Trumpet—Mr T. Harper; Chorus—Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society; Conductor—MR KUHE.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor—Mr W. G.

CUBINS. FIRST CONCERT, Feb. 22, THURSDAY, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Half-past Eight. Beethoven's Symphony, O minor; Overture: *Melusine* (Mendelssohn), and *Oberon* (Weber); Greig's Concerto, for pianoforte—Mr Ed. Dannreuther; Spohr's Dramatic Concerto, for violin—Mr Henry Holmes. Vocalists—M^{me} Edith Wynne and Mr W. H. Cummings. Subscription for Ten Concerts: Stalls, 4s.; Balcony, Two Guineas and a-Half; Single Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., and 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.; Chappell's; usual Agents; and Austin's, St James's Hall.

MADAME MARIE BELVAL has the honour to announce

that her FIRST CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY Evening, Feb. 22, at the LANGHAM HALL, to commence at Eight o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following distinguished artists:—Vocalists—M^{me} Liebhart, Miss Frances Brooke, Miss Lella Bertie, and Miss Annie Sinclair; Messrs George Perren and William Shakespeare. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte—Mr Wilhelm Ganz; Violin—Herr Josef Ludwig; Violoncello—Signor Pezzo. Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr WILHELM GANZ. Numbered Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co.; and of M^{me} MARIE BELVAL, 7, Cavendish Place, W.

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MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her **FOURTH ANNUAL MATINEE** will take place early in March, at **LOWNDERS SQUARE**, Belgravia, by kind permission of **George Eyre, Esq.** Further particulars will shortly be announced.

"**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**"

MR GEORGE PERRER will sing **ASCHER's** popular Romance, "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**" at **Langham Hall**, Feb. 23.

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"**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**"

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FAURE'S PROGRESS IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The celebrated French barytone still continues his triumphal tour. The reputation by which he is preceded is, as we are all aware, very great, but everyone admits it to be more than justified, and wherever he goes those who never heard him before join the ranks of his old admirers. He was lately at Lyons, and the local critics of that city are as loud in their praise as any of their colleagues. The *Lyons-Journal*, of the 11th inst., says:—

"The performance yesterday evening, at the Grand-Théâtre, of *La Favorite*, with M. Faure, was one of the most brilliant events we have witnessed for a long time. At seven o'clock the house was crammed, the reserved seats being filled to overflowing with splendid and sumptuous toilets. At eight o'clock the officials refused to admit anyone else. The whole attraction was the co-operation of the eminent barytone. It was on him that the attention of the public was especially concentrated; it was he they had come to see, to hear, and to applaud. And, of a certainty, he found no want of the most flattering and well-merited applause. The instant he came on the stage, he was greeted with enthusiasm, and, in the different acts, was the object of frequent recalls, one of them being after the piece: 'Pour tant d'amour.' We will not now dwell at length on the qualities of this eminent artist. Our fellow-townsmen have enjoyed on several occasions the opportunity of appreciating them. We will merely state that, far from suffering decay, they are more brilliant than ever, and that the illustrious vocalist is in the full plenitude of his powers. In the second act, the piece: 'Pour tant d'amour' was a triumph. The air from *Le Siège de Corinthe* was another marked success."

Le Petit Lyonnais, of the same date, writes:—

"That illustrious singer, M. Faure, gave yesterday his first performance at the Grand-Théâtre. He achieved a wonderful success; applause, recalls, rapturous ovations, and all the other most striking evidences of really enthusiastic admiration were lavished upon him; and it was only just that they should be. The grand and sympathetic artist gave his great air, 'Pour tant d'amour,' with a suavity of expression and an impassioned tenderness which literally sent the audience into ecstasies. It was long since the inhabitants of Lyons had been present at such a treat, and every fresh appearance of the eminent vocalist was the occasion for another triumph. What, now, shall we say of the grand air from *Le Siège de Corinthe*? Faure sang it with a purity of style, a magisterial grandeur, and a vocal splendour which revealed him in all the fulness of his magnificent talent to those who had never before been fortunate enough to hear him. This interlude procured him the well-deserved honour of three successive recalls. Is it necessary to add that the house was all resplendent with magnificent toilettes, and that there was not a single place empty, from the stalls to the fourth galleries? Here is a prosaic but eloquent fact: the receipts amounted to 10,500 francs. We can only rejoice at the unparalleled reception of an artist who, by his generous conduct towards our unemployed operatives, has proved that his heart is equal to his talent."

Le Censeur ought to entitle itself *L'Admirateur*, thus discoursing of the artist whom France delights to honour:—

"The first of the performances to be given by that illustrious vocalist, M. Faure, at the Grand-Théâtre, took place yesterday, the 10th inst., before a densely crowded house. *La Favorite* was the opera selected by him for his first appearance before the Lyons public, who gave him a genuine ovation. Everything has been said about M. Faure's talent; everything may, however, be resumed in a single word: Perfection, Perfection! This great artist must be heard in the air and duet of the second act by any one who would know what the most consummate art can do when in the service of a marvellous organ. Into the romance of the third act, 'Pour tant d'amour . . . ' M. Faure threw an amount of despatch and irony which rendered the effect even more striking than it otherwise would have been. In the grand *finale* of the same act he imparted to the barytone portion, especially the phrase, 'Ah! l'indigne outrage . . . ' a degree of dramatic importance which, for the majority of the public, was a perfect revelation. Recalled after each act, this king of French singers evoked, finally, an outburst of indescribable enthusiasm."

In *Le Progrès* of the 12th inst. we read:—

"On Saturday M. Faure inaugurated at the Grand-Théâtre, with *La Favorite*, the series of performances which he proposes giving here. Despite the augmentation of the regular prices, the public flocked to this musical solemnity with an eagerness that does honour to their artistic taste. It was before a house crowded to the ceiling that the celebrated baritone sang the part of Alphonse in a

manner thoroughly justifying the brilliant ovation of which he was the object. Every possible expression has been already employed for the purpose of characterising and praising Faure's talent; in the presence of perfection the most flattering epithets become commonplace. Only those persons who have heard the great artist in *La Favorite* can have any notion how much Donizetti's music gains in value and charm by such an interpreter. M. Faure is an exceptional singer, possessed of an admirable voice; he is also a first-rate actor. With what authority he sang the grand air of the second act, 'Palais de l'Alcazar'! What a striking expression of despatch and irony he infused into the romance of the third act, 'Pour tant d'amour . . . '! A genuine revelation for all those among the audience who had never before heard the illustrious baritone was afforded by the finale of the same third act, which he invests with the most powerful dramatic character. Recalled repeatedly after each act by the long-continued bravos of the whole house, M. Faure obtained a fresh triumph by his singing of Mahomet's grand air from *Le Siège de Corinthe*, in which he had been previously heard at the Alcazar Concert. The public of Lyons will crowd to the Grand-Théâtre, as they did on Saturday, every time the celebrated baritone sings. It was a festival for those who went to enjoy the noble pleasures afforded by art; it was also a festival for the unfortunate workmen cruelly tried at the present moment. M. Faure has handed over for the benefit of the poor victims of the crisis the whole of his share of the receipts—or, in other words, the sum of three thousand francs. Such an act proves that the illustrious singer possesses a generous heart, as well as the soul of an artist."

The Salut public writes as follows:—

"The first performance of *La Favorite*, in which M. Faure took part on Saturday, at the Grand-Théâtre, was a long ovation for the eminent artist, who continues so worthily the traditions of the grand school of singing. The special and select audience who, notwithstanding the considerable augmentation in the prices of admission, occupied every nook and corner of the house, gave him a reception which was worthy of him, and worthy, also, of an intelligent and well-bred assembly. . . . When M. Faure appeared, at the commencement of the second act, to declaim the famous recitative: 'Jardins de l'Alcazar,' the dignity of his singing and the *maestria* of his talent entirely subjugated the public from the very first words. They recognised a man who is a master of, and a master in, his art. Though the voice has nothing about it particularly remarkable, it is admirably managed; the method and the style are irreproachable and worthy the greatest masters; but there is no one particular quality which seduces us at the cost of all the rest; it is the perfection of the whole performance which exacts recognition as a finished model of the musical drama in the highest acceptance of the word. Instead of the incoherent series of airs and recitatives which our ordinary singers give us, the character is 'composed' from one end to the other; all the details, even the slightest, tend to one common end, and the mobile play of the artist's features is as striking as the inflections of his voice. In the delicious cavatina of the third act, which brought down the house, for instance, M. Faure sang all the first part: 'Pour tant d'amour ne soyez pas ingrate,' as if scoffingly and with painful mockery, as indicated by the general sense of the drama, but, on the repetition of the melody, the heartrending sadness of the admirable cavatina obtains the upper hand, and it is with tears in his voice that the singer entrusts to the woman who has deceived him the happiness of Fernand. We do not know whether we have made ourselves understood, but this bringing out the slightest details of the drama and of the musical situation so struck the audience that they requested, with enthusiastic plaudits, to hear the whole piece over again."

Thus—as Dogberry would say—all are of a tale.

HAMBURG.—Mad. Christine Nilsson has been singing at the Stadttheater with the success which everywhere accompanies her. Herr Pollini has secured Herr Joseph Gungl to conduct the Summer Concerts given by the band of the above theatre.

MILAN.—*Lucrezia Borgia* has been performed at the Scala, with Mad. Sass as Lucrezia, and M. Merly as the Duke, but neither the lady nor the gentleman achieved anything like a triumph. Sig. Gayerre, on the contrary, was admirable as Gennaro. Signora Braccialini looked well as Orsini, but her voice is hardly strong enough for so large a theatre. Sig. Sarria's opera, *La Campana dell'Eremitaggio*, has proved a hit at the Teatro Dal Verme, though the composer is Neapolitan.

ROME.—Sig. Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been well received at the Teatro Apollo. The leading characters are sustained by Signore Mariani, Edelsberg, Signori Barbacini and Parboni.

RAMEAU.*

(Continued from page 867.)

Adam goes a little too far when he assures us that the success of this work closed the lips of Rameau's detractors. The fact is that these persons never ceased their hostility, and this is so true that not one of Rameau's operas was allowed to pass muster without a struggle and without opposition, its success, though really genuine, not being firmly established for several performances. The opera of *Castor* experienced the fate of all the rest, but its success eventually became a triumph. After having been played twenty-one times successively, as a novelty, and after having frequently re-appeared on the stage, it was revived, on the 11th January, 1754, with important alterations, which resuscitated public curiosity. But its greatest popularity, dates, perhaps, from the year following the composer's death. The reader may judge how far this was the case from the interesting details given on the subject by the *Mercur* of June, 1765, in an article referring to the Grand Opera: "Our provincial readers," says the above journal, "will, no doubt, have perceived with astonishment that, for some months, this article has contained nothing save the continuation of *Castor et Pollux*: they will be still more astonished to learn that at a season when people are fond of walking abroad, and when the weather is most favourable for their doing so, their walks are invariably sacrificed to this opera, the receipts of which, up to the present, have been as large as on the most successful nights during the winter. It is a singular and unique fact that the last performances of the opera of *Castor* were as eagerly attended as the first ones. The receipts for Friday, the 24th May, the thirtieth night of the revival, exceeded 4,500 livres. It is true that the care and attention which the managers, far from reposing upon their success, have devoted to perfecting the piece, have every day added some fresh ornaments to the magnificent picture. Having recently perceived that the act of carrying off *Castor* from the Elysian Fields to earth was susceptible of greater illusion, they had a machine made, the picturesque effect of which was so well conceived as to represent admirably the above act. It seems as though they will grow tired of having this opera performed sooner than the public will of flocking in crowds to applaud it; judging by the concourse of Frenchmen and foreigners, when the piece is given, and the admiration evinced by the latter, the trial between French music and Italian music appears definitively decided."

VI.

I will now draw up, as succinctly as possible, the list of Rameau's dramatic compositions which followed his earlier works.

Castor et Pollux was succeeded by *Les Fêtes d'Hébé, ou Les Talens lyriques*, a ballet-opera, in three acts and a prologue, by Mondorge, performed on the 21st May, 1739.† *Dardanus*, one of the composer's most important works was produced on the 19th November of the same year. The book, in five acts and a prologue, was written by La Bruyère, and twenty-six consecutive representations proved the success of the work. Some years later, however, the authors revised it, and introduced considerable modifications, with which a brilliant revival took place on the 22nd April, 1744. It was with reference to *Dardanus* that Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, who must be reckoned among the most bitter of Rameau's detractors, wrote to Racine the younger: "I have learnt the fate of Rameau's opera; his vocal music astounds me. Being in Paris, I thought I would strike up a piece of it, but, having failed miserably, I conceived the notion of writing a lyrico-comic ode. Here is a strophe of it.

"Distillateurs d'accords baroques,
Dont tant d'idiot sont fêrus,
Chez les Thraces et les Iroques
Portez vos opéras bourrus.
Malgré votre art hétérogène,
Lully, de la lyrique scène,
Est toujours l'unique soutien.
Fuyez, laissez-lui son partage,
Et n'écorchez pas davantage
Les oreilles des gens de bien."

As we see, the quarrel is in reality always the same: that of

* From the *Ménestrel*.

† The three acts were entitled: 1. *La Poésie, ou Sappho*; 2. *La Musique, ou Tyrtée*; and 3. *La Danse, ou Eglé*.

routine with progress, of immobilised tradition with the healthy and vigorous doctrine of liberty in art. But in the present instance, and on Rousseau's part, there was something even less estimable at work, as we learn from De Croix, who says: "What was Rameau's crime? His glory and the fact of his having selected an opera by M. de Voltaire wherewith to make his first essay in dramatic writing."

What occasioned the silence now preserved by Rameau for more than six years! I do not know, nor have I been able to find out. The reason cannot be the publication of his works, for, during this long space of time, he gave the public only a new collection of pieces for the harpsichord.† One thing, at any rate, is certain: during these six years he wrote nothing save the music of a short one-act piece by Piron: *Les Jardins de l'Hymen, ou la Rose*, performed at the Opéra-Comique, on the 5th March, 1744. At this period, if we can believe Mounet, then the manager, Rameau discharged the duties of chief of the orchestra at this theatre, of which Mounet obtained the patent in 1743. Mounet carefully re-organised the theatre, and says particularly in his *Mémoires*‡ that the orchestra was "under the direction of M. Rameau." It is, however, difficult to believe that, after producing five grand works at the Opéra, after having achieved there two such famous successes as those of *Hippolyte et Aricie* and *Castor et Pollux*, and after having become, we may say, the arbiter of French music, the great composer should have consented to direct the orchestra of a minor theatre.

What strikes me as more probable is the supposition that Mounet is not speaking of Rameau himself, but either of his brother, who might have then been in Paris, or even of his nephew, who, as we are aware, was a good musician. But, after all, this is a point which it is not easy to clear up.

(To be continued.)

CARRODUS AND HOWELL'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

(From the "Graphic," Feb. 10th.)

Our best English violinist, Mr Carrodus, and our best English violoncellist, Mr Edward Howell, have commenced a series of quartet concerts in the Langham Hall, which promise, and are worthy of, every success. The other members of the quartet party are V. Nicholson (second violin) and Doyle (viola). The quartets chosen at the first *soirée* were Beethoven in G, No. 2 of the six dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz, and Mendelssohn's in D (No. 1, Op. 44). Each was admirably rendered. Both Mr Carrodus and Mr Howell figured as soloists. Mr Carrodus selected the famous "Chaconne" of J. S. Bach, which he gave with such faultless execution and unexceptionable taste as to reflect the highest possible credit on the English school of violin playing. Mr Howell, our English Piatti—just as Mr Carrodus is our English Joachim—chose a quaint old sonata in G by the Italian Boccherini (famous for his manifold quintets), to which, quaint as it is, very considerable command of the instrument is required to impart due effect. This, however, Mr. Howell possesses, adding to it a fine tone and cultivated musical taste. The two solos, as they justly deserved, were received with unanimous applause. We are glad to find English musicians asserting their own legitimate claims at their own risk. Their almost persistent exclusion from our concert-rooms, where foreigners, often not their equals, occupy places to which they are justly entitled, is no credit to the musical pretensions affected by English amateurs. We have merely to add that the vocalist at this concert was Mr Edward Lloyd, who sang the late E. J. Loder's graceful serenade, "Wake, my love," and M. Gounod's by no means remarkable setting of Lord Byron's "Maid of Athens." At the next concert we are promised Sterndale Bennett's "Chamber Trio" and (*rara avis!*) a pianoforte quartet by Molique, Mr Carrodus's eminent master.

* *L'Ami des Arts*.

† "Pièces de clavecin en concert, avec un violon ou une flûte, et une viole ou un deuxième violon, par M. Rameau.—Paris, l'auteur, la veuve Boivin et Le Clair, 1741, in-f°.

‡ "Supplément au 'Roman Comique,' ou Mémoires pour servir à la vie de Jean Mounet."

TONOMETRY.

(Athenæum.)

The problem of tonometry is: given a sustained musical tone, to determine the number of vibrations made in one second of time by each particle of air conveying the undulation to which the sensation of sound is due. By a vibration in France is meant the motion from the extreme position on one side to the extreme on the other, like the single swing of a pendulum. In England, and now in Germany, by a vibration is meant the motion from the extreme position on one side to the return to the same position, like two swings on a pendulum. This will here be always understood by the term vibration, and the former will, when necessary, be distinguished as a simple vibration. Tones are simple when the motion of the air follows the law of a pendulum; and compound in other cases. Compound tones are heard as if a certain number of simple tones (called partials) were sounded simultaneously. In this case the pitch is the number of vibrations made in one second by the lowest partial.

The old attempts at tonometry were made by a monochord, horizontal, or, much better, vertical (Smith's *Harmonics* and General T. Perronet Thompson's *Just Intonation*), stretched by a weight mathematically determined by the transverse section and specific gravity of the string, and limited by a fixed bridge at one end and a movable bridge at the other. The pitch could then be calculated from the measured length of the string. More recently, the "Siren," in which a perforated plate was driven by a stream of air with increasing but constantly-measured velocity, producing a constantly higher note, has been extensively used. The pitch of the given note had to be determined by the estimation of the ear as to when the monochord or "Siren" gave a note identical with that under examination. All these methods are liable to numerous errors, and practically their results cannot be depended on to ten vibrations in one second. Other methods were still worse.

Tonometry was first placed on a scientific basis in a badly-written but extremely valuable little pamphlet of 80 pages and four lithographic plates, published at Essen, 1834, and entitled, "The Physical and Musical Tonometer (*Tonmesser*)," which proves by the pendulum, visibly to the eye, the absolute vibrations of tones, and of the principal genera of combinational tones, as well as the most definite exactness of equally-tempered and mathematical chords, invented and executed by Heinrich Scheibler, silk-ware manufacturer in Crefeld—a town of Rhenish Prussia, twelve miles north-west of Düsseldorf, celebrated for its silk factories. The principle upon which Scheibler proceeded was this. Tones which differ by a small amount "beat" together—a very familiar phenomenon—varying from a slow wave to a rapid rattle; and the number of beats in a second is precisely the same as the difference in the numbers of vibrations which the two tones make in a second. A tuning-fork will also beat with an imperfect octave above it, and then the number of beats is the difference between the number of vibrations of the upper tone and double the number of vibrations of the lower tone. Thus 258 and 259, or 256 and 253, beat 3 times in a second; and 256 and 515, or 256 and 509, also beat 3; that is, the beats do not show whether the upper note is too sharp or too flat. This has to be ascertained by flattening the upper tone (placing the upper tuning-fork under one's arm for a minute or two is sufficient). If then the beats diminish in number, the upper note is brought more in tune, and was too sharp; if the beats increase in number, the upper note is brought more out of tune, and was too flat. For compound tones other intervals can be selected, as shown below.* Then two forks being tuned roughly to (say) A on the first line on the bass staff, and the A above it, the upper A is flattened till it beats exactly 4 times in a second with the lower. (This is the easiest number to count. Generally either a very exact compensating metronome has to be used, or the beats must be counted through 10 to 100 seconds, and then the number of beats divided by the number of seconds. Less than 1 and more than 6 beats in a second are

* Let the ratio of any perfect interval be $m : n$, n being the greater number. Let two compound tones, having the vibrations y and z , and audibly possessing the n th and m th partials respectively, form exactly this interval, then $m : n :: y : z$, or $mz = ny$, and no wave is heard. If they do not exactly form the interval, the difference of mz and ny gives the number of "beats of error," as distinguished from the "rattle of the beating partials," which always exists more or less distinctly in "reeby" tones.

difficult to count with certainty, more than 8 almost impossible.) A third fork is now tuned 4 beats (in a second, as must be always understood) sharper, and will give the exact Octave of the lowest fork without any wave of error. Then, proceeding downwards by 4 beats at a time, we reach a fork which beats sharp 4, or less than 4, times with the original fork, and these beats are accurately counted. The sum of all the beats of all the forks, two and two, from the lowest to the highest, is necessarily the exact number of vibrations of the lowest, because these beats represent the number of vibrations to be added to the lowest, in order to produce its Octave, the highest, which has twice as many vibrations. Thus the absolute pitch is known of all the forks used, and forks can be tuned to any intermediate pitch by less than 4 beats in a second. The construction of such tonometers of forks, large in size, never touched by the hand, kept at a constant temperature, and anxiously observed and re-observed, is a matter of great difficulty. Scheibler's original tonometer had 52 forks, extending from A 219½ (that is, the note called A and making 219½ vibrations in a second) to A 439½, but proceeding by unequal numbers of beats. Koenig, of Paris, subsequently improved on this by making one of 65 forks, from C 258 to C 512, proceeding by 4 beats, and added two other forks, F 341½ and A 426½. This is priced in his catalogue of 1865 at 2,000 francs, or £80. Scheibler's own tonometer was made in 1834 by Kämmerling, in Crefeld (long since deceased), for sixty dollars, or £9, paid at time of ordering (*Tonmesser*, p. 80).

25, Argyll Road, Kensington.

A. G. ELLIS.

(To be continued.)

ART IN HOSPITALS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I saw in your columns, last week, a letter from Dr J. S. Hamilton, advocating the presentation to the hospitals of London of "suitable pictures, plate, bronzes, carvings, bric-a-brac, old armour, china, sculpture, ornamental clocks, fancy glass, tasteful (?) glazed tiles, and other decorations of all sorts."

In spite of the capping to this "benevolent and admirable idea," by D. P., permit me to suggest that if "amusement," instead of "art," were advocated something might be done to wile away the weary time a patient spends in one of our metropolitan hospitals. In the first place, the class of persons who apply for admission are not those who would, especially during an illness, appreciate looking at ornamental clocks, fancy glass, china, sculpture, old armour, &c. If *suitable pictures* could be constructed on metal, with sliding metal frames, so that all might be changed, say, once a week (for nothing tires a patient so much as always looking at the same object); the paper's pattern on the wall of his sick room conjures up in him all sorts of ideas. So be it! but would not a good library, plenty of games, dominoes, chess, &c., toys, and picture-books, be of much more use in general hospitals than *art* objects, which collect dust and engender disease. In support of the last few words I may state that some few years ago an analysis was made of the dust collected from the window frames and corners of the wards of a military hospital in Paris, and resulted in the finding of "Bacteria" and all sorts of animalculæ, in fact, germs of disease. What would happen if "suitable pictures" in the shape of engravings, executed as they are, on paper not unlike blotting paper, and possessing all its absorbent properties, were hung up in the wards? To make hospital life more agreeable, I would say, "Let windows in the wards be so constructed that patients should, even in bed, be able to see out of them—not, as in many I know of, ten feet from the ground—for an hospital is not a prison. Also let visiting days for friends of the patients be more often.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

LE DR SIDNEY CHATER.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Feb. 14, 1877.

BRUSSELS.—Mad. Galli-Marié has been giving a series of performances at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, where she has appeared in *Carmen*, *Piccolino*, and *Les Dragons de Villars*. Grisar's opera, *Les Amours du Diable*, has been performed at the Alhambra.—A society, entitled the Cercle des Instrumentistes, has been formed with the especial object of executing works written by the great masters, ancient and modern, for wind instruments, with *obbligato* piano.—At the first public exercise of the pupils of the Conservatory, the executants were the solfa, organ, and evening classes. The programme was devoted exclusively to sacred music: psalms, sonatas, and chorales, by Bach, Mendelssohn, and other composers. In future, there will be one such public performance every month.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

On Saturday, Feb. 3, the anniversary of Mendelssohn's birthday was worthily commemorated by a programme drawn entirely from his works. The selection was especially interesting, but all the more provoking because it included only one out of five movements from the twelfth and last of those early symphonies still allowed to remain in MS. This was an *adagio* in E flat, for quintet of stringed instruments, with solos for violin *obbligato*. Written at the age of fourteen, such an effort can only be regarded as phenomenal. It was admirably executed, and the manner in which Herr Joseph Joachim gave the solos showed not only that he felt sympathy with his task, but bore in mind that he was interpreting the thoughts of a master who looked upon him, even when a boy of twelve, as one of his "most gifted disciples and dearest friends." In such terms Mendelssohn expressed himself in a letter to Sterndale Bennett. The other orchestral pieces were the fiery overture to *Ruy Blas* (the work of a couple of days!), and the splendid symphony in A minor. How the orchestra which Mr August Manns directs so well performs these works needs no telling. The violin concerto—the only one to be named after that of Beethoven—was, as a matter of course, on such an occasion introduced. Played as it was by Herr Joachim, it riveted the attention of the audience from beginning to end. A more superb performance has rarely been heard, or a more truly enthusiastic recognition of its merits. Some part-songs, entrusted to the Crystal Palace Choir, agreeably varied the programme. To these were added an air from *Eljah*, and the somewhat too familiar song, "The Garland" (as if Mendelssohn had not written many other such things), which that excellent tenor, Mr Edward Lloyd, sang in his best manner—praise of itself.—*Graphic*, Feb. 10.

MISS ALICE MAY AT BELFAST.

(From a Correspondent.)

Miss Alice May's first visit to Ireland is another of her successes. A large house assembled last night at her benefit—notwithstanding the counter-attraction at the Ulster Hall, where the Choral Association produced *Israel in Egypt*—and her reception was enthusiastic. Between the acts of *La belle Hélène*, which Miss May selected for her benefit, she sang a new song, "Unrest," composed expressly for her by G. B. Allen, which was encored, and, subsequently gave "The Last Rose of Summer," "Katey's Letter," and "Comin' thro' the rye." During the evening the annexed verses, printed on white satin, with other anonymous souvenirs of her visit to Belfast, were handed to her:—

TO ALICE MAY

The dawn through the darkness breaks,
And a rush of musical wings
Winnows the air, and awakes
The music of things.

The groves are filled with delight,
And rejoice that the darkness is done,
And shake off the shadows of night,
And psalm to the sun.

Like music the sunlight breaks—
A sun-song of heavenly birth,
That bursts on the world, and awakes
The chorus of earth.

Belfast, Feb. 10.

So thou, O Queen-Star of Song!
'Mid thy satellite sisters of night,
Reign'st peerless, and lead'st them
With thy music and light. [along

Our souls, at the light of thy face,
As at sunlight, awake and rejoice;
And our spirits are filled with the grace
Of thy heavenly voice.

Immortal, serene over death, [dwells,
In our souls, where thy loveliness
Thou art crowned — Song-Queen —
with a wreath
Of love's immortelles.

S. K. O. (A—N S—E.)

COMPTON'S BENEFIT.

Gratitude for many a laugh that's due,
Pity for ills that all are subject to;
Respect for honest, manly, private worth
Is by this brimming bumper here set forth.

Bentwell.

GOOD NEWS FOR HARPISTS.—Mr John Cheshire has been giving "Harp Recitals" in the provinces with great success. The *Malvern News* and *Leeds Journal* are enraptured "at the thrilling sweetness of his fantasias on old Irish, Welsh, and English airs."

ARE WE A MUSICAL PEOPLE?

We read with satisfaction the subjoined remarks in the columns of *The Echo*:—

"To refute error and vindicate truth is no less a duty in matters musical than in the greater affairs of life; and, although from a utilitarian point of view long-cherished fallacies in the domain of Art are of little account, it would not be difficult to show that these are often as prejudicial to the material interests of a country as they are to its artistic renown. At all events, it is right to combat them on every fitting occasion. There is no greater fallacy than that which stigmatises the English nation as unmusical, and there are no statements more mendacious than those which accuse English musicians with being less instructed, and English performers with being less artistic, than those of other countries. Now, so long as foreign musicians, with no finer talents than their English *confrères*, are more esteemed, and so long as foreign artists of second rate ability are more patronised and better paid than English artists of the same standing, excuses for Continental superciliousness must be admitted; but the assertion that the English people are unmusical—i.e., inappreciative of the noblest thoughts expressed in music by the great composers—is perfectly indefensible, and can be refuted, not only by arguments, but by facts, 'which blaze with too great an evidence to be denied.' In no other city beside London are concerts like those directed by Mr Arthur Chappell, and known as the 'Monday Popular,' given so frequently, so continuously, and so free from *ad captandum* appeals to public favour. Yet the Monday Popular Concerts are always fully attended, and never lack support. This fact, combined with the interest taken in our Philharmonic Societies, our Sacred Harmonic institutions, and the Classical Concerts at the Crystal Palace, shows forcibly what are the musical proclivities of the country, and relegates the idea of our being unmusical to the category of 'vulgar errors.' In fact, the only accusation that can be sustained against English audiences is that of favouring foreign talent at the expense of that which is native."

DR MAURICE DAVIES' LECTURE ON THE POETS
OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

The fourth of these pleasant and instructive afternoons took place on Ash Wednesday, at 4, Holland Park Terrace (by kind permission of J. C. Townley, Esq.), and was, as usual, appreciated by a full audience. In accordance with the day, the lecture was devoted to sacred poetry. Commencing with a short historical review of religion, threaded up to the present day through the Jews and the Greek and Latin Churches, Dr Davies gave readings from the works of George Herbert, Newman, Keble, Heber, &c., and a clever biographical sketch of Keble. The lecture was agreeably varied by the artistic singing of Miss Katharine Poyntz, whose rendering of "Lead, kindly Light," "There is a green hill," "Lord, whom my inmost soul adoreth," &c., left nothing to desire.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15th:—

War March, <i>Gideon</i>	C. E. Horsley.
Air, "Mi restano le lagrime," <i>Alcina</i>	Handel.
Prelude and Fugue (D minor)	Mendelssohn.
Andante con Variazioni (Septuor)	Beethoven.
Offertoire (F major, Op. 34)	Lebègue Wely.
Overture for the Organ	G. Morandi.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 17th:—

Grand March. Composed for the Coronation of the King of Prussia	Meyerbeer.
Romanza, "Quando a te lieta"	Gounod.
Prelude and Fugue (D major)	Bach.
Allegretto (B minor)	A. Gailmant.
Air, "Subtle Love, with fancy viewing"	Handel.
Chorus, "Hymen, fair Urania's son"	Handel.
Overture, <i>Guillaume Tell</i>	Rossini.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS, who—says the *Western Daily News*—has made the subject of national music peculiarly his own, has accepted an engagement to give a series of lectures on music, ancient and national, in South Wales. His tour will commence at Easter.

Popular Concerts.

(RETROSPECT.)

(Continued from page 102.)

The first appearance of Herr Joseph Joachim has for very many years been the looked-for event of the early musical season. Among all the great violinists who from time to time have appeared at the Popular Concerts, or elsewhere among us, Herr Joachim is indisputably the greatest. There are no differences of opinion about him; and in this respect, indeed, he may be said to stand alone. Amateurs and musicians are here alike agreed. With reference to his technical proficiency and refined musical organisation it would be at this time superfluous to speak; but the noblest trait in Herr Joachim's artistic individuality cannot too often, or too earnestly, be dwelt upon. We allude to the utter forgetfulness of self in whatever he undertakes to play. He is the genuine expounder of the writings of great masters. When he comes before us, bow in hand and fiddle on shoulder, we only think of the composer; and it is not till the work approaches its conclusion that we have time to reflect upon the irreproachable character of the performance to which we have been listening. This, after all, is the real triumph of executive art. It may seem strange to add, but it is, nevertheless, true, that while the most practised of virtuosos, Joseph Joachim is literally no virtuoso at all. Whether engaged with Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn, it is all the same; he is never Joachim, but always the master whose thoughts he is interpreting. Genuine virtuosos—men like Liszt, Bülow, Rubinstein, &c.—invite, nay, force us to consider almost exclusively the personality and distinguishing characteristics of the executant, without reference to the music selected for the exhibition of their powers. With Joachim, however, the case is precisely the opposite. His sole idea is to enforce the claims to consideration of the master-works confided to his keeping. At the Monday Popular Concert of February 3rd, to which the undiminished and undiminishing attraction of Herr Joachim's name had brought together an enormous audience, he led two quartets—Beethoven's "Rasoumowski," in C (No. 3), and one of the several examples which Haydn has bequeathed to us, in the key of G. These have nothing in common but the exquisite symmetry of their form, the methods of development being entirely different. Yet Herr Joachim won the strong sympathy of his hearers in both—and no wonder. His coadjutors were MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. The mysterious and wonderful *andante*, in A minor, by Beethoven, thus rendered, was of itself something to bring back any concert to memory. The solo chosen by Herr Joachim was Bach's *Chaconne* with variations (twenty-nine in number), which, often as he has played it, he never played in more magnificent style. That he was rapturously encored may be readily believed, and that, as usual, he substituted a shorter piece by the same composer. In fact, Herr Joachim's return to the Popular Concerts was a new gratification to the audience, and a new triumph for the artist. The pianist was Madlle Marie Krebs, who, by reviving Clementi's beautiful sonata in C (No. 1 of Op. 34), which has not been played since it was first introduced by Mad. Arabella Goddard, so far back as 1860, afforded general and unqualified satisfaction. Though, in our opinion, the opening movement was taken somewhat too fast, and the *andante* wanted a little more sentiment (pass the word), the *rondo finale* was given in perfection, and the whole marked by a correctness, combined with precision, that fully accounted for the unanimous applause bestowed. We should like to hear of this accomplished young lady oftener in music of the Clementi, Dussek, and Woelfl period. She has already taken in hand the *Plus Ultra* of Dussek; and a vast field lies before her in the same direction. Such nimble, agile fingers as hers are equal to any undertaking. The singer was Mr Edward Lloyd, whose chief success was deservedly earned in Beethoven's quaint and, at the same time, poetical song, "Der Wachtelschlag," which he sang to the English version of Mr W. Hills—"Hark! 'tis the note of the quail." Mr Zerbini was the accompanist.

(To be continued.)

DORDRECHT.—The Society for the Advancement of Dutch Musical Art gave an interesting concert here a short time since. The programme included the Symphony in C major, by W. F. G. Nicolai; a grand air, sung by Madlle Wilhelmine Gips, from an opera entitled *De Vergissing* (The Mistake), by M. J. Mertens, of Antwerp; the grand air, sung by M. Blauwaert, of Mons, from the first finale of *Liederik*, another opera by the composer already named; a symphonic prelude to Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*, from the pen of M. Ed. de Hartog; and various other compositions, by Mendelssohn, Ambroise Thomas, Vander Linden, and Richard Hol.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The success of Mr O'Neill's Waverley Market promenade concerts has established the fact that a want has been supplied to the amusement-loving public. The programme presented last Saturday evening was sufficiently attractive. The band of the 7th Hussars played selections from *La Fille de Mme Angot*, the Irish fantasia, "Erin" (Basquit), and the valse, "Casino Tanze" (Gung'l). The band of the Q. E. R. Brigade also took a prominent part in the programme. The vocalists did their work efficiently.

HECKMONDWICK.—A performance of Mendelssohn's *St Paul* took place on the 7th Feb. The principal vocalists were Misses Carina Clelland and Fawcett, Messrs Henry Guy and Wadmore. The band (under the leadership of Mr Smith) and chorus numbered one hundred and fifty. Mr Bowling, of Leeds, was conductor.

DUBLIN.—Their Graces the Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Marlborough had a concert at the Castle on Wednesday evening, the 7th Feb., at which the Dublin Glee Union and Mr Charles Oberthür had the honour to perform. The former, consisting of Mrs Scott-Fennell, Messrs Bapty, R. W. Smith, and Grattan Kelly, sang part-songs, among which Sir Robert P. Stewart's "The Bells of St Michael's Tower" had to be repeated. Mr Oberthür played his popular harp solo, "La Cascade," and afterwards, at the express request of Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, another solo. Their Graces expressed their satisfaction in complimentary terms. Besides the Vice-Regal party, there were many others invited.

NORWICH.—A well-filled hall on Thursday evening (Feb. 8) testified to the popularity of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union. Under the conductorship of Dr Bunnett the Union is making much progress; and it is a credit to the city that it has a society of amateurs capable of giving such a concert. The principal vocalists were Mrs Arthur Bullard, Miss Harcourt, Mr Minns, and Mr A. Hooper (a recent accession to the society); Mr Wilkins led the band, and Mr Walter Lain was the organist. The first part consisted of Mozart's First Mass in C, and Mendelssohn's 13th Psalm, for solo voice and chorus. Both were effectively given. Mrs Arthur Bullard sang the *Agnus Dei* in the Mass, and in Mendelssohn's Psalm the solo parts were taken by Miss Harcourt. The second part opened with Dr Bunnett's fine orchestral introduction to his sacred cantata, followed by the recitative and *aria*, "Thou art the God that doest wonders," sung by Mr Hooper. Next came a pianoforte duet, *Andantino* and *Rondo* (Hummel), by Dr Bunnett and Mr A. Bunnett. Songs and duets followed, and the concert closed with the grand "March of King David's Army" (from *David and Abalom*), played for the first time in Norwich.

OXFORD.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 30th, a concert was given in the Town Hall in aid of the Organ Fund of the Church of St Anne's, Soho, London. Several ladies and gentlemen well known for their musical abilities lent their assistance, the duties of conductors devolving upon Messrs Walter Parratt and Lloyd. The programme opened with a pianoforte duet, brilliantly played, by Messrs Lloyd and Parratt. Messrs E. Cholmeley Jones, and Charles Wade, Misses Adela Vernon and Bertha Griffiths, followed with songs and duets. "The Kreutzer" sonata was frequently applauded during its performance, Herr Rosenthal, the violinist, producing the highest notes on his instrument with surprising sweetness and delicacy. "Ah fors' e lui" (*Traviata*) was sung by Miss Adela Vernon, who received a hearty and unanimous *encore*. The same compliment was awarded to Miss Bertha Griffiths in "Marguerite." During the evening Mr Sutton, a promising young violinist, gave a solo by De Beriot, and was loudly applauded. Two violin solos, a Romance in G and a Reverie, played by Herr Rosenthal, were also much appreciated. The quartet, "When evening's twilight," concluded the evening's entertainment.

Parliamentary Mediator.
Euphonic term for garotter.

(See Gladstone's Speech, Feb. 8.)

Wellben.

'Twould have gladdened the heart of Johnson,
Who said he loved a good harter,
To hear good advice from Gladstone—
Only, you know, as mediator.

(Same Speech.)

Benwell Wellben.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.
NINETEENTH SEASON, 1876-7.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT,
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19, 1877.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.
SONATA, in B flat (posthumous), for pianoforte alone—Mr
CHARLES HALLÉ Schubert.
ARIA, "Vittoria, vittoria" Carissimi.
ARLETTA, from *Il Maestro di Musica* Pergolesi.
Herr HENSCHEL.
QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 67, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
(First time at the Popular Concerts)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES,
STRAUS, and PIATTI Brahms.
PART II.
SONGS, {"Der Neugierige"}—Herr HENSCHEL Schubert.
TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—
MM. CHARLES HALLÉ, JOACHIM, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
Conductor Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello
—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Mozart.
AIR, "Si tra i ceppi"—Mr FRANK D'ALQUEN Handel.
SONATA, in G major, Op. 31, No. 1, for pianoforte alone—Mr
CHARLES HALLÉ Beethoven.
SONG, "Nazareth"—Mr FRANK D'ALQUEN Gounod.
TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violon-
cello—MM. CHARLES HALLÉ, JOACHIM, and PIATTI Beethoven.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr F. C. BURNAND.—According to the Lyons *Salut Publique*, M.
Durnand is not Sarden or François—but if either, both, and therefore
neither.

Dr. BILE.—Read Godwin's "Essay on Sepulchres."

T. FLANK.—Auber was born in 1782—not 1792.

A CONSTANT READER.—Handel said what was said, not of Piccini
(or Piccinni), but of Gluck—and he (Handel) was right.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

TO PAUL MOIST, ESQ.

(From the Undersized Undersigned.)

SIR,—In answer to the cruel compliment implied in your attack
of last week, I am prepared to say, as an eye-witness of the fact,
and as an outsider, that he did not do it. Any report to the contrary
is unfounded, except in malicious presumption, which is no evidence
in a court of law, where in due time the parties in question will
most certainly appear. I should not have troubled you, but that
Mr Burnand is away just now, and did not probably see the article
alluded to. At the same time there can be no possible imputation
on any one. This view of the case, which I take to be the right,
and, in fact, the only one, will, I think, be upheld by both Mr
W. S. Gilbert, and the other friendly person, who shall be nameless,
or, if this is more convenient, left till called for. Excuse brevity,
as the post has just this moment left, and there is not another for
the next five hours. I beg respectfully to sign myself, Yours,
Boom House.

THE BOY WITH THE BASSOON.

[The "Boy with the Bassoon," though dialectically mistaken,
is, in an amphigourismatical sense, bewildered. Bel and the
Dragon are one thing; St George and ditto are another. *Va
Victis!*—A. S. S.]

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.



MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—It is odd that Mr Joseph Bennett's too
lenient analysis of the hash which Liszt has made out of Schubert's
Fantasia in C should have been inserted in the Crystal Palace
programme of Saturday, after the manner in which Mr Walter
Bache (pianist on the occasion) introduced Mr Bennett's name not
long ago in a concert-programme of his own. The Albert Hall
directors ought not to have allowed it, and, under the circumstances,
I am surprised that Mr Grovemanns condescended to make use of it.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Times have changed.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—If you say that again I will blow your
brains out.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Don't. I won't.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Have you remarked that pianists rarely
heard in public take to public lecturing?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—At institutes?

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Pauer—Dannreuther?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Praeger? Sloper?

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Liszt will deliver lectures.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—At institutes?

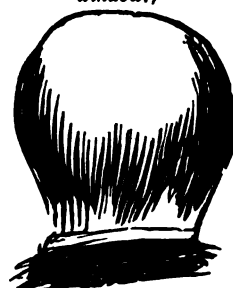
MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Lincoln and Sterndale have lectured.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Benedict and Macfarren.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—At institutes. And Ella?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—No pianist. Professor, with right of
lecture.

(Lights extinguished suddenly. Head of Benwell glides in through bow-
window.)



HEAD OF BENWELL (sepulchral).—I only have right of lecture.
(Head of Benwell glides out through the funnel.)

(Lights revive.)

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT (trembling).—Heu!

MR DRINKWATER HARD (shivering).—Cauda! 'Twas the Ghost
of Benwell's head!

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT (*exasperated*).—Say that again and I'll blow your brains out.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Don't. I won't.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—As I was muttering—most all our pianists take to lecture.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—At institutes?

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—At institutes.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Why?

(*Lights again extinguished. Bust of Dr Dickplump Schopenhauer Raub glides in through bow window.*)



BUST OF DR DICKPLUMP SCHOPENHAUER RAUB (*sepulchrally*).—I'm a dead man. Unschliffige Shoot! Boggle me no bollards, Bolusartig!

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT (*palsied*).—I boggled thee no boggles, gracious bust?

BUST OF DR DICKPLUMP SCHOPENHAUER RAUB (*sepulchrally*).—Nor thou, Furchtsame Hard. Mendelssohn is dead, but Liszt is on live.

MR DRINKWATER HARD (*courageously*).—Sterndale is dead, but Joseph is on live.

BUST OF DR DICKPLUMP SCHOPENHAUER RAUB (*sepulchrally*).—Wagner!

MR DRINKWATER HARD (*more courageously*).—Macfarren!

(*Bust of Dr Dickplump Schopenhauer Raub disappears up the chimney.*)

MR DRINKWATER HARD (*confited*).—That ghost-like bust has vanished.

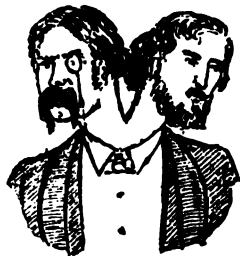
MR MONTAGUE SHOOT (*in convulsions*).—Say that again—

MR DRINKWATER HARD (*interrupting him*).—With Joseph and George Alexander we're safe.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—I wish I were a pea. (*sings*):—"I can't endure this mental strain." But about lecture?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—These pianists have no right to lecture—

(*Lights extinguished. Bust of Dr Zweikopff glides in.*)



BUST OF DR ZWEIKOPFF (*sings*):—

"Until they can no longer play."

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—O Creeshna! More ghosts! O Abul Fusil!

BUST OF DR ZWEIKOPFF (*merrily*).—Go to the "Pops" on Monday—Cali Yug!

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Come with us, courteous Twohead.

BUST OF DR ZWEIKOPFF.—I cannot. I am legless.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT (*furiously*).—Why should we go? On what account?

BUST OF DR ZWEIKOPFF.—A quartet in B flat, by Brahms Johannes.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—I like the name.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—I like the key.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Both bring pleasant reminiscences. At what time, slender Bust?

BUST OF DR ZWEIKOPFF. Read the *Amarasinha*, as Hueffer has read it, and you will find that the Sun, whether he be symbolised

as Surya, or Brahma, or Osiris, or Apollo, or Siegfried, or what not, it is he who makes time. Farewell! *Portez-vous bien.*

(*Bust of Dr Zweikopff evaporates.*)

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—I am getting accustomed to these spirits.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—No more will come. The moon is at its full—

(*Moon appears.*)



HALF MOON.—Not so: I am but half complete.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Instruct us, lunar half. Should pianists lecture?

HALF MOON.—So they but have the power.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Power? Pauer!

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—The moon hath made a pun.

[*Exit Moon.*]

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Half Moon's offended.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Be it so. Why should pianists lecture?

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—At institutes?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—At institutes.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—On Wagner?

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—On Wagner.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—If they have bought their portheuffer they must needs—

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—Devaliser?

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—Devaliser.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—But Duke Coleridge lectured upon Weber?

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—He is no pianist, and wanted no portheuffer.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—He had his porthelborn when translating Schubert.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—His porthelborn!

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—I shall lecture on Haydn.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—You will have your portpohl. I shall lecture on Mozart.

MR DRINKWATER HARD.—You will have your portjahn. Better lecture on Chopin—



MR MONTAGUE SHOOT.—No! No! I couldn't carry a portliast.

MR MONTAGUE SHOOT and MR DRINKWATER HARD (*ensemble*).—Better be honest and carry our portmanteaus.

[*Exeunt ambo convinced.*]

More "Astounding Impudence."



SINCE a certain article appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, the composite phrase, *Astounding-impudence* has passed ("as the French would say") into a form of proverbial speech. "Judicious Hooker" himself would have approved it. Then came *Ghoul* ("musical ghoul") from the same egregious pen. "Ghoul" is a nomenclature of which Sir Thomas Browne, George Grove, the author of Godwin's "*Essay on Sepulchres*," Theophrastus Bombastes Paracelsus, Hierony-

mus Cardanus, or Francis Hueffer himself, would have approved. See, in the *Boston Courier*, our amiable and slightly diaphonous contemporary of New New Athens, how Ghouls are patted on the back by the sages of Massachusetts, whose grave-raking champion is *J. J.*—Professor, so to speak (non-phonetically), *J. J.*—

"The orchestral accompaniments of *The Messiah*, as they have come to us from the hands of the composer, sound poor and thin to ears accustomed to the wealth and richness of modern orchestras. Handel's score reveals no parts other than those written for the strings, oboes, trumpets, and drums, the wind and percussion instruments being very sparingly used. It should be noted, however, that this light instrumentation is no proof of the poverty of orchestral resources at the command of the master in 1741. There are scores by Handel which include parts for flutes, bassoons, harps, harpichords, and horns, besides those which lay within the accolade of *The Messiah*. Furthermore, Handel employed a number of instruments, both stringed and wind, now unknown or unused. He was ready to use any utensil of a musical sort which would produce an effect—the brazen throats of cannon even being drawn into his service. This willingness, sometimes eagerness, on Handel's part is worth remembering when the purist rises to object to any emendations of, or additions to, any of his scores. Schœlcher, Handel's biographer, maintains that 'if the instrumental portions of Handel's oratorios, as they were executed under his direction, had not been burned at the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808, we should doubtless have been astonished at their amplitude,' adding that 'a few scattered fragments serve to show that he sometimes added extra accompaniments.' Be this as it may, Mozart thought it necessary to amplify the orchestration when, in 1789, the work was brought out at Vienna. The parts were then in existence, and could, without doubt, have been easily procured. Mozart's additional instrumentation was, however, partly made necessary by the want of an organ in the great hall of the Imperial Court Library, where the oratorio was performed.

"The mention of an organ carries us back to Handel, who at all public performances of his oratorios, given under his direction, was accustomed to sit at the organ, by the aid of which he could, and presumably did, add the colouring not found in his score. His manuscripts are copiously noted with indications for the use of instruments for which no parts can be found. Schœlcher says that in the Buckingham Palace collection there is a score of the chorus 'Lift up your heads,' with parts for horns, oboes, and bassoons—written antiphonally, to agree with the choral responses—in addition to the string quartet. The enthusiastic biographer declares that the master's orchestration was in some instances very full—too full, if one may believe the gibes of the satirists. *En passant*, the unprejudiced reader would be amused to note the wonderful resemblance between these *pasquinades* and those which Wagner has called forth a century and a half later. He cautions students against placing too great trust in the Walsh scores, the publisher being 'used to economise the expenses of engraving by suppressing the accompaniments,' while Handel, 'to save time, only wrote the leading parts when he composed, leaving it to the copyists to multiply them according to his instructions.' Whatever Handel might have done for the enrichment of his most famous work, the fruits of Mozart's labours have been of real value to the musical world. His score includes parts for flutes, clarionets, oboes, and bassoons, for trumpets, horns, and trombones, and for drums, all being additions to the original score. Besides these, he added in several instances parts for second violins and violas, altered here a violin to a flute part, there an oboe to a clarinet, and re-wrote entirely in some cases parts for first violins, for trumpets, and for drums. It was rarely that Handel's forms or harmonies were disturbed, the additions in many cases following the figured bass as written by the composer. Sometimes there were gaps which had to be filled out.

"Still, with all the pains, the work remains incomplete so far as the accompaniments are concerned (!) Or so, at least, it remained until about a year ago, when Robert Franz, at the express request of the Handel and Haydn Society, tendered to him through Mr Otto Dresel, who was then in Europe, undertook the task of supplying the deficiencies of Mozart's score (!) The new score was received from Dr Franz last spring. On examination and comparison with the Handel and Mozart scores, it is evident that the Mozart method has been followed—that is, the figured bass has been worked out in parts for clarionets or bassoons, or both, in phrases where no wind instruments have been employed by either predecessor. In some instances gaps, which Mozart had left unfilled, are closed up. In others, the entire colouring of the score has been freshened and brightened (!!)

The following list gives some idea of the extent of the additions and alterations. The numbers are from the Novello edition :—

"Two clarionets and two bassoons :

Part I. Numbers 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 12, and 18.

" II. " 23, 26, 32, and 43.

" III. " 45 and 54.

Two clarionets and one bassoon :

Part II. Number 38.

Two horns ;

Part I. Numbers 9 and 18.

"The organ accompaniment has been written out for the string quartet in the following recitatives :—

"Part I. Numbers 8, 14, and 15

" II. " 34 and 42.

" III. " 52.

"A better man than Dr Franz could not have been found. His studies of, and researches in, the works of Handel and his great contemporary and fellow-countryman Bach, pre-eminently fitted him for the task. The accompaniments for several of Bach's oratorios and cantatas, and for many of Handel's operatic arias, have been made available for modern use by his new scoring. Three of Bach's works, sung in the Music Hall last season, were re-constructed (!!!!).

"There remain other improvements to be noted. These have been made by Mr Zerrahn (!!!!!) and consist mainly of changes—in some cases quite radical—in the phrasing of the orchestral parts (!!!!!). It cannot well be believed by any intelligent musician that so great a master as Handel should have permitted his string players to perform *staccato* against the *legato* movement in the vocal score. The unmusical effect of this mixed method—sanctioned though it may be by long usage—induced Mr Zerrahn to newly phrase not only the string parts, but also those for the wood and wind instruments throughout nearly the entire work—a long and tedious task, but we believe the result will amply repay the labour spent (!!!!!). A prominent feature of this improving—perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say this restoring—process is the reduction of orchestral and vocal parts to something like a uniform consonance in phrasing. The attentive listener will discover the use of the new method in the following numbers : Part I. Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, 17, 18, 20, and 21. Part II. Numbers 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 32, 33, and 41. Mr Zerrahn's work will make itself plainly felt, especially in the choruses numbered 4, 7, 12, 21, 26, and 41, and in the soprano solo numbered 18. In adapting the organ accompaniment of the recitations for string quartet, Dr Franz unaccountably overlooked Number 19, Part I. Mr Zerrahn has, therefore, arranged it for the strings (!!!!!). He has also transposed it to a lower key, in order that it may be sung by an alto voice, the change being justified, if not demanded, by the fact that the first half of the aria, Number 20, to which it serves as introduction, is, in accordance with long-established custom, assigned to the alto.

"The additions to, and *emendations* (O Gemini !) of, the score of Handel's best known work, of whose extent and importance we have endeavoured to give some idea, &c. (!!!!!). "F. H. J."

When President Grant quits political life he may do worse than devote his leisure time to amending the "emendations" of Herr Zerrahn. To what are we coming? It is gratifying to be informed that neither Professor Longfellow nor J. S. Dwight join heartily in the *Ghoul* movement, although the name of Otto Dresel made us quiveringly suspicious of one, if not of both. Nevertheless, President Grant, when he "quits political life" (as we have said), in "amending the emendations of Herr Zerrahn," his joyous compatriot, may do better work for humanity than Cincinnatus the deliver could ever effect. *List, list, O Isis!* *Thyophilus Querr.*

THE sudden death, on February 2, of M. Eugène Chavet, for ten years editor of *L'Europe Artiste*, is announced. He was a man of great experience and general information, and might have taken, had he lived, a position of distinction among the men of letters and of science, in whom the French capital is so rich.

WARSAW.—A four-act opera, *Stradiota*, libretto in Polish by M. Jasinski, music by M. Adam Münchheimer, director of the National Operahouse, has been produced.

COLOGNE.—It is in this town that the Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be celebrated at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. The programme will comprise, among other compositions, Haydn's *Seasons*, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Verdi's *Requiem*, the last being conducted by the composer himself.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

M. FAURE's success at Lyons has been immense. *Le Salut Public*, *Le Progrès*, even to *Le Censeur* and *Le Petit Lyonnais*, and the *Lyonnais-Journal* are in raptures about him. Their five voices, thus uplifted in his praise, might really be harmonised into a five-part chorus, to the words, "Vive Faure le Grand!" And then, passing his claims as an artist, see what he has done as a man, mindful of others besides himself. *Le Censeur* has the following:—

"M. Faure, baryton du Grand-Opéra, a remis ce matin au préfet du Rhône la somme de trois mille francs pour la souscription au profit des ouvriers sans travail. M. Faure, bien avant la représentation, dont on trouvera plus loin le compte rendu, était admiré des Lyonnais; il vient aujourd'hui de conquérir un titre plus précieux. La reconnaissance de Lyon ne sera pas un des moins beaux fleurons de la couronne du grand artiste."—P. L.

This "P. L." cannot be Paul le Louche, seeing that Paul dedicates his wits exclusively to the *Public Toulousain*. Petrus Longinus is his actual name.

On the 25th February, 1791, Joseph Haydn gave his first concert in London. He was then fifty-eight years old. On the 10th February, 1808, *Guillaume Tell* was performed at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the five-hundredth time, and the members of the orchestra serenaded its illustrious composer in honour of the event. On the 15th February, 1863, the four-hundred-and-fiftieth representation of Auber's *Muette* took place at the same theatre. On the 7th February, 1862, the theatre in the Tuileries was inaugurated with an opera, called *Ercole amante*, and composed by Pietro Francesco Cavalli.

THE month of February is remarkable for the birth of the following musicians: Felix Mendelssohn, Hamburg, 1809; F. F. Chopin, Zelazowa-Wola, 1810; Johann Ludwig Dusek, Czazlau, 1761; Father Stanislao Mattei, Bologna, 1750; André Grétry, Liège, 1741; Giovanni Pacini, Catania, 1796; Niccolò Paganini, Genoa, 1784; Charles de Bériot, Louvain, 1802; Carl Czerny, Vienna, 1791; Georg Friedrich Handel, Halle, 1685; Gioachino Rossini, Pesaro, 1792; Pierre Rode, Bordeaux, 1774; Lauro Rossi, Macerata, 1812; Henri Vieuxtemps, Verviers, 1820; and Johann B. Cramer, Mannheim, 1771. In the same month there died: Giovanni Pier Luigi da Palestrina, Rome, 1594; Michael Glinka, Berlin, 1857; Giuseppe Tartini, Padua, 1770; Gregorio Allegri, Rome, 1662; Theodor Döhler, Florence, 1856; Marco Antonio Portogallo, Lisbon, 1830; Giuseppe Zarlino, Venice, 1590; and Orazio Vecchi, Modena, 1605.

In the month of February, moreover, the following operas were performed for the first time: *Semiramide*, Rossini, Venice, 1823; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Rossini, Rome, 1816; *Marco Visconti*, Petrella, Naples, 1854; *I Lombardi alla prima Crociata*, Verdi, Milan, 1843; *La Figlia del Reggimento*, Donizetti, Paris, 1840; *La Straniera*, Bellini, Milan, 1829; *Armide*, Lulli, Paris, 1686; *Giovanna d'Arco*, Verdi, Milan, 1845; *L'Etoile du Nord*, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1854; *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Verdi, Rome, 1850; *La Juive*, Halévy, Paris, 1835; *Rinaldo*, Handel, London, 1711; *Rinaldo*, Sacchini, Paris, 1783; *Gustave III.*, Auber, Paris, 1833; *Crispino e la Comare*, Luigi and Federico Ricci, Venice, 1850 (and not at Naples in 1836, as erroneously stated in the *Histoire des Musiciens*, by Fétis, in the *Musiciens célèbres*, and the *Dictionnaire lyrique*, by Clément, in the *Histoire de la Musique dramatique en France*, by G. Chouquet, etc.); *La Muette de Portici*, Auber, Paris, 1828; *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1836; *Tancredi*, Rossini, Venice, 1813; *Emeralda*, Mazzucato, Mantua, 1838; *Faniska*, Cherubini, Vienna, 1806; *Nina pazza per Amore*, Coppola, Rome, 1835; and *Tebaldo ed Isolina*, Morlacchi, Venice, 1822.

OLD PHILLIP ASTLEY once brought out a piece called *Sailors and Savages*. At that time he had a conductor named Heron. Not remembering the latter's name, he always called him Dr Herring. On the occasion in question, he said: "I want you to compose me a tune for a combat of two broadswords, to re tang, tang, tang." In the piece there was a broadsword encounter between the principal Savage and a Sailor. At the first rehearsal, Astley was seated in front of the stage as usual. The Savage was performed by Mr J. Taylor, the manager's nephew, and the Sailor by Mr John Astley, the manager's son. The fight did not please the old gentleman, who thought it was not

striking enough. "Johnny, Johnny," he observed, "this won't do; we must have shields." On hearing the word: shields, Heron, under the impression that the manager wanted Shields the composer, jumped from his seat, gathered together the various orchestral parts, and, getting on the stage, tore them in piece-meal, saying in a high tone: "Now, send for Shields!" "What do you mean, Dr Herring?" inquired Astley, greatly astonished. "Why," replied Heron, "if Mr Shields can compose better than I can, pray send for him at once!" "Oh! by—!" said Astley, "I meant a pair of shields for the fight." A reconciliation took place, and Heron re-composed the music.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At the "Popular Organ Recital," at the Bow and Bromley Institute, on Saturday, Feb. 10, Dr William Spark, organist to the Corporation of Leeds, was the exponent, assisted by Miss Blanche Grosvenor (vocalist), and Mdlle Bertha Brouil (violinist). We subjoin the programme:—Organ Solo, "Marche Heroique," C major (Schubert); Arioso, for organ and violin, E major, (Dr Julius Rietz); Song, "Looking Back" (Sullivan); Organ Solos, Canzona, F minor, and Grand Chœur, A major (A. Guilmant); Violin Solo, Air for the Fourth String, arranged, with organ accompaniment, by August Wilhelmj (J. S. Bach); Organ Solos, Minuet, A minor, and Gavotte, D major (MS.), first time of performance (William Spark); Song, "Three fishers went sailing" (Hullah); Organ Solos, Andante, E flat major, by Dr S. S. Wesley (1842), and Fugue in G major, by Samuel Wesley (1820); Violin Solo, "Tarantella" (Lasseur); Organ Solos, Pastorale, A minor, and Fuga Scherzando, A minor (J. S. Bach). The room was crowded. Dr Spark repeated his Minuet and Gavotte, and might have the Andante and Fugue of the Wesleys, but merely bowed his acknowledgments. Mdlle Brouil was encored in her violin solos. Mdlle Rossetti accompanied the vocal music.

A CONCERT took place in the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms on Tuesday evening last, for the benefit of the "Carlton Hall Poor School's Fund." The artists, were Mesdames Alida Gassier, and Augusta Roche, Misses J. Jones and Palmer; Messrs Bernard Lane, Frith, G. R. Renwick, Grimsby, Jopp (vocalists); and Miss Emma Barnett (solo pianist). Mr Arthur J. Barth, of the London Academy of Music, conducted. A selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* gave much satisfaction, the singing of Miss Jones and Mdlle Roche in the duet "Quis est homo," being excellent. Messrs Lane and Renwick, in their respective solos, and Mdlle Roche, in "Fac ut portem," were loudly applauded. Miss Emma Barnett who played in a finished and brilliant manner Mr John Francis Barnett's fantasia on airs from his cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, was deservedly applauded and "encored." Miss J. Jones and Mr Lane sang a duet from *Paradise and the Peri* (J. F. Barnett); Mdlle Alida Gassier displayed her voice to advantage in Wellington Guernsey's Spanish aria, "The Muleteer's Bride," and a new bolero, entitled "An Arab Flower," by F. Mariani; Mdlle Augusta Roche sang the romance, "L'ultimo pensiero" (Mariani), which she was compelled to repeat; Miss Palmer sang twice, and was encored; and Mr A. G. Jopp, who made his first appearance in public, was received with great favour.

MISS DORA SCHIRMACHER.—In the *Leipsiger Allgemeine Nachrichten* we read that, on the 2nd inst., the directors of the Conservatorium gave a farewell night to Miss Schirmacher, the 300 pupils being present, when she played three *Lieder* by Mendelssohn and two pieces by Chopin and Schumann, in addition to which she took part with Miss Emery in a chaconne by Raff for two pianos. Both ladies distinguished themselves in this exceedingly difficult piece; in combined passages their unanimity and precision being most extraordinary. The Professor subsequently made a farewell speech, in which he held up Miss Schirmacher as a model to the other students. Prior to leaving Leipsic, the young pianist was presented with a gold bracelet bearing the Gewandhaus motto in Latin, accompanied by a highly complimentary letter from the directors.

LEIPSIK.—The annual concert for the benefit of the Gewandhaus Orchestral Pension Fund brought with it two new compositions, an overture to *Gudrun*, by Oscar Bolck, and a Symphony by C. Goldmark. The programme of the fifteenth Subscription Concert, on the 3rd inst., was devoted entirely to Mendelssohn, the day being the anniversary of his birth, sixty-six years ago. The works selected on the occasion were the overture to *St Paul*, an air from *Elijah*, the 114th Psalm, Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, played by Mdlle Schirmacher, and *Die Walpurgisnacht*.

Le Diable à Nice.

Read what the *Phare du Littoral* says of Faure (ce diable de Faure), after witnessing his representation of Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust* :—

"C'est toujours un événement que le passage d'un grand artiste dans une ville, et tel qui restera profondément indifférent à l'annonce de quelque arrivée célèbre par la position, la naissance ou la fortune, sentira toutes les fibres artistiques de son cœur vibrer, en lisant ce simple mot sur l'affiche du théâtre : Faure. Aussi, malgré des prix exorbitants exigés par M. Jarrett (un diable à quatre, qui sait tout à la longue) la salle était comble. Jamais nous n'avions vu un Mephistophélès aussi parfait. Quelle méthode ! quel feu ! quel timbre de voix approprié au personnage ! Ses éclats de rire sont ceux de Satan, lorsqu'une âme maudite tombe entre ses griffes. C'est un Mephistophélès tout vivant, sorti de l'enfer pour impressionner le monde. Vraiment, dans la scène des épées en croix, Faure a été terrifiant ; avec quelle horreur et quelle vérité n'a-t-il pas rendu la souffrance que lui font éprouver ces chants pieux, et quand enfin, délivré, il se redresse et pousse un soupir d'allègement profond, la salle entière a éclaté en bravos prolongés. Avec quel ton et quel sarcasme infernal il a chanté la chanson du Veau d'or et la Sérénade ! Impossible de s'élever plus haut. Qui n'a pas entendu Faure dans Faust, ne peut se faire une idée vraiment."

For us poor Englishmen, who are musically despised in our own country, it is beautiful to see how Frenchmen appreciate their deservedly eminent compatriot.—D. B.

No. 1.—SUNRISE.

(From the Italian of Signor Felici Mariani.)

Night hurrying sails away across the waters,
To seek repose in her own distant isles ;
And slow retire the moon's all-radiant daughters,
But young Aurora lingers with her smiles.
From the deep dell and dark grove's heaving breast,
And misty forms that nightly linger there,
Ascending to the mountain's snowy crest,
Expand their wings, and part into the air.
And forth from out the Eastern hall,
Gilding nature's sable pall,
The lovely light descends to deck
With dewy pearls young morning's neck.
The lark is up in the dewy sheen :—
Oh ! the little saint, with harp unseen,
Is thrilling a hymn on her sky'd tower
With cherub tones and airy power.
And o'er yon Eastern fields of blue
Fall filmy shapes of amber hue,
Weave their bright robes around the car
Of the slow retiring morning star.
Sweet looks the infant day above,
Like the rich and rosy smile of love.
But lo ! behold what o'er yon hill is streaming ;
The sun ! the sun ! Apollo's forehead beaming.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Eduard Heimendal, pupil of Herr Wilhelmj, made his *début* at the last Curhaus-Symphonie-Concert.

STOCKHOLM.—Verdi's *Mass* has been performed here. Mad. Trebelli sang the contralto part.

MADRID.—*Rigoletto* has been performed at the Teatro Real, with Signora Rubini-Scalisi in the principal female character. *Otello* was given for the benefit of Signora Pozzoni, who appeared as Desdemona, Sig. Tamberlik being the Moor.

THE following amendment will be proposed in the French Chamber when the Budget is discussed : "Each Theatre enjoying annual grants from the State shall be bound to give every year a gratuitous performance on the 1st January, 25th February, 14th July, and 21st September.

CONTINENTAL PAPERS state that Mad. Adelina Patti has been engaged by M. Halanzier to "create" the part of Paulina in Gounod's *Polauto* at the Grand-Opéra, during the International Exhibition of 1878. Elsewhere, however, it is asserted that the lady is pledged for the same epoch to the manager of the Théâtre-Italien.

M. LEON FOSSEY, formerly conductor at the Paris Galté and afterwards at the Ambigu, has just died. He was born at Paris in 1829. He produced two one-act operas, *Pomme d'Api* and *Marcel et Cie*. He wrote, also, the music for the fairy spectacle of *Peau d'Ane* at the Galté, and the incidental music for a large number of dramas.

WAIFS.

Ricardo Moragas, the Spanish coreographer, is at Milan.

A new ballet, by Sig. Pallerini, is rehearsing at the Scala.

Signora Ristori was lately robbed in Rome of 14,000 francs.

M. Eugène Chavet, chief editor of *L'Europe Artiste*, recently died in Paris, aged sixty-five.

Herr Niemann played for the last time this season at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, on the 11th inst.

Sig. Mercuri has completed an opera, *Il Violino del Diavolo*, written expressly for Signora Ferni.

Professor Rappoldi has accepted the post of "Concertmeister" in the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

The Professors of the Paris Conservatory lately gave a dinner at the Grand Hôtel to their Director, M. Ambroise Thomas.

A young tenor, M. Stéphane, has made his first appearance at the Paris Opéra-Comique as the protagonist in Hérold's *Zampa*.

Sig. Pinsuti is superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, *Mattia Corvino*, to be produced at Venice during the present season.

The editor of a sanitary periodical propounds the question : "Does woman fill the lower half of her lungs with air ?" He evidently never heard the voice of a healthy mother-in-law.

The list of works to be performed by the Boston (U.S.) Handel and Haydn Society at its Festival in May, has been increased by the addition of Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, *Israel's Song of Triumph*.

A little boy, having asked his father the meaning of the word "Paradise," was informed in reply : "Paradise, my son, is that small part of the calendar year when my mother-in-law stays at her own home and minds her own business."

Signora Fossa and Sig. Gayarre, now singing at Milan, are, according to the *Secolo*, engaged for the spring at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona. The *Secolo*, however, is in error as regards Sig. Gayarre, who will not go to Barcelona, but to London.

The French Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts has granted sums of money, varying in amount, to the Padeloup and the Colonne Concerts, to several societies of Chamber Music, and to the Society of Musical Composers, for two annual prizes.

A lady residing at a fashionable boarding-house in New York amused herself by drinking freely, and chasing her daughter, aged ten, down stairs, with a revolver. The precocious young girl, observed, "The only trouble with Mother is that she lives too high."

M. Halanzier has announced a grand ball, to take place on the 27th inst., at the New Operahouse, for the benefit of the Lyons workmen, who are suffering severely from stagnation in trade. Mad. de MacMahon has consented to act as Patroness.

"I cannot imagine," observed a lady, who was beginning to get elderly, to Douglas Jerrold, "what makes my hair turn gray. I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it." "I'm afraid, madam," replied Jerrold, "it's the essence of time"—(thyme).

Mr Theodore Thomas was prevented, a short time since, from giving a concert in Watertown, New York, as he had promised. This caused a poet of the town to burst out into the annexed poetic strain : "Oh, Thomas, oh, Thomas, Why did you stay from us, And not keep your promise !"

Dr. Filippo Filippi, Signori Ferrigni and Uda, have been created knights of the Order of the Crown of Italy. "Poor fellows !" exclaims the *Trovatore*. Another musical critic, the Marchese D'Arcais, has been made officer of the Order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus, with the cross of the Order of Carlo III.

The third number of the annotated catalogue of the *Bibliothèque Musicale de l'Opéra*, from the pen of M. Th. de Lajarte, has just appeared. It comprises the period from Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie* (1733) to *Sabinus*, a lyric tragedy by Chabanon de Maugris, music by Gossec (1774). The fourth number will be consecrated to the period of Gluck, and extend from *Iphigénie en Aulide* to *La Vestale* (1774—1807). This number completes the first of the two volumes which will constitute the entire work.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A selection from the works of Handel will form the principal part of the next concert on Friday, February 23. The overtures to the *Occasional Oratorio* and *Athaliah*, and airs and choruses from *Joshua*, *Saul*, *Athaliah*, *Theodora*, with the "Gloria Patri," from the *Jubilate Deo*, will be included in the programme. An English version of Mozart's Litany in B flat will also be performed for the first time. The principal vocalists engaged are Mme Sinico, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Sir Michael Costa will conduct, as usual.

The following nominations have just been made in the Legion of Honour: Baron Taylor, Member of the Institute, founder and chairman of five artistic associations, has been promoted to the rank of Grand Officer, and M. Victor Massé, also of the Institute, composer of *Paul et Virginie*, to that of Officer, M. Victorin Joncières, composer of *Dimitri*, being created member.

To judge from a paragraph published by *El nuevo Figaro* of Madrid, Spain does not appear to be a country especially favourable to those engaged in the art of education. While the Government School Master of Calles (Valencia) is devoting his time, health, and energies to the improvement of scholars, his wife and children are going from house to house begging. He has not received his stipend for six years.

Mr John Ivory, pianoforte maker, of Rutland Street, Hampstead Road, died on Friday from injuries received in the tunnel at the Gower Street Station of the Underground Railway, where he confessed he had gone with the intention of destroying himself. At an inquiry held at University Hospital a verdict of suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind was returned. Mr Ivory was nearly eighty years of age, and had been ailing the last two years.

They were reading in the presence of an amiable lady, who is also musical, a list of the vessels composing the French fleet. Suddenly she interrupted them. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "I never knew before that the illustrious Abbate was that kind of disposition, or, at least, that he was so noted for it." When requested to explain, she observed: "Why, has not the French Government, according to that list, named a ship after him? The *Austere Liszt*?" (Perhaps their French accent, when reading the word: *Austerlitz*, was not quite perfection.)

When the Constitution was proclaimed at Constantinople, public enthusiasm ran very high. Mlle Marger, a favourite member of the French company, was compelled to sing three times her famous piece, the Song of the Turcos. The first stanza runs thus:

"Les Turcos sont bons enfants,
Mais il ne faut pas qu'on les gêne;
Car alors la chose est certaine:
Ils deviennent méchants."

M. Guillaume Simon Richault, head of one of the principal musical publishing firms in Paris, died of paralysis, on the 7th inst. The firm was established in 1805 by the deceased's father, who conducted it for sixty years, and was the first person to publish in Paris a great number of works by classical German masters, especially the orchestral scores of Beethoven, long before the last named compositions had appeared in Germany save in detached portions. The speciality of the firm was the publication of symphonies and chamber music, though important dramatic music was not neglected, as is proved by the fact that the names of Boieldieu, Adam, Carafa, Cherubini, Spontini, Méhul, and others, figure largely in the catalogue, one of the most voluminous in the trade.

Il Pensiero di Nizza, the only journal writing in the *lingua del paese* at Nizza (Nice is nicer in French ears) speaks in raptures of Faure's *Mefistofele*—and no wonder. The *Anglo-American* of Nice writes in American English as follows:—

"The great attraction was, of course, Faure in the king. He had a magnificent reception from an audience as numerous as it was possible to be. The appearance of the theatre was indeed splendid. Not only in the boxes were the ladies in grand toilette, but in the stalls many also. There were cascades of diamonds, ropes of pearls, and one lady had emeralds in themselves a little fortune. Faure's embodiment of the king is so finished a performance, both in the acting and the singing, that one has nothing to do but to hear, to see, to enjoy, and applaud."

In witnessing Faure's *Mephistopheles* we do no more than hear, see, and enjoy. *Plaudite amici*. We are content to fold our arms and inwardly reflect.

The late Henri Monnier owes no inconsiderable share of his fame to his creation of the character of M. Prudhomme, the ideal model of the respectable citizens, addicted to the perpetration of sounding platitudes. Indeed, he acted the character and made it the vehicle for some of his best sayings. Thus, being accosted by a stranger, who mistook him for a M. Branchu, to his assurance that he was not the gentleman in question, he benevolently added, as if desirous of repairing a fault and setting his interrogator at his ease: "But, though, it is true, I am not he, I have always wished I were!"—Of a friend who said he was taking lessons in notation and could swim a little, Monnier asked anxiously: "Enough to save such another swimmer as yourself?"—"Let us leave our children nothing, if we wish their gratitude to equal our generosity," was another of his remarks:—"Oh, Madame," he observed blandly to a lady a little exhilarated by her third glass of champagne, "intoxication is as charming in a woman as it is hideous in a man."

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Let each speak of the world as he finds it.
Sing me the songs that I loved long ago.
The Piquet.

The Wild, White Rose.
A boatman's life for me.
My Lily.
Sing, dearest, sing.
Many weary years ago.
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VOL. 55.—No. 8.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL. Friday, June 22, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 25, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will shortly be published.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. The programme of the next Concert will include the following popular Songs:—"By the margin of fair Zurich's waters" and "Robin Red Breast" (Madme Sherrington); "Strangers Yet" and "She wore a wreath of roses" (Madme Enriquez); "Will he come?" and "The Meeting of the Waters" (Madme Antoinette Sterling); "Good-bye, Sweetheart" and "My Pretty Jane" (Mr Sims Reeves); "Good Night, Beloved" and "Sally in our Alley" (Mr Edward B. Lloyd); "The Vicar of Bray" (Mr Maybrick). Madme Arabella Goddard will perform "On Song's Bright Pinions," by Mendelssohn (Heller), and "Fra Diavolo," by Jules de Sival. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker, Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSKY & Co., 295, Regent Street.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—THIRD SESSION, 1877-8. **FOURTH MONTHLY MEETING,** on MONDAY, March 5, 1877. At Five p.m. precisely, a Paper will be read by Dr W. MOLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc., Oxon., on "The Philosophy of Harmony." CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

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MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play, at the First Concert of the Eleventh Season of the Schubert Society, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 28, at the Langham Hall, J. RÖNTGEN'S SONATA for PIANO and VIOLON-CELLO, with Herr SCHUBERTH (ANDANTE CON MOTO and ALLEGRO MODERATO); and, for Pianoforte alone, THALBERG'S GRAND FANTASIA on "MOSE IN EGITTO."—38, Oakley Square, N.W.

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MISS CATHERINE PENNA will sing BALFE's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Mr Henry Nicholson's Concert, Leicester, on Tuesday, Feb. 27, and at Sheffield, March 2.

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MR GERARD COVENTRY (Tenor), having returned to Town from his Provincial Tour, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios or Concerts. Address—Care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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MR JOHN OXENFORD.

(From the "Times.")

Mr John Oxenford died on Wednesday morning at his residence in Trinity Square. He had suffered nearly two years from severe bronchitis, and more than once very slight hopes were entertained of his recovery. Nevertheless, he rallied from time to time, could see and converse cheerfully with his intimate friends, and the chance of his ultimate cure was by no means thought improbable. When least expected, however, he died—calmly, without pain, and retaining his faculties to the last. The immediate cause of his death was heart disease.

For thirty years and more John Oxenford has been a conspicuous figure in the literary world. Though chiefly, if not exclusively, known to outsiders as a dramatist and dramatic critic, he was recognised by many competent to judge as one of the ripest and most variously endowed scholars of our time. Born at Camberwell, on the 12th of August, 1812, though brought up for the legal calling, he early in life took to literature as a favourite pursuit, caring little for a profession in which, with his remarkable intellectual powers, he might have earned brilliant success. But Oxenford was instinctively a lover of books—a devourer of books would be the more emphatic and truer expression. Considering his extraordinary attainments, it seems incredible that he should have been almost self-taught. Such, however, is the fact. He acquired Greek, Latin, and the principal modern languages entirely without aid; and, in addition to this, made himself, though only an amateur in mathematics, able to discuss problems and theorems with any professed master of that difficult study. To this, perhaps, he was in a great measure indebted for the power of concentration which was one of his strongest points. His summary of the plot of a new piece, for example, after only once witnessing the performance, was frequently a masterpiece of clearness and condensation. Everything necessary to inform the reader was there, what was superfluous to the understanding of the plot being discarded; so that one could see the main purport of the drama as clearly as one could see one's own face in a looking-glass. Judged from this point of view, a collection of Mr Oxenford's analyses of plots, separated from his always kindly, sometimes too kindly, criticism, would be a precious acquisition to our dramatic literature. Some people may ask, "Why, with all his experience, learning, and varied acquirements, has such a man left no great work to perpetuate his name?" The question can only be answered in one way. Mr Oxenford was so absorbed in the search of fresh knowledge on all subjects that he spent much of his leisure in reading which he might have more profitably occupied in writing. He must have been instinctively a critic. When a new book on any philosophical theme came under his notice, he would read, digest it, and in a luminous essay, partly descriptive, partly critical, tell those all about it who may not have had time at disposal, or the same irremissible inclination to research. In spite of this, Mr Oxenford was not merely a scholar, but an original thinker; and had it pleased him to write a book in which the rich produce of his studies should be condensed into an accessible form and the light of his far-seeing intellect illumine the whole, we should have gained an invaluable addition to our philosophic literature. But it was a fault with him that no sooner had he read one book than he began another, using it to the same purport, so that he never felt disposed to let the world become acquainted with himself and his ability to frame a philosophy of his own. As an appreciator of others, however, and as a quick discoverer of anything new likely to exercise a future influence on thought, he had few equals. An instance of this may be cited in his early appreciation of Schopenhauer, the long despised and rejected of modern German thinkers. After reading Schopenhauer's collection of essays entitled *Parerga und Paralipomena*, some quarter of a century ago, Oxenford contributed an article, "Iconoclasm in Philosophy," to the *Westminster Review*, which immediately attracted attention in Schopenhauer's own country. Dr Francis Hueffer, in an article, "Arthur Schopenhauer," which appeared last December in the *Fortnightly Review*, speaks of the neglect of the philosopher for nearly twenty years, until he suddenly rose into fame and achieved success. These are the words of Dr Hueffer (himself a German):—

"This success came at last, and from a quarter where it had been least expected, though, perhaps, most coveted. This quarter was England. . . . The attention thus created" (by the *Parerga und Paralipomena*) "would most likely soon have subsided had it

not been for a foreign voice, suddenly and loudly raised in testimony of the neglected philosopher's merits. It soon appeared that the author was Mr John Oxenford, the well-known dramatist, critic, and scholar. The article is masterly in all respects. . . . It may be called, without exaggeration, the foundation of Schopenhauer's fame, both in his own and other countries, for now suddenly the prophet was acknowledged by his people; the journals began to teem with his praise," &c.

But apart from German philosophy and metaphysics, Oxenford was a rare scholar. In Spanish he was as efficient as in German, and this is proved by his translation of Calderon's *Vida es Sueño* (*Life is a Dream*), published more than 30 years ago, about which Mr G. H. Lewes, in his book on the Spanish Drama, *Lope de Vega and Calderon*, says:—"So admirably translated by John Oxenford that, in availing myself of his version, I feel that Calderon suffers no greater injustice than that which a poet must always suffer in translation." In Italian, moreover, Mr Oxenford showed his proficiency by a translation (unfinished and therefore unpublished) of Boyardo's *Orlando Innamorato*. With regard to his intimate converse with French literature, it may suffice to point to his translation of Molière's *Tartuffe*. From his favourite German he made admirable translations of Goethe's *Autobiography* and *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* (*The Affinities*), besides *Epigrams from Venice*, and other things.

An enumeration of the pieces, in all forms, written by Oxenford for the stage would take up more space than we can afford. The first was a farce called *My Fellow Clerk*, written as far back as 1835. Enough that he who could criticise could write himself, and afford to be criticised in turn. Mr Oxenford also supplied musical composers with librettos for operas, among which may be mentioned *Robin Hood* and *Helvellyn* (Macfarren), and the *Lily of Killarney* (Benedict). Cantatas, too, like the translation of Burger's *Leonore* (Macfarren), with others, came readily from his always fluent pen. That he was a genuine humourist would be proved alone by his farces *Dearest Elizabeth* and *Twice Killed*, the last of which has not only been translated for the German stage, but also for the French Opéra-Comique, where it served as a libretto for Grisar's opera, *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon*. He was, moreover, a true poet, as may be seen in his numberless songs, some of which are among the purest lyrics we possess.

In private life John Oxenford was universally admired for his wit, his humour, and his conversational powers. He possessed the rare faculty of ingratiating himself with all comers. He will be missed, and, indeed, has for some time been missed, in certain circles where his advent was always a pleasure and his departure a pain. His death will be heard of with general sorrow and his memory be cherished for years to come. About his long connection with the *Times*, and the services he was able to render through its columns to the art he always loved, it does not become us to speak.

THE FLOWER OF ERIN.*

(For Music.)

There is a spot in Erin's isle,
Green spot so dear, beloved the best;
There is a cot where beauty's smile
Has often soothed my heart to rest.
And sure 'tis Norah's, gentle treasure,
Who meets me at the door, and she
Who sings me songs in cheerful measure,
And loves no other lad but me.
Flower of Erin, gentle treasure,
Who meets me at the door, and she
Who sings me songs in cheerful measure,
And loves no other lad but me.

The flowers all bow to Norah's beauty,
Her praise is sung in every tree;
The stars are constant to their duty,
But oh! not one more true than she.
Thin 'tis not I that could deceive her,
No selfish heart beats in my breast;
Her words are truth and I believe her,
Flower of Erin, beauty blest!

And sure 'tis Norah, gentle treasure,
Who meets me at the door, and she
Who sings me songs in cheerful measure,
And loves no other lad but me.

JAMES HICKS.

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FAURE'S FRENCH TOUR.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Success still follows in the train of M. Faure at Lyons, and is as much as ever his very humble, devoted, obedient servant. The enthusiasm of the local press shows no sign of abatement—no evidence of exhaustion; quite the contrary. *En foi de quoi*, I send a few more extracts. *Le Petit Lyonnais* of the 14th inst. says:—

"All those who were present yesterday evening at the performance of *Guillaume Tell* will preserve a magnificent recollection of that event. Faure is certainly the supreme expression of lyric art and the master of French singers. In the part of Guillaume, he may be said to realise our ideal of the personage. He is, of a truth, the hero of Helvetian independence, the hero of the legend, with his ardent patriotism, his hatred of the tyrant, and his powerful love of liberty. Yesterday Faure displayed, without reserve, all the resources of his marvellous talent. From the moment he appeared, he obtained a complete hold of the audience by the superb vigour with which he took his opening air and the dramatic beauty of his acting. In the immortal trio and the scene of the oath, the eminent vocalist had such touches of pride and such pathetic energy, that the entire house repeatedly burst into enthusiastic applause. He was no less fine and less affecting in the prayer of the third act, one of the happiest inspirations of the great composer. Faure's second performance was, therefore, a new and complete triumph."

According to *Le Progrès* of the 15th inst:—

"M. Faure's success in *Guillaume Tell* was immense; the public were enthusiastic. The result of this extraordinary representation was foreseen, but it is with much pleasure, that we record the fact."

The opinion of *La Décentralisation* is subjoined:—

"Faure achieved, yesterday evening, an immense success in *Guillaume Tell*. The second performance attracted a crowd even more considerable than the first. The outer doors had to be closed, and hundreds of persons were refused admission. The part of Guillaume, a much longer part than that of King Alphonse in the opera of *La Favorite*, afforded M. Faure an opportunity of exhibiting himself in the splendour of his double talent as an incomparable singer and as a consummate actor, in a word: in all the radiance of his artistic glory. Never was a triumph more splendid. Enthusiasm reached its highest pitch, and, overwhelmed by the ovations of which he was the object, the eminent singer was compelled to repeat several passages. This, of course, rendered his part even more crushing than it otherwise would have been. We may also note that *Guillaume* was played in *five acts*. Usually, the fifth act is suppressed. The ballet was badly received; not even the *premieres danseuses* found grace. Everyone was impatient to see Faure again. Consequently, it was not till they once more beheld him that the excited crowd were silent. Such, is the history of this second extraordinary performance."

On the 17th inst., the critic of *Le Courier de Lyon* writes:—

"Faure's third performance, given yesterday at the Grand-Théâtre, was the occasion of a fresh triumph for the artist. *Faust* is classed among our stock masterpieces; everybody has heard it and seen some one play the part of Mephistopheles, but we are constrained to say that, up to the present moment, no other artist has attained the originality and perfection to which Faure rises in it. Insinuating, railing, insolent; a swashbuckler, a fine gentleman, a demon—Faure is all this. Under whatever aspect he presents the diabolical personage to us, he is always correct and perfect, frequently soaring to the sublimest regions of dramatic art. Listen to the ironic accents of the serenade, the strident and satanic laugh with which it terminates, and say whether this is not the terrible personage conceived by Goethe! What a singer! What an actor! Faure has no rival. He is the first of our singers, just as he is the first of our lyric tragedians. Always master of himself, elegant, and aristocratic, Faure strikes us as being one of the most perfect artists it has ever been our lot to hear. The public of Lyons, also, regarded him in this light, and made him repeat several fragments of his part, as in the *La Favorite* and *Guillaume Tell*."

La Décentralisation is equally eulogistic:—

"After *La Favorite*, Faure conquered the confidence of the Lyonnese; after *Guillaume Tell*, he proved himself worthy of his reputation as an exceptional singer and a consummate actor. Yesterday evening he put the stamp on his reputation as an incomparable artist. We never witnessed such enthusiasm. Such triumphs cannot be described. We do not know which we should admire the more in Faure, the singer or the actor; both united in the same person constitute the most perfect type imaginable for the stage. Several airs were encored, and the most trifling recitatives,

delivered with infinite art, evoked frantic applause, &c. The part of Mephistopheles will prove dangerous for all baritones who may in future come to sing it in Lyons."

It would be difficult to find a better conclusion to these criticisms than the letter addressed to Faure by the Prefect of the Rhone:—

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the generous offering which you so eagerly forwarded me for our unemployed workmen. Your heart is on the same height as your talent, and you will leave a profound and lasting impression with those who enjoy the good fortune of hearing you, and with those whose distress you have lightened. The Municipal Council will make a point of expressing to you their gratitude, but I will not wait till they meet before myself thanking you, in the name of the unhappy sufferers, most warmly and most sincerely. Kindly accept, my dear sir, the assurance of my most sympathetic sentiments and my highest consideration.

"OH. WELCHER."

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

From "Mayfair."

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who shall criticise the critics themselves? Who indeed? A German metaphysician—none but he would have had the composure of mind—who has invented the term "metacritical" for such reciprocity. But who has accomplished the feat successfully? Certainly not those poets who, more bravely than discreetly, have faced about and stood at bay against their oppressors. Has Mr Browning added to the number of his admirers by his savage retort on Mr Austin's censure, or is there a drearier production in our literature than Mr Swinburne's "Under the Microscope?" Do as Hafiz did, quaff your wine and laugh at your critics, pious or impious. If you seriously remonstrate with them, you are a lost man.

If this is true of men who wield the weapon of language with experienced skill, how much more hopeless is the case of a poor musician—fiddler, or singer, or composer—who is most likely a foreigner, or at any rate little prepared by training and cast of thought to enter the lists with the relentless free-lances of the press? How agreeable must be his surprise on discovering that his dreaded judge is after all a man and a brother endowed with even more than an average share of humanity—for this, strangely enough, is the case, in this country at least. Compared with their brethren in the fields of literature and the fine arts, or with their *confrères* on the Continent, English musical critics are a wonderfully mild race, too mild, in our opinion, seeing that toleration of mediocrity in art is almost as wicked and quite as detrimental as misappreciation of true genius. This constitutional gentleness of a whole class of writers—of a class, too, less than others checked by editorial pressure or by competent public opinion—may seem strange at first sight. But the deeper psychologist will not be at a loss for reasons to explain the phenomenon. One of these is, perhaps, the very helplessness of the subject to be operated upon, which blunts the dissector's knife. Or is it that musical critics are apt to make more than due allowance for deficiencies of others in executing an art which they themselves find it so difficult even to write about? With regard to those difficulties we propose to tender a few apologetic remarks, the slight *pro domo* tendency of which the candid reader is requested to pardon.

"Sonate, que me veux tu?" was the witty Frenchman's query, unanswered to the present day, and anxiously repeated on many a Saturday and Monday during the season by two score human beings. What are we to say of a new work with the name of Brahms or Raff affixed to it, and with nothing but a stray *allegro* or *smorzando* and some miscellaneous sharps and flats by way of suggestion? It is true that with the help of these latter, together with a few "relative minors," *fugatos*, and other specimens of technical jargon, a neat little essay may be constructed, gratifying the curious reader and surrounding the critic with the not unwelcome halo of deep if abstruse learning. But, unfortunately, amateurs have of late heard so much of the "emotional basis" and "passionate undercurrent" of musical creations, that abstract wisdom fails to satisfy them any longer. They insist on being told what a piece of music *means*—what the composer wanted to express by it; and, in obedience to this wish, the critic has to plunge headlong into the stream of "poetic intentions," more or less of his own devising, which ultimately is sure to land him on the shadowy shore of M. Schumann's symphony, "Sur l'influence du bleu dans les arts," so painfully remembered by readers of the *Vie de Bohème*.

There is, of course, a happy mean between these and other equally objectionable modes of criticism; a way of saying, in a straightforward manner, whether and why a piece of music is good or bad. That this can be done without technical dryness on the one hand, and vaguely poetic declamation on the other, the musical columns of more than one London newspaper tend to prove. But due allowance ought to be made even for those weaker brethren who fail to render musical impressions through the inadequate medium of ordinary critical prose. It is comparatively easy to give a satisfactory account of the spirit and form of a poem or picture, which after all represent only the ideal side of actual existence; but music is the thrice-sublimated essence of this ideal side, and its connection with actualities has ceased entirely.

This state of things is, of course, considerably modified where the musical drama, the opera, is concerned. Here the poor critic at last touches solid ground; he has to deal with tangible shapes; he can tell a story, proverbially silly though that story may be. True in theory; but let us see what form practice is apt to take, in England at least. London is the only capital in the world which can afford two Italian operas; but in no other capital are there fewer performances of new works than in London. Dramatic productions by the most celebrated masters go the round of the stages of Europe for years before the idea of a possible performance begins to dawn upon Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson. These gentlemen can afford to ignore rising genius, for they believe in "stars," and their faith is not without its reward. Be the libretto never so silly and the music never so hackneyed, fashionable audiences fill the house as long as the name of Patti or Albani adorns the playbill. Right enough as far as impresario and public are concerned; but how about the critic? Can he fill the gaping column with the tale of Lucrezia's crimes or Rosina's flirtation, which every reader has at his or her fingers' ends. And yet the column gapes and the star wants to shine in print. To this star, therefore, he clings with the tenacity of despair. Her stage presence (we politely assume the star's gender to be feminine), her dramatic action, find due acknowledgment, and all the resources of impassioned prose are exhausted to describe—

"How she shook upon E in alt,
And ran the chromatic scale up,"

But even this innocent pleasure is not without its dangers. Wilful prima donnas may change original keys; and, in the present chaotic state of the pitch, it requires a fine ear indeed to know an E from a D, or any other note of the gamut.

A worse fate even than the boredom of ordinary operatic routine is in store for some writers on music, when at last a new work sees the light of Drury Lane or Covent Garden. First performances are inevitably protracted till long after midnight, the daily papers go to press before the cock crows—say at 3 a.m., and in the interval the musical critic is supposed to form and express his opinion on a new composition, it may be by a new composer with an individual style; and this from a single hearing, and after the excitement and fatigue of four hours' attentive listening. What fatal loss would be incurred by one day's delay of the notice is not easily perceptible to non-editorial eyes. Yet several of our dailies are still reluctant to follow the humane example of wiser contemporaries.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Since my last letter we have had several pleasant concerts; and when I tell you that at one of Mr. Hallé's, Herr Joachim played Spohr's 6th Concerto, his own Nocturne in A, and a selection from Bach, I need scarcely add that there was great enthusiasm, as well as universal delight. At the same concert Joachim's conversion of Schubert's Pianoforte Duet into a grand symphony was heard for the first time in Manchester, and every amateur admired the reverent and thoroughly artistic manner in which Schubert's music had been arranged for the orchestra. Miss Thekla Friedländer was the only singer at this concert, and it would not have been easy to select one more capable and accomplished. Last week *Acis and Galatea* was given, with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Guy, and Signor Foli were the principal singers. Mr. Sims Reeves was to have appeared at Mr. De Jong's concert last Saturday night, but, in his absence, Mr. Barton McGuckin, the Dublin tenor, gave "Tom Bowling" and "The Pilgrim of Love."

This week Messrs. Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti will play in Beethoven's Triple Concerto at Mr. Hallé's concert; and a new symphony by Mr. Ed. Hecht will be played for the first time,

Feb. 21st, 1877.

RAMEAU.*

(Continued from page 116.)

This is the place for an interesting letter but little known, and addressed by Rameau to a young musician who wanted to write for the stage and had written to beg Rameau's advice. The letter is curious and instructive.†

"Paris, 29th May, 1744.

"You ask me, sir, what course a young musician, with inspiration and good intentions, should pursue in order to compose an opera. I appreciate fully the honour you do me, but, at the same time, feel deeply mortified that I can be of very little assistance. In the first place, my own affairs are such that I cannot well divert my attention from them, and in the next, what you ask requires a much longer answer than you imagine. You must be acquainted with the stage, and have long studied nature, so as to paint her as truthfully as possible; you must also be versed in all great passions and all great sorrows, and possess a feeling for dancing and its movements, to say nothing of all the accessories; you must be familiar with the various kinds of voices and the actors; command the orchestra and sometimes even the audience. You must know thoroughly of what each instrument is capable. A little genius is necessary, and a little taste even still more so. Allow me to tell you, also, sir, that, in this great work, nothing must be left to chance; for this reason, if I were you, before undertaking so great a task, I would first execute others of less importance: cantatas, divertissements, and a thousand similar trifles, which foster the mind, enliven the imagination, and insensibly render a man capable of greater things. I have studied the stage from the age of twelve; I did not write for the Opera till I was fifty, and even then I did not consider myself capable of doing so, I persevered. In a word, I was courageous . . . daring, and I succeeded . . . "Rameau."

It may easily be imagined that the Court did not remain unmoved by the fame so rapidly achieved by Rameau, and which almost at once became absolutely glory. The King eagerly seized an occasion of doing homage to the composer's genius. This occasion was furnished by the marriage of the young Dauphin with the Infanta of Spain. The marriage, which was to be celebrated at Versailles, called, of course, for splendid entertainments. Voltaire and Rameau received orders to write a lyrical work, for the representation of which a magnificent theatre was constructed on purpose, at great expense, in the Grand Stables. Thus the two celebrated men, whom some persons had succeeded in preventing from producing anything together on the stage of the Opera, became collaborators when the pleasures of the Court were involved. *La Princesse de Navarre* (such was the title of Voltaire's poem) was a grand spectacular piece in three acts in verse, with a prologue. It was played on the 23rd February, 1745, and the author himself has left the following particulars concerning it: "The King wished to give her Royal Highness, the Dauphine, an entertainment which should not be only one of those spectacular pieces for the eyes, such as all nations can give, and which, passing away with the splendour that accompanies them, leave no trace behind. He ordered a spectacle which might, at one and the same time, serve to amuse the Court and encourage the fine arts, knowing, as he does, that the cultivation of the latter contributes to the glory of his kingdom. His Grace the Duke of Richelieu, first gentleman of the Chamber on duty, made the arrangements for this magnificent entertainment. He had a stage fifty-five feet deep erected in the large riding-school at Versailles, with the audience portion so fitted up that the decorations, embellishments, and everything employed for the performance, could be cleared away in a night, leaving the place ornamented for a costume ball which was to be the entertainment the next day. The stage and the boxes were built with becoming magnificence and with all the taste for which those who directed the preparations have long been known. It was resolved to combine on the stage all the talent which could tend to render the entertainment attractive, and to

* From the *Ménestrel*.

† This letter was published some ten years since in one of his feuilletons for the *Indépendance belge* by Jules Janin, who said: "I here copy an unpublished letter from which it will be seen that the composer, when called upon, was capable of giving good advice." The letter was non altogether unpublished, as De Croix had already given it in *L'Ami des Artistes* where no one ever thought of looking for it. I cannot say whether Janin had, the original before him; I merely affirm that the version he furnishes (and which I have chosen) is more complete than De Croix's, and somewhat different.

unite all the charms of elocution, dancing, and music, so that the august lady to whom the entertainment was consecrated might at once be rendered acquainted with the various kinds of talent afterwards to be employed for her amusement. It was resolved, therefore, that the person charged with getting up the entertainment should write one of those dramatic works in which musical divertissements form a part of the subject, in which an element of pleasantry is mingled with the heroic, and in which there is an admixture of opera, comedy, and tragedy." The work was received very favourably, and, after the performance, Rameau had conferred upon him, as evidence of the royal gratitude the title of Private Composer to the King (Compositeur de la Musique du Cabinet du Roi) with the pension of 2000 livres.*

(To be continued.)

TONOMETRY.

(Athenæum.)

(Continued from page 117.)

These instruments, with due precautions, do excellent work; but they are cumbrous, costly, excessively variable with temperature, extremely mild in quality of tone—which prevents verification by any interval but the Octave—with notes difficult to sound more than two at a time, and difficult to flatten and restore to pitch rapidly. These inconveniences are practically overcome by the tonometer made by Georg Appunn & Son (of Hanau, Hesse-Cassel, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine), now in the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington, and priced, as I find on inquiry (it is as well to state that I have none but a scientific interest in the apparatus), at 360 German marks, or £18, without the blowing apparatus, which adds about £6 or £7 more. It is of a small size, not at all costly, not nearly so variable in temperature as tuning-forks, extremely reedy in quality of tone—so that the 16th partial can be made effective, and hence all intervals used as verifications—with notes easy to sound and to damp in any number at a time, and to flatten, any one separately and instantly, or gradually, by 1, 2, or even 3 vibrations, and to restore immediately to the former pitch. This last is one of the most important properties of the instrument. It consists of 65 harmonium reeds, actuated by pulls numbered 0 and 1 to 64, which, when pulled out completely, give the true tone, and, when gradually pushed in, gradually flatten the tone. The pitch is from C 256 to C 512, increasing regularly by 4 vibrations. The mode of using it is simple, but would take up too much space to explain.

Using this instrument to measure forks, I found great discrepancies between the numbers shown and the numbers stamped on the forks. For my own satisfaction, therefore, I verified the instrument as follows. First I counted the beats with a pocket chronometer, between pulls 0 and 1, for 15 seconds, and found them 60, or 4 in a second. Next I counted the beats between each pair of the other adjacent pulls for 21 seconds, and found them always 80, or 4 in a second. Hence the whole increase was 4 times 64, or 256 vibrations. Next I examined, first, the usual consonances on the instrument, consisting of 1 Octave 1:2, 11 Fifths 2:3, 11 Fourths 3:4, 10 major Thirds 4:5, 9 minor Thirds 5:6, 4 major Sixths 3:5, 4 minor Sixths 5:8; secondly, the septimal consonances, 6 Sub-fifths 5:7, 4 super-major Thirds 7:9, 8 sub-minor Thirds 6:7, 3 sub-minor Sevenths 4:7; and thirdly, the usual dissonances, having audible identical partials, 7 major Tones 8:9, 5 minor Tones 9:10, 4 diatonic Semitones 15:16; or 87 just intervals on the whole. For every one there was the proper rapid rattle of beating partials, but not the slightest wave of error in the identical partials. This wave was, however, instantly produced by flattening the upper reed, and made to disappear by flattening the lower reed at the same time to the

proper extent; and to re-appear by flattening the same more. I have, therefore, a mechanical guarantee that every one of these intervals was correctly represented on the instrument. But every one of them separately proved, after counting the beats, that the lowest tone made 256 vibrations in a second, and the whole set, by their perfect agreement, proved that the beats had been correctly counted.* The introduction and extinction of the beats of error was often very remarkable. Thus the diatonic semitone, pulls 11 and 16, with 300 and 320 vibrations, when the upper note was flattened, beat in error with 4,800, and the same slightly altered—that is, a D sharp above the ninth ledger line above the treble staff, and the same slightly altered. This slow beat of error was distinctly separable from the rapid rattle of the beating partials, including the lowest and strongest. By conscientiously trying every one of these 87 cases, I have convinced myself of the perfect trustworthiness of the instrument; and those to whom I have shown some of them have been equally convinced, among whom I need only mention as most competent to decide, Mr A. J. Hipkins, of Messrs Broadwood's, and Mr E. Greaves, of Sheffield, a large maker of tuning-forks, who have now accepted the 256, 384, and 512 of Appunn's instrument as absolutely correct, and copied them on forks.

I proceed to give an account of some of the remarkable results of applying this accurate tonometer to the examination of forks made by former methods.

A. G. ELLIS.

25, Argyll Road, Kensington.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fortnightly meeting of professors and students took place on Saturday evening, Feb. 17, when the following pieces were given:—

Passacaille, in G minor, from the 7th Suite, pianoforte, Miss Julia Kirk, pupil of Mr H. R. Evers (George Frederick Handel); Song, "When the pale, pale moon," Miss Elliott (second study), pupil of Mr Montem Smith, accompanist, Miss Frost (Virginia Gabriel); Two Studies, in B flat and G minor, pianoforte, Miss Clara King, pupil of Mr Kemp (Stephen Heller); Sonata, in D, No. 9, violin and double bass, Mr Newton and Mr Harper (Professors' scholar), pupil of Mr H. W. Hill and Mr White, accompanist, Mr Hooper (Arcangelo Corelli); Sonata, in D, 1st two movements, pianoforte, Miss Shapley, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson (Johann Nepomuc Hummel); Valse Ariette, "La messagère d'amour," Mirella, Miss Clara Sammuel (Parepa-Rosa scholar), pupil of Mr Randegger, accompanist, Miss Kate Steel, Potter exhibitor (Charles Gounod); Romance, in G minor, and Presto, in F (MS.), pianoforte, Mr T. Matthay, pupil of Sullivan and Mr Walter Macfarren (Tobias Matthay, student); Sonata, in C minor, No. 2, Op. 65, organ, Miss Morgan, pupil of Dr Steggall (Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy); Largo, from Sonata in B minor, Op. 58, pianoforte, Miss Kate Steel, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren (Frederick Chopin); Song, "Out in the rain," Miss Trowbridge, pupil of Mr T. A. Wallworth, accompanist, Mr Myles Foster (T. A. Wallworth); Song without Words, in A flat, Nocturne, in A minor (MS.), pianoforte, Miss Lawrence, Professor Macfarren and Sir Julius Benedict (Emily Lawrence, student); Song, "O Araby," Oberon, Miss Mansell, pupil of Mr Benson, accompanist, Mr Morton (Carl Maria von Weber); Fantasia and Fugue, in C minor, organ, Mr Corke, pupil of Mr Rose (J. S. Bach); Air, "O Liberty," Judas Maccabæus, Miss Annie Patterson (second study), pupil of Mr F. Walker, accompanist, Mr Myles Foster (George Frederick Handel); Andante and Menuetto Capriccioso, from Sonata in A flat, pianoforte, Miss Elwell, pupil of Mr Westlake (Carl Maria von Weber).

The public concert of the studies will take place in the Academy concert-room this (Saturday) evening, when Mr Henry Smart's new cantata, *The Fishermens' Song*, will be performed for the first time in public.

* Exactly ten months after the production of this piece, there was taken from it a one-act ballet opera, entitled *Les Fêtes de Ramire*, and performed at the same theatre in the Grand Stables, Versailles, on the 22nd December, 1745. "The divertissement," says De Lérin, in the *Dictionnaire des Théâtres*, "are those of the *Princesse de Navarre*. Voltaire added a few connecting scenes, and Rameau composed the music." *La Princesse de Navarre* was played subsequently at Bordeaux, and Voltaire then wrote for it "a fresh prologue, sent to his Grace, Marshal the Duke of Richelieu, for the performance he had caused to be given at Bordeaux, the 26th November, 1768."

* Let x be the vibrations of the lowest note, p and q the beats added by pulls P and Q , found by counting, so that the reeds actuated by P and Q gave $x+p$ and $x+q$ vibrations, and let $m:n$ be the ratio of the interval. Then, by the preceding footnote, $n(x+p)=m(x+q)$, or $(n-m)x=mq-np$, which gives the value of x in each case. Thus pulls 10 and 47 give a Fifth 2:3, and counting gives $p=4 \times 10=40$, $q=4 \times 47=188$. Hence $(3-2)x=2 \times 188-3 \times 40$, or $x=256$, and so for all the 87 cases. Had there been any error in counting, it would have been detected by one or more of these cases not giving $x=256$. Of course, these perfect intervals render the instrument invaluable to any teacher of musical acoustics.

QUARTET CONCERTS.

Messrs Carrodus and Edward Howell gave their friends another excellent programme at their second concert, in Langham Hall, on Tuesday evening. Neither gentleman played a solo this time; but, in compensation, we had three pieces with which the pianoforte had to do, the pianist being Mr Walter Bache, who chose for his solo display a "Ballade" (so-called) by Chopin, joining Messrs Carrodus, Doyle, and Howell, in Molique's E flat Quartet, Op. 71, and the first and last-named in Sterndale Bennett's "Chamber Trio" (Op. 26), showing himself a thoroughly competent artist, to whom each master was familiar, both as regards style and mechanical individuality, in which latter respect they materially differ. Molique's quartet is evidently modelled upon that of Beethoven in the same key, and for the same combination of instruments. That Mr Carrodus, his most distinguished pupil, should take pride in bringing it forward once more, after a long silence, is no more to be wondered at than the gratification experienced by the audience, for whom so careful and spirited a performance of a really fine work had been prepared. We now-a-days hear too little of Molique. Bennett's melodious trio was also extremely well given, the brilliant *finale* in particular. In the Serenade we thought the pianoforte part a shade too loud for the stringed instruments, which have always to play "pizzicato." Perhaps the most uniformly effective performance of the evening was that of Beethoven's third "Rasumovsky" quartet, in which Mr Val Nicholson joined the members of the society, as second violin. Mr Carrodus led this in masterly style, and was ably supported by his colleagues, and not the least so by Mr H. Doyle, who has to give out the theme of the fugue. The genuine services rendered by Mr Doyle, as principal viola, in the early years of the Monday Popular Concerts, are not yet forgotten by amateurs, and it is pleasant to hear him once more in quartet. The vocalist was Miss Annie Butterworth, one of the most improving young singers who owe their education to our Royal Academy of Music. Miss Butterworth, whose voice is a rich-toned contralto, gave Handel's somewhat hackneyed "Lascia ch'io pianga" and Mr Arthur Sullivan's charming "Willow Song," both well, and the last with such true and deep-felt expression as to win a hearty and general demand for its repetition, which she could hardly under the circumstances have disregarded. In both her songs she was accompanied with great ability by Mr W. H. Thomas.

THE REID FESTIVAL AT EDINBURGH.

(From the "Scottish Guardian.")

Subjoined is the final clause in an interesting account of the last Reid Festival, for details of which we cannot find space:—

"Though the Reid Bequest has been in operation since 1840, and the Reid Concert has been an annual event since 1841, a series of untoward occurrences long prevented this yearly opportunity from being what it ought to have been. It is only since the accession of the present incumbent to the Music Chair that we have had a concert or concerts worthy of General Reid's munificent intention. But it would be difficult to over-estimate the influence which the Reid Festival now has in fostering a taste for and knowledge of music among the public of Edinburgh. Among the changes for the better is the altered feeling of the students, whose attitude was in old days one of chronic hostility to the Professor of Music. Sir Herbert Oakeley, over and above discharging the recognised duties of the office, has devoted himself zealously and successfully to the laudable object of fostering a love of music among the general body of students. Some two hundred of them are now members of the 'University Musical Association,' a body of choristers whose concert, given every March, under the conduct of the Professor, has become, next to the Reid Festival, the most attractive musical event of the season. All the members of this society receive complimentary tickets for one or other of the Festival concerts; and groups of students might have been remarked here and there on Saturday and Monday among the most attentive and appreciative of the auditory."

It is agreeable to know that the actual musical professor is now diligently and successfully carrying out the bequests of General Reid, whose bequest to the Edinburgh University was intended solely for the interests of music and the progress of musical taste in the Scottish capital. (See also another column.)

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since my last there has not been any very great animation in matters musical hereabout, the depression of business having possibly something to do with the comparative paucity of concerts. That Messrs Harrison should have a crowded hall was a foregone conclusion, the names of Therèse Tietjens, Arabella Goddard, and August Wilhelmj being potent and irresistible attractions. The great *prima donna* was in excellent voice, and delighted all hearers, which was equally the case with our great English pianist, whose performances, however, brought with them some regret that such ability should be devoted to "fantasias." True, we had one movement (the *andante*, with variations) from the always welcome "Kreutzer" Sonata, so perfectly executed by Mad. Goddard and Herr Wilhelmj, that one was tempted to say, if so much, why not more? A *débutante* in Mr Mapleson's troupe, Miss Agnes Bonn, possesses a contralto voice of such good quality as to merit careful cultivation, to which, the lady being very young, we may look forward to with confidence.

At Mr Stockley's second orchestral concert the well selected programme comprised, *inter alia*, the overtures to *Oberon*, *Egmont*, and *Semiramide*, Haydn's Symphony, No. 7 (Salomon set), and a flute concerto by John Francis Barnett, played to perfection by Mr James Mathews, a thoroughly accomplished amateur. One of the noteworthy features of the evening was the first appearance in Birmingham of a young lady who might say, "I came, I saw, I conquered;" for veritably Miss Robertson took her audience by storm. An agreeable person, self-possession combined with a voice of exceptional quality and compass, carried the *débutante* successfully through the trying ordeal of the most trying *aria* from *Die Zauberflöte*, "Gli angui d'inferno," sung in the original key (Q.) with equal brilliancy and clearness. It is to be hoped the reception accorded to Miss Robertson may induce her to assiduously study the art she has adopted, giving especial attention to phrasing, and avoiding alterations for the sake of a rarely possessed high note, as at the close of the "Queen of Night" ("Gli angui d'inferno").† Signor Randegger's charming "Bird of Springtime" was, of course, mere child's play; but "O luce di quest' anima," despite her vocal facility, is not altogether suited to the lady's voice. Miss Robertson's future career will be watched with real interest by amateurs and connoisseurs. The other vocalist was Mr Barton McGuckin, who has made sensible progress since he sang here last, and in whom another young artist of promise may be recognised. Mr Stockley conducted the orchestra, and Mr Stevens accompanied some of the vocal music, each with his well-known ability.

At the second concert of the Festival Choral Society a fair performance of Gade's *Crusaders* justified the favourable impression it produced at the recent Festival, although the dreamy effect of Scene 2 (*Armida*) was occasionally marred by the want of delicacy on the part of the orchestra. The part of *Armida* seems to me as much too low for the voice of Mrs Osgood as that of Peter the Hermit is too high for Signor Foli's. Mr Vernon Rigby sang Rinaldo's music in such a manner as to elicit and deserve the hearty applause of his fellow-townsmen. Hummel's "Alma Virgo" and the first part of Haydn's *Saisons* completed an interesting programme. At the next concert of the society J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* will be given; and for Messrs Harrison's last "Popular Concert," Mr Sims Reeves and Herr Joachim are announced.

D. H.

Re sutor ultra crepidam.

What means the Sporting Chaplain
By his late Gladstonian grapple?
Does the famed battle of Hastings
Give warrant for such basting—
This effluence refined
Of a well-stored, stable mind?

Wellben.

* "If no more, why so much?"—Tom Thumb.

† All the "Queens of Night" do the same.—D. P.

HERR FRANKE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Herr Franke brought his second series of chamber concerts to a conclusion on Tuesday evening, at the Tenterden Street Concert-room, with a programme which in its main features was equally commendable with its precursors; the weakest part in the selection being the only novelty—a quintet for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Herr Carl G. T. Grüdener. We confess to having at present no great acquaintance with Herr Grüdener's works, but if his quintet in D, Op. 6, be a fair sample of his skill, we can afford to wait. Such a production might be considered praiseworthy to a certain extent if it emanated from an amateur, but it contains nothing that a professed musician could well be proud of. The quintet, which to its other demerits adds that of extreme length, was interpreted as well as could be wished by Herren Frantzen, Franke, Van Praag, Hollander, and Daubert. The other concerted pieces were Beethoven's Serenade in D, Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Herren Franke, Hollander, and Daubert), and Rubinstein's "Zwei Fantasie-Stücke," Op. 11, for piano and violoncello (Herren Frantzen and Daubert). The concert giver played for solo Beethoven's Romance in G, and in answer to a demand for repetition substituted a movement from a suite of Bach's arranged for the fourth string of the violin. Mr Barton McQuackin sang "Adelaida" and Gounod's new song, "When thou art nigh," with much taste and feeling, earning well-deserved applause in either instance. Herr Franke announces a third series of four concerts to take place in May next; we trust that excellence, as well as novelty, will be his aim in constructing his programmes. His enterprise merits all encouragement.—*Standard*, Feb. 15.

BRAHMS' QUARTET IN B FLAT.

The *Standard*, in noticing one of the chamber-concerts of Herr Franke, gives the subjoined opinion about the latest quartet of Herr Brahms:—

"Anything in the shape of a novelty from the pen of so distinguished a composer as Herr Brahms must excite a widespread feeling of interest in musical circles generally, and the performance for the first time of the quartet in B flat, Op. 67, on Tuesday evening attracted a numerous and distinguished audience to the concert-room at the Royal Academy of Music. Like most modern musicians—especially those of a kindred extraction—Herr Brahms is both an original thinker and one who chooses his own method of expression; unlike the majority of his German brothers in art, however, he yields obedience to the established rules of construction, and his efforts are always marked by as strict an adherence to form as is consonant with the assertion of his own strong individuality. The quartet in B flat is a specimen of masterly workmanship throughout, and is built entirely in accordance with customary rule; but it is none the less characteristic of its composer, or of the broad independence of his ideas. The first movement is most curiously elaborated, and abounds in changes of rhythm and accent which at first are most perplexing to the auditor; this section of the quartet is certainly open to the charge of being abstruse, but the workmanship displayed is of a high order, and the distribution of the parts evinces a master-hand. The second movement is of a quasi-religious nature, and occasionally recalls snatches of *Elijah*, besides otherwise suggesting a Mendelssohnian influence; the melody is broad and expressive nevertheless, and the arrangement of the themes for the instruments is simply exquisite. In the third or *scherzo* movement (which is not at all a *scherzo* in the true sense of the term) the employment of mutes to all the instruments except the viola, which has the theme, has a somewhat curious effect, and the strangeness of accent and measure is even here more apparent than in the opening *allegro*. It is difficult, indeed, for a casual listener to decide in what measure the movement is written. The *finale*, though definite in plan, is as curious in treatment as the preceding movements. In respect of technical workmanship, perhaps, it is entitled to rank highest. Such a production as this, however, cannot be judged by its separate parts, but in its entirety, and thus considered, the quartet is a decidedly fine and suggestive composition. In its interpretation Herr Franke, as leader, was associated with Herren Van Praag, Hollander, and Daubert, and the performance, creditable on the whole, was materially indebted to Herr Hollander, whose viola playing was remarkably fine."

The new quartet was heard on Monday Evening at the Popular Concerts, and its merits, as is invariably the case with new compositions (see the *Globe* of Tuesday last), are likely to be discussed with considerable freedom.

HACKNEY CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

Referring to Mr Ebenezer Prout's new and spirited venture at Hackney, the *Globe* has the following:—

"The rapid growth of popular taste for high-class music is attested by the number of suburban musical societies which have sprung into existence within the last few years. These provide for residents in the outskirts of London the same kind of musical fare furnished by the great central societies of the metropolis, and are a notable feature of the day. As a specimen of the work which many of them perform, the concert given recently by the Hackney Choral Association at the new Town Hall, Shoreditch, is worthy of comment. Some of its regulations might be advantageously adopted in other quarters. Encores are forbidden, and no one is allowed to enter or quit the hall during the performance of any piece. These rules, strictly enforced, enhance the enjoyment of an excellent concert, and enable an audience of 1,200 persons to hear the entire programme before half-past ten o'clock. More pretentious musical institutions might profit by this example. The selection at the concert to which we refer was highly interesting. Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie* and the greater portion of Schubert's *Rosamunde* music were performed by a chorus of 130 voices, aided by a band of 45 competent instrumentalists. The solos in *Athalie* were sung by Misses M. Williams, Geddes, and Butterworth, and the connecting lines were well recited by Mr Charles Fry. The *Athalie* choruses are a severe test, but the Hackney Choral Association proved equal to their task. The precision of their attack and the refinement of their style reflect much credit on the conductor of the society, Mr Ebenezer Prout, B.A., the well-known composer and critic. He has disciplined his forces so well that they produce far more satisfactory effects than those commonly attained by over-large choirs hitherto usurping pre-eminence. Mr Prout has a firm, intelligible beat, and carries his performers along with him. This was noticeable in the Schubert music, which has seldom been so well rendered. The band did ample justice to the overture to *Athalie*, while the great 'War March of the Priests' and the overture to *Rosamunde* were admirably played. In the selection which concluded the concert, Mr Winn won deserved applause for his spirited execution of Handel's 'Honour and arms.' The concert, attended by visitors from a long distance, was a gratifying illustration of the progress of high-class music in the suburbs. On May 7th, Signor Randegger's *Fridolin* will be performed."

May more such ventures be undertaken by men as competent as Mr Ebenezer Prout. Nothing better could be desired for the benefit of legitimate art.

To Francis Hurffer, Esq.

Les Mystères de Londres, by Sir Francis Trollope (PAUL MEURICE). Romance in Eleven Volumes—1844. (A very long and mysterious romance.)

The first, second, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth volumes of the—

Biographie Universelle des Musiciens. By F. J. FETIS. (Rarest edition, 1887)—for those who desire to complete their *Bibliographie Générale de La Musique* (a very long and mysterious romance).

MILAN.—*Poliuto* has been performed at the Scala, with Signora Fossa, Signori Fernando, Pantaleoni, and Bedogni in the principal characters. Signor Pallerini's new ballet, *Nerone*, with music by Signor Dall' Argine, was promised for to-day, the 24th inst.

CAIRO.—*Der Frieschütz* has been produced at the Viceregal Italian Operahouse. The cast included Signore Miller, Duval, Signori Fancelli, Medini, Mirabella, and Pinto.—On the 10th inst., a *Requiem*, composed by Signor Bottesini, for his brother, Luigi, who recently died here, was performed in the Roman Catholic Church. It was greatly admired, more especially the "Dies Irae," the "Tuba mirum," the "Quid sum Miser?" the "Marcia," and the "Elegia."

VIENNA.—Herr Gustav Hölzl, a singer who was whilom a great favourite with the Viennese, celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary on the 17th inst. at the Kômische Oper. Born at Pesth, it was there that he made his first appearance on the stage. From 1835 to 1862 he was a member of the Imperial Operahouse in this capital, but, having, as the Friar, sung, in *Templer und Jüdin*, the burden "Ora pro nobis," which had been cut out of one of his songs, he was dismissed. He was allowed, however, a pension. The opera for his benefit was Lortzing's *Wilde Schütz*.

MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We cannot give a detailed notice of Mr Kuhe's annual Brighton Festival; but an account of some incidents of interest connected with it will be acceptable to our readers. On the first day, for example (Tuesday the 13th inst.), a new cantata, by Mr Frederic Clay, under the attractive title of *Lalla Rookh*, was produced. About this the able musical critic of *The Daily Telegraph* gives the subjoined account:—

"The chief novelty of this festival was produced at the opening concert on Tuesday evening, and excited a good deal of interest for perfectly natural and sufficient reasons. A cantata based upon a work so well known and popular as Moore's *Lalla Rookh* has, on that very account, a certain degree of interest; much more when the writer of the libretto is the author of successful dramas, like Mr W. G. Wills, and the composer, a musician like Mr Frederic Clay. Such a conjunction could not fail to be attractive. Mr Wills has founded what he truly calls the 'slight plot' of his book upon the prose tale which serves as a setting for Moore's poetic gems. Beyond this he is in no way indebted to his famous predecessor; even the charming verses sung by Feramorz, 'Tell me not of joys above,' being omitted in order that the libretto might boast of entire originality. Moore's tale is as closely followed as possible. The leading characters, for example, are all reproduced with no more change than that of transforming the 'little Persian slave, who sang sweetly to the Vina,' into a confidential attendant bearing the name—famous in Eastern romance—of Leila.

"In doing his share of the work, Mr Frederic Clay kept himself well within the limits of that form and style by means of which he has gained the repute of a graceful and pleasing, if not a very profound writer. He seems to be one of the few who, having accurately measured their powers, never essay to go beyond them, and are, consequently, natural and unforced. This is precisely the impression conveyed by the music to *Lalla Rookh*. Nowhere unduly pretentious, it nowhere suggests the idea of a composer worrying himself into a fever in the vain effort to do something phenomenal. At the present time this is in itself attractive, and at any time there must be a certain degree of charm in spontaneous music. That Mr Clay has the gift of easy and graceful tune everybody knows, but nowhere, perhaps, has he turned it to better account than in *Lalla Rookh*, which is melodious from first to last. At the same time, we may point out that the composer is addicted to a certain monotony of rhythm, owing to his fondness for particular 'measures.' He has also the habit of making his phrases independent of each other to such a degree that the effect of a continuous melody is rarely secured. In other words, the phrases are more formal, and, so to speak, square-cut, than is consistent with the best results. These are, however, but tricks of which Mr Clay, by a little effort, could easily rid himself, and in no important degree do they touch his capacity as a melodist. Nor, as regards the particular instance under observation, are the defects upon which we have remarked specially serious. All things to the contrary notwithstanding, the music of *Lalla Rookh* cannot fail to please those who regard tune as a *sine quâ non*. Alike in his concerted pieces and in his orchestral accompaniments, Mr Clay aims at simplicity. It may be said that he hits the mark only too well, and we are far from sure that the objection is not well grounded. In a work of such pretensions one naturally looks, especially among the choruses, for whatever proof of scholarship may legitimately appear. But Mr Clay has suppressed nearly all evidence of this kind, while his orchestral accompaniments, though coloured with taste, and therefore pleasing, are somewhat meagre in form. It may be said that the object in view was the wide popularity of that which is accessible to, and comprehensible by, the greatest number. But a composer owes something to himself and to his art; and, as Mr Clay is undoubtedly able to discharge that obligation more fully than in *Lalla Rookh*, we trust, on another occasion, to see results of a higher kind. The scene of the story naturally entailed upon the music a good deal of what is called 'local colour,' which, however, Mr Clay has laid on here and there too freely. Like the trombones in a score, the elements of 'local colour' should be used in full view of the fact that, while powerful on fit occasion, they can easily be employed over much. Here, for instance, one soon tires of the tom-tom, cymbal, and triangle effects supposed to be necessary, but really belonging to that, by comparison, low form of art which consists in mere imitation. With this observation our list of objections to Mr Clay's work ends, and we have only to recognise its general brightness, its engaging spontaneity, and the happy art with which music always unaffected and always truthful in its expression is wedded to Mr Wills' verse. These qualities, so readily appreciable, secured a good reception for *Lalla Rookh*. The audience took kindly to it

from the first number, encored Feramorz's air, 'I'll sing thee songs of Araby,' encored also a pretty quartet, 'Morn wanes, we must away,' and applauded the rest without stint; while at the close Mr Clay, who conducted, was summoned to the platform to receive warm congratulations."

It is to be hoped that Mr Clay's new work will be heard in London during the forthcoming spring and summer season. The next incident of importance to which the critic of the *Daily Telegraph* refers is the first performance in Brighton of Verdi's *Requiem Mass*, about which, in the preamble of his letter, he writes as subjoined:—

"The *Requiem Mass*, composed by Verdi in honour of his friend Manzoni, was given, for the first time in Brighton, on Thursday evening, and attracted a large audience. We are scarcely called upon to discuss the merits of this work. Every amateur has, in some manner or other, examined them for himself, and been guided to one of the many conclusions respecting it which the novelty of its style, the daring boldness here and there displayed, and pre-conceived notions of what constitutes sacred music, have suggested to different minds. It may be necessary, however—and is certainly advisable in the interest of a general rule of criticism—to repeat a caution against judging Verdi's Mass from the standpoint of that which is analogous to it in English art. The composer wrote as an Italian for Italians; wherefore to condemn his music because it is not 'sacred' according to our own interpretation of the word, would be ridiculous, and, what is more, offensive in the sense of an implied assumption that the incorrect to us should on no account satisfy anybody else. Admitting, as is our duty, that an Italian may with justice entertain a notion of sacred music different from the notion of an Englishman on the same subject, and judging Verdi's Mass solely as an ornate illustration of the solemn themes with which it deals, there is nothing to prevent a right conclusion save, perhaps, the difficulty of reconciling one's self to certain of its more incongruous features. But that difficulty will disappear in time. The religious pictures of the old Italian masters present details such as shock the novice by their freedom, and even to his mind touch upon the blasphemous. But acquaintance removes the impressions thus early formed, and by-and-bye the student—novice no longer—sees in them nothing but an outcome, peculiar, it may be, to the country and the time, of exalted religious feeling. We should not forget that when Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was new to English ears it excited a storm of disapproval; whereas now it ranks among accepted sacred works. Such, in all likelihood, will be the happy fate of Verdi's Mass, despite the hardness with which it wrenches certain forms of musical expression from the lyric theatre and bends them to the service of the Church. The Brighton public received the work with not less favour than on a first presentation it has commanded elsewhere—eagerly applauding, as a matter of course, such beautiful sections as the 'Recordare Jesu pie' and the 'Agnus Dei.' Other portions were not understood with so little effort, and there are some—for example, the 'Sanctus' and the fugue of the 'Libera me, Domine'—which, whether understood or not, can never please; but, speaking generally, the Mass obtained a gracious reception, and more than justified its choice."

In his notice of another of Herr Kuhe's festival concerts, the same critic refers to Sir Julius Benedict's too much neglected overture, *The Enchanted Forest*:—

"The overture by Sir Julius Benedict, entitled *The Enchanted Forest*, was written to illustrate a well-known romance of the author of *Undine*. This work, though composed eight years ago, had, strange to say, been heard only once before, through the medium of an indifferent performance at a Philharmonic concert. And yet it is one of the most imaginative and musically things ever produced by the pupil of Weber. Admirable in point of construction and brimful of attractive themes, it possesses a still higher merit in the force and truth of a suggestiveness which brings the listener's mind into harmony with all that fancy may conceive of a region where natural and supernatural blend in mysterious union. We trust that this work will no longer lie neglected, since, in its case, neglect means positive injustice. Sir Julius himself conducted its performance, and must have been gratified by a marked success."

We are glad to know that the *Enchanted Forest* will be heard at the Crystal Palace concert of to-day.

CHRISTIANA.—A new theatre is to be erected in place of the one recently destroyed by fire. Half the requisite amount, 400,000 Norwegian thalers, will be raised in shares. The project has been energetically pushed forward, and subscriptions, already amounting to 250,000 crowns, have been received from all parts of Norway.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1877.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONETTO, in F major, Op. 31, for violin, alto, flute, clarinet,
oboe, bassoon, horn, violoncello, and double bass—MM.
JOACHIM, ZEBINI, SVENDSEN, LAZARUS, DUBBUCC, WOTTON,
WENDLAND, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI Spohr.
SERENATA, "Vieni o cara" } Handel.
AIR, "Mi da speranza" }
SONATA, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," Op. 81, for piano-
forte alone—Mme SCHUMANN Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, in A major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment... Handel.
Herr JOACHIM.
SONGS { Schubert.
... .. Schumann.
Herr HENSCHL.
QUARTET, in C major, Op. 22, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZEBINI, and PIATTI ... Haydn.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in D major, No. 7, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZEBINI, and PIATTI Mozart.
SONGS, { "Star vicino" Salvator Rosa
"Suoi dur la vita allor" Buononcini.
Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN.
VARIATIONS SERIEUSES, in D minor, Op. 54, for pianoforte
alone—Mme SCHUMANN Mendelssohn.
ELEGIA, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor
PIATTI Piatti.
AIR, "On wings of music"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN Mendelssohn.
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—
Mme SCHUMANN, MM. STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

*With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive
four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1877.



(At the Fish and Volume. —Midnight—candles.)

DR FOX.—What is your opinion of the new quartet?

DR GOOSE.—I entertain a mixed opinion.

DR FOX.—On what account?

DR GOOSE.—Why, I think that (*hums*) :—



DR FOX (interrupting him).—Is very like (*hums*) :—



DR GOOSE.—Well, that *two-four* is very like *six-eight* —

DR FOX.—Second subject very like first—eh?

DR GOOSE.—Yes; and there was no great difficulty in making them come together.

DR FOX.—And what say you to (*hums*) :—



DR GOOSE.—Why, Raimondi would have mixed up all three—*six-eight, two-four, and three-four*—while shaving.

DR FOX.—Great fuss about nothing?

DR GOOSE.—The expression is eft

DR FOX.—But how about this (*hums*) :—



DR GOOSE (interrupting him).—Going together with this (*hums*) :—



DR FOX.—You sing out of tune. Never mind. Here again we have *six-eight and two-four*, cheek by jowl.

DR GOOSE.—Raimondi composed three oratorios, either of which could be played alone, either two of which could be played together; and as for the matter of that, so could the three of 'em.

DR FOX.—Cui bono?

DR GOOSE.—Much ado about nothing.

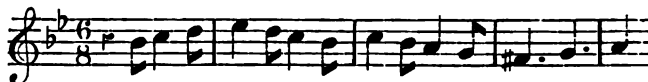
DR FOX.—Jullien made a wager that he would mix up two of his own oratorios with Raimondi's three, and no one would know that anything had been added.

DR FOX.—Wagner would throw in a sackful of his ninety-two motives, and —

DR GOOSE (interrupting him).—And no one would detect the impertinence. Some Englishman (*merus Anglicus*) wrote a canon in forty independent parts —

DR FOX (interrupting him).—So independent that no one knew there were more than four, if so many.

DR GOOSE.—But what say you to this (*hums*) :—



DR FOX.—A hepisode, as J. B. would say.

DR GOOSE.—A *quoi bon* the hepisode?

DR FOX.—To arrest the progress of the working out —

DR GOOSE (interrupting him).—Having nothing to do with it?

DR FOX.—Ganz recht. But you forget (*hums*) :—



DR GOOSE.—Which afterwards comes (*hums*) :—



DR FOX.—Inverted. Cur? Anybody can do that much.

DR GOOSE.—Well, such is the complexion of the times. To stop Liszt, who can't invent themes, and therefore can't invert them, our sticklers for the old school invert or reverse whatever, *non inventus*, comes into their heads.

[Candle goes out.—Apparition.]



HABBY LISZT.—My Benny Dick! What are those Philistines saying about me?

SUR BENNY DICK.—Sweet Habby, never mind. While you and I are neck to neck, we will hold our own. Your Elizabeth is adorable.

HABBY LISZT.—Your Peter is a stone with which you may lapidate your enemies.

BENNY.—O! Habby!

HABBY.—O! Benny! What do you think of my Mazeppa? (Lightning, thunder, voice of Mr Ap'Mutton in the distance.)

AP'MUTTON'S VOICE.—Ho! Ho! Since I have obtained Odin's one eye and blue mantle, I wander through the universe like a *post mortem* spectre! Where art thou, Dr Shoe? Where is my pen that I may write about Mazeppa!

[Tremendous crash.]



(Ap'Mutton's voice muttering inaudibly in space.)

HABBY LISZT.—That was the voice of Ap'Mutton.

BENNY DICK.—Ho! I must go! [Exit Benny Dick.]

WRAITH OF WAGNER.—Come along, Habby!

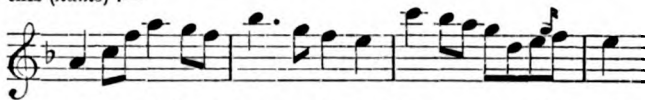
HABBY.—Oh! [Exit, on headless dragons, to Bayreuth.]

(Candles re-illuminated.)

DR FOX.—I thought Ap'Mutton was translated.

DR GOOSE.—He is now a cross between Wotan of the Spear and Ahasuerus the Wanderer. He has endeavored Flosshilde, and Wagner wants to put him in Walhalla, where the Scandinavian gods were brent.

DR FOX.—You know more than I imagined. But what say to this (hums):—



DR GOOSE.—A heavenly melody, worthy to go among the motives of the *Tetralogy*.

DR FOX.—Wagner has no melody.

DR GOOSE.—Hueffer says that his *melos* —

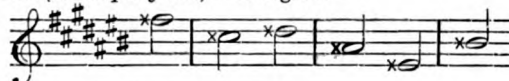
DR FOX (interrupting him).—*Melos* is good —

DR GOOSE.—That his *melos* is the only *melos* that surpasses Beethoven's *melos*.

DR FOX.—And my *melos*? I have written a song —

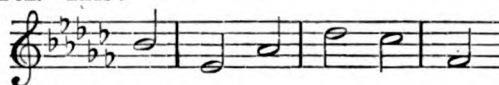
DR GOOSE.—Bother your song and your *melos* —

DR FOX (interrupting him).—It begins:—



DR GOOSE.—And how does it end?

DR FOX.—Thus:—



DR GOOSE.—Reversed?

DR FOX.—Reversed.

DR GOOSE.—But what about —

Bell rings.

DR FOX.—That bell? It sounds like the ring of Dishley Peters.

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.—Mr and Master Peters, please.

[Exit Drs Fox and Goose severally.]



MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN. (to WAITER).—What have those idiots been discussing?

WAITER.—Sir, it was something about a quartet; and they say that next week they will come and settle their differences about the other parts of it.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—You mean their inferences?

WAITER.—No, sir, their differences.

[Exit WAITER.]

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—They have been talking about —

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—The new quartet of Brahms.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—Something too much for them. Asses!

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Asses!

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—I also have something to say about that, which I shall communicate to you at our next meeting.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Grammercy, parent! I shall be all ears.

(Enter WAITER.)

WAITER.—Mr Seeher of the *Ebolg* asks to see you, sir.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—Tell him I'm sleepy, and that he was mistaken. (Exit WAITER.) I sup with Academus. And you, my boy?

MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—I sup with Athenæus, just returned from France.
(*Exeunt severally from Fish and Volume.*)

CASUISTS and others are fond of debating whether it is more desirable to possess a heart capable of love and affection, sensitively alive to the claims of friendship, and ever ready to listen to the voice of pity and compassion, or to be absolutely indifferent to such considerations, and, like the Miller of the Dee in the ballad, to "care for nobody." The question is one which has been discussed very frequently, and, we are bound to add, with the amount of acrimony usually infused into topics which should be treated philosophically and dispassionately. Looking at it in its general bearings, we have neither the time nor the inclination to enter on it at length, nor the pretension to settle it satisfactorily if we had. If, however, we view it only as it affects us in our relation to popular favourites in the domain of dramatic or lyric art, we are almost inclined to think, when the hour arrives for those favourites to appear before us for the last time, that it would have been better had we not appreciated their talent so keenly, and not allowed them to obtain so firm a hold upon our sympathies. Mediocrity has its good side, after all. It can boast of a negative excellence not without its value. A merely respectable singer or a merely tolerable actor may fail to move our tears or excite our enthusiasm; but artists of this description, when they retire from public life, do not leave behind them regrets which are as acute as they are unavailing.

Such were our reflections as we entered the Gaiety to witness the last public appearance of the gifted and inimitable John Parry. At that moment we felt we liked him so much as almost to wish we had never seen him. We then tried to fancy that we were once more about to spend an exceedingly pleasant afternoon; we did all we knew to cajole ourselves into the notion that we should be delighted with the coming performance, as we had been delighted with so many performances of John Parry's in days gone by, and that we should enjoy it with increased zest, because we should never witness another. But in our inmost heart we were painfully aware that all the jolity, all the jauntiness which we assumed was a sham, with no more vitality in it than there was in Armand Du Plessis, Cardinal Duke of Richelieu, and First Minister of France, when, a short time previous to his death, he sought to look strong and well by the aid of painted cheeks, a daintily-waxed moustache, and a carefully-trimmed beard. It was in vain that we attempted to derive consolation from the fact that the audience, which filled every place in the house, included the Prince and Princess of Wales; many men eminent in literature, science, and art; and many others eminent—to our mind, at least—for their admiration of the Veteran Entertainer. "Does not such an assemblage as this prove," we said to ourselves, "how highly he was esteemed; how popular he was—and is? Of course it does." But that was just it. The distinguished gathering proved too much, a great deal too much, for it proved how heavy was the loss we were soon to sustain, and how very far we were from agreeing with Juliet that—

"Parting is such sweet sorrow."

It struck us, all our endeavours at self-deception notwithstanding, that parting is a somewhat bitter sorrow.

In the theatre a bill was given us. The first page, designed by the clever pencil of Alfred Thompson, presented to our gaze the portrait of the mobile, good-natured, and expressive face, which we knew so well. Around the portrait were depicted, among various objects due to the playful fancy of the limner, a number of mystic, weird-like hands. These, of course, represented a few of the multitudinous hands with which John Parry used to produce his marvellous effects on the piano, and which, by virtue of certain magic gloves, endowed with a power similar to that inherent in the *Tarnhelm*, or Casque of Darkness, worn by Siegfried in Herr R. Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, conferred invisibility on the fingers which they covered. Now that their owner has retired, there can be no harm in stating the fact, and destroying for ever the general but absurd notion that John Parry was provided with only one pair of hands. It is not Antiquity alone that can show a Briareus: Underneath the portrait was a scroll whereon were inscribed the words:—"Gaiety Theatre. Farewell Benefit to John Parry, February 7th, 1877." We read and re-read those words, as though they were printed in cuneiform characters, not to be deciphered save after minute scrutiny and repeated perusal. Yet the absurdity of thus poring over them was all the more glaring, because, even had they been in cuneiform characters, our instinct would at once have guessed what they meant. On the second page of the programme stood the announcement of Sheridan's play of *The Critic*, with a most brilliant cast. At the top of the latter stood the name of Mr Charles Mathews as Sir Fretful Plagiary, while, farther down, it figured opposite that of Puff. But Mr Charles Mathews had sent a clever, sprightly, and witty letter, informing Mr Hollingshead that the writer, laid up by "that agreeable complaint, so airily spoken of by those who never had it, 'a touch of the gout,'" was, to his deep disappointment, unable to take part in the benefit. So Mr Charles Collette, who made up in the semblance and imitated the manner of the perennially youthful sufferer, undertook the part of Puff, and Mr Bishop that of Sir Fretful. At length the curtain rose. We have been told that the performance of the play was excellent, and we do not doubt that it was; we have learnt subsequently, from various sources, that Miss Nelly Farren and Mr J. L. Toole, as well as all the other ladies and gentlemen who had so kindly offered their services on the occasion, sustained their respective characters with great success, and again we do not doubt that such was the case. But, in sober truth, we have no very distinct recollection of anything they did. We were too much absorbed with the third page of the programme, commencing: "After which MR. JOHN PARRY will attempt to recall reminiscences of bygone days under the title of 'Echoes of the Past.'" Then Mr. Soutar came forward and stated, as we were afterwards informed, that the proceeds of the benefit amounted to one thousand three hundred pounds. Then there was a pause; then from behind the curtain proceeded the sounds of the air: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"—the last air played in public by John Parry nine years ago; then the house re-echoed with the most enthusiastic applause, long continued, and ending only to burst forth afresh. A few words, bearing the impress of profound feeling and perfect sincerity, was the signal for still more applause, and then Time seemed to have adopted the mode of progression ascribed by Shakespeare to crabs, and we found ourselves once more listening to the woes endured by our old friend the Tenor, in consequence of that celebrated tin tack which some one has left on the stage, and which will keep running into the tenorial boot. After that we had the "Singing Lesson," and the "Operatic Rehearsal," with all the grace, the humour, and the genial irony of

former times. The next element in the programme was *Charity begins at Home*, given by Mr and Mrs German Reed's company, of which he whom we had met to honour was so long a member. This was succeeded by "Goosey, Goosey, Gander," as arranged by the retiring artist; a fragment from "Whittington and his Cat"; more cheering; more applause; much waving of hats and handkerchiefs, during which the one solitary occupant of the stage, deeply affected, kept bowing the gratitude which his tongue was unable to express, and then all was over. John Parry had, in his professional career, taken farewell of us for ever!

May he still be spared many years to enjoy the regard and respect he has so fairly earned, both as an artist and a man. May he long live to know that the impression produced by his wonderful creations was far too profound to pass away when he ceased to pursue the profession on which he cast so much lustre; and let him be assured that more than one spectator said sorrowfully to himself, when the curtain fell on the afternoon of the 7th February:

"I shall not look upon his like again."

N. V. N.

DEATHS.

On February 7th, in Paris, Monsieur GUILLAUME SIMON RICHAULT, Music Publisher, of No. 4, Boulevard des Italiens, aged 71.

On February 19th, JOHN REGINALD NORRIS, only surviving son of James J. Monk, Professor of Music, 48, Oxford Street, Liverpool.

On February 21st, JOHN OXENFORD, Esq., aged 64.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE following anecdote is narrated in relation to *La Fête du Village voisin*, recently revived at the Paris Opéra-Comique. At one of the early performances, a member of the company was indisposed. Martin, an immense favourite, was asked to request the indulgence of the public. Though an admirable singer, he was a poor orator. However, he advanced towards the footlights, and stammered: "Ladies, and—and—gentlemen—our comrade X** is, at this moment, not in a—that is—he is in a—he is unable—because—that is, in consequence—in fact, I might say—a—a—not feeling capable—" One of the audience cried out: "Sing it, Martin, old fellow; you will get on better."

MOLLE CONTAT, according to the *Journal de Musique*, was, oratorically considered, quite the reverse of Martin. Fleury said: "She is a woman who would make the audience applaud her dress-maker's bill, if she recited it upon the stage."

ON the 8th of next month, at two o'clock, the honorary degree of doctor of music will be conferred upon Herr Joachim in the Senate House of Cambridge University, the determination to pay this honour to the distinguished foreign musician, so well known and so highly honoured in England, having been arrived at last May. The actual ceremony will consist of nothing more than the presentation of Herr Joachim to the Vice-Chancellor by the Public Orator, who, in a Latin speech, will review his musical career. Following this, however, at eight in the evening, Herr Joachim, Mus. Doc., will attend a concert of the University Musical Society, at which original compositions by himself and Brahms will be played. The occasion will be one of special interest.

ACCORDING to Dr Burney, Queen Mary, having expressed approbation of the Scotch air, "Cold and raw," Purcell made it a perpetual bass to a song in the next birthday ode, 1602, beginning, "May her blest example chase." This pleasantry is said to have been occasioned by Her Majesty's asking for the tune after Mr Goatling, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and the celebrated Mrs Arabella Hunt, with Purcell to accompany them on the harpsichord, had exerted their united talents to amuse their august listener with compositions which they supposed—erroneously, it would seem—to be of a superior class.

M. OSWALD has just brought to light the following curious letter from Auber to Scribe, who had requested the composer to let him have a "monstre" for a certain part of *Zerline, ou la Corbeille d'Oranges*, performed in 1851, at the Paris Opéra-Comique. A "monstre" is a set of nonsense verses, written to serve as model for the librettist, and give him an idea of what the musician requires. Auber's letter runs thus:—

"Here you have, my dear Eugène, the heroine's air in the second act. I have this instant finished it. Spanish style. The scene is at Naples, of course. Something with go in it. Make her speak of her love. She still resists; but that will not be for long. I want you to do something in this style, you know:—

RECITATIF.

J'ai remarqué que la particulière
A la jambe tres-journalière.

CANTABILE.

Aïe! Aïe! Aïe! quel fichu mal!
Tra la la! j'ai la sciatique!
Vive la reine Marguerite,
Et le tabac de caporal!
J'étais, hier soir, au Gymnase,
Et je vous donne pour certain
Que, pour un homme de mon âge,
Je suis rentré tard ce matin.

ALLEGRO.

Le journal l'*Epoque*
A beaucoup de vogue.
L'armée et la flotte
Le lisent souvent.
Lorsque la princesse
Est mal à son aise,
Elle se dessèche
Ainsi qu'une fleur.
Aimer, quelle vie!
Rimer, quelle scie!
Cette poésie
M'a mis en sueur!

For the *stretto*, three lines. The remainder as above. Ever yours."

WE are told that, besides playing upon the lute and virginals, Queen Elizabeth was a performer on the violin, and on an instrument something resembling a lute, but strung with wire, and called: a poliphant. A violin of singular construction, with the arms of England and the crest of Dudley, Earl of Leicester (the Queen's favourite), engraved upon it, was sold at a sale of one of the Dukes of Dorset. From its date, 1578, and from the arms and crest, Queen Elizabeth is conjectured to have been its original possessor. It is curiously carved. The several parts, however, are so loaded with ornaments, that it does not possess more tone than an ordinary violin muted. The neck, too thick to be grasped by the hand, has a hole for the performer's thumb. The hand is incapable of shifting, so that nothing save what lies within its first position can be executed.

There was an old fellow called Barrable,
Who found that his land wasn't arable;
So he said, "Let me see,
I'll do photography"—
And made money!! this knowing old Barrable.

The young Abercorn,
Though so lately born,
Now learns by a laugh,
To know nothing but chaff.

Bentwell.

WE have been requested by the widow of the late Dr George Tolhurst to return her sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly assisted in relieving her immediate necessities, and for their sympathy with her in her bereavement.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE ninth festival of the St Monica Institute took place in the Shoreditch Town Hall with success. The "star" of the evening was Mdme Liebhart, who sang Mr G. B. Allen's "Little Bird" and two old English ballads, being on each occasion "called" several times. Mdme Liebhart was in excellent voice, and sang with her usual bright spirit. Mr Maybrick gave "Nancy Lee," and Mr Henry Guy, Sullivan's "Sweethearts." A feature in the evening's entertainment was the whistle of the locomotives on the railway that passes over the Town Hall, and which "assisted" the audience in their applause. Herr Wilhelm Ganz played his new galop, "Allons vite," with great effect, and Signor Carozzi a solo on the flute admirably. Miss Bella Thomas, a pupil of Signor Randegger, made a favourable *début*. Her voice is fresh and well trained. The conductors were Herren Ganz and Lehmyer.

At Langham Hall, Mr Charles E. Tinney gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music. The audience, both large and fashionable, testified by frequent applause their appreciation of the efforts of the several executants. The concert opened with Smart's trio, "Queen of Night," well sung by Mdmes Kate Brand, Orridge, and Mr C. E. Tinney. Miss Orridge gave "Long years ago," accompanied by the composer, Mr Tinney. Mr L. Oswald followed with Hatton's song, "To Anthea." Mr Tinney sang "The Borderer," and was recalled. Miss Kate Brand gave several songs most effectively. Miss Leonora Braham obtained a recall for the "Jewel Song" in *Faust*. Mr Henry Guy sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" (recalled), and also a charming serenade, "Luna, veil thy light," composed by Mr Tinney, the composer accompanying. The second part opened with a dramatic quartet (MS.), sung by Mdmes Brand and Orridge, Mr Guy and Mr Tinney, entitled "Song of the Evil Spirit of the Woods." The instrumentalists were Miss Isabel Thurgood (pianoforte) and Mr S. A. Tinney (flageolet), both of whom acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr H. Seligman gave Sullivan's "Looking Forward," and Mr Tinney gave "Nancy Lee."

A GREAT number of artists have, during the winter season, had the good fortune to be admitted to Mrs Ely's "At Homes," which take place every Friday, from eight to eleven. The large, elegant *salons* and the fine music-room of that lady are thrown open on that night to a small number of music lovers and a large number of vocal and instrumental artists. The centre of the room is occupied by a fine organ, and two grand pianofortes are placed in the adjoining room. A large musical library, some rare instruments, and a few pictures adorn the walls. Everything breathes of comfort and taste. Mrs Ely, herself an excellent organist, generally plays a prelude by Bach or Handel, which is followed by a selection of music improvised by the artists. The accomplished hostess has "received" since last October the *élite* of the profession, to whom she is a devoted friend and a generous patron. Mrs Ely is to be congratulated on the taste and refinement with which she superintends these interesting re-unions.

The programme of Mr Augustus L. Tamplin's recital, in the "Estey" Organ Rooms, on Thursday afternoon, consisted of a Preludium; "La Colombe," *entr'acte* (Gounod); Duetto, "Dolce conforto al misero, *Il Giuramento* (Mercadante)—the Misses Allitsen; Toccata (Hasler); Song, "Der Wanderer" (Schubert)—Miss Allitsen; Berceuse (A. Fiori); Duets, "Autumn" (Schumann), and "The Harvest Field" (Mendelssohn)—the Misses Allitsen; Fantasia, *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer).

How far the previously announced intention of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales being present at the performance of Verdi's *Requiem* in commemoration of Manzoni may have influenced the great attendance at the Albert Hall on Monday night it would be difficult to ascertain. A more brilliant assemblage has rarely congregated in that enormous building, and when the exceptionally late hour for commencing the work—nine o'clock—arrived, the vast *salle* was filled in every part. Since the memorable occasion of the introduction in May, 1875, when the artistic world of London was invited to welcome the illustrious composer on the first production of the Mass, with Mdme Stoltz, Mdle Waldman, Signor Masini, and Signor Medini as solo and quartet, Verdi's contribution to sacred music has become more or less familiar to amateurs, both in the metropolis and in the provinces. That no pains were spared to secure an effective rendering may be inferred when it is stated that the quartet of vocalists consisted of Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Anna Williams, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli; the choruses being, as formerly, entrusted to the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, Mr Barnby directing a strong and efficient orchestra, and Dr. Stainer presiding at the organ.

COPENHAGEN.—M. Delibes' comic opera, *Le Roi l'a dit*, is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal.

PROVINCIAL.

REIGATE.—On Tuesday evening, the 13th February, a ballad concert was given in the Market Hall, under the direction of Mr J. Benfield, for the benefit of the Church Schoolmasters and Mistresses Benevolent Institution. The concert was announced as being under the patronage of Sir H. W. Peek, Bart., M.P., and Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., M.P. The Mayor of Reigate (W. Carruthers, Esq.) "presided." There was a large attendance, and the efforts of the artists who took part in the programme were much appreciated. The programme—the only fault of which was its length—consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and "readings" by Mr J. Trevarthen. The promoters of the concert had been fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Marion Green, the daughter of a resident of Redhill, and pupil of F. B. Jewson, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Green played Beethoven's grand sonata in C, Op. 53; Mendelssohn's 5th Book of *Lieder*, as well as a polonaise by Chopin, and proved herself a thorough master of the instrument of her predilection. She played each piece in artistic style, and was loudly applauded.—*Abridged from a Local Journal.*

WEST MALVERN.—This usually quiet locality was a scene of bustle and animation on Tuesday evening, February 17th, in consequence of another of those popular entertainments got together by the exertions of the Rev. F. T. Grey. Too much praise—says the *Malvern News*—cannot be bestowed upon a gentleman who will endeavour to enliven and add to the dullness of the season, when the sun is in its winter solstice, and Nature seems to be lying in a dormant condition. The schoolroom in which the entertainment was given was filled to overflowing, such an array of amateur and professional talent being selected as insured success. The lady vocalist was Miss Gillam, and the gentlemen were Messrs Brown, Elzy, Evans, Lockyer, Ogg, and Watson, Master Batchelor, and the Rev. F. T. Grey. Mrs Fitton was the pianist, and Mr F. F. Rogers the accompanist. "Readings" by Messrs J. Lewis and Corder were also given. Among the noteworthy singing was that of Mr J. M. Evans, whose "Mary Lee" (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr F. F. Rogers) elicited a great deal of applause. The Rev. F. T. Grey, on behalf of those present, thanked the Rev. C. E. Freeman for his kindness in supporting the entertainment, and stated that, when the Easter holidays commenced, they would endeavour to provide other such amusements for the district.

WEST BROMWICH.—At the second concert of the West Bromwich Choral Society Mr Anderton's cantata, *John Gilpin*, was given with unqualified success. The principal parts were sustained by Misses Emma Beasley and Emilie Lloyd, Messrs V. Rigby and Hilton, all acquitting themselves in a manner that left nothing to desire. The choruses were sung in a manner to reflect great credit upon the conductor, Mr W. Hartland, who, considering that the Society has existed barely eighteen months, has achieved wonders. The composer expressed himself highly pleased with the performance. The second part of the programme (miscellaneous) calls for no special remark. It would, however, be unjust not to refer to the accompanist, Miss Lizzie Hartland, whose services, like those of her brother, being tendered gratuitously, are all the more appreciated.

DUBLIN.—On Tuesday evening, February 13, Miss Elena Norton's clever comic opera, *The Rose and the Ring*, was given at the Antient Concert-rooms with great success. The *Irish Times* says:—"We have already noticed Miss Norton's able composition at length, and have only now to say that the performance was a very excellent and enjoyable one. The first and worthiest of Irish musicians, Sir Robert Stewart, lent his valuable service as conductor, and the opera was admirably cast. Conspicuously successful was the singing of Miss Elena Norton, who, in the elegant ballad, "He does not love me," exhibited charm, finish, and delicacy of style. She was warmly applauded and frequently encored. The soprano and contralto parts, taken respectively by Miss A. O'Hea and Miss Heyne, were filled very efficiently. Miss Norton has experienced the *premier pas qui coule*. Her success ought to encourage her to further venture in the art which she has hitherto followed with so much success."

GLASGOW.—An excellent opportunity was given by the directors of the City Hall Saturday evening concerts to the public of Glasgow of hearing Mdme Sinico, Mdme Rose Hersee, Mdme Demerice-Lablache, Mr Snazelle, Signor Campobello, and Signor Norito, (clarinet). The artists did their best, and the services of Mr Berger as pianist were entirely acceptable to the audience. The concert opened with a duet for the clarinet and piano; and the tasteful execution of Mr Berger, and wonderful facility of manipulation, as well as sweetness of playing, displayed by Signor Norito, the clarionettist, were received with great favour. Mr Snazelle sang "The German Wedding Song" (Poniatowski) with appropriate expression, and his other songs were also rendered with a tastefulness worthy of hearty commendation. Signor Campobello, who received a most

cordial greeting, retains all his freshness of voice and the qualities which make him a favourite. Mme Sinico contributed "Connais-tu le pays?" and another romance by E. Campobello, entitled "Forget thee;" but, perhaps, nothing that she sung took so well as her singing of "Home, sweet home." Mme Hersee shone with her accustomed brilliancy in "Where the bee sucks." Mme Lablache was heard to advantage in songs by Randegger and Donizetti. The hall we have seen better filled when the programme was not so attractive.

RAMSGATE.—A correspondent informs us that an attractive concert was given in the Concert-room of the Granville Hotel on the 17th inst. The vocalists were Miss Larkcom, Mr Gordon, and Mr Pearson. Mr John Cheshire played three harp solos, all encored. The entertainment gave much pleasure to a numerous audience.

CONSOLATION.

How sweet, upon a summer's day,
When cares my bosom wring,
To stray into the woods, and hear
The birds in chorus sing.
And if a rippling stream should chance
To cross the path I trace,
I'll kneel me down upon its brink,
And bathe my fevered face.
Then on a mossy bank I'll sit,
To hear the throats'le's note;—
O wondrous voice! so rich and sweet!
My cares are all forgot.

J. C. B.

SONNET.

EVENING CLOUDS.

Serene above me float the clouds so bright,
Their skirts tipp'd with evening's golden ray;
Like wide-spread screens they hang athwart the way,
Whence come the beams that sparkle through the night.
They're banners, held to decorate the height
Of heaven's blue arch, through which the sun hath sailed;
Their fleecy form withholdeth now the sight
Of night's pale orb, that waits to be unveiled.
So now my fortune, like the sinking sun,
Adown the dreary way is falling fast;
The clouds which fled, when I my course did run,
Will make the sky look dull and overcast.
Though pure and fine, and seem but gay air-toys,
They'll soon grow dense, and shut out all life's joys.

Leat, 1877.

DOWNHILL SMITH.

KARLSRUHE.—Herr Ignatz Brüll's opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, has been successfully produced at the Grand Ducal Theatre.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Marchetti's *Gustavo Waza* is announced at the Pergola, and is to be followed by Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi*.

BARCELONA.—A buffo opera, *Fior di Rosa*, the libretto of which is founded on the French *Fleur de Thé*, has been produced at the Teatro Principal. The music is by Señor Galleani.

BRESLAU.—The second Silesian Musical Festival will be held here at Whitsuntide, under the joint direction of Herren Julius Schäffer, Bernard Scholz, and Ludwig Deppe.

STRASSBURGH.—Eighty pupils of the Teachers' Seminary recently gave a performance of Mendelssohn's music to Sophocles' *Œdipus in Colonus*. Herr Brüll's *Goldenes Kreuz* has been produced at the Stadttheater. Meyerbeer's *Africaine* is in rehearsal.

PRAGUE.—Liszt was announced to appear at the Literary and Artistic Association on the 15th inst., to play two compositions by Mosonyi, two by Dr Hans von Bülow, and one by Count Geza Zichy.

DRESDEN.—Herr F. Ries, the music publisher, has announced for the end of the present month a work which will doubtless prove very interesting. It is entitled: *Friedrich Chopin, sein Leben, seine Werke, und seine Briefe* (*Frederick Chopin, his Life, Works, and Letters*), by Herr Moritz Karasowski.

ST PETERSBURG.—*La Forza del Destino*, written for this capital and first produced here in 1863, has been performed at the Italian Operahouse by Signore Stolz, Cary, Signori Masini, Padilla, Strozzi, and Capponi.—Sig. Masini has been re-engaged.

JULES JANIN'S LIBRARY.*

A few days more, and the auctioneer's hammer at the Hôtel Drouot will have scattered to the four corners of the globe all that represented to the present generation the sympathetic survivor of the brightest epoch in our literary and political life, an exquisite, accomplished, and—for us writers—never-to-be-forgotten type of a gentleman, a man of letters, and an honest man, who, for nearly fifty years of lively, original, and disinterested criticism, had only admirers, and never made an enemy. Nothing will now remain of Jules Janin but his works, or, rather, a few of his books, for, as to what constitutes his real glory and undisputed authority, that is: the *feuilleton*, the article written from day to day, we might as well ask the autumn wind to account for the leaves it carries off, or Echo for the song of the passer-by. We are not speaking, however, of the pictures, the objects of art, or the old antique furniture. The dispersion of these things is a necessary fact; the division of an inheritance; a museum offered to commerce; the circulation of merchandise.—But the library? But the books, so well known throughout Europe, and less precious, perhaps, for the unparalleled splendour of the paper, the printing, the original drawings, and the binding, for their rarity and their selection, than for their dedications and the autographic notes in which J. J. drew himself as he lived and breathed—is it not a poignant sorrow, and is it not an unpardonable fault of the Institute to have allowed this collection truly worthy of the French Academy to escape them, when nothing was needed for them to possess it save their acceptance of the condition stipulated by the widow of installing it in a special room, bearing the name of the glorious and dearly loved companion of her life? They hesitated and waited, so, when Death, who does not wait, sent the lady to rejoin her husband, the power of decision was naturally left to the heirs, and they did not hesitate availing themselves of their right. The sale will begin on the 16th inst., and last eight days.

As much as, if not more than, the two most important sales for the last twenty years, during which we have had some exceedingly curious ones—Solar's sale, remarkable for the number of volumes, the prices they fetched, and the fabulous sumptuousness of the bindings, which caused a very keen connoisseur to say that the best expert of such a sale could be no other than a jeweller—and Brunet's sale, the most irreproachable, though perhaps somewhat too systematic, as regards old editions—this sale of Janin's, with only its 1,377 lots, has already thrown all amateurs and booksellers into a fever of excitement.

And there is good reason for it, since, of all kinds of fancies, the love of books is the most intelligent and the most tenacious; it is, also, that in which individual tastes are marked by the most exclusive predilections and singular likings; this is what distinguishes the bibliomania from the real bibliophilist. One man values only old books; another, only modern ones. For persons of the former class, the oldest editions, the binding of the period, manuscripts, books produced in the infancy of the printer's art, gems, and rarities, never cost too much. For persons of the second category, splendid editions, large-sized paper, double or triple engravings, the mosaic and other work executed by our marvellous French binders, those goldsmiths in leather and moire—as Victor Hugo would say—realise the ideal of possession. Certain libraries are exclusively historical or scientific; others, theological, romantic, dramatic, or poetical; facetious, musical, oratorical, eccentric, &c.; we know specimens belonging to each of these kinds. There are gleanings for all in Janin's collection, which contains something for every taste.

We shall mention no title; we should not have room enough to do so, and we should be infringing upon the catalogue—a masterpiece of that excellent printer's, Jouaust—very learnedly compiled by M. Potier, and, as M. Louis Ratisbonne says, in a preface filially clever, revealing all the charming arcana of a library which, though long celebrated, is not much known, and which M. Albert de la Fizelière and our venerated master, Paul Lacroix, have already summarily described.

"Charming" is the right word. There is the name, for instance, of Mad. Adèle Janin borne by many of the volumes, and those not the least magnificent, and either engraved or chased on their covers, enveloped in an affectionate dedication, or printed in the

* From *Le Figaro*.

text—what can be more charming for those who were well acquainted with domesticity marked by such constant serenity, and of married life in which devotion on the one side competed with admiration on the other?

Charming, too, and sometimes very touching, are the notes with which he enriched his books, as if he had foreseen what additional value the latter would derive from those notes. We will quote a few of them.

On the first fly-leaf of a superbly bound manuscript of his *Gaietés champêtres*, I read:—

Here, my dear child, is a manuscript of the *Gaietés champêtres*, written in honour of my wife, most honoured and esteemed of all the beautiful women in the universe.—J. JANIN.—With the quasi-funereal date of 1873 (fall of M. Thiers).

He was in the habit, we must state, whenever the fact of his purchasing or receiving a book coincided with any event which interested his opinions or his heart, of confiding it, so to speak, to this natural friend. Thus, on a copy of the *Edicts et ordonnances des très Chrétiens Rois*, &c., he writes:—

An old book bought on the quais. I saved it from ruin in the midst of the ruin brought about in 1848.—J. J.

Sometimes his annotation is in verse:—

Tiré pour quinze amis sur papier de Hollande;
Deux ou trois ont gardé cette amicale offrande.

The book is Alfred Busquet's poem, *La Nuit de Noël*.

On another occasion, it was Rachel who brought him triumphantly the priceless quarto manuscript in which M. Laurent, Inspector at the Comédie-Française, recorded, day by day, in a series of extraordinary calligraphic feats, all the characters played or "created" by her from her first appearance on the 12th June, 1838, to the 23rd March, 1855, as well as the detailed account of the receipts, the total of which amounted to 4,394,231 francs, 10 centimes; he thus transcribes the conversation between "The Great One" ("La Grande") and himself:—

MADemoiselle RACHEL A JULES JANIN

Je dépose en vos mains mes titres de noblesse.

M. JULES JANIN A RACHEL.

Soit ! Je conserverai vos parchemins, Altesse !

Le 25 avril 1855. JULES JANIN.*

Passing over a great many other things, we may hastily mention the *Daphnis et Chloé*, by Amyot, the original edition with the Regent's figures, engraved by Audran. In this book Janin first writes with the pride of a bibliophile:—

This copy belonged to Roger Collard. It comes out of his library, and it was young Andral, his grandson, who gave it me on the 9th February, 1848.—J. J.

Then, on the fly-leaf, after mentioning the different editions of the Greek romance, he writes with the acuteness of the journalist:—

Monseigneur, said an Italian artist to Philippe d'Orleans, on seeing his drawings for Longus, you are a master of drawing. There wants scarcely anything to make you a great artist, save for you to be a poor devil like me, *di poco necessità*.†

One of the ten copies on India paper of Alexandre Dumas the Younger's plays is ornamented with the following words, written in pencil, which are a eulogium as much as an expression of thanks:—

Much pleased and exceedingly proud.—Jules Janin.

Lastly, there is a volume with the arms of the Countess de Verrue (*L'Académie galante*, and the *Différents caractères de l'Amour*, 1682—1685):—

March, 1849.—This little book has not appeared in any of the sales during the past six months, so fertile in wrecks. It was found on *Rosalinde's* toilet table between a pot of paint and a bottle of Portugal Water. The destiny of books !

(To be continued.)

* MADemoiselle RACHEL TO JULES JANIN.

I deposit in your hands my patents of nobility.

M. JULES JANIN TO RACHEL.

So be it. I will preserve your deeds, Highness !

The 25th April, 1855. JULES JANIN.

† *Sic*, in *Le Figaro*, at least.

WAIFS.

Mr W. A. Barrett, the eminent musical critic, has undertaken to superintend the musical section of the Exhibition of Ancient Printed Books, &c., for the Caxton Celebration at Stationers' Hall in June.

Wagner's *Walküre* is in active rehearsal at Vienna.

M. Capoul has accepted an engagement at St Petersburg.

Herr Wilhelmj is engaged for a tour in the United States.

The Swedish Ladies' Quartet are now giving concerts in Italy.

Beethoven's tomb in Währing Cemetery is in a dilapidated state.

Mr Wilford Morgan has returned to town from his concert tour.

Miss Edith Wynne is engaged for the forthcoming Leeds Festival in September.

The oratorio performed on Saturday at Mr Kuhe's Brighton Festival was the *Creation*.

Professor A. Kraus and his Son have organised an exhibition of musical instruments at Florence.

An appeal has been made in favour of a great granddaughter of Rameau's, who is in a state of indigence.

Mad. Lacombe Duprez, niece of the famous tenor, has been engaged for three years at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

The attitude of Russia towards Turkey is thus explained: the Czar believes Ottomans were made to be sat upon.

M. Amédée Pichot, chief editor of *La Revue Britannique*, died recently in Paris, aged eighty-one.

After witnessing the first performance of his opera, *Die Maccabäer*, M. Anton Rubinstein left for London, *via* Berlin.

The rehearsals of Schumann's *Genoveva* are being vigorously pushed forward at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The Order of the Red Eagle, Fourth Class, has been conferred upon Herr Robert Radecke, Royal Prussian Chapelmaster.

M. Alfred Jaëll is making a tour through Switzerland. He has already appeared at Bâle, Berne, Neuchâtel, Geneva, &c.

Mdlle Moiset, who achieved a success at Venice, as Ophelia, shortly leaves France for Florence, to sustain the same character.

The rehearsals for the Musical Festival at Liège have commenced. The orchestra will number 140, and the chorus 800 performers.

M. Offenbach's *La Foire Saint-Laurent*, libretto by MM. H. Crémieux and Saint-Albin, has been produced at the Folies-Dramatiques.

Manfred, with Schumann's music, was to be performed for the first time in Berlin, at the Royal Operahouse to-day, Herr Kahle sustaining the chief part.

It is for five years, and not merely for the season of 1877-78, as erroneously stated, that M. Aimé Gros has been appointed manager of the Lyons Theatres, enjoying a grant from the Government.

The pupils of the Conservatory of Music at Boston (U.S.) gave their quarterly concert on the 6th inst., in Tremont Temple. The eleventh year of the institution began on the 15th.

Mr W. A. Barrett, who has, by fair right of distinction, been elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature, will lecture at the room in St Martin's Lane on literary and musical topics, early next June.

M. Obin, professor of lyric elocution at the Paris Conservatory, will return to the stage, for the purpose of sustaining the character of Father Joseph in M. Gounod's *Cinq-Mars*, at the Opéra-Comique.

The pianoforte manufactory of Messrs Squire & Sons, Stanhope Street, Euston Road, was burnt to the ground on Monday night. The property destroyed is estimated at between £15,000 and £16,000.

The Emperor and the Empress of Brazil lately visited the Conservatory of Music in Naples. They were received by the Governors, the Marchese di Laino Spinelli and Baron Genovese, and the Director, the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi.

Mdlle Aimée and her company have been singing at the New York Eagle Theatre. During her stay she will produce *Les Dragons de Villars*, *Madame l'Archiduc*. Among the latter will be *La Belle Poule*, *La Reine Indigo*, *Le Châtel*, and *La Petite Mariée*.

Messrs Simpson & Co., of Argyll Street, have issued a valuable little book, by Mr Jacob Bradford; entitled *The Music Pupil's Register*, designed for the use of schools and elementary pupils. It will be found of essential service to music teachers desirous of saving their own time and that of their pupils.

The following is the cast of M. J. Massenet's new work, *Le Roi de Lahore*, now in rehearsal at the Grand-Opéra, Paris: Sitâ, a young priestess, Mdlle de Reszké; Kaled, a slave, Mdlle Fouquet; Alim, King of Lahore, M. Salomon; Scindia, a usurper, M. Lasalle; Timour, the Grand Priest, M. Boudouresque; Indra, a god, M. Menu; a chief, M. Auguez.

The interdict against female singers in churches has been removed in Paris. Sixty pupils of the Conservatory sang in the *Requiem* recently celebrated for Habeneck at the Trinity.

The company with which Sig. Gardini intends giving Italian operatic performances, to begin next month, in Berlin, will comprise among its members Mdle Etelka Gerster, Signori Marini, Mendioroz, and Bagagiolo. Sig. Bevigiani is to be conductor.

A lawyer, hailing from Galesburg, Illinois, was asked by a lady in a railway car to get her a cup of coffee. He obeyed her request with alacrity, paid ten cents for the coffee, charged the lady fifteen cents, and pocketed five cents as his commission on the transaction.

Cagliostro, the celebrated French prestidigitateur and necromancer (just arrived from New York), will make his first appearance in his "Cataclysm of Mysteries" at the Crystal Palace next Tuesday. "Cagliostro is a great conjuror and a very handsome gentleman."—*American Papers*.

Mad. Adelina Patti will proceed from St Petersburg to Vienna, where the Italian operatic season commences on the 3rd March and terminates on the 4th May. In addition to Mad. Patti, the company includes Mad. Trebelli, Signori Nicolini and Masini, tenors; Sig. Strozzi, barytone; and Signori Zucchini and Ciampi, buffos.

"It does certainly seem," observed an American Editor, during the political struggle lately going on in the United States, "as if woman was placed rather in the background. But though she cannot vote or appear in processions, she can cut the wood and bring up the coal, and thus leave the men more time to talk over matters."

Mr Shakespeare's singing in the *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall, on Ash Wednesday, is thus spoken of by *The Standard*:—"Mr Shakespeare, upon whom the whole of the tenor music devolved, acquitted himself ably of his arduous task. He phrases like a true artist and sings with musicianly feeling. Mr Shakespeare's greatest success was in the air 'Behold and see,' rendered in perfect taste, and with much power of emotional expression."

An International and Retrospective Musical Exposition will be held at Bologna in 1878. The Minister of Public Instruction has promised the support of the government and a grant of money. Sig. Antonio Zanolini, member of the Italian Senate, has been appointed chairman of the committee. It is to be regretted that this Exposition will be simultaneous with Paris, one section of which is exclusively reserved for ancient musical instruments.

Two orchestral concerts are announced to take place next week, conducted by Mr Frederic Archer, at Sheffield. Mr Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mdme Patey are to be the principal vocalists; Mr Carrodus, leader; and Mr Archer, solo organist and pianist. Among other "classical" things, Symphonies by Beethoven and Mendelssohn are to be given, as well as Sterndale Bennett's overture *The Naiades*, and his pianoforte concerto in F minor. The proceeds of the undertaking are to be given to local Charities.

Mad. Nilsson, intended to sing at Geneva, but has changed her mind, and the city on the lake will not hear her. The following, we are told, is the reason. The Theatre is under the superintendence of a Committee of exceedingly pious and proper persons, who insisted, before giving their permission for the lady to appear, that *Faust* should not be one of the operas played, and that the costumes worn by the lady should be submitted to the Committee for approbation. Mad. Nilsson determined not to visit Geneva.

The ladies of Paris have followed the example set by Mad. MacMahon, for the purpose of aiding the Charity Ball at the New Operahouse on the 27th inst. One hundred of them will figure as patronesses. An immense awning will cover the steps in front of the building so that the leaders of fashion will be able to descend from their carriages without fear of inconvenience from wet. Herr Johann Strauss has offered his services gratuitously, which, as his terms are several thousand francs a night, means that he is one of the most liberal subscribers to the ball.

Mr Burnand's *Black-Eyed Susan*, the most popular of modern burlesques, has been revived at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, and is now given every evening, with the old farce of *Mr and Mrs White for a lever de rideau*. Mr F. Dewar resumes his original part of Captain Crosstree, of which he gives an admirably comic exposition. Miss Maggie Brennan plays with much vivacity the part of Susan, closely associated with the fame of Miss M. Oliver. Other rôles, which are well supported, are the William of Miss Bessie Bonehill, Mr Fawn's Dame Hatley, Miss Nelly Harris's Dolly Mayflower, and the Shaun of Miss N. Phillips. The whole is mounted with signal care, and forms a highly attractive entertainment.

A clergyman in Connecticut lately desired to call the attention of his congregation to the fact that, as it was the last Sunday in the month, he would administer the rite of Baptism to children. Pre-

viously to entering the pulpit, he received from one of the Elders, who, by the way, was exceedingly deaf, an intimation to the effect that, as the children would be present in the afternoon, and he (the Elder) had the new Sunday School books ready for distribution, they would be there for all who wished to purchase them. After the service, the clergyman began the notice of Baptismal service thus: "All of those having children whom they desire to have baptised, will bring them this afternoon." At this point, the deaf Elder, hearing the mention of children, supposed it was something in reference to his books. Under this impression, he rose and said: "And all of those having none and desiring them will be supplied by me for the sum of twenty-five cents."

About two promising pupils of Madame Sainton-Dolby at Kuhe's Brighton Festival, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* speaks as follows:—

"The vocalists were Miss Julia Wigan and Miss Adela Vernon, two of the most promising among the sopranos now making their way to the front. Since it is as difficult to sing well Mozart's sentimental arias as to play perfectly his pianoforte sonatas, Miss Wigan must be congratulated upon success with 'Porgi amor.' But her dashing execution of 'Erani involami' produced a greater effect upon the audience, who quickly appreciated excellence destined ere long to obtain wider acknowledgment. Miss Vernon had only one song—Costa's 'Dall' Aiallo'—but in that she made her mark, confirming the good impression created last year, showing that the interval had been employed to acquire greater command over somewhat exceptional means. Mr Kuhe deserves to be thanked for giving young artists such as these ladies an opportunity of showing what they can do."

It is the boast of England that no musical composer, whatever his nationality, is denied a fair hearing; but there is danger that in the multitude of claimants there is some chance of native talent being thrown in the shade. No higher branch of composition can be found than that which contributes to the elevation of cathedral service, and amongst all who have worked in this direction not one is worthier honour than Henry Purcell. With the view of saving his sacred compositions from being thrust aside—especially those anthems which for nearly 200 years have been the glory of church music in its highest office—the Liverpool Sacred Harmonic and Purcell Society was instituted. The society already numbers over fifty members, the patronage embracing names well known in connection with music generally, and the Purcell revival scheme is fortunate in having as its president Mr W. L. Rushton, who has shown much enthusiasm in the work.

EDINBURGH ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL.—The third and last of our great orchestral concerts was given on Tuesday night, the 13th inst., to a crowded audience. This "Reid" Concert of 1877 is the twelfth given under the direction of our present Professor of Music, and during twelve years we have seen, thanks to Sir Herbert Oakeley's energy, the Reid Commemoration Concert made the nucleus of an orchestral festival at which music of the highest class, with the best performers, is given. Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* immediately followed the Reid music. The concerto for piano and orchestra, the only composition of the kind written by Schumann, was perfect from beginning to end, the most prominent feature being the playing of Mr Hallé. We had also a fine performance of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor conducted by Mr Hallé. Sir Herbert Oakeley's "Edinburgh" March made a very fitting conclusion to the festival. Mdle Thekla Friedländer gave Weber's "Glöcklein im Thale," the "Aria di Giovannini," by Bach, and "Ask me no more," by Sir Herbert Oakeley. Signor Foli sang Handel's "Revenge, Timotheus cries," and Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

MR LAMBORN COCK'S SALE OF COPYRIGHTS.—This important sale, which has just taken place under the direction of Messrs Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester Square, has produced a grand total of £8,254 3s. 2d., the catalogue comprising 379 lots only. The competition was brisk throughout, and the prices ruled high, as will be seen from the subjoined list, showing the result of the principal items. Lot 34, Beethoven's Works, edited by Sir Sterndale Bennett, £250 15s. 3d. (Ashdown & Parry). Lots 40 and 41, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Works, £536 8s. 6d. (J. Williams). Lot 75, Sir J. Benedict's *Undine*, £73 18s. 9d. (Cock). Lot 117, Pinsuti, Six Two-part Songs, £176 8s. (Novello). Lot 135, Modern Part-songs for Mixed Voices, £177 7s. 6d. (Lamborn Cock). Lots 215, 216, and 217, Bennett's First, Second, and Third Concertos, £67 6s. 4d. (A. Mills). Lots 218 and 219, Bennett's Fourth Concerto, and his Preludes and Lessons, Op. 33, £329 9s. (Ashdown & Parry). Lot 223, ditto, Three Diversions, Op. 17, £15 (ditto). Lots 225 and 226, ditto, Overtures, "Waldnymph" and "Naiades," £55 5s. 6d. (Augener). Lot 227, Six Songs, Op. 23, and Six Songs, Op. 35, £597 6s. (Novello). Lot 228, One hundred and twelve Chamber Trios, principally for Female voices, £800 (Ashdown & Parry).

Lot 247, Sir M. Costa's *Naaman*, £710 6s. 6d. (J. Williams). Lot 255, Hatton's "Song should breathe," £66 (Ashdown). Lot 269, Pinsuti, "Water Lily's Answer," £50 15s. (Cox). Lot 271, ditto, "Dreams, only dreams," £33 (Metzler). Lot 273, ditto, "By-and-by," £33 (Cox). Lot 276, ditto, "The Falling Star," £43 10s. (Cox). Lot 277, ditto, "Guardian Angels," £31 10s. (ditto). Lot 278, ditto, Six Songs, £150 (A. Mills). Lot 279, ditto, "Sleep in Peace," £32 16s. (Cox). Lot 280, ditto, "Listening to the Singer," £39 (Metzler). Lot 310, Costa (Sir M.), "Ecco quel fiero istante," £37 (A. Mills). Lot 311, Donizetti, "La dea del Lago," £22 10s. (ditto). Lot 321, Lillo, "La Desolazione," £110 5s. (Ashdown). Lot 322, Marras, "Sio fossi un Angelo del Paradiso," £24 3s. (ditto). Lot 335, Thomas (J.), "Llewellyn," £156 10s. (Thomas). Lot 336, Vol. 4 of Welsh Melodies, £212 (ditto). Lot 348, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, £1,875 (Novello).

ENGLISH GLEE WRITERS.—An interesting lecture on "English Glee Writers" was delivered at the London Institution on Friday night, the 16th inst., by Mr W. A. Barrett, Mus. Doc., Oxon., before a crowded auditory. The lecture was illustrated with musical examples, contributed by a very efficient choir, including, amongst others, Mr Suter, Mr Coates, Mr Winn, and Mr Lewis Thomas. In opening his address Mr Barrett gave a careful and concise account of the origin of the word glee, which, in its musical connection, does not necessarily imply anything joyous, the music partaking of the nature of the words, whether their tendency be grave or gay. The title in all probability was handed down from the ancient English glee-men—bodies of men associated both for the performance of musical and other entertainments, dancing, tumbling, and "clowning" being included in their category. These glee-men knew nothing of the glee, and Mr Barrett conjectured that their specific title meant combination; and as their principal doings were musical the word "glee" was handed down with a new meaning—that of harmony in musical parts. The glee sprang from the madrigal, upon the decadence of the latter. "Sumer is icumen in" (A.D. 1250), a six-men's song, or madrigal in six parts, the earliest example of contrapuntal writing for voices, copied from one of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is the first instance of written English music, as well as the first evidence of fugue, catch, or canon, and is at least a hundred years, if not a couple of centuries, before any other composition of the kind. The effect of this primitive work is far from unpleasing to the ear, although rules now indispensable in the art of part-writing are infringed—the different voices, for instance, constantly coming in in consecutive fifths and octaves. The glee was essentially of home growth, and its characteristics were the employment of single voices to each part in the score and a greater independence of movement. Whereas the madrigal is constructed in one movement without break or alteration of rhythm, the glee is subdivided into as many sections as the composer deems suitable to the changing nature of the lyrics. Examples were given of glees by Thomas Weelkes (1578-1614) and Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625) showing the transitory state of this form of writing, the songs partaking of the nature both of madrigal and glee. The first published glee was the "Turn, Amaryllis," of Thomas Brewer (1609-1676); but after this the title gained general acceptance. Dr Arne did much to foster the taste, but it was in the days of his successor, Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), that the glee was at its height. Webbe wrote 107 glees, besides other works, while his contemporaries ran him pretty close. Mr Barrett proceeded to trace the origin of glee clubs, and to pursue the development of the glee through its successive stages, instanced by excerpts from John Stafford Smith (1750-1836), Reginald Spofforth (1770-1827), Dr Callcott (1756-1821), Stephens (1769-1837), and William Horsley (1774-1858), down to Sir Henry Bishop, Thomas Attwood, Pearsall, and Sir John Goss, all of whom may be included amongst composers of the present century. The lecture was listened to with the greatest interest.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. THIS DAY. The Programme will include:—Concerto in G, for string orchestra (J. S. Bach), first time in England; Serenade and Allegro Gioioso, for pianoforte and orchestra, Op. 43 (Mendelssohn); Symphony, No. 8, in F (Beethoven); Aria, "Mia speranza adorata" (Mozart), first time at these Concerts; Overture, *Inez de Castro* (Alfred Holmes). Vocalists—Miss Robertson (her first appearance at these Concerts), Mr Edward Lloyd. Solo Pianist—Miss Josephine Lawrence (her first appearance at these Concerts). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Reserved Numbered Stalls, in Area and Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Area or Gallery Seats (unnumbered), One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL. Friday, June 22, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 25, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will shortly be published.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her **FOURTH MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place (by kind permission) at 59, LOWNDES SQUARE, Belgravia, on SATURDAY, March 24th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mme Louise Gage, Mme Enriquez, and Signor Garcia. Violoncello—Herr Schubert. Pianoforte—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Röntgen's Sonate, for piano and violoncello, will be performed (for the second time in England), the Andante con moto and Allegro vivace, by Miss Lillie Albrecht and Herr Schubert, and the Piano Solo will consist of: Fugue in E minor, ending with Grand Choral, Op. 35 (Mendelssohn); Studies from Book 25, No. 20 (for Sixths), and 21, Allegro non tanto, and Scherzo in B flat minor, prestissimo con fuoco, Op. 31 (Chopin); Rigoletto (Liszt); Study for Chords in E sharp major (Thalberg); and Finale (by desire) "The Blue Bells"—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Conductor—Mr CHARLES E. STUPPENS. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Family Tickets (to admit three) and Programmes at Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, and of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St James's Hall, at Eight o'clock. The programme on Wednesday next will include the following popular songs: "Robin Redbreast," "Comin' through the rye," and "A little mountain lad"—Mme Sherrington; "The Lost Chord" and "Sweet and Low" (Wallace)—Mme Antoinette Sterling; "My love has gone a sailing," "By the sad sea waves," and "Barbara Allen"—Miss Helen D'Alton; "I cannot say goodbye" and "Tom Bowling"—Mr Sims Reeves; "Phyllis is my only joy," "Elly Mavourneen," and "Why?"—Mr Edward Lloyd; "Nancy Lee," "The Stirrup Cup," and "Leather Bottel"—Mr Maybrick. Mme Arabella Goddard will perform "La Truite," by Stephen Heller, and Gottschalk's celebrated "Midnight March." The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker, Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSEY & Co., 295, Regent Street.

"KILLARNEY."

MDME ALICE BARTH will sing BALFE's admired Ballad, "KILLARNEY," at the Irish Ballad Concert, at St James's Hall, Mar. 17.

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MRS CLIPPINGDALE, MDME MATILDE BAXTER, and Mr WM. GANZ will play the admired Arrangement by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT of his ANDANTE and CHOPIN's Posthumous MAZURKA, for four performers on two grand pianofortes, on April 3, at Langham Hall.

"THE NAIADES."

MADAME ALIDA GASSIER will sing WELLINGTON GUERREY's Waltz-Aria, "THE NAIADES" and MARIANI's Bolero, "I AM AN ARAB MAID," at Langham Hall, on April the 3rd next.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE PERREN will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on the 3rd of April, at Langham Hall.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his very popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Chatham, March 13.

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MR BACHE'S CONCERT.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

In nothing did the lively fancy of that worthy gentleman and pattern of chivalry, Don Quixote de la Mancha, appear more striking than in the idea he had formed of the Senora Dulcinea del Toboso. Her eyes to him were stars of heaven, her lips were crimson flowers, and her every gesture spoke dignity and love. Whereas, others less gifted with imaginativeness said that she squinted and had freckles; her immediate atmosphere being, moreover, charged not with ambrosial perfumes, but the odour of garlic. We are, of course, entitled to find amusement in the poor Don's delusion, nevertheless let us not forget that few escape the same sort of craziness in one form or another. Most men have their Dulcineas—idols whose ugliness the fervour of worship transforms into beauty, and whose very faults are held up as proofs of perfection. Here is Mr Walter Bache, for example, enamoured of Abbé Liszt, not so much in the fashion natural to a disciple, but after the manner of a Quixote. If devotion, self-sacrifice, and unhesitating faith mean anything at all, the Knight of La Mancha never worshipped the Lady of Toboso with a more complete absorption of every faculty of his nature than Mr Bache shows in his worship of Liszt. Of course we do not push the parallel far between Dulcinea and the Abbé. Cervantes may have unduly decried her, but we know him as, at least, a possible inspirer of chivalric feeling—as a man of high mark and renown, of strong individuality and manifest genius, though, according to some, wrong in the artistic principles which guide his action. At all events, the champion of Liszt in England is Mr Bache, with whom the Abbé's opponents may at any time be called upon to reckon. We ourselves, having characterised a certain meddling of Liszt with Weber according to the strength of our convictions thereon, speedily heard the rattle of Rosinante's hoofs, and the quicker clatter of Dapple—for never yet was a Quixote without a donkey in his train. Even as the Don charged the huge four-armed giants, so did Mr Bache, unmindful of odds, gird at us and relieve his feelings, which was all that came of the action, because nobody can be angry with an amiable enthusiast. We hold, indeed, that the spectacle of enthusiasm at a time of pervading flabbiness in matters of opinion is adapted to work for good. Wherefore let us hope that the day may be far distant when Mr Bache will lay aside his weapons, and send Rosinante out to grass.

In preparing for the concert which took place in St. James's Hall on Tuesday night—his thirteenth annual assertion of Liszt's claims—Mr. Bache exercised considerable discretion. The occasion was, in its very nature, an attack upon the system of law and order which regulates the musical world, and he did well, therefore, to look around for allies. Men the most masterful have done the same. When Jehu drove into the court of Ahab's Palace and Jezebel mocked him, even that hard-hitting revolutionist did not disdain the help of the eunuchs who threw her out of the window. In Mr Bache's case, the eunuchs were represented by Mr Edward Dannreuther and Mr Richard Wagner, who came forward each armed with a pamphlet. Mr Dannreuther's weapon—originally flourished in the pages of the extinct journal, *Concordia*, but re-sharpened for the occasion—defended meddling with the masters; while that of Wagner was brandished in the face of everybody unable to see the merits of Liszt's Symphonic Poems. There was need for both, but especially for the first, inasmuch as Mr Bache's programme opened with Herr Klindworth's version of Chopin's second pianoforte concerto, in which is presented a glaring instance of the artistic immorality we are asked to approve. Here, be it observed, is no question of one musician technically improving the work of another. We are quite ready to grant, if asked to do so, that the Klindworth score is, as such, a better score than that of Chopin; and, indeed, it would be absurd to contend that interference with the work of a dead master is necessarily to its disadvantage from a structural point of view. Mr Dannreuther clearly sees that this is not the matter at issue, and his efforts are, therefore, mainly directed to establish the legality and morality of such interference. In this task he has, we believe, entirely failed—albeit he writes learnedly, heads his

pamphlet with a quotation from Goethe, talks of Kant's critical philosophy in the first line, and introduces Schopenhauer in the penultimate paragraph. We shall not follow his argument, since the question is not so much one for dialectics as for the moral sense. No manner or quantity of reasoning can justify A. in laying hands upon the property of B., which he had no share in creating, and to which he has no legal right. A dead master's work is as much his property as the reputation it helped to make; nay, the style and method of it are his. Wherefore, till somebody proves that theft is a virtue we must hold that whoever interferes is a trespasser, if not worse. Incidentally, however, we may refer to the manner in which Mr Dannreuther answers an objection drawn from one of the sister arts. Meddlers with the masters are often warned that were any daring hand to alter a *chef-d'œuvre* of painting according to certain ideas of what the artist might, could, would, or should have done under some conceivable circumstances, no punishment would be considered too great. To this Mr Dannreuther replies by urging that the parallel is faulty, since the "original sketch, copy, edition, whatever it may be, of a piece of music, is not destroyed by a masterly transcription or re-instrumentation." If we say that the touched-up work is represented by an amended copy of a picture, Mr Dannreuther will be satisfied. But we cannot say anything of the kind, because in the one case the master's own production is offered in an altered form; in the other, an imitation of the master by some one else. Thus the concerto played on Tuesday night was a genuine Chopin, re-coloured by Klindworth. What would be said to a genuine Claude, re-touched even by Millais? Mr Dannreuther further sets up a comparison between the meddlers and the masters on the one hand, and the painters and their pupils on the other, remarking that in the old *ateliers* it was common for great artists to design a picture which others filled in. Here, too, the parallel fails. It is one thing for a subordinate to work under the master's eye, having his sanction and encouragement, and quite another to do to the production of a man now dead that which, when living, he never imagined and possibly would never have approved. As to the particular case of Chopin's Concerto, however much we admire Klindworth's scoring *per se*, we cannot possibly accept it, so much do the effects produced outrage the ideal of Chopin which acquaintance with his works has formed. Even the defects of a master are characteristic, and, as "the style is the man," we would rather have his works with all their faults than learn, at his expense, how some one else would have produced them.

As Mr Bache brought forward on Tuesday night two of Liszt's symphonic poems—*Maseppa* and "Les Preludes"—the occasion was opportune for a translation by Dr Hueffer of the letter, addressed to a couple of initials, in which Wagner vindicates their form and character. Dr Hueffer need not have taken the trouble to apologise for the master's championship of his father-in-law, because the world is only interested in its cogency, not in its origin, even though "the friendship between these two remarkable men is a beautiful phenomenon." All friendship is beautiful, but we trust it is nowhere phenomenal, especially among members of the same family. Wagner's affection for Liszt, anyhow, is no reason why we should be predisposed to accept his arguments *in re* the Symphonic Poems. We regret that it is out of our power here and now to discuss the Bayreuth master's letter as it deserves. To one point only can we refer; namely, the plea in favour of Liszt's form. After showing that orthodox form is really a development of that of the dance, Wagner asks, "Whether the march or the dance, with all the ideas connected with these actions, is a more dignified motive of formal development than, for instance, the conception of the characteristic features of the deeds and sufferings of Orpheus, Prometheus, &c." He further demands "whether it is not more noble and more liberating for it (music) to adopt this form from the conception of the Orpheus or Prometheus motive than from the dance or march?" Without entering into any comparisons, it seems to us that there is but one possible answer to the main query—an answer in the affirmative. To advocate finally in musical form would be as absurd as to apply it to means of locomotion. Music existed before,

and is independent of its accented methods, just as language was language prior to the appearance of the first manual of grammar. No one should be blamed, therefore, for exercising an undoubted right, and trying to develop new forms. Rather should the attempt be encouraged, even by those who are most disposed to judge the results with severity. The form of Liszt's Symphonic Poems has consequently an unassailable *raison d'être* till its failure is demonstrated. He must be a bold man who would declare that failure upon no more than a superficial knowledge of the works. The test is, are these tone-pictures suggestive to a candid mind of the scenes and events they illustrate? If so, their end is gained, their form justified, and an abiding right to be established. Whether they represent the highest development of art is a distinct question, not challenged, and therefore not to be entertained. The actual merit of the works played last Tuesday night must, of course, be judged in its highest form, by sensuous impressions, and we are bound to admit that along with much that gave cause for wonder was much that excited the imagination and touched the heart. If only for the sake of the possibility thus opened up, let us give this new thing fair play. We should be ready to welcome any real art development, no matter whence it come, and equally slow to condemn from reasons which may spring from nothing more serious than unfamiliarity. To use the words of Mr Dannreuther: "Let us examine, carefully and impartially, that which is supposed to run athwart of pseudo-tradition; let us take care not to ignore that which is accomplished on other and better than traditional grounds, for fear lest men might some day, in Schopenhauer's phrase, be tempted 'to derive ignorance from ignoring.'" Respecting Liszt's concerto in A major, which was also presented by Mr Bache, we have before spoken, and can only repeat that, as "pure" music it is a woeful failure. Liszt seems to require the stimulus of a "poetic basis," without which he degenerates into incoherence or ugliness. A course of such works would reduce even a fanatic for the art to the condition of Othello, who liked not "music that may be heard." We have only to add that all the pianoforte solos were played by Mr Bache with more intellectual comprehension than power or brilliancy; that the orchestra, conducted by Mr Manns, was numerous and highly efficient; and that the performance generally gave satisfaction. Liszt's "Lorely," scored for orchestra, was sung in the course of the evening by Mrs Osgood in a very charming manner. The song is by no means easy, but the clever American soprano was successful alike with its letter and its spirit—an achievement upon which she may be congratulated.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The programme of the opening concert contained several very familiar works which need not detain us long. Such were Mendelssohn's concert overture, *Melusine*, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor (No. 5), Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for violin, and the overture to *Oberon*. All that it is possible to say of these masterpieces has been said time and again, wherefore, avoiding "vain repetitions," we dismiss them with a reference to the performance of Spohr's Concerto by Mr Henry Holmes. But for a temporary loss of memory, or access of nervousness, which caused the artist to break down in the *cadenza*, we should have nothing but praise to award him. Assuming loss of memory, we trust that not only Mr Holmes, but other executants who play without book, will accept a warning that they have no right to incur unnecessary risks. Edward Grieg's pianoforte Concerto in A minor was the quasi-novelty of the concert, and excited some little interest as played with facility and intelligence by Mr Dannreuther. In his programme notes to this work, Professor Macfarren likens its fragmentary melodies and peculiar restlessness to "the jagged coast line of our Author's Northern home." The term "jagged" is new in its application to modern orchestral music of the advanced school, and we accept it as appropriate, because suggestive of the angularity and jerkiness caused by the wave of epilepsy which seems to be passing over the musical world in obedience to some mysterious law. If, however, the "jagged" Norwegian coast has affected Grieg's mind, it becomes a question whether young composers should not be kept from the study of geography. The vocalists were Mdme Edith Wynne and Mr. W. H. Cummings, who sang respectively Gounod's "Dalla torre sua romita" (*Saffo*), and Handel's "Where'er you walk" (*Semele*).

THADDEUS EGG.

MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The concert given on Monday evening week was as "popular" as the greatest conceivable variety of music "understood of the people" could make it. Its programme included a portion of the "Farewell" symphony, played "by general desire," for the sake of Haydn's joke; a Dead March from Fox's *Jackdaw of Rheims*; "Rory O'More;" Ardit's capital selection from *Aida*; Jullien's "Caledonian Quadrilles;" a Hungarian Fantasia, by Liszt; a waltz, "Les Belles Viennoises"—not Schubert's, but Ardit's; and the overture to *Zampa*. No wonder that the Dome was crowded as it had not been before, and was not likely to be after, for in Brighton, as elsewhere, the majority of concert-goers are those to whom the classic Muse appeals but with faint effect. It is useless to complain of this, and we who regret it must needs withhold remonstrance when Mr Kuhe urges that his Festival could not take place at all but for some concession to public taste. He cannot be expected to impoverish himself for the cultivation of Brighton amateurs; nor can the strictest purist expect to have an arrangement condemned which, admitting comparatively low-class music on one occasion, thereby derives power to present in half a dozen programmes that which is better. The balance is enormously on the right side, after all. We are not called upon to notice this concert in detail, and two or three observations will suffice. Copies of Mr Fox's Dead March not having come to hand, the Slow March from Clay's *Lalla Rookh* was repeated in its stead; but the Dance of Almas from Cowen's *Corsair* proved more fortunate, and had the favourable hearing its marked and picturesque character must always ensure. Mr Kuhe played the solo part in Liszt's work with uncommon vigour and brilliancy, while in his own fantasia on "Faust," M. Sainton won the plaudits of the entire house by the masterly execution of themes which, presented in whatever form, are always welcome. The solo vocalist was Miss Julia Warwick, a young soprano attached, we believe, to the Carl Rosa company. Miss Warwick made a successful *début* in Brighton. Her voice is of pure and pleasant quality, while her style shows that she has been well taught. Signor Ardit conducted both his own pieces and the Hungarian Fantasia, but at all other times the *bâton* was held by Mr Kuhe.

Tuesday, the 28th, brought with it a "Wagner Night," and also made the fact pretty clear that the amateurs of Brighton are not yet enthusiastic disciples of the Bayreuth master. The Dome was but partly filled, while, save on one or two occasions, when Wagner appeared least Wagnerian, apathy reigned throughout. Yet the selection was a good one, and the music had a fair rendering by tolerably efficient means. Is the result to be explained—as concerning the audience—by the remark of one among their number, who said, "Wagner is always leading us to expect something which never comes"? Of course "hope deferred" is adequate not only to apathy but even disgust, when deferred through an entire evening. The concert began with the overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, the next orchestral selection being the "Funeral March" from the *Götterdämmerung*, played for the first time in Brighton. It was too much to expect that this splendid effort of genius would be understood in all its significance by an audience wholly unacquainted with the principles of its construction, and the significance of its themes. But one might have looked for something like prompt and warm acknowledgment of its solemnity and impressiveness—qualities lying on the very surface of the music. Whoever did this was disappointed. The March, though, on the whole, well performed by the orchestra, aided by the band of the 20th Hussars, passed with no more than conventional recognition. Better fortune attended the familiar introduction to *Lohengrin*, and still better waited upon Ardit's selection from *Tannhäuser*, as given under the arranger's personal direction. The various solos played by Messrs. Radcliff, Lazarus, Hughes, and Reynolds were much applauded, while the exceedingly fine March aroused enthusiasm for the first time, Signor Ardit having to return and bow his acknowledgments again and again. With the *Tannhäuser* selection, Wagner's share in the programme ended, and gave place to a group of miscellaneous works, at the head of which stood the Symphony in E, composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and first played at the Crystal Palace in 1865. During the intervening twelve years Mr. Sullivan, though unfortunately producing nothing of a similar kind, has taken care to improve his one work in the light of growing experience and matured taste

—the symphony being now very different from what it was originally, thanks, above all, to judicious curtailment. Youth often errs on the side of redundancy, and although the very defect has sometimes a charm about it, the attraction of a work in which no effort is wasted and nothing is superfluous must ever be greater. Mr Sullivan has recognised this to so much good purpose that his symphony, heard for the first time since the changes were made, comes before us almost as a revelation. It is now one entitled to rank as an English classic, and of which the composer has a right to be proud. Nevertheless, we should like to see the third movement removed in favour of a genuine *scherzo*, thus securing a needed relief after the overpowering sentiment which marks the *andante*. Mr Sullivan, who was warmly received, conducted his own work, and had reason, all things considered, to be satisfied, not only with the performance, but with the effect produced. The remaining instrumental selections were Sivi's "Carnaval de Cuba," ably played by Mr Viotti Collins, and the overture to Auber's *Zanetta*. Miss Sophia Löwe, the only vocalist on this occasion, agreeably relieved the orchestral pieces by singing, in her best style, "Dich, theure Hall" (*Tannhäuser*), Elsa's Dream (*Lohengrin*), and Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute."

Assuming that the classic muse was angered on Monday night, she must have been appeased on Saturday afternoon, when little, save works after her own heart obtained a hearing. Novelty, it is true, was absent from the programme; but, on the other hand, nothing was present that had not become familiar by reason of its very excellence, and, therefore, claimed repetition as of right. Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Naiades*, opened the concert, charming every cultured amateur with its unforced tunefulness and exquisite finish. One can hardly listen to this inspiration without keen regret. What ought not the genius which produced it to have done, and, by comparison, how little did he accomplish! "Enough," it may be answered, "to win him a grave in Westminster Abbey." True, where the proximity of that grand old worker, Handel, and the close neighbourhood of Purcell, who lived but half a life, must be an everlasting reproach. Nevertheless, let us give thanks for the *Naiades*. Had Bennett written nothing else he would not have lived in vain. Following the Englishman's overture came the *andante* and *rondo* from Ferdinand David's fifth violin concerto, the solo by M. Sainton, who, it need scarcely be remarked, did justice to the work of his distinguished countrymen. We know too little in this country of the music other than operatic produced by our nearest neighbours, and M. Sainton does good service, not only to those whom he regards with patriotic pride but also to ourselves, whenever, as yesterday, he improves our acquaintance with them. The accomplished French violinist, after a capital display of skill, was recalled and heartily applauded. Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto followed, with Mme Arabella Goddard at the pianoforte. Concerning music so familiar it would be as superfluous to speak as to dwell upon the manner in which Mme Goddard has for so many years acted as its principal English interpreter. Whether the marked change of this artist's style, as obvious yesterday afternoon, be an improvement or not is a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt of the fact that she gave a brilliant and impressive rendering of the work, and one that fairly deserved all the applause it called forth. Beethoven's C minor symphony, Sullivan's incidental music to the *Merchant of Venice*, the bridal processional music from *Lohengrin*, and the overture to *Zauberflöte*, were other features in an excellent concert, over which Mr Arthur Sullivan presided with unflinching success. The vocalist was Miss Frances Brooke, who sang Spohr's beautiful air, "Rose softly blooming," with so much obvious appreciation of its sentiment as to encourage a hope that, when the nervousness of a beginner disappears, she will do ample justice to her vocal ability.

NAPLES.—*Il Guarany*, by Signor Gomez, has met with a good reception at the San Carlo.

NEW YORK.—The Abbot-Brignoli concerts having proved successful, De Vivo, the manager, determined to give a short Italian operatic season, commencing on the 23rd February at the Academy of Music. De Vivo will, it is said, be succeeded by Max Strakosch, who, according to report, is in negotiation with Volpini, now in Havana. Miss Cary, it is likewise asserted, will join Strakosch's company on her return from Russia.

John Oxenford.

(From the "Musical Times.")

On Wednesday, the 21st ult., died, at his residence, in Trinity Square, Southwark, John Oxenford, aged 65 years. The great majority who learn this fact will do so without giving it a second thought; it may even be that the name will pass under their eyes with but a faint recognition, so true is it now, as when the words were uttered, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." Nevertheless, John Oxenford was a great man in all that constitutes the essence of such a character. He was modest. With gifts so many and varied, he might have aspired to a high place in the sight of his countrymen. The world was, in a special sense, open to him where to choose, and those who knew him best most appreciated the opportunities of distinction that lay to his hand. But, like many another who has done good service to literature and art, he was satisfied, as regards the bulk of his labours, to work in the comparative obscurity which shrouds the journalist. Personal recognition he never coveted, finding all the reward his ambition craved in the esteem and admiration of a chosen few, and in the consciousness of duty faithfully done. Even in private life this feature of his character was conspicuous. None ever loved more than he to discuss high matters with congenial minds, but none shrank more than he from an ostentatious display either of opinions or learning. "Wise as a serpent" in all that constitutes the materials of sound judgment of men and things, he was yet "harmless as a dove" in the sense of an almost childlike simplicity of manners and modesty of soul. Such a man was not one to push himself in among the crowd who struggle for a "coign of vantage," whereon they may attitudinise before a gaping world. Persons like these, from aspirants after a seat in the parish vestry to candidates for a place on the Treasury Bench, may be necessary to the completeness of social organisation; but John Oxenford found his happiness in work which, while it influenced men's thoughts throughout the whole realm of culture, left the worker in congenial retirement.

John Oxenford was great no less in the capacity to do great things. He does not seem to have had the educational advantages which, in early years, are of such value as giving young ambition a good start in the race of life. But, like many others whose names are written in brass on the walls of Fame's temple, he knew how to make up for this deficiency. An admirable elegiac notice in the *Times* of the 23rd ult. well said, "Considering his extraordinary attainments, it seems incredible that he should have been almost self-taught. Such, however, is the fact. He acquired Greek, Latin, and the principal modern languages entirely without aid; and, in addition to this, made himself, though only an amateur in mathematics, able to discuss problems and theorems with any professed master of that difficult study." Nor was this all. He had an acquaintance little short of phenomenal, not alone with the ordinary productions of English and Continental literature, but with that literature in its most recondite, obscure, and eccentric manifestations. His purview throughout life seems to have taken in the whole field of book-work, and the marvel is how he found time to read, the power to retain, and the ability to digest so much. Of course, we have an explanation in the fact that, with a remarkable memory, Oxenford possessed a capacious, orderly, and luminous mind. His brain was like some well-stocked and well-lighted library, the owner of which knows exactly the position of every book, and can put his hand upon it at a moment's notice. It may, of course, be said—and, indeed, has already been suggested—that the man's mind was receptive out of all proportion to its productiveness. The disproportion, we fancy, is not so great as it seems, taking into account the immense amount of work done by Oxenford for our periodical literature. Still, one cannot but regret that such a ripe, massive, and broadly cultivated scholar did not leave behind more of the intellectual wealth which, unhappily, has now gone down to the grave, and is lost to us for ever.

Concerning John Oxenford's greatness as a critic, it is hardly necessary for us to speak, since he laboured for a generation or more in the fierce light that beats upon the *Times*. An intellect more qualified for critical work no man ever had, and it is only to be regretted, in the interest of dramatic art, if not of dramatic artists, that he ever allowed his mind to be influenced by a nature amiable even to weakness. Thus was his usefulness limited, though his personal popularity was increased; and the cause of truth suffered that an unwillingness to wound

might be indulged. But while we regret this, it is impossible not to think with all the more kindness of the man's individuality. "Even his vices leaned to virtue's side." How readily and heartily he praised when praise was due, and how prompt he was to discover and encourage merit, everybody knows. Talent, even in its most limited development, never appealed to John Oxenford in vain, though he too often passed over incompetence as though he did not see it, or thought it worth no more than an artful sentence meaning praise or blame, as the reader chose to take it.

The private character of John Oxenford is laid bare by the simple statement that he could not have had an enemy in the world. A nature so frank and large-hearted is its own passport to the affections of all with whom it comes in contact; and the dead scholar and critic will be sorely missed in the circles which he enlivened by his wit and warmed by his geniality. The writer of this notice well remembers meeting him accidentally at the solemn *table-d'hôte* of a genteel hotel at an oppressively respectable inland watering-place. During the meal word was brought that the body of a lad had been taken out of a stream close at hand, while just previously a complaint had run around the table against the scarcity of the "pure element." "Now," said Oxenford, in that strident voice which always commanded attention, "here's a curious thing—a boy drowned, and no water to drink." Despite sympathy for the defunct, the remark thawed the guests at once, and a chorus of laughter was the prelude to a clatter of tongues.

It is beyond the scope of our hurried lines to give the details of Oxenford's various labours. To musical readers he is perhaps best known by his libretti, and a host of smooth and polished verses. These will keep him fresh in the memory of the followers of the sister art to that he served so well. But nowhere will he soon pass into oblivion. *Requiescat in pace.*

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Highgate, 5th Jan., 1818.

To Mr BOOSEY, Old Broad Street.

DEAR SIR,—Accept my very best wishes for your future prosperity as united in one firm by everything sacred in heaven and earth.

I most sincerely congratulate Mr and Mrs Boosey, and pray that they may long continue to have the fairest splendour Heaven can shed on declining life, the gleam and heart-recovery warmth of parental cares, rewarded by filial love and duty.

I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the course of next week. I have every reason to hope that we shall be able speedily to realise the plan of a Teutonic society under the best auspices. Mr Steyne, to whom I owe an apologetic letter, though in very truth my will has not been a sharer in the offence, will find that I have not been idle, or unsuccessful.

I am about to give a course of lectures—a ticket for which I shall entreat you to accept—fourteen in number, and should be obliged to you to permit me to insert your name as one of the three at whose shop tickets and prospectuses may be procured. The other two are Hookham (or, perhaps, Murray) and Messrs Taylor and Hessey. If I do not hear from you to the contrary, I shall suppose my request acceded to. I put down my name as subscriber to Goethe's works, common paper. Have they arrived?

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Mr Herrwitz has composed what I think a still prettier Hebrew ode, of some length, sung before the synagogue on the confirmation of a youth recovered from a sickness that had threatened his life, and deprived him of the use of his limbs. Would the sale of the poem tempt you to risk the printing of this work, as translated by me, the profits to be divided into three? This, however, is quite between ourselves, for I have not proposed it to my worthy Christian neighbour of the Jewish persuasion—true Christian at heart, he is, however anti-evangelical his belief may be.

* The above letter was written by the poet to Mr Boosey, the book publisher, on the occasion of his taking his two sons into partnership—one of whom (the late Mr. Thomas Boosey) afterwards became the music publisher of Holles Street.

VENICE.—Signor Morini, having been unsuccessful in his management of the Teatro de la Fenice, went off suddenly, leaving the members of the orchestra, chorus, and ballet unpaid. The theatre is closed, as is, also, the Teatro Goldoni.

THE FUNERAL OF MR JOHN OXENFORD.

The remains of the well-known scholar and popular dramatist, Mr John Oxenford, were interred at the Roman Catholic Cemetery, Kensal Green, in accordance with the rites of a Church into which he had lately been received. At eleven o'clock the coffin was taken from the house of the deceased, in Trinity Square, to St George's Cathedral, Southwark, where a Requiem Mass was performed, the officiating priest being Father Reeks, who afterwards attended at the grave. A very beautiful choral service, lasting an hour, was chanted, the Requiem being the composition of Herr Meyer Lutz, who played the organ accompaniments. The boys of the Cathedral formed the body of the choir, and the principal solo vocalists were Mr J. F. Cook, Mr Crutwell, and Mr Edward Murray. The coffin of polished oak, with solid brass crucifix, handles, and ornaments, bore a plate with the following inscription:

*"John Oxenford, Esq., died 21st February, 1877,
aged 64 years.*

Requiescat in pace."

Wreaths and crosses of white camelias, cyclamens, azaleas, and snowdrops, twined with small ivy and other dark foliage, were placed upon the pall. A procession of priests and acolytes, with crucifix and lighted candles, met the coffin at the entrance of the Cathedral, and preceded it to the chancel. After Mass, the body was replaced in the hearse which had brought it from Trinity Square, and the long procession of mourners was quietly and speedily marshalled by the undertakers, Messrs Walker and Chubb. In the first mourning coach were Mr E. Oxenford, Mr A. Oxenford, Mr Elgood, and Mr J. W. Davison. The second contained Mr F. Marshall, Mr F. Chatterton, Mr Edmund Yates, and Father Reeks. The mourners in the third coach were Mr Murphy, Mr Hawkins, Mr Pittman, and Dr Smith. The servants of the deceased followed in a private carriage; and in other carriages which brought up the rear were gentlemen known in that republic of letters which John Oxenford both served and adorned. Many more who had known him, and who sincerely mourned a companion so genial and a friend so true, were waiting in the cemetery when the hearse entered the gates. It would be useless to give a list which must needs be incomplete, and would almost certainly err in the omission of names claiming most to be recorded; but among others we remarked Mr Creswick, Mr and Mrs Andrew Halliday, Mr Swinbourne, Mr Leopold Lewis, Mr Odell, Mr A. B. Kelly, Mr Horace Wigan, Mr Duncan Davison, Mr Godfrey Turner, Mr Ferrand, Mr Arthur Swanborough, Mr Cuthbert, and Mr Furneaux Cook. Nearly two hundred persons, it is computed, assembled to show their respect for the deceased. The ground in that in which are deposited, for a time, the remains of Cardinal Wiseman, whose temporary grave is not far from that tenanted by a late and, one may say, unexpected convert to the Church of Rome.

WIESBADEN.—A new violinist, destined apparently to fix public attention, cropped up at the last Symphonie-Concert, in the person of a young man, scarcely twenty, who is named Edward Heimendal. He comes from Elberfeld, and achieved a sensational success. He is a pupil of Professor August Wilhelmj; he is highly gifted and possessed of earnest artistic purpose. His tone and execution are much extolled, while his style is characterised as thoroughly "German." He played marvellously well Richard Wagner's "Albumbblatt," arranged as a Romance for violin and orchestra by August Wilhelmj. There was a storm of applause at the conclusion of the composition. His rendering, also, of Ernst's "Ungarische Weisen" was magnificent. He was uproariously re-called after each piece, and at once re-engaged.

Popular Concerts.

(RETROSPECT.)

(Continued from page 119.)

There was nothing new to speak of in the programme of Saturday, Feb. 10; but it was, as usual, a pleasure to hear Beethoven's early quartet in B flat (sixth and last of the Haydn set), played as it is invariably played by Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and associates. Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo," was, for the twentieth time, so admirably executed by the Hungarian violinist as to create a legitimate desire on the part of many among the audience to know something more of the music composed by the renowned Istrian virtuoso. With so fortunate a dream as resulted in this sonata he must surely have dreamt again. Schubert's interesting sonata in A minor was extremely well rendered by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose recent appearances at the Popular Concerts have materially increased her repute; and a new singer, Miss Gowa, made a decidedly favourable impression in *Lieder* by Taubert, Beethoven, and Franz. When are we to hear an English song, too, at these performances?

The programme on Monday evening, Feb. 12, would have been attractive if only on account of the very fine interpretation by MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti of the first of Cherubini's three quartets for stringed instruments. Perhaps this quartet, although its fellows in D minor and C major have incontestably high merits, is also the best of the series. The *scherzo* and *trio* were especially admired; and had not Herr Joachim with commendable discretion refrained from compliance with the strongly manifested wish of his hearers they would have been played over again—much to the detriment of the final movement, which, as the genial Schumann happily expresses it, "sparkles like a diamond when you shake it." The success of the E flat quartet will probably induce the director of the Popular Concerts to revive one at least of its companions during the sojourn of Herr Joachim among us. At the same concert we had (only for the second time) Schumann's somewhat laboured and diffuse, but in parts very fine, sonata for pianoforte and violin in D minor, which at the hands of Mlle Marie Krebs and Herr Joachim could hardly fail in producing all the effect inherently belonging to it. As on previous occasions, we found the *trio* and *finale* the most spontaneous and well wrought out period of the sonata, the *finale* especially being instinct with wonderful life and spirit. Mlle Krebs also played Sterndale Bennett's three sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain," the last with such freedom and exquisite delicacy as to evoke an encore not easy to resist. These charming pieces, the inspiration of Bennett's Academy days, always sound fresh and young, although it is over forty years since they were composed. Mr Barton McGuckin, a tenor who has but recently come before the public, made a very favourable impression in airs by Salvator Rosa and Buononcini (Handel's Italian operatic rival), and in Mendelssohn's song, "The Garland." This gentleman has an agreeable voice—a legitimate tenor—which he already uses to good purpose. Moreover, he sings with unimpeachable taste, never condescending to exaggeration. The fairest hopes may be reasonably entertained of Mr McGuckin's future career. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied him in each of his songs—an advantage not to be over-estimated.

It is always a treat to hear Mozart's exquisite quintet for stringed instruments in G minor, with Herr Joachim as first violin and Signor Piatti as violoncello, especially when the other parts are so completely filled as by MM. Ries, Straus, and Zerbini on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 17. Mr Hallé, pianist for the day, played the first of Beethoven's sonatas, Op. 31 (in G), besides joining Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in the same composer's E flat trio, Op. 70. The singer was Mr Frank D'Alquen; the accompanist, Sir Julius Benedict.

More than ordinary interest was attached to the concert of Monday evening the 19th Feb., on account of the production of Herr Brahms's quartet in B flat, his latest composition of the kind. About this elaborately constructed piece we are unable to speak with confidence after a single hearing; but that it is written with as much musicianly skill, carefulness of design, and earnest purpose as anything we know from its eminent composer's pen may be confidentially asserted. Each movement has a distinct character, and yet all four divisions hang together as integral parts of a whole. For this reason alone it proclaims itself the work of a great musician; and that Herr Brahms is a great musician, none can deny. Nevertheless, much serious consideration is required to grasp the inner meaning, and to become thoroughly familiar with the technical details of any of the more important compositions of this artist. Holding Herr Brahms in high esteem, as one of the genuine musicians of our time, we refrain from any attempt at absolute

criticism until better strengthened by further acquaintance with his new quartet. Nevertheless we are strongly inclined to think that, for ingenious contrivance, if not for wealth and spontaneity of ideas, it is entitled to rank among his very best. The quartet was rendered *con amore* by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, listened to with close attention, and movement after movement loudly applauded. The pianist was again Mr Charles Hallé, who played Schubert's fine, if not somewhat diffuse, sonata in B flat, as few other pianists can play it, besides being associated with MM. Joachim and Piatti in Mendelssohn's first trio (D minor). Herr Henschel, the vocalist of the evening, in an air from Handel's *Rinaldo* and two *Lieder* by Schubert, showed himself possessor of a capable voice, if not of a very refined style. The accompanist was Mr Zerbini.

The return of the eminent pianist, M^{me} Clara Schumann, to the Popular Concerts is always looked forward to by the many admirers of her genius with anxious expectancy. This may account in a great measure for the crowded attendance at St James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, when Herr Joachim, the present absorbing attraction of the season, was engaged elsewhere (at the Crystal Palace). M^{me} Schumann, as usual, was honoured with an enthusiastic reception—a reception never accorded but to the highest favourites of the public. She played nothing she had not on several occasions played before, but whatever she may choose, when bestowing upon it her earnest thought and care, is sure to be more or less welcome. The *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn, built upon an original theme in D minor, are exactly suited to her energetic style. This piece, about which the composer himself speaks with satisfaction, in a letter from Leipsic, addressed to his friend Carl Klingemann (1841) approaches more nearly than any other composition of the kind, to the famous 32 variations of Beethoven on a theme in C minor; and it is only to be regretted that instead of 17 (the letter mentions "18," doubtless including the *coda*), the number of Mendelssohn's variations had not been doubled, in order to exhaust the capabilities of the theme as fully as Beethoven has exhausted the capabilities of his. The *Variations Sérieuses*, nevertheless, even admitting that the composer, had he felt so inclined, might have done still more with the theme, can hardly fail to please when rendered as M^{me} Schumann renders them—entering, as she does, heart and soul into their character and significance. Twice re-called after her performance, she also joined Herr Ludwig Straus and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's B flat trio—fifth, last, and grandest of the series of works for the same combination of instruments which the illustrious musician bequeathed to his art. The quartet was one in D major, which, until the complete catalogue of Mozart's compositions was published, was generally called "No. 7," but is now known to be his 26th. That it is one of his most melodious, graceful, and captivating need hardly be said; nor is it requisite to dwell upon its performance, by such practised experts as MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. One of the striking features of the programme was an "Elegy," for violoncello (in E minor), composed and performed by Signor Piatti, accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict. Though in dimensions a bagatelle, this "Elegy," played as it was, excited the utmost attention and interest, evoking as marked signs of approval as anything in the concert. Why does not Signor Piatti—recognised, and justly so, as the greatest of living violoncellists—write a sonata or concerto for his own instrument, and thereby add something of sterling value to its repertory? That repertory, as no one is more fully conscious than himself, stands in great need of replenishing. Mendelssohn, in 1846, had designed a violoncello concerto for Signor Piatti, but did not live to put it upon paper. More is the pity! The vocalist on Saturday was Mr Barton McGuckin, a young tenor of genuine promise, who, in airs by Salvator Rosa, Buononcini, and Mendelssohn, distinguished himself most favourably, and won the unqualified approval of the audience.

M^{me} Schumann made a second appearance on Monday evening, when, as might have been expected, her attraction, added to that of Herr Joachim, drew a very crowded audience. This time the illustrious pianist was heard in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81, best known as "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour"—a work always rendered by her with a profound insight into its meaning, and a careful avoidance of the exaggeration from which music having an avowed "poetic basis" usually suffers. M^{me} Schumann combines true reverence for the genius of the composer with her own commanding ability, and is thus saved from the egotism into which ability without such reverence often falls. Again was she successful in enlisting the sympathies of her audience, whose applause, long and loud, compelled a return to the platform. Herr Joachim's solo—Handel's Sonata in A major—obtained a recognition equally emphatic, played as it was to absolute perfection. For this work, in responding to an encore, the great violinist substituted a charming Romance by Spohr, and gave it with a daintiness and taste beyond

praise. Other works in the programme were Spohr's melodious, if sometimes trivial, Nonetto, and Haydn's piquant Quartet in C, Op. 33.

The pleasure of this concert—perhaps the most enjoyable of the series—was much enhanced by the singing of Herr Henschel, a baritone-bass gifted with a beautiful voice, rare charm of style, and the natural and true expression of a genuine artist. Alike in songs by Handel, Brahms, and Rubinstein, this gentleman asserted the uncommon power which has promptly made him a favourite.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The prospectus of this society's sixty-fifth season calls for very little remark, no matter from what point of view we regard it. Those amateurs, for instance, whose highest Philharmonic good is the presentation of standard works have as much reason for quiet satisfaction as in former years, if not more than in the immediate past. From them, therefore, no word of complaint will come. On the other hand, earnest sympathisers with English art, to please whom was never the society's object, have no right to be surprised at the fact that their wishes are once more disregarded. True it is that English music figures slightly in the scheme. We are promised the orchestral piece written by Mr. J. F. Barnett for the Liverpool Festival, and entitled *The Lay of the last Minstrel*; Sterndale Bennett's overture, *Parisina*; Professor Macfarren's violin concerto, and Sullivan's overture, *In Memoriam*. This is not much, but until somebody proves that it is an inadequate representation of English as compared with foreign composers, we cannot join in expressions of disappointment and indignation. It seems to us that a good deal of well-meaning but mistaken patriotism is called forth in connection with this matter. Societies like the Philharmonic are rated for not encouraging native talent, which we are told is not only existent in a form worthy of patronage, but suffering painful eclipse for the want of it. We strongly doubt whether these things be so. Native talent worth anything in the higher walks of art is actually rare, while as a matter of simple truth, easily to be ascertained by observation, an English musician who has composed a work worthy of being heard by the side of masterpieces need not wait long for its production. It is, no doubt, conceivable that a genius, "born to blush unseen," may vainly seek an opportunity of attracting attention. But, as a rule, events and circumstances work out just results; and to suppose that societies formed for purposes of the highest musical culture should be saddled with the duty of prospecting and developing talent not strong enough to assert itself is absurd. One such society we have in the Philharmonic, and however much that one may have fallen from its high estate, it should at least be commended for recognising only the music which presents an undoubted claim to notice. The novelties in the prospectus being few, well-wishers of the Philharmonic are the more encouraged to hope that the performances this season will reach a fairer standard than of late. There is a serious necessity for improvement if it be true, as we believe, that the society's present doubtful, not to say precarious, position arises from the quality of its workmanship. Audiences are not what they once were; and, as the Philharmonic now appeals to the public at large rather than to a select coterie, it must stand or fall on the simple question of excellence. The society's concerts, we regret to say, are not excellent; and, unless a change soon comes, its best friends may even be compelled to advocate the termination of a long and, on the whole, honourable career, lest matters go from bad to worse. We earnestly beg the directors to take the subject into consideration, and to stop at no measures which may tend to keep the Philharmonic in its place as our representative orchestral association.

Chadurus Egg.

A GOOD LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Will you have the kindness to inform me, through the medium of the *Musical World* (if convenient), which you think is the best life of Beethoven, no matter whether in English, German, or French—also ditto Shelley.—I beg to remain, yours truly,

POLKAW.

[There is no good life of Beethoven; but there is one by Schindler, which is a very bad one. Thayer's, when finished, will be worthy a place in any library. There is no absolutely good life of Shelley; but there are several more or less incomplete ones. Schindler may be consulted for dates, &c. He can be had both in French and in German.—D. P.]

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(RETROSPECT.)

The programme of the fourteenth concert included Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, more romantic than even *Oberon* itself, and Beethoven's C minor symphony—both splendidly executed, and appreciated at their worth. There was a novelty, moreover, in the shape of a "Sarabande Espagnole," for orchestra, by M. Massenet, a French composer now much in vogue, about which all we have to say is, that it is as unlike the sarabandes of J. S. Bach and Handel as possible. Liszt's arrangement, or rather disarrangement, of Schubert's *Fantasia* in C, for pianoforte, with added orchestral accompaniments, was performed, Mr Walter Bache being at the pianoforte. How such Vandalism is countenanced escapes our comprehension. Had Schubert required orchestral accompaniments to his fantasia, which was composed for pianoforte alone, he surely could have made far better than those supplied by Abbé Liszt. This meddling with the compositions of dead masters is becoming intolerable. Why should music be the only art submitted without protest to such treatment. Why not painting also? Fancy a Liszt improving upon a Leonardo da Vinci, a Raphael, or a Titian! "Whether," says the programme analyst, "one musician has a right to take the completed work of another, and deal with it as he pleases, is a question which may not be discussed here." It may, however, be discussed elsewhere; and we say, without hesitation, that such a proceeding is on all grounds inadmissible. It would be equally so even had Liszt improved Schubert, whereas he has merely smothered him in a cloud of bombast. The encouragement of such perpetrations is unworthy the Crystal Palace Concerts, and no ingenious special pleading can excuse them. There is an anecdote of Rossini which would apply not unfitly here. A certain pianist, just after the death of Meyerbeer, played to the composer of *Guillaume Tell* a funeral dirge in commemoration of the composer of the *Huguenots*. At the end of the performance Rossini remarked, "Very good; but what a pity you are not dead instead of Meyerbeer, so that he might have composed the dirge; it would have been better still." We do not wish the Abbé Liszt cut off before his appointed hour; on the contrary, may his shadow never be less. At the same time, we are earnestly of opinion that had Schubert survived him he could have added more appropriate orchestral accompaniments to one of Liszt's pianoforte works than those which Liszt has provided for the *Fantasia* in C major. Seriously, the practice should be altogether discontinued; it is assuming undue significance, and in the end no composer will be safe. The singers at this concert were Mdme Patey (who introduced "His right hand shall hold us up," one of the most attractive numbers in Professor Macfarren's Birmingham Festival oratorio, *The Resurrection*, which she sang in the most perfect style), and Miss Nannie Louise Hart, a *débutante*, too overcome by nervousness to be just now a fair subject for criticism.

The concert on Saturday, Feb. 17th, opened with the noble overture to Cherubini's tragic opera *Medée*, ending with one of a very different complexion, entitled *Saul*, and signed "Bazzini;" but whether it be the composition of a well-known violinist of that name, who will be remembered as having played at our Philharmonic Concerts and elsewhere, a good many years since, was not stated in the programme. "Bazzini" ("G" and "A. M." refraining) has been allowed to give a very eloquent description of the intent and plan of his overture in the programme; and this, taking the composer at his word, absolves us from all necessity for criticism. Such a proceeding, nevertheless, ought not to be sanctioned at concerts like those held in the Crystal Palace. Haydn's delicious symphony in G, the one composed in 1791 (scarcely half a year before Mozart's death) for his Oxford degree—of old called, variously, "Letter Q," and the "Oxford Symphony"—played as it was under the direction of Mr Manns, would alone have given interest to the concert. The *finale*, built upon an unpretending theme, worked out in the happiest manner, is exceptionally admirable, even for Haydn, who, in this peculiar character of movement, combining bucolic simplicity with masterly elaboration, has never been surpassed. The solo performer was Mdle Marie Krebs, who gave Beethoven's fourth concerto, without book, so well, that we should like to hear her for once play it with the book before her, being assured that it would be not only more convenient for herself, but also for the conductor, who is answerable for the well-going of every piece to

the correct performance of which he is virtually pledged. This performing "from memory" is well enough where others are not concerned—because then the performer is alone responsible for what may occur; and it frequently happens that great "sensational" executants—pianists especially (who, were it desirable, could readily be named)—memory occasionally failing, are forced to substitute, "impromptu," something of their own for what has been written by the composer. Mdlle Krebs, whose repertory embraces all styles, can afford to dispense with this evidence of self-asserting virtuosity. The singers at Saturday's concert were Mdme Antoinette Sterling and Miss Sophie Löwe, who, between them, gave selections from Bach, Beethoven, and Mr A. S. Sullivan.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The doings of students, however interesting as indicative of future excellence, are scarcely matters for criticism, and it is not our present purpose to do more than refer in general terms to the performances in the Concert Hall of the Royal Academy of Music last Saturday night. Some among the presumably more advanced pupils appeared on the occasion, and the programme contained two works of special interest as showing what results the institution now promises in the matter of creative ability. These compositions were an anthem by Oliveria Prescott, and a song by Eaton Fanning—names well known in connection with the Academy concerts, and not now mentioned with respect for the first time. While recognising the merit of both works, it is impossible not to wish for a speedy and more conclusive proof that our oldest school of music is shaping material adapted to achieve higher and better things. The same remark applies to the executive department with scarcely less force. We are, of course, glad to see students of fair acquirements going out of the Academy to act as the missionaries of their art over all the land. But as this has long been the rule, it would be a pleasant relief to welcome eminent talent, of which we might boast in the face of the world. No academy, we very well know, can create talent, great or small. None the less, however, is a steady flow of no more than respectable ability somewhat depressing. Without making special mention of all the instrumental and vocal solos given on Saturday night we may state that Miss Margaret Bucknall was heard to great advantage in a *Berceuse* by Chopin, and that Miss Butterworth obtained and deserved a recall for her rendering of Mr Eaton Fanning's song. The ladies who appeared, in addition to these, were Misses Prescott, Julia de Nolte, Cobbe, Holcroft, Wayland, Burrough, Heatherly, Goldsmith, and Mrs Paschal.

The chief interest of the concert was excited by a new cantata written for female voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, and entitled *The Fishermidens*, words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Henry Smart. We find the "argument" of this attractive little work stated as follows: "Three fishermidens—Elsie, Alice, and Agnes—put out to sea at eve with their companions. The wind falls, and, as they lie becalmed, Elsie, at the request of the others, sings the ballad of Lilian, a maiden who was lured to her death by the Sea Maidens. Anon there is heard in the distance the wooing strain. Alice would fain listen at any cost. Her companions dissuade her. Again the fatal singing is heard, but at this moment they catch from a convent the faint chanting of nuns singing to the Virgin. The fishermidens join in fervently, and the spell is broken." Mr Weatherly has told this simple story very well in his verses, which are smoothly written, adapted for musical enunciation, and, generally speaking, lyrical in a high degree. We may doubt, in point of fact whether the composer could possibly have been more fortunate as regards his book. Mr Smart's share of the work is, looking at his well-earned fame and unquestionable ability, just what might have been expected. Every bar gives evidence of appropriate ideas, graceful expression, the skill of a master, and the tact of a veteran. Where the sections of a work are so uniformly good it is hard to particularise, but mention must be made of the opening chorus—a charming example of Mr Smart's happiest manner; of the choral scene, "Hark, hark," one of the most elaborate and characteristic numbers; and of the trio, with connected double chorus, "Sister, lend no willing ears." In all these, and indeed throughout the cantata, we meet with nothing but music of admirable make, satisfying alike

to the intellect and to sentiment. *The Fishermidens*, is therefore, one of Mr Smart's successes, upon which every amateur who recognises the composer's worth will hasten to congratulate him as warmly as did the applauding audience of Saturday night. The performance, conducted by Mr Walter Macfarren, rendered justice to its theme, the chorus knowing their task well, and the soloists, Misses Brand, Reimer, and Orridge, giving ample satisfaction.

We subjoin the programme:—

Adagio and Presto, from Sonata in E, pianoforte and violin, Miss Morgan and Miss Julia de Nolte, Professor's Scholar (J. S. Bach); Anthem, "The righteous live for ever," Oliveria Prescott, student; Aria, "In Uomini," *Così fan tutte*, Miss Roby (Mozart); Barcarolla, "Vedi che bellasera," Miss Kate Brand and Mr Seligman (Gounod); Fugue, in C minor, organ, Mr Corke (J. S. Bach); Aria, "I tuoi frequenti palpiti," *Niobe*, Mr James Sauvage (Pacini); Berceuse, in D flat, Op. 57, and Fantaisie Impromptu, in C sharp minor, Op. 66, pianoforte, Miss Margaret Bucknall (Chopin); Cantata, for female voices, *The Fishermidens*, Misses Kate Brand, Mary Davies, Reimar, Ada Patterson, and Orridge—pianoforte, Mr F. W. W. Bampfylde (Henry Smart); Scherzo a Capriccio, in F sharp minor, for the pianoforte, Miss Elwell (Mendelssohn); Song (MS.), "Forget me not," Miss Annie Butterworth (Eaton Fanning, student); Andante and Variations, in E flat, Op. 82, pianoforte, Miss Cobbe (Mendelssohn); two Vocal Duets, Misses Holcroft and Wayland; Duo Concertante, for two pianofortes, on the march in Weber's *Preciosa*, Mrs Paschal and Miss Burrough (Mendelssohn and Moscheles); Air, Miss Featherby; Andante Pastorale and Allegro Marziale, from Sonata, *Maid of Orleans*, Op. 46, Miss Goldsmith (W. Sterndale Bennett); Song, "I fear no foe," Mr Jopp (Pinsuti); Anthem, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings" (Goss). Mr Walter Macfarren conducted, and the accompanists were Messrs Hooper, Jarratt, Morton (pianoforte), and H. T. Rose (organ).

The next Students' Orchestral Concert is announced to take place at St James's Hall, on Saturday evening, March 24, when Schubert's *Mass* in E flat will be performed for the first time.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

Good Rhymes for Country Cousins.

Opera Grand Now to hand.	At the Haymarket, Not quite the old set.
Royalty Bouffe, Well enough.	At the Court, Good, by report.
At the Folly, Awfully jolly.	At the Lyceum, Irving, you may see 'um,
At the Queen's, In their teens.	At the Princess's, London's intricacies.
At the St James's, Frenchified mesa.	At the Olympic, Anti-Irish fit.
At the Criterion, <i>On Bail</i> they try on.	At the Gaiety, <i>Paul Pry</i> .
At the Adelphi, Everything they try.	At the Aquarium, <i>Black-eyed Susan</i> .
At the Vaudeville, <i>Our Boys</i> still.	Aquarium Aquatics, Beethoven and Hicks.
At the Strand, Always crammed.	At the Globe, Byron en robe.
At Drury Lane, Much the same.	Opera-Comique, Bohemian retreat.
At Marie Wilton, <i>Peril</i> still on.	At the Alhambra, <i>Fledermaus</i> .

At the Grecian,
Conquest in season.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.

Benwell.

HAMBURG.—*Der Widerspännstigen Zähmung* has been successfully brought out at the Stadttheater.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Robert Radecke lately played several organ compositions by J. S. Bach at a sacred concert given in St Thomas's Church for the benefit of the Bach Monument in Eisenach.

AMSTERDAM.—At the request of Mad. Christine Nilsson, the French pitch has been adopted at the Theatre Royal.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- PART I.
QUARTET, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone—Mr FRANKLIN TAYLOR ... *Beethoven.*
PART II.
LIEBESLIEDER-WALZER, Op. 52, for four hands on the pianoforte, and voice parts *ad libitum*—Pianoforte—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN; Vocalists—Mdlles SOPHIE LÖWE and HELENE ARNIM, MM. SHAKESPEARE and PYATT ... *Brahms.*
QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 3, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 67, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Brahms.*
SONGS,—"Es steht ein Lind'" ... *Old German.*
"Golden Slumbers" ... *Old English.*
Mdlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.
PASTORALE, in F major ... *Bach.*
PRELUDE and FUGUE, in E minor—For pianoforte alone ... *Bach.*
Mdlle SCHUMANN.
SONGS,—"Es hat die Rose sich beklagt" ... *Franz.*
"Ich wandre nicht" ... *Schumann.*
Mdlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.
QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdlle SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Schumann.*
Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY.—The doctorate, which is one of the appendices to Dr Liszt's many honours, was conferred upon him by the University at Königsberg—equal to our Kingston, or King's Town. Farmer Point, when dealing in north German cattle there, could boast beeves, if not muttons.

NOTICE.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1877.

ADELINA PATTI.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—This incomparable artist has condescended (rather descended) to write a disclaimer to the Editor of a paper which published in its columns one of the most infamous articles that ever helped to strengthen the arguments of those idiots who hold the honourable profession of Journalism in contempt. Here is a translation of her letter:—

(To the Editor of the "Figaro.")

"SIR,—On the 15th inst. I instituted proceedings against the Marquis de Caux for a judicial separation. The matter being before the Courts, I shall say nothing upon a subject on which the legal authorities will have to decide. My attention has this morning been drawn to articles published in your paper on the 21st and 22nd inst. I take the first opportunity of protesting against a story which is absolutely incorrect. I arrived at St. Petersburg on the 1st of December last, and with my husband, M. le Marquis de Caux, took up my residence in apartments at the

Hotel Demouth, which I then occupied for the ninth time. I remained there until the 22nd inst., passing my life in the sight of all, enjoying the consideration which has always been extended to me, and surrounded up to the last hour by numerous and honourable friends, and escorted by them even to the carriage which brought me direct to Paris, accompanied by my maid, M. Franchi, my theatrical agent, and my two servants. I arrived in Paris for the purpose of attending to my suit and of presenting myself tomorrow before the President of the Tribunal. I request you to publish this letter in your earliest issue. Accept the assurance of my high consideration."—ADELINA PATTI, Marquise de Caux.

"Paris, Monday, Feb. 28."

What the press has to do with the private life of persons exercising the profession of which Mdlle Patti is so brilliant an ornament, we could never understand; but if artists will stoop to take notice of paragraphs and articles alike offensive and disgraceful to journalism, they must take the consequences. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*; and this is exactly the position in which Mdlle Patti, through bad advice, or her own indiscretion, has placed herself. Nevertheless, it does not make the conduct of certain "journalists" (so-called) a bit less mean and reprehensible. One would guess from the article (which we have read with intense disgust); that the writer had followed the Marquise de Caux from St Petersburg to Paris, step by step, prying into her every movement, squatting, like a toad, under her table, and, for that matter, creeping underneath her bed, like the contemptible hero of Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*. We can imagine nothing so dastardly. To such prying, however, public characters are exposed. The greater their eminence, the greater the number of their would-be detectives, their *mouchards*—their Jonathan Wyldes, in short. What had the Marquise ever done to this writer that he should dog her footsteps like a down-tailed cur? What was the Marquis de Caux to him, or he to the Marquis de Caux? Was he ever implicated in their differences? Time enough when they are brought before a tribunal of justice—and then the whole country, if it be a free country, is concerned to know the verdict of the court.

If this dirty sneakhoodism (as Carlyle would say) is to be a characteristic of the press, then is the press degraded to the lowest depths, and I, for one, would as soon associate with the common hangman as with any one of its members. The Press should be (and honourably conducted is) the first, not the fourth, estate; but, used for such vile purposes, it becomes no recognisable state at all.

Poor Adelina! Who could have been the fool that advised thee to take public notice of such filthy garbage? Leave these things in future to scavengers, who exist upon dirt.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham

Threatened Visit of Richard Wagner.

We have received a communication from Bayreuth, which we print *literatim et verbatim* (especially *verbatim*):—

"I have much pleasure to inform you, that I have just now heard by best authority that Mr A. Wilhelmj has succeeded in persuading the great master Richard Wagner to conduct some concerts in London personally. The *maestro*, who, as is well known, has a very high opinion of the musical talents of Wilhelmj, will accordingly give a series of concerts along with him. Mr Wilhelmj will not merely play the solo parts, but will also be acting as solo violinist, the same as he did at the festival plays of Bayreuth. The programme has not been fixed as yet, but I have been told that besides Wagner's own compositions the works of Beethoven will be performed as well. These concerts will no doubt be the main point of attraction of this year's musical season. And England may well be proud of having the greatest composer of the day amongst them. These concerts are for the benefit of the Bayreuth festival play fund.

"Bayreuth, February 27th, 1877."

The above is printed *verbatim et literatim* (especially *literatim*).

D. P.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is stated that Madame Adelina Patti, accompanied by her advocate, M. Devormandie, appeared on Tuesday before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine to sue for authorisation of separation from her husband. The Marquis de Caux was also present, with his counsel, M. Maza. The husband and wife were ushered into the private chamber of the President, in order that the usual statutory attempt at reconciliation should be made, but all representations failing, the judge issued an order authorising the lady to present her demand, and allowing her in the meantime to reside with her sister, Mdme Strakosch. The same decree gives Mdme Patti leave, during the suit, to sing at Paris, Vienna, London, and other cities where she has engagements. Mdme Patti has left for Vienna, where she is engaged to sing on Saturday.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND MUSICIANS.—The installation of Herr Joseph Joachim as Dr of Music in the University of Cambridge on the 8th of this month promises to be an affair of more than ordinary interest. Herr Brahms has expressed his inability to come to England to be honoured by a similar distinction on the same occasion; but with Herr Joachim there we need not shed many tears about Herr Brahms. Years gone by the late Meyerbeer disappointed the University, when, at the suggestion of Dr Macfarren's predecessor, Sterndale Bennett, the composer of the *Huguenots* was to be installed Doctor in Music at Cambridge; the expressions of Meyerbeer's regret, however, were couched in such language as to show that his absence was not merely from caprice, but in consequence of illness making a journey to England impossible at the time. Herr Brahms is a great man in his way, but Meyerbeer was at least equally renowned. Herr Brahms cannot receive his diploma without presenting himself at the ceremonial. It is too much trouble, however, for him to come; and so we have lost not only Meyerbeer, but Brahms. Nevertheless, Haydn was initiated Mus. Doc. at Oxford; and Haydn, after all, was somebody.—*Graphic*.

THE celebrated vocalist, Anastasia Robinson, was descended from a good family in Leicestershire. Her father was a portrait painter, but, owing to loss of sight, was deprived of the power of supporting his family. Yielding to his daughter's strong love of music, he placed her under Dr Croft, Sandoni, and an Italian singer called the Baroness. Anastasia sang at the King's Theatre for some years, till at length her personal charms and accomplishments, combined with the amiability of her character, won the heart of the Earl of Peterborough, who privately married her, and, after a time, publicly acknowledged her as his wife. She survived him about fifteen years and died in 1750.

ON one occasion, when he was a Singing-Boy at Exeter Cathedral, Inoleodon was selected to take part in the anthem, "Let my complaint come before Thee, O Lord." Judge Nares, then upon the Western Circuit, and a brother of Dr Nares, attached to the Chapel Royal, was so deeply affected by the pathos and sensibility the boy infused into the solo, "Let my soul live," that he burst into tears, and, sending for the young vocalist after the service, presented him with five guineas, as a token of his great approbation.

MESSRS HUG, of Zurich, have now for sale a most curious and interesting relic. This is Beethoven's piano, which the master used during the whole of his glorious career, and which was made expressly for him by a Vienna firm. Evidence of its authenticity is in the hands of the present possessors.

THE Marquise de Caux has written to some papers—the Paris *Figaro* among others—to deny the truth of certain scandalous articles which have been published to her disparagement. Charming and accomplished, but ill-advised lady!

THE scheme of obtaining, by public subscription, the amount requisite for the execution of a bust of Herr Joachim is relinquished at his particular request, it having never been submitted to him for his approval.

"Of all the fine arts"—says Mad. de Staël—"music is the one which acts most immediately on the soul. The others direct the latter to such and such an idea; music appeals to the inmost source of existence, and entirely changes our internal disposition. What has been said about divine grace, which suddenly transforms hearts, may, humanly speaking, be applied to the power of melody; and among our presentiments of the life to come, those which spring from music are not to be despised. Music is so transient a pleasure, and we feel so strongly that it is escaping from us even while we hear it, that a melancholy impression is blended with the gaiety it excites. But, on the other hand, when it expresses sorrow, it calls also into existence a sweet feeling. The heart beats more quickly as we listen to it; while the satisfaction caused by the regularity of the measure reminds us of the shortness of time, which it thus makes us want to enjoy. There is no longer a void, there is no longer silence around us; life is filled up, and the blood flows rapidly; we feel in ourselves the movement attending a life of activity, and we have not to fear, outside of us, the obstacles with which such a life meets. Music doubles the faculties of our soul; on listening to it we feel capable of the noblest efforts. Thanks to music, we march enthusiastically to death; music possesses the happy inability of expressing any low sentiment or falsehood. In the language of music, misfortune itself is without bitterness, without anguish, and without irritation. Music gently raises the weight which we have nearly always in our heart, if we are susceptible of serious and deep affection—a weight sometimes confounded with the sentiment of existence itself, so habitual is the pain it causes. We seem, when listening to pure and delicious sounds, as though we were about to seize on the secret of the Creator, and penetrate the mystery of life. No words can express this impression, for words crawl after primitive impressions as prose translators crawl after the footsteps of poets. The vagueness of music adapts itself to every movement of the soul; and we all believe we recognise in a melody, as in the pure and tranquil luminary of night, the image of what we desire upon earth."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

GERMAN ATHENÆUM.—This society held its usual monthly musical evening for the forty-sixth time on Saturday, February 24th, at 51, Mortimer Street, under the direction of Herr Daubert, who made an excellent choice of pieces. The first was Beethoven's quintet for strings, Op. 29, led by Herr Ludwig, who acquitted himself in a musicianlike manner. Herr Henschel, who made a favourable impression at the last Monday Popular Concert, sang a ballad by Loewe in fine style, and earned the applause due to his talents. Herren Coenen and Daubert played Brahms's Sonata, Op. 38, in E minor, for pianoforte and violoncello, which was warmly applauded. The *allegretto* movement pleased the most. Herr Henschel then gave two songs by Brahms, and the musical part of the entertainment concluded with Schubert's posthumous quintet in D minor, led by Herr Wiener in a manner that gained the approbation of the company. In the variations, especially, Herr Weiner was admirable. The other artists who assisted were Messrs van Praag and Hahn. Herr Von Ernst Larsen was the chairman of the evening.

Mdme MARIE BELVAL gave a concert at Langham Hall, on Thursday evening, the 28th ult., which attracted a large attendance. Mdme Belval possesses a sympathetic contralto voice, which she fully developed in Sir Julius Benedict's song, "By the sad sea waves," accompanied by the composer; Gluck's "Che farò," a song by Mr Wilhelm Ganz, and the Scotch ballad, "Bonnie Dundee," in all of which she proved herself a thorough artist. Mdme Belval and Mr George Perren gave Balfe's duet, "The Sailor sighs," so well that they were unanimously called upon to repeat it. Mr G. Perren was never in better voice. He sang, in perfection, Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" Mr Perren sang equally well Sir J. Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen." Mdme Liebhart gave Mr G. B. Allen's "Little Bird" (flute *obbligato*, Signor Luigi Corrozzini), and was compelled to repeat it. Miss Annie Sinclair gave "Jenny of the Mill," in good style, and was encored. Miss Lelia Bertie sang Mr Ganz's "Nightingale's trill" and a song by Rossini; Mr Wm. Shakespeare, Mr Ganz's "I seek for thee" and the serenade, "Ecco ridente;" and Miss F. Brookes a song, set to the well-known words "God upon the ocean." Herr Josef Ludwig and Signor Pezze each played solos on the violin and violoncello, and joined Mr W. Ganz in excerpts from Mendelssohn's Trio, Op. 49, and Beethoven's, Op. 1. Mr Ganz played his new galop, "Allons vite," and his *réverie*, "Vision du passé," and accompanied, with Sir Julius Benedict, the vocal pieces. Miss Marie Belval's concert was a success, and deservedly so.

M. HENRI LOGÉ, a young Belgian pianist, who has established himself in London, gave a concert at St George's Hall, on Tuesday morning, assisted by his sister, Mlle Gabrielle Logé. M. Logé's performances consisted of classical as well as modern compositions. Among those specially noticeable were Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor; the Andante and final movement of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata; a Polonaise, by Chopin; and a composition of his own, "Les Patineurs." The approbation of the audience was awarded to M. Logé at the conclusion of each piece. Mlle Gabrielle Logé made a favourable impression; her singing of "Connais-tu le pays" (*Mignon*), and songs by Gounod and others, met with marked encouragement.

MISS FLORENCE MAY gave her first recital this season, at Langham Hall, on Thursday, March 1. The programme contained: Beethoven's Sonata, in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein); a Gavotte, with variations, in A minor, by Rameau; Studies, by Chopin (Vivace, D flat major; Allegro ma non troppo, G flat major; Presto, C sharp minor); Mendelssohn's Barcarolle, in A major; Schumann's Etudes en forme de Variations, in C sharp minor (Etudes Symphoniques), Op. 13; Bach's Gavotte, in G minor; Handel's Gigue, in G minor; and Hungarian Dances, by Brahms. It was quite a "feast" of good things for the select and appreciative audience who assembled to listen to the young pianist's clever performance. At the conclusion, Miss May was unanimously "called" to receive well-merited applause. Miss May's next recital is announced for Thursday week.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The Gaiety Theatre has been crowded nightly since Miss Alice May has appeared. The *Irish Times* of the 13th thus criticises Miss May:—"Her reception was more than a success—it was a triumph. Her voice is beautifully clear, tuneful, and 'young'; her art is elegant and piquant, full of grace and *espièglerie*; her personal attractions are very considerable, and her great acting is distinguished by vivacity and 'chic,' without a trace of anything approaching in the remotest degree to 'broadness' or vulgarity." All the press of Dublin are most liberal of praise to the young "Australian nightingale." Of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, given for the first time by Mr South's company, the *Irish Times* says:—"We expected great things from Miss May, and we were not disappointed. Her Mlle Lange was a very complete impersonation. Her acting is very graceful and piquant, of a decidedly French school—particularly in gesture and accent—but by no means 'Frenchy' in the signification of the term which is taken to convey ideas of an unpleasant character. There is not the smallest *souçon* of broadness or offensiveness in her manner, while the text spoken by her wants nothing on the score of intelligent interpretation. Her song, 'The Hussars of Angereau,' and the duet with Clairette in the second act, were 'encored.' Her rendering of the part was a perfect success." Thus Dublin confirms the good opinions of London, Liverpool, and other towns, as well as that of India, Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The members of the Polytechnic Institution were gratified on Wednesday evening with a superior class of "concert-lecture," given by Mrs John Macfarren and two lady vocalists, whose combined talents awakened, and unremittingly continued the interest and enjoyment of a large and attentive audience. Mrs John Macfarren's pianoforte performances are distinguished by artistic conception, and her judgment in the selection of classical compositions is acceptable to the most refined taste, yet not too remote from the sympathies of less instructed hearers. The exordiums, descriptive of the peculiar styles of the different masters, were delivered with distinctness of elocution and musical accent. The two lady singers fairly divided the honours, each in turn receiving the emphatic approbation of the audience. Miss Agnes Drummond (soprano) possesses the qualities of a first-class vocalist, and Miss Orridge (contralto), a richness and depth of tone most graceful to the ear.

H. S. T.

NEW BROMPTON (Chatham).—Herr J. Saverthal (Royal Engineers) has been giving concerts with a string band, composed of a select number of the military band of the regiment, in the schoolroom of the military engineers, before the officers and their friends. We give the programme of the concert of February 26th as a specimen:—Overture, *Prometheus* (Beethoven); Symphony, Surprise, No. 6 (Haydn); Overture, *The Naiades* (W. S. Bennett); Lied, "Am Meer" (Schubert); Intermezzo, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn); Allegretto, "Alla Turca;" Sonata in A (Mozart). The concerts reflect credit on the enterprise of Herr Saverthal.

Moscow.—Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been produced at the Imperial Operahouse. The principal parts were sustained by Anna d'Angéry, Smerowski, Naudin, and Cotogni. Bevnigani conducted.

FAURE IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

Finis coronat opus may with justice be applied to the great French barytone's concluding performance in Lyons, ere he left that city for Bordeaux. The *Salut Public*, of the 19th February, says with reference to this performance:—

"M. Faure terminated yesterday, with *Hamlet*, at the Grand-Théâtre, his series of performances, which have been for him a triumph in four evenings. The four performances have exhibited, under four different aspects, his double and marvellous talent as a singer and an actor; tender and melancholy as Alphonse; powerful and overflowing with patriotism as Guillaume Tell; elegantly diabolical as Mephistopheles; terrible and fatal as Hamlet; besides being an accomplished singer in all four. Why could he not add to this quadruple incarnation that in which he is more admirable than any: Don Juan? Had he done so, the festival would have been complete. Unfortunately, *Don Juan* is not a stock piece at our Grand-Théâtre. After Don Juan, Hamlet is, indisputably, M. Faure's most considerable creation. In all the other characters he has had successors, some of whom have, perhaps, surpassed him; but the part of Hamlet is one which he has entirely formed himself, and on which he has set so personal a stamp that he has, so to speak, made it his own, and in consequence it belongs exclusively to him. . . . The Hamlet of Shakespeare would not tamely have submitted to M. Ambroise Thomas's music. The librettists have filed down the angularities. . . . This pasteboard Hamlet, tricked out in M. Thomas's music, has found in M. Faure a magician who has endowed it with life. With the help of the music it would be as dull as ditchwater, had not the great artist slipped so thoroughly inside it, and caused it to move its arms and legs. . . . This is a feat of strength, and we are not surprised at M. Faure's attempting it; but certainly no feat of strength was ever more victoriously executed. We cannot cite the passages in which M. Faure was inferior or superior to himself; everything was delivered and sung with perfection; perhaps, with even too much perfection. The mad scene and the drunken song in the third act evoked an encore, three re-calls, and two wreaths. The rest was in keeping."

The critic of the *Courier de Lyons* writes on the same date:—

"The house was crammed; the iron columns of the upper galleries, overheated by the breath of so many persons, perspired, to use the picturesque expression of an enthusiast, who had not shrunk from mounting up to the fourth tier for the purpose of hearing the master. Fancy: as early as one o'clock in the day a very respectable 'tail' already twined and twisted under the peristyle of the Grand-Théâtre. Some of the individuals composing it had brought campstools with them, and waited patiently, chatting with their neighbours, or nibbling, from time to time, a piece of sausage. It is evident that, at a fifth performance, frantic admirers would have taken up their position the evening before. It must have been out of pity for these unhappy melomaniacs that M. Faure, perceiving the temperature was growing cooler, refused to sing again. He would not, doubtless, assume the responsibility of so many cases of bronchitis. I can see no other plausible motive for his refusal, if I take into consideration the continually increasing ovations with which he was greeted. . . . Before such an interpretation criticism is mute. . . . As far as I am concerned, M. Faure has given me the Hamlet of whom I dreamed when reading Shakespeare. . . . Hamlet is no madman. There have been tragedians of talent who thus caricatured the poet's thought. . . . M. Faure has not fallen into this mistake. He has conceived the part in a more elevated sense; and those who never saw him previously will be dazzled by the performance, as though Titian's Danaë had suddenly walked out of the canvas in all her resplendent nudity. The impersonation is an embodied dream."

From Lyons M. Faure proceeded to Bordeaux. His reception on the banks of the Garonne was as warm and enthusiastic as it had been on those of the Rhone. *La Province* of the 23rd February is in no way behind the papers already cited in its appreciation of M. Faure. Here are some extracts from its notice:—

"The performances, so impatiently looked forward to, of the celebrated barytone, Faure, have at length just commenced at the Grand-Théâtre. Long before the box lists were opened, the box office was besieged by numberless demands, and, when official intimation of the artist's speedy arrival was given, the subscribers, who enjoy the privilege of securing their places a day before the general public, took in a moment nearly the entire house for the three performances of *Faust*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *La Favorite*. After this, it is superfluous to observe that the theatre was crammed, and that for some days tickets were at a premium. . . . We may state that Faure the concert singer in no way resembles Faure the artist on the stage,

and that those who had the good fortune to hear him at his concerts three months since, can form no notion of what he was yesterday evening in Doctor Faust's laboratory; in the midst of the dancing at the Kermesse; under the shady trees of Marguerite's garden; at the door of the church; or in the palace of Mephistopheles. Faure is not merely the eminent singer with the supple voice of extensive compass, the consummate musician, long familiar with all the difficulties of his art, whom we then applauded in the airs from the *Siege de Corinthe*, of Paulus, and of Joconde; in "*Les Rameaux*" the '*Alléluia d'Amour*' and Adam's '*Noël*;' he is, also, a first rate actor, who unites with his marvellous singing the most appropriate and most varied stage-play. From the moment Mephistopheles appears, we derive as much enjoyment from seeing as from hearing him. Look at him, for instance, when he is studying the old Doctor, and endeavouring to discover through what secret door he can penetrate to the Doctor's heart. Observe the insinuating air, with which he glides among the toppers seated in the great square; the expression of anguish he imparts to his features in presence of the sign of Redemption; his comic walk with Gretchen's attendant; his sardonic laugh; his proud and aggravating attitudes towards his adversaries; the fixed nature of the look he directs on the poor repentant girl; and his supreme efforts to snatch the two lovers from the fatal prison. Then, after all this, listen as he sends forth his triumphant notes in the '*Veau d'Or*;' as he sighs his serenade at Marguerite's door; and as he executes with incomparable breadth of style the magnificent scene in the church, going through the smallest passages of recitative with striking truth, and imparting to the whole an importance of which no one appears to have thought it susceptible. He repeated the Serenade, and the public would doubtless have asked, also, for the grand scene in the church again, had they not feared being too indiscreet."

La Gironde corroborates this flattering notice:—

"Yesterday evening M. Faure's first performance, awaited with such impatience, at length came off at the Grand-Théâtre. The house presented an unusual sight. The stalls and the pit were absolutely crammed with persons in grand toilet. . . . After the *ronde* of the '*Veau d'Or*,' the public could not restrain themselves. When the applause began, it finished only with the apotheosis of the last act. The quartet in the fourth act, the final scene in the garden, and especially the serenade in the fourth act, with its strange chucklings (it had to be repeated), the scene in the church, &c., were so many opportunities for M. Faure to achieve a triumph. Those who have heard him only at a concert know but one side of his genius; the actor in his case is on a level with the singer. . . . To extol Faure's splendid voice and exceptional vocal talent would be to analyse perfection."

VERDI'S "REQUIEM."

(From the "*Echo*.")

A performance of Verdi's *Requiem* free from the interest and excitement which attended its introduction under the auspices of the illustrious composer, was needed to confirm the favourable opinion that has been expressed of its merits, and test its powers of enlisting the sympathies of the general musical public. Though anxiously looked for, such a performance has been long delayed, owing doubtless to the inability of our musical societies to command the same amount of executive ability as was brought to bear upon the work when Verdi himself first introduced it to an English audience. The desired performance took place before as large an audience as ever assembled in the Royal Albert Hall. The result testified to the worth of previously expressed opinions, and indicated the measure of the future popularity in store for Verdi's *chef d'œuvre*. Before an audience well versed in the sublime oratorios of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn, and the no less sublime *Requiem* of Mozart, it would not have been surprising had the more dramatic character of Verdi's *Requiem* found objectors, especially as the performance was experimental, and was to decide whether the *Requiem* music was of the order to justify its being associated with those works which constitute the repertory of the Royal Albert Choral Society. But the proofs of genius were too numerous to admit of nice distinctions being made between what is ecclesiastical and what is sacred, whilst the pathetic character of some of the phrases was so touching, the description of the anguish of the unrepentant so graphic, the originality of every *motivo* so striking, and the skill of a great master so apparent, that the judgment pronounced by Spohr on Rossini's *Stabat Mater* might fairly be said to be that of the entire audience:—"If we may not call it Church music, let us agree to speak of it as fine music, as the best fruits of a composer's gifts laid on the altar of his religion."

CRYSTAL PALACE ORATORIOS.

The first of a series of "*Lenten Oratorios*" was given at the Crystal Palace with remarkable success, an audience numbering nearly two thousand persons being attracted by Haydn's *Creation*. The choruses were sung by two hundred members of the Crystal Palace choir, many also members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and sung, too, with great spirit. The fine band of the Palace was equal to all requirements, but the opening "*Representation of Chaos*" would have been more effective had the wind instruments been balanced by a larger number of strings. The organist, Mr. Willing, discharged his duties admirably, and the organ was substituted as accompaniment to the recitatives, to the manifest advantage of the general effect. The principal soprano was Miss Robertson, pupil of Signor Randegger, the purity of whose style and the refinement of whose phrasing did credit alike to scholar and instructor, and exacted a highly favourable impression. The tenor was Mr. Barton McGuckin, who possesses a voice of exceptionally fine quality, and obtained well-deserved applause for his excellent rendering of "*In native worth*." Signor Federici, to whom the bass music was entrusted, left nothing to be desired; and although his voice is more a barytone than a bass, he did full justice to the lowest notes of the music. His articulation, too, was good—a rare merit—also observable in Miss Robertson and Mr. McGuckin. The conductor was Mr. Manns.

On Tuesday, March 6, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be performed; on Tuesday, March 20, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*. These "*Lenten Oratorios*" seem likely to prove attractive.—*Lynt, Globe, Feb. 20.*

CARRODUS AT MANCHESTER.

(From the "*Manchester Examiner and Times*.")

Although Mr. Carrodus has been too long absent from the Manchester concert rooms, the enthusiastic reception from the audience and orchestra which greeted him on Monday evening could not leave him in doubt about the estimation in which he is held. We were proud of him when as a Keighley boy he satisfied some of the most exacting of critics, and his masterly execution of Molique's fine concerto proved that he had lost none of the skill and cunning which won so much admiration in years gone by. Molique's work is one of those dignified and classical compositions which reflect honour on the age which produces them; every movement has its individual character, and the unity of the concerto as a whole is not less striking than the attractive beauty of the separate parts. Mr. Carrodus, who played the concerto from memory, is not only a complete master of the technicalities of his instrument, but, as a pupil of Molique, he is a faithful exponent of the thoughts of his illustrious master. At the end of the concerto the clever executant was enthusiastically recalled. In the second part Mr. Carrodus played two charming compositions by Tours. The dreamy beauty of the "*Romanza*" was admirably realised, and the "*Tarantella*" afforded the executant an opportunity to display both skill and versatility. In these pieces Mr. Carrodus had the advantage of Mr. Halle's pianoforte accompaniments.

[This was at the Gentlemen's Concert—absurd name, now that we have no more Sir Charles Grandisons—of February 28.—D. P.]

MR JOHN OXENFORD.

(To the Editor of "*The Times*.")

SIR,—In your just but too brief article on the late Mr. John Oxenford, you speak of his being entirely self taught. It seems due to the memory of a scholar who has long passed away, Mr. S. T. Friend, to recall the fact that Mr. John Oxenford was for some two years one of the most favoured, and certainly the most gifted, of the pupils of that somewhat eccentric man of genius, who would, had he been able, have dissuaded Oxenford from his dramatic career—considering that he had the highest philosophical faculties, together with a versatility of powers which pointed to another sphere. His dramatic taste, however, was developed so early that his heart was not to be given to other pursuits. I was his fellow pupil (for he was but a trifle my senior), and I remember his eager dramatic efforts in the drawing-room at Camberwell. He was but a boy—a very graceful and attractive boy. I could get him at that time to think of little else than the drama, though he was far ahead of all around him in scholarship at fourteen years of age; and I bear testimony to his unsurpassed sweetness of character and self-forgetting nobleness and childlikeness. W. J. I.

["W. J. I." would do well to quote correctly. The writer in *The Times* did not say "entirely," but *almost*, self taught. The two years with Mr. Friend could not have taught John Oxenford one-hundredth part of what he knew and had acquired by his own unassisted industry.—D. P.]

Beethoven at the Aquarium.

There can scarcely be much discussion concerning the highest aim of symphony writing, and we have Beethoven's own words to show what he meant when he composed the "Sinfonia Pastorale, No. 6, Op. 68." Symphonies such as Beethoven wrote are surely the most invigorating stimulants to the imagination, and the great master, although he gave in this very work the keynote to his impressions, yet declared that his Pastoral Symphony was *rather the record of impressions than actual representation of facts*. We can well imagine the horror caused to some minds by the exhibition of a moving illustrative panorama during the execution of Beethoven's sublime work. We can forgive the scorn occasioned by the dull declaration that such music cannot inspire without assistance, and that the mind is dead to fancy before such enchantment. But horrified as we may be, and scornful as we may be, still we are brought face to face with the fact that no gates to enchantment are unlocked by the genius of the musician, and that when he pipes there are some who will not dance. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this, are we to leave unimpressionable minds in a state of darkness and chaos, are we to reserve Beethoven and his symphonies for such as understand and appreciate them, or may we in all gentle kindness suggest their beauty in a round about and, artistically speaking, an heretical fashion? Not much harm can surely be done by scenic illustrations to the Pastoral Symphony, and if any chance converts are made to the imaginative school, the honest design of the Aquarium authorities may well be spared some of that "scorn of scorn" to which it is at the outset exposed. There will be some who will listen to the music and shut their eyes, and many more who will gaze at the panorama and shut their ears; but if music and scenery in combination suggest to any mind the refining and ennobling influence of Beethoven, it may be possible that such humble inquirers may be spared some of the lashes inflicted by an avenging aestheticism. But now that the thing has been done, now that Beethoven's "record of impressions" has been taken up to the painting-room, now that his adorable fancy has been exposed to the harsh rigour of reality, now that his May meadows and sunlit fields, and carousing villagers, and thunder-storms, and thanksgiving prayers have been measured out by rule of thumb on canvas, it is indeed curious to observe how differently one sublime subject can appeal to varied minds. Mr Julian Hicks has painted a beautiful panorama, but to say that the panorama touches the musical sentiment or the first principles of the idyll would be disloyalty to Beethoven and unfriendly to nature. We will allow, for the sake of argument, that identical impressions are not created by the same touch, but if this magic symphony was not meant to suggest the exquisite simplicity of nature and the purity of rural innocence, it meant nothing. Mr Hicks has discarded the purely pastoral, and directed the mind to the abstract classical. He does not take his audience with the music through meadows, by the side of rivulets, amongst the villagers. When are the "pleasant feelings aroused in the heart on arriving in the country" in this unreal world of classic temples, broken columns, and impossible citadels? It was the country that God made, and not the palaces built by man that Beethoven described. It is as true now as then. The blue-bell fields of Kent, the solemn shade of the beeches and oaks of England, the villagers of our own time, the rural charms of England, all come before us with the first notes of Beethoven's pastoral music. Could not Mr Julian Hicks have led us among the hedge-rows and thatched villages of our own land instead of conducting us to the stately grandeur of an unknown world? We see an Acropolis on every hill, and a ruined Palmyra in every valley. The carousing villagers are attired like Paris on the hill of Ida, the dances are suggestive of fauns and satyrs. Pan and Bacchus, Eneone and Adonis are the figures in the panoramic picture, and the red storm-sun sinks upon a wild plain scattered about with Corinthian columns. The management has done well in its honest effort to educate the taste, the scenic artist has painted a moving picture distinguished for its boldness and beauty. Mr George Mount has done his best for Beethoven's music, but picture and music are distinct and apart. The mind refuses to take them together.—*Chabucus Egg.*

HERR WILHELMJ IN DUBLIN.

Messrs Cramer, Wood & Co. have earned the gratitude of all musicians and musical amateurs residing in the capital of the Emerald Isle by affording them an opportunity of hearing the above celebrated artist, who gave his first concert in the Bijou Concert Rooms, Westmoreland Street. Of course, Herr Wilhelmj was very successful, and produced a deep impression. The *Dublin Express* says:—

"Herr Wilhelmj is, in truth, an instrumental star of the first magnitude. Transcendent excellence in violin playing is sometimes associated with a weird, attenuated figure in the performer; but Herr Wilhelmj's personal appearance—if he will pardon the reference to it—does not at all bear out this theory. His tall form and almost massive shoulders seem cast in a military mould, and his thick black hair and deeply-marked features finish the portrait of a man of uncommon power. The pieces he selected were in the highest degree calculated to afford scope to his powers and delight to the most critical audience. To hear Mendelssohn's Concerto for the Violin played by Wilhelmj was indeed a rare treat, which many will long remember. The perfect tune in which he plays, no matter how trying may be the music, or how much double-stopping may be involved, although but one of the group of excellencies which belong to him, and small compared with the rest, imparts a singular and satisfying charm to his performance. His tone is so rich and powerful that the sounds of the instrument not only filled a room the construction of which was calculated to deaden echo, but penetrated through Messrs Cramer's house. The expression and execution he exhibited were superb. The orchestral accompaniment not being attainable, the pianoforte accompaniment was substituted. This was played in an admirable and perfectly worthy manner by Herr Rudolph Niemann. It is needless to add that Wilhelmj was heartily applauded. His next piece was a violin theme, adapted by himself, from one of Chopin's Nocturnes, in which his double-stopping was wonderful, and he had to comply with an encore. Finally he played the aria and variations from Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, the pianoforte part being taken by Herr Niemann. Words fail to convey the charming effect of this. What came from the violin was more like a voice, a speech, or a song than anything else; and every justice was done by the pianist to the pianoforte part."

The critic of *Freeman's Journal* entertains quite as high an opinion of the German virtuoso, and tells us:—

"The first note he drew from his violin revealed the master, and when the piece—Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor—was finished, the enthusiasm and admiration of his hearers were expressed in a rapturous burst of applause. Herr Wilhelmj must be ranked amongst the best violinists of our day. Every note was fine and bright, and drawn, when there was need, with the rarest and most exquisite delicacy; yet there were a power and a breadth that reached the most impassioned and vigorous expression. The most careful and critical attention could not detect an atom of untunefulness. Wilhelmj's second piece was his own arrangement of a Nocturne by Chopin, which he played superbly—so superbly that it elicited an irresistible encore. His last appearance was with Herr Niemann, in Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, which he played throughout with marvellous grace, nerve, and fluency. Such an artist is a rarity."

The *Irish Times* is "short and sweet"—but very sweet. It observes:—

"There is scarcely any necessity to allude to the violin playing of Herr Wilhelmj. For such a performer there is no room for criticism, and eulogy is needless; the breadth, solidity, and magnificent power of his playing—the tone, finish, and elegance of the great master—could not fail to reach the least instructed of the audience. His first piece was Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor, which he played admirably. Encored in a Nocturne by Chopin, he played a solo on the *Meistersinger* (Wagner), and afterwards, with Herr Niemann, the andante from the Kreutzer Sonata. Herr Wilhelmj was very cordially applauded throughout."

Herr Rudolf Niemann, as already mentioned, was the pianist. Besides accompanying Herr Wilhelmj in Mendelssohn's Concerto, he performed a fantasia of his own and a composition by Chopin in a manner which afforded unalloyed satisfaction to an intelligent and appreciative audience. The vocalists were Miss Giulia Warwick, Mdlle Redeker, and Mr F. Love. The first-named lady gave "Within a mile o' Edinbro' Town," "Forsaken," and "Rory O'More," with great power and sweetness. Mdlle Redeker contributed "Che farò senza Euridice" from Gluck's *Orfeo e Euridice*, a song by Mr C. E. Essex, "Come not when I am dead," and German songs. Mr Wood's pieces were "The Pilgrim of Love" and "Eily Mavourneen." The concert delighted all present, and will be long remembered on the banks of the Liffey.

JULES JANIN'S LIBRARY.*

(Continued from page 144.)

To show how intensely Janin's wit and heart were loved, venerated, and understood by the greatest minds of our day, it now remains for us to glean among the dedications and the offerings with which people taxed their ingenuity to present him, as speedily and as magnificently as possible. Some of them possess an historical value.

Ponsard, who owed him so much in every way, Emile Augier, Alexandre Dumas the Younger, Octave Feuillet, Jules Lacroix, who used to bind up with his pieces the notices of them in *Les Débats*, and the two Goncourts, never produced anything without offering Janin the earliest specimen in the shape of a copy of an exceptional edition, of which only a limited number were struck off. The same was true of many other authors. Sometimes it is the manuscript itself which the author takes a pride in seeing him accept. It is thus that there will figure in the sale *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, *Le Père prodigue*, *La Ciguë*, and the third act of *Paul Forestier*, *L'Invitation à la Valse*, by Alexandre Dumas the Elder, *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, by Scribe, &c.

Roger de Beauvoir, who, in his palmy days, took a delight in ferreting out rarities for Janin, once sent him *Le Livre à la mode* (printed in green ink) by Carraccioli, with an autographic expression of homage twenty-eight lines long, and, on another occasion, Cicero's *Cato major* (Barbous, 1758), in magnificent old binding:—

To J. J.

A toi cet orateur romain
Philosophe au brillant plumage,
Accepte Caton de ma main,
C'est un fou qui te donne un sage.†

M. Thiers reserved the first large paper copy of his *Histoire du Consulat* for "His excellent friend, Janin." After the Coup d'Etat, Armand Bertin wrote Janin a letter, which Janin added to Bertin's own catalogue, and which runs thus:—

MY DEAR JANIN,—I have not seen you to-day (3rd January, 1852); I wanted to say that I again beg you not to attempt to entrap the censure. By entrapping them you first entrap me, and begin by getting the feuilleton suppressed, and the paper afterwards, &c.

In consequence of this, Jules, like a good fellow as he was, held his tongue and chafed at the bit. He had just received, however, a very profound piece of consolation. Louis Philippe's august widow had made him the truly royal present of the finest known copy of the *Marguerites de la Marguerite* (Lyons: Jean de Fourmes, 1547), and of the Elzevir Régnier of 1652—NOT CUT!—which had for its neighbour in his library the Ronsard of 1555-1559, offered, also, by a Queen—a Stage-Queen:—

Offered to M. J. Janin by the Lady of the Camelias, EUGENIE DOCHE.

Among other clever women, I may mention Augustine Brohan, represented by five letters interchanged with Mad. Janin on the subject of her proverb: *Compter sans son Hôte*—Suzanne Lagier, by a Plautus, the Venice quarto Plautus (Alde, 1572), bearing upon the fly-leaf some Latin, if you please:—

Ex munificentia equidem nostrâ, anno J. C., 1847. SUZANNE LAGIER.

There are still several other clever women, the last of all being the much-regretted Aimée Desclée, represented by *La Visite des Noces*, the copy of which contains with her letter a letter from the author:—

. . . Praise is always nice, but, thus awarded, it is adorable.

A woman would be happy at reading it, even though its principal subject were a rival.

Then come the poets. Ponsard was not contented with offering each of his works piously loaded with praises and thanksgivings. He brought with him from Italy a Catullus in the first Aldine edition:—

From Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, to the friend of Horace, a confraternal mark of homage, and from an old friend to my dear and excellent friend J. Janin.—PONSARD.

* From *Le Figaro*.

† To J. J.—To you is this Roman orator, a philosopher with brilliant plumage, sent; accept Cato from my hands; it is a madman who presents you with a sage.

Mistral, the Provence Virgil and Theocritus, contents himself with writing on the title-page of *Mireille*:—

A Jules Janin, un poutoun de Mereio!

Is not this worthy of both of them?

Béranger has heard of the magnificent copy of his complete works possessed by Janin, who hastens to forward it to him, and the song writer returns it enriched with the following words:—

My poor daughters,* return to him who received you so generously. You see, despite your little merit, how splendidly he has dressed you—you who, usually, run about the street in such sorry attire. Ah! thank the good Janin, who, aware that your old father had not the means of decking you out so richly, has taken upon himself the expenses of your toilet, and, despite so many persons interested in your ruin, has the courage to adopt and defend you. Such generosity is rare at the present day. Republican as they accuse me of being, I request you to present the assurance of my gratitude to the King of Criticism.

BERANGER.

May, 1856.

This courage, by the way, of defending whom and what he liked, never failed Janin. M. Victor Hugo has, in his finest prose, engraved his testimony to this fact, first on *Les Contemplations*, two volumes almost as splendid as the *Béranger*, ornamented with original drawings and photographs, and doubled in value by the celebrated letter of the 10th August, 1856; and then on the *Légende des Siècles*, in the following autographic, and, we might almost say, lapidarian dedication:—

To him who, as a poet and a friend, is inexhaustible.

To the valiant and winged pen.

To the noble heart which understands and celebrates the victory of the vanquished.

To the man who, for the last thirty years, has been one of the dazzling coronations of Paris.

TO JULES JANIN

H. H., 1st January, 1860.

VICTOR HUGO.

* * * * *

But the gem of this peerless casket, the rarest, if not the most beautiful, the most "Janinian," if we may use the word, of all these books, is a simple duodecimo volume, sternly bound by Niédreé, *Peux Hommes ou Un Secret du Monde*, a five-act drama in verse by poor Adolphe Dumas. The drama is not a masterpiece, but on seven leaves bound up at the beginning of the volume, the author has written some forty touching verses, and on the eighth leaf these impressive lines:—

Janin, that year, was the happiest of men, and he well deserved to be so, for he was the best of men. He fought for me a duel with swords, a pitched battle with his pen, and gave me a pension of 2,000 francs.

This is Janin to the life. What can we add to it? The tears come into our eyes before such delicacy and grandeur, and we ask ourselves how his heirs can have parted with such a book. If it is not withdrawn from the sale, we entreat the National Library, for the sake of French literature, to purchase it, and place it, open at leaf viii., in one of the glass cases of honour.

HUGUES BLAIR.

COPENHAGEN.—We read in the *Dagbladet* that the Swedish singer, Mdle Victoria Bunsen, who is on her return to London, gave an evening concert in the large hall in Amaliengade. It was an agreeable sight to see every seat filled in this large hall. Amongst the audience were the Ambassadors and Corps Diplomatique from different countries. Mdle Bunsen has an exceptionally good contralto voice. Her lower notes are full and rich, the higher notes are not so full, but she understands how to manage them so well that we look upon her altogether as a most excellent artist. Mdle Bunsen sang an air by Rossini, a romance by Daunström, a theme and variations by Rode, "Deh non voler," and the *Brindisi* by Donizetti. She was "called" after each of her songs, and enthusiastically encored after Rode's variations. Mdle Bunsen was well supported by the pianists, Mdle Félicia Bunsen and Herr Otto Bendix, as well as by the violinist, Herr Hilmer, of the Royal Opera.

* It must be borne in mind that the French word "Chansons" is feminine.

MDLLE ALBANI IN PARIS.

The season at the Théâtre-Italien did not at first give promise of being a very favourable one. Indeed, it almost seemed as, though Fashion had capriciously turned her back on the Salle Ventadour, when M. Léon Escudier was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mdle Albani. Since that lady's first appearance, the aspect of matters has completely changed, and the fair Canadian *prima donna* has more than justified the flattering reports which preceded her arrival at and *début* in the French capital. Papers of the most opposite political hue have at length found a subject on which they can, for once, agree. That subject is the exceptional talent of Mdle Albani. I could fill two or three numbers of the *Musical World*—supposing I were allowed to do so—with eulogiums pronounced upon her, even within the last week or so, by the press. I will give merely a specimen or two. After saying that the public had received with marked favour three modestly-scored little acts, entitled, *La Sonnambula* the *Paris-Journal* goes on to tell us that—

"It is true that the name of the fair Sonnambulist was Albani, for whom the music, so sweet, so fresh, so elegiac, and so original, seemed to have been written no longer ago than yesterday. It is becoming difficult to praise Mdle Albani and, above all, to find new formulas for the purpose. When we have said that her taste is exquisite; that the art she displays is perfection itself; that her virtuosity is calculated to satisfy, but not to astound or surprise, still less to dazzle, the most particular; when we have added that she possesses, more than any other vocalist of the present day, the gift of moving us, because she is moved herself, and because, in her case, the woman and the artist are blended in a profound and true sentiment, which radiates and is communicated, not simply to the singers around her, but also, and more especially, to the public who listen to her; when we have extolled the penetrating brilliancy of her upper register; when we have said all this once and twice, we have to repeat it again; . . . and, as this is the most just and best course that can be adopted, we now do so."

Le Soleil writes in reference to her Lucia:—

"Mdle Albani was literally *acclamée* by a frantic audience. After her grand mad scene, she received two enormous bouquets, one of roses and the other of Parma violets. The latter was of fantastic proportions. Her performance was one long triumph."

Listen, now, to the *Courier de France*:—

"Mdle Albani obtained last night, before our capricious Parisian audience, a great and legitimate success, which soon assumed the character of a real triumph, such as the Théâtre-Italien has not witnessed for many long years."

The *Charivari* can be as serious as any of its usually graver colleagues, when it is brought face to face with such rare natural gifts enhanced by such rare artistic training. Thus does it contribute to the general outburst of praise:—

"After *Lucia*, *Rigoletto*. Mdle Albani, who does not stop to think how great her efforts are, has given only a single morrow to her grand victory of last week. She then immediately engaged in a fresh battle. It was won beforehand. For the Parisian public has definitively adopted this young glory of art, and rendered her their own by their enthusiastic bravos. . . . The Théâtre-Italien has recovered its high vogue."

But I am afraid of encroaching too much on the space of the *Musical World*, and will, therefore, add only an extremely significant fact recorded in the *Gaulois*:—

"A circumstance significative of the great success achieved by Mdle Albani is the *opening of a second box office*."

Surely this is a proof positive of the impression Mdle Albani has produced on the Parisian public.

R. S.

Join all our talents; let our hearts accord
The merits of a genius to record.
Shall we enrich our language by one word,
To express great thinker, writer?—Oxenford.
Wellben.

Turkey pens have been so much in use that 'tis thought
there's nothing left but recourse to *steel* all round.
Wellben Benwell.

CONCERT OF THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

The friendly Society for Mutual Assistance, supported by the old pupils of the Polytechnic School, gives every year a concert, which, from the choice of the pieces performed and the merit of the artists, is justly considered one of the best of the season. This year we had, for the literary part, Gozlan's piece, *La Pluie et le beau Temps*, by the artists of the Comédie Française; in the instrumental portion, MM. Tolbecque and Régnier; and as vocalists, Mdle Anna Eyre (of the Italiens), Mdle Rosine Block (of the Opéra), Mdle Granier (of the Renaissance), and M. Bosquin. Mdles Anna Eyre and Block first sang a fragment from Rossini's *Stabat*. Mdle Anna Eyre then gave the air, "Ah fors è lui che l'anima," from *La Traviata*. We say nothing of her beauty and of the perfect grace of her toilet. What especially struck us was the suppleness of her talent, which adapted itself successively to sacred music and the most pleasing specimen of Italian opera. We had previously heard her at the Italiens, and are surprised that the management does not avail itself of the services of this excellent artist.—*Le Petit Parisien*.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 1st:—

Marche Religieuse	Adolphe Adam.
Duet, "Let thy footsteps follow," <i>Faust</i>	Spohr.
Soirées de Vienne (No. 6, A minor)	Schubert & Liszt.
Fantasy on Old English Carols	W. T. Best.
Prelude and Fugue (G major)	Mendelssohn.
Andante, from the Fourth Pianoforte Concerto	Beethoven.
Chorus, "Immortal fame attends thee"	Handel.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 3rd:—

Overture, composed for a Military Band	Mendelssohn.
Air, "From celestial seats descending"	Handel.
Andante, for the Organ (E flat major)	S. S. Wesley.
Sarabande, from the Second Violin Sonata	Bach.
Gavotte, from the Sixth Violoncello Sonata	
Minuetto, from the First Symphony	Mendelssohn.
Marcia Eroica and Finale	W. T. Best.

TO MY ABSENT LOVE.*

Among the glittering gems of night,
That sprinkle all the azure sphere,
There is but one supremely bright,
Whose lustre shines so calm and clear.

In many a circle I have been,
Where youth and beauty brightly shine,
Where diamonds glisten 'midst the scene,
And joy o'erflows like sparkling wine;

Where every sight can please the eyes,
And music's voice is sweet to hear,
Where farthest from the heart are sighs,
And from the gaze the liquid tear.

Yet, mingling with each happy throng,
The one lone spirit there was mine;
To it my star did not belong,

One face was missing—it was *thine*.

G. HUNT JACKSON.

* Copyright.

SWEDEN.—We extract the following from a letter addressed to us from Göteborgsposten, January 20th, 1877:—Victoria Bunsen, our famous contralto, is at present giving concerts in Cristiania (Norway), where her first appearance took place on the 14th inst. Mdle Victoria Bunsen, who never before sang in Cristiania, was received in a most flattering way by the public as well as the press, which latter finds, among her excellent qualifications, a deep contralto, voluminous and strong, well equalised and with a pleasing *timbre* both in the higher and lower register. In making use of her vocal resources, she proves herself an accomplished and intelligent artist, and her execution is correct and tasteful. Her success at the concert was complete; applause and re-calls followed every number, and the last one, the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, was encored. Mdle Felicia Bunsen is praised as an accompanist of great merit.

WAIFS.

Schumann's *Genoveva* is in rehearsal at the Berlin Opera. It is said that Mad. Engalli is engaged by Mr Mapleson. M. Jules Dias de Soria lately made a short visit to Milan. Herr Schubert has left town to play in Paris and Lyons. Mr Carl Rosa's opera company has been playing at Edinburgh with great success.

M. Cavallé-Coll has just completed a magnificent organ for the Town Hall, Manchester.

M. Chennetière, a pupil of the Conservatory, has been engaged at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

M. Gounod's new opera, *Cinq Mars*, is completely finished, and will shortly be put in rehearsal.

The rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* still continue at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Mr Henry Leslie's concerts, with the assistance of his justly famous choir, were resumed last night.

Mad. Adelina Patti is engaged for forty representations next winter at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris.

Herr Heinrich Barth has been appointed pianist to his Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia.

A new theatrical paper, *Don Basilio*, with the inevitable agency attached to it, has been started in Milan.

Mad. Christine Nilsson's success in Vienna has been so great that another engagement has been offered to her.

Mlle Zaré Thalberg is at present at Barcelona, but returns to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera.

M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opera, Paris, has been chosen to build the new operahouse in New York.

Herr Brahms' quartet in B flat was first introduced to an English audience at one of the quartet concerts of Herr Franke.

Certain Republican editors are so mad with Senator Conkling that they would like to hit him over the first half of his name.

What can one poor weak woman, with a thick club, do against a husband who crawls under the bed and refuses to come out?

It is asserted positively that the Vice-Regal Theatre at Cairo will open next year as heretofore, with Italian opera and ballet.

On his way from St Petersburg to London, M. Anton Rubinstein played in Paris at a concert given by M. and Mad. Massart.

Mr Brinley Richards has accepted an engagement in South Wales, to give a series of lectures at Easter, on "National Music."

Sig. Petrella has finished the first act of his new opera, *Salambô*, which he is writing to the order of Sig. Ricordi, the music publisher.

The Emperor of Germany has subscribed 3000 marks, and the Committee of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts 300, towards the Beethoven Monument.

Signora Savertal is, we hear, singing with great success at Livorno, having just finished her engagements at the Teatro dal Verme, and at Pavia.

His Majesty the Emperor of Germany has conferred the Royal Order of the Crown, Fourth Class, on Herr Edmund Bartholomäus, publisher, of Erfurt.

In consequence of the indisposition of M. Vauthier, the part of Annibal, in M. Lecocq's opera of *La Marjolaine*, had to be sustained for some nights by M. Falchieri.

Sig. Lauro Rossi, Director of the Conservatory of Music, Naples, has set on foot a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to Thalberg in the cemetery of that city.

Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* will be performed at the fourth Subscription Concert of Stern's Gesang-Verein, Berlin, under the direction of Professor Julius Stockhausen.

Dr Armitage has presented to the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, one large and two small organs, at a cost of 1,000 guineas.

By order of the Municipality of Aix, the Rue de la Charreterie, where the composer of *Le Désert* resided occasionally with his relations, will henceforth be called the Rue Félicien David.

M. Capoul had not, a few days since, signed with the management of the Italian Opera in St Petersburg. He asks the respectable sum of 120,000 francs for the season of four months and a half.

The King's Cross Theatre, lately put up for sale at the Auction Mart, was "bought in." No bidder went beyond £1,500, although only subject to £9 per annum ground rent for twenty-seven years.

With a view of improving the Services at the Parish Church of Lower Norwood, the authorities have raised the salary of the Organist and Choirmaster to £100, and have appointed Dr. Sloman, of Reading, to the post.

In consequence of a misunderstanding between the author-composer of *Philemon et Baucis* and the conductor of the orchestra, the re-production of the work for the *débuts* of Mlle Donadio-Fodor, at the Paris Opéra-Comique, has been deferred for a short time.

Dr S. H. Mosenthal, the dramatic author, died recently in Vienna. He was born at Cassel, in 1821. Besides his other pieces, he wrote several opera librettos, including those for *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Die Maccabäer*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, and *Die Folkunger*.

Herr Jauner intends devoting himself exclusively to the management of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. He will not renew his lease of the Karltheater, but will be succeeded, after August 1st, 1878, by Herr Pollini, manager of the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Signor Arditi left last Saturday for Vienna, where he is engaged at the Italian Opera to conduct the "Adelina Patti" performances. On his return, in May, Signor Arditi proposes to give his grand orchestral concert at the Royal Albert Hall. The first part of the programme is to consist of compositions by Wagner.

Mdme Jenny Van Zandt (Vanzini) the American *prima donna*, is at Milan with her daughter, Marie (aged sixteen), who is studying for the operatic stage under Lamperti, and who, we are informed, predicts for her a brilliant career. Her *début* is expected to take place in the spring of 1878, at one of the Operahouses in London! *Nous verrons*.

Sophocles' tragedy, *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, is to be given with full band and chorus of one hundred voices, at the new Concert Room of the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday evening next, for the benefit of St John's Hospital. The tragedy will be "recited" by Mr Ryder and Miss Evelyn. Mr J. Rosenthal will lead the band, and Mr Alfred Gilbert will conduct.

On the morrow of New-Year's Day, madame asked her husband for a new outfit. "My darling," he replied, "that would make the third in two months, and times are so hard that—" "You will kill me," exclaimed the lady, bursting into tears, "and my funeral expenses will cost you more than a new dress!" "Ah! but I should have to bury you only once," was the comforting rejoinder.

Mdme Trafford (Mr Frank Romer's accomplished pupil) has been singing the part of Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello* with great success at Cadiz (Spain). A local journal says:—"The applause bestowed on her singing in the final air of the second act, and the "Willow" song of the third, was loud and unanimous, and we sincerely congratulate Mdme Trafford on her great and deserved success."

M. Corentin Guyho and Count d'Osmoy, members of the French Chamber of Deputies, are about to present to that body a resolution for modifying the rate levied upon the Paris theatres for the poor (the *droit des pauvres*). They propose that in future the rate shall be raised, not upon the gross receipts, but upon the profits, thus relieving managers when takings are not equal to expenditure.

Mad. Marie Sass, as reported in these columns, brought an action against the manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique for a breach of engagement, consequent upon M. Victor Hugo's refusal to allow *Lucrezia Borgia* to be played as a French libretto. After pleadings and counter-pleadings, ere the Court had delivered its verdict, which took a fortnight to consider, the matter was arranged amicably.

Herr Richard Wagner, says the *World*, has definitively given up all idea of having any performances at Bayreuth this year. He intends to recruit his finances for the *Nibelungen* treasury by giving concerts in London, during the approaching season. King Ludwig is said to be furious with Wagner for the publication of his recent epistle to the faithful, and has held no less than six privy councils on the subject.

The programme of the fifth Popular Concert, directed by M. Dupont, at Brussels, was devoted entirely to Richard Wagner. The first part comprised the overtures to *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Die Meistersinger*, a romance for the violin, and an air from *Der Fliegende Holländer*. The second part consisted of fragments from the *Ring des Nibelungen*, including "Der Ritt der Walküren," the Funeral March, and the final scene of *Die Walküre*, besides the March composed for the International Exhibition at Philadelphia.

A weekly musical contemporary, in offering some remarks about cathedral organists with reference to the growing taste for modern compositions, ventures to predict that it will indeed be a bad time for Church music if complete neglect should hide the works of Purcell, Kent, and others. We are disposed to think that the utter want of critical discrimination which could couple the glorious works of our greatest English musician with such hollow and weak effusions as "Kent's Anthems" will seriously reduce the value and weight of the writer's well-intentioned advice. If Kent is such an important element of the classics of conservative Church musicians, for goodness' sake let us go ahead and not look backward.—*Musical Times*.

The last manager of the Komische Oper, Vienna, having proved as unfortunate as his predecessors, has resigned the management, and the proprietors have decided on putting up the theatre to auction.

The first concert of the Schubert Society this season took place on Wednesday, Schubert's vocal and instrumental compositions forming the first part of the programme. Particulars next week.

Verdi's *Requiem* has again been performed at Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr Barnby. We have already given our opinion of this sacred work by the foremost living Italian composer, and find no reason in any respect to modify it. That it will ever rival in popularity the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, with which it has been frequently compared, we cannot, despite its many fine passages and occasionally touching earnestness, be induced to believe. Verdi is a genius after his manner; so was Rossini after another.—*Graphic*.

It will greatly please those of our readers who are graduates of a University in Arts, Music, or Divinity, to know that a representative of the "New England" University, U.S.A., is prepared to convince himself, in his chambers in the Strand, of the remarkable merits of those who apply to him for a doctorate; and that on receipt of "the" University dues, any degree is forwarded (by parcel delivery) carefully wrapt up inside an appropriate hood. As the duties which this representative of a learned body has to perform are of a delicate kind, we forbear to mention his name or exact address, although a letter from him offering to confer the degree of Mus. Doc. is lying before us.—*Musical Times*.

The general amusements of the Aquarium are now distinguished for their variety, liberality, and consistent excellence. There are few dull hours, and the day passes pleasantly away. All the morning and afternoon the visitor is treated to a succession of entertainments; the theatre is crowded till dinner-time. Scarcely has Mr Frederic Archer's organ recital ended before songs by Miss José Sherrington and Mr Shakespeare, glees by the well-trained Aquarium choir, &c., lead up to the Beethoven *pièce de résistance*; and after that comes lighter fare in the shape of an extremely clever "second-sight" entertainment, conducted by Mr Herriott, with the aid of his intelligent little daughter Louie, and a ventriloquial performance by Lieutenant Cole, who has no rival in his difficult art. These who find themselves unable to pass a happy time at the Aquarium must be hard to please.

The Reid Festival, since the accession of Sir Herbert Oakeley to the music chair of Edinburgh University, has assumed an importance out of all proportion with that accorded to it in former times. Sir Herbert, by means of courteous demeanour, musical ability, and general conduct, is at length, with the approval of all his colleagues, placed in a position commensurate with the idea entertained by General Reid, the munificent bequeather of the fund. The annual orchestral festival, last week, into details about which we have no space to enter, was, according to all accounts, honourable alike to the Professor, to those who worked under him, and to the growing musical taste of ever-musical "Auld Reekie." The orchestra was that now familiarly styled "Manchester's Own," the credit of forming which is exclusively due to Mr Charles Hallé, who, as might have been expected, was pianist on the occasion.—*Graphic*.

That Frenchmen know how to honour their great artists as well as their warriors has been proved by the ceremony which recently took place over the tomb of Auber, at Père-la-Chaise. During the siege of Paris the composer, still in possession of all his faculties, though almost ninety years of age, took his accustomed walk through the streets of his beloved city; and although beholding with an aching heart the changes wrought by the stern realities of war, bore bravely up against the misery which had fallen upon his country until his favourite horses were seized and killed to supply food for the nation, and then he bowed to his fate and calmly passed away almost unnoticed. But when Paris was restored to her usual life, a subscription was raised to remove the body of Auber from the vault where it had been hastily deposited to Père-la-Chaise; and, although the remains were transferred in December last, it was not until the 29th January that the ceremony we have mentioned took place at the tomb. A handsome but appropriately plain monument had been erected, and a bust of the composer placed at the grave. Instrumental and choral music, from Auber's operas, was given with thrilling effect upon the thousands of mourners assembled; funeral orations were delivered, *immortelles* laid upon the tomb, the tears moistened the eyes of the many who felt that they had lost not only a representative artist who had for so many years lived and worked in their midst, but a true-hearted man who had earned a widely spread sympathy by his kindly and generous nature. It may be justly said that France has a right to be proud of Auber; but this noble tribute to his memory has made the admirers of Auber proud of France.—*Musical Times*.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1877.

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Violoncello—Herr Schubert. Pianoforte—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Röntgen's
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Wagner.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

While all the world waited for the recent manifesto of Prince Gortschakoff, Herr Richard Wagner bustled upon the scene with a circular, addressed from the gaudy house at Bayreuth to his agents at home and abroad. We are sorry to learn that the great composer of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is not happy. But we cannot say that surprise attends regret, because little experience of human nature is needed for the discovery that a man's craving after the food of vanity and pride may be insatiable. Herr Richard Wagner affords a remarkable example of this fact. Were he proud and vain in no more than an ordinary degree, the experience of Bayreuth last August would now be to him a source of supreme content. What happened on that occasion? The attraction of his genius, or the vastness of his pretensions, drew the *élite* of the musical world from all civilised countries to a fifth-rate German town. Men were satisfied to travel hundreds—in some cases thousands—of miles, to pay exorbitant prices, and to endure personal discomforts which those only can appreciate who underwent the experience, simply to know the thing he finally deigned to offer the German people as a national art. At that time the earth was filled with the name of Wagner. His *Nibelungen* Trilogy overshadowed for a moment the Eastern Question itself; the noise of battle between his friends and foes out-thundered the cannon of Turk and Serb; while Emperors, Kings, and Princes paid him homage. Looking back upon the difficult path which led to so splendid an eminence, and conscious that every obstacle had been surmounted by his own resolute daring, Wagner might have said "Even my ambition aims no higher. This is the hour of apotheosis; who will may take the prophet's mantle I now resign." There were visitors to Bayreuth in plenty cherishing small respect for the "new art," and, perhaps, no great esteem for the personal character of its chief exponent; but to a man they sympathised with him in his triumph. Wagner thus conquered the admiration of his bitterest opponents, and doubtless treasured it as the most precious of laurels. Ages ago another clever man stood in a like position. A great King took him into favour, placed him next to the throne, mounted him on the horse sacred to Royalty, and showed him to applauding multitudes as one whom it was a delight to honour. Not an inhabitant of "Shushan, the capital," seeing Haman's pompous array filing along the streets, but believed the favourite's happiness complete. So it would have been, perhaps, had not a poor Jew, sitting in the gate of the palace, omitted to rise and do obeisance. We are sorry to say it, for the sake of human nature, but Wagner has his Mordecai. There are people, stiff-necked and stubborn, who will not bow down to him. It is not so much that professional jesters, like most of the Parisian musical critics, turn his doings into ridicule, as that men of graver sort, whose conversion would be a victory, refuse allegiance. On their account Wagner is unhappy, and, like Haman, meditates reprisals. It is true that he cannot issue an edict for the destruction of all who refuse to acknowledge the perfection of his art; but his mind is made up that no enemy shall in future enjoy the luxury of blasphemy against the Bayreuth Show. How this resolve is to be executed the manifesto points out.

Wagner is careful to explain, first of all, that he had a scheme for the Festival of last August other than that actually adopted. The idea was to offer the *Ring des Nibelungen* as a *bonne bouche* to a kind of family gathering, made up exclusively of the composer's avowed adherents. Why this was departed from is not made clear. In one sentence we are told that Wagner's friends provided him with the means necessary to carry out the plan; and, in another, that he was "compelled by untoward circumstances to have recourse to the curiosity of the general public, and to allow tickets of admission to be offered for sale." The exact nature of the "untoward circumstances" we are left to guess, and can only surmise that the Wagner Societies, having undertaken a responsibility greater than they could discharge, were compelled to traffic for gain with the Philistines beyond their borders. At any rate, the general public were admitted to the performances with a result which, according to Wagner, placed his art and artists in a false light, besides giving rise to a misconception that he was "trying to force the work, together with the peculiar mode of its execution, upon the operatic public in general;" whereas he simply meant to "offer it to its well-wishers and promoters." Although the disastrous nature of these consequences is not very apparent, Wagner has resolved that no further risk shall be run. The true supporters of the undertaking, and persons who wish to hinder its influence, must henceforth be kept apart, nor ever again shall the Bayreuth representations take place "in the presence of those who look upon them with hostile incapacity." Some of us, therefore, unless "hostile incapacity" be turned into friendliness and—what appears to be

synonymous—true discernment, have looked our last at the temple near the Lunatic Asylum of the old Franconian town. It is barred to us, save for that one chance, as effectually as was Paradise to the Peri, and exclusion must be endured as best it can. We may regret this, but have no right to complain. If Wagner prefers appearing only among his disciples, nobody is empowered to say him nay. On our side, however, there is the liberty of speculating as to reasons. According to the manifesto, these are found in the defects inevitable to the early stages of so complicated a form of art—defects which no unsympathetic eye should be permitted to see. But surely all the mischief possible from such a cause has been done. The whole world has inspected Wagner's lyric drama in its crudest form, and the time is somewhat late to look it up from further view. To say nothing about giving occasion for the obvious remark that either this thing cannot endure criticism, or that its critics are excluded as a measure of retaliation. Yet how does Wagner propose to carry on the annual Festival at Bayreuth without those whom he contemptuously styles "the merely paying public?" In the first place, he wishes the Wagner societies to buy up a thousand seats at five pounds each; and, doubtless, this could and would be done, for a few years, at all events. It seems, however, that five thousand pounds is no more than one-half the estimated expense. An equal amount must come from somewhere. Why not, urges Wagner, with characteristic audacity, from the German Government? This is no new idea of the master, for he tells us that he has long had his eye on the Imperial Treasury, looking for "the final participation of the authorities of the Empire as the return I hoped and called for as soon as I should have succeeded, by means of the first performances of my work, in placing the peculiar character of our artistic tendencies in a clear light." He therefore urges all his patrons to petition the Reichstag for a grant of a hundred thousand marks per annum, and dilates with unctious upon the accruing advantages. The permanency of the Festival would be secured; a stamp of national significance would be impressed on a theatrical institution as well as upon its administration; the Government would be interested in the preservation of the original character of an enterprise differing widely from all others, and not less interested in keeping the administrative arrangement free from any taint of pecuniary speculation.

What does Wagner tender the German Government in exchange for the annual five thousand pounds? Neither more nor less than a thousand annual tickets for the series of representations, to be disposed of among those whom the Imperial officials might choose. But here arises another question. How if the Government allot its tickets to persons who would look upon the performances with "hostile incapacity?" Such an untoward event has surely been guarded against in Wagner's mind, though there is no hint of the precaution in his letter; and hence, if the scheme be adopted, the wisdom of the Imperial Government will have to devise a test by which to find out whether candidates for free tickets are really and truly among the elect of Bayreuth. We should like to see a deputation approach Prince Bismarck with Wagner's proposal in hand, and mark the Chancellor's grim smile as its audacity reminds him of a rencontre with the proposer himself. "I am sorry, your Highness, that we meet so rarely," Wagner, then resident in Switzerland, is reported to have said. The Prince is said to have answered, "Unfortunately, it is out of my power to live at Lucerne." Yet what are the German people, in their poverty, likely to think of Wagner's desire to take five thousand pounds a year from the national treasury? Were they all of one mind as to the art presented at Bayreuth, acquiescence would follow as a matter of course. Only a small minority, however, care anything about it, and, this being so, the remainder have a fair right to dissent from the endowment of that which they regard as wrong or valueless, especially when its manifestation is to be a hole-and-corner affair got up for the enjoyment of a select few, and hidden from public criticism. National money should be devoted to national purposes, not spent upon a clique who meet together in an out-of-the-way town, and under the roof of a building the doors of which are shut against all the rest of the world. The scheme, which will certainly fail if there be any common sense left in Germany, is characteristic of its author, and, not only so, but suggestive of more, perhaps, than he would like to acknowledge. That must be a poor weakly thing, no matter to what branch of human enterprise it may belong, which cannot endure the light and wind of heaven, which needs all the care of a tropical plant in the frigid zone, which calls piteously for the Jupiter of Government to be its nursing father, and screams "Take him away!" when it catches sight of a critic. Not under circumstances like these do new arts establish themselves. Rather does the result follow, if at all, upon a manful descent into the arena and a victory gained in the face of the world by sheer force of excellence.

JOHN OXENFORD'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

(From the "Era.")

The following is a list of Mr Oxenford's contributions to the stage:—

Aminta (libretto), Haymarket, January 26, 1852.
An Appeal to the Public, Lyceum, 1848.
Ariadne (adapted from Corneille), Olympic, January 28, 1850.
Beauty or the Beast, Drury Lane, November 2, 1863.
Billing and Coing, Royalty, January 16, 1865.
Bristol Diamonds, St James's, August 11, 1862.
Brother Sam, Haymarket, June 10, 1865.
Case of Conscience, Princess's, November 16, 1857.
Charming Widow, Lyceum, March 8, 1854.
Cleft Stick, Olympic, November 8, 1865.
Cousin Joseph.
Dangerous Friend, Haymarket, October 31, 1866.
Day Well Spent, English Operahouse, April 4, 1835.
Dearest Elizabeth, Haymarket, January 22, 1848.
Dice or Death, Lyceum, June, 1836.
Dr Diworth, Olympic, April 15, 1839.
Doubtful Victory, Olympic, April 20, 1858.
Down in a Balloon, Adelphi, April 10, 1871.
Dream of Love, Opera Comique, October 21, 1872.
East Lynne, Surrey, February 5, 1866.
Family Failing, Haymarket, November 17, 1865.
Family Party, Strand, November 12, 1849.
Five Pounds Reward, Olympic, December 3, 1855.
Girl I Left Behind Me, Olympic, November 2, 1864.
Gone to Texas, Olympic.
Helvellyn (libretto), Covent Garden, November 3, 1864.
Hidden Treasure (partly by the late Tom Parry), Adelphi, November 25, 1871.
I and My Double, Lyceum, October, 1835.
I couldn't Help it, Lyceum, April 19, 1862.
Idol's Birthday, Olympic, 1839.
It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good, Adelphi, May, 1860.
Last Days of Pompeii, Queen's, January 8, 1872.
Legal Impediment, Olympic, October 28, 1861.
Leghorn Bonnet, Adelphi, February 16, 1852.
Life Chase (in conjunction with Horace Wigan), Gaiety, October 11, 1869.
Magic Toys, St James's, October 24, 1859.
Make the Best of it, Haymarket, July 5th, 1851.
Monastery of St Just, Princess's, June 27, 1864.
Mr Hughes at Home, Haymarket, July 5, 1856.
Much too Clever (in conjunction with Joseph Hatton), Gaiety, February 23, 1874.
My Fellow Clerk, Lyceum, April 20, 1835.
Neighbours, Strand, November 10, 1866.
No Followers.
Oliver Twist (new version), Queen's, April 11, 1868.
Only a Halfpenny, Haymarket, May 30, 1855.
Pauline, Princess's, March 17, 1851.
Peter Jenkins, Lyceum.
Please to Remember the Grotto, St James's, December 26, 1865.
Porter of Havre (*Porter's Knot*), libretto, Princess's, September 15, 1875.
Porter's Knot, Olympic, December 2, 1858.
Quiet Day, Olympic.
Rape of the Lock, Olympic, March 27, 1837.
Reigning Favourite, Strand, October 9, 1849.
Retained for the Defence, Olympic, May 23, 1859.
Sam's Arrival, Strand, September 8, 1862.
Stephen Digges, Adelphi, September 14, 1864.
Tartuffe, Haymarket, March 25, 1851.
Timour the Tartar (in conjunction with Shirley Brooks), Olympic, December 26, 1860.
Tragedy Queen, Lyceum, 1849.
Twice Killed, Olympic, November 26, 1835.
Two Orphans, Olympic, September 14, 1874.
Uncle Zachary, Olympic, March 8, 1860.
Virginia.
Waltz by Ardit, Adelphi, March 7, 1874.
What have I done? Olympic, March 12, 1838.
Widow's Weeds (in conjunction with Horace Wigan), March 19, 1870.
World of Fashion, Olympic, March 17, 1862.
Young Lad from the Country, Drury Lane, November 21, 1864.

BRUSSELS.—*La Marjolaine* has been for some time in active preparation here. M. Ch. Lecocq has himself superintended the latter rehearsals.

JOHN OXENFORD.

(From "Yorick.")

Players are an ungrateful race if the news of John Oxenford's death does not awaken in some of the most prominent of them feelings of regretful gratitude. John Oxenford loved the actors and enjoyed their society thoroughly. Added to this he was by nature a kindly critic. Too kindly, some say, because he was rarely severe even when severity seemed needful. Before he applied the lash he invariably reflected whether or not the actor was poor and dependant for his livelihood upon his profession? A word of condemnation in the *Times* is a serious rebuff to any artist. The thunderbolts of Jupiter are not to be dealt about as though they were mere fireworks instead of deadly missiles. Oxenford sometimes erred, perhaps on the side of lenity. We do not blame him for it. Albeit one or two young actors may by a word of praise have puffed themselves up into an undue elevation of egotism, in the main his genial criticism had a healthy effect. Had he not been so capable and cultured a dramatic critic he might have been a more severe one. Incapable and unqualified critics often endeavour to cover their incompetency by a show of blustering satire. That Oxenford tempered his justice with mercy was a proof of his superiority. When he did not point out faults he gave the reason for condemnation. And much of his criticism is worthy of being placed beside Hazlitt's. As we have said, the players ought to regret him. At the well-known histrionic club in Adelphi Terrace he was their literary lion. And he accepted their homage in a spirit of camaraderie characteristic of his Bohemian instincts. If some of them fawned upon him and did him lip-service in view of his journalistic favour, by the better sort he was beloved and honoured. Dramatic criticism has improved generally, in our day has become more healthy, and vigorous, and uncompromising. But for a critic with the breadth of vision and extent of culture that belonged to John Oxenford we look in vain.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER'S GRAND-NATIONAL-FESTIVAL-STAGE-PLAYS.

According to good authority, the festival-plays at Bayreuth will not be repeated this year, the reason being of a technical and political nature, and in no way connected with considerations relating to Richard Wagner's health. The "master" has seldom been better and fresher than since his return from Italy, and is working most energetically in completing the score of his *Parcival*, a musical drama related by form and purport to "*Lohengrin*," and containing more particularly grand choral and concerted pieces. Following the advice of his devoted friend and adherent, August Wilhelmj, Herr Wagner thinks of making, about the middle of April, a professional visit to England, where, as is well known, Herr Wilhelmj has exerted himself successfully in preparing people for the composer's arrival. In the concerts, at which the "maestro" will personally conduct, among other things, several of his newest compositions, Professor Wilhelmj will probably take part. The receipts of the London performances are intended to cover last year's Bayreuth deficit. There is a prospect that next year the festival performances will positively take place in Bayreuth, since it is certain that, by then, the scenic and mechanical improvements will have been carried out to R. Wagner's satisfaction.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Joachim.

Joachim, how shall we name thee, how set apart
 From the many followers of thy tuneful art?
 The King of instruments never lacked for playing;
 Eccentric geniuses, wonders did on one string;
 And many more, whose finely-wrought cadences
 Have moved the human heart to heavenly ecstasies.
 Apart, above them all, thou sits enshrined;
 Grandeur will ever be with thy name entwined.

Benwell.

QUARTET CONCERTS.

The last of the series of quartet concerts given by Messrs Carrodus and Howell was held on Tuesday, the 6th inst., in Langham Hall, and again demonstrated that which the previous meetings had abundantly shown, the high capabilities and merits of those artists. It may therefore be said the purpose for which the series was given has been fully realized; for it is evident pecuniary profit was not the motive, but an honourable ambition to lay before the musical public a test of those qualities the expression of which has been denied them on other London platforms. A few years back every artist claiming eminence gave concerts annually, to afford his friends a chance of appreciating his qualities as an executant or composer. Those occasions were, perhaps, not always productive of sound art, nor real progress, but still they gave the professor something to work for during the year. Those were the days of patronage. But the patronage of the art, following that of literature, has slipped away from the aristocracy to the general public; my lord losing thereby an influence over his countryman not to be replaced either by riches, titles, or political power. The people, thank heaven, have passed their tutelage, and, discarding the lead of the aristocracy, meet weekly in St James's Hall to enjoy a spiritual beauty in art denied to rich and haughty pretenders to culture. The very excellence, however, with its consequent monopoly, of the Popular Concerts has produced disadvantages; for has it not closed the door of entrance to the public to every artist not engaged at them? To remedy this evil, in their own case, Messrs Carrodus and Howell started the series of concerts upon the success of which they are most heartily to be congratulated.

The concert opened with Reinberger's Quartet in E flat for pianoforte and strings, performed by Messrs Dannreuther, Carrodus, Doyle, and Howell. With many striking qualities it has a tendency to that "louder development," which rages and roars in our modern orchestras. The opening movement would, were it not for reiterated unison passages and a dislocation of parts, be acceptable. The Adagio in G major gave promise, by a melodious introductory passage, of relief, soon, however, to be lost in noise and fury. The Minuetto in G minor was quaint and graceful, and the *finale allegro*, with its jig-like introduction and subsequent theme led off by the 'cello, formed a characteristic conclusion to a work somewhat coldly received by the audience, who, perhaps, will learn to appreciate it when more accustomed to its obstreperousness, or when time has brought the relief of partial deafness. Of a very different order were Molique's four pieces for violin and piano, selected from a set of six (Op. 47). Herein was found music, genuine, pure, and without alloy. On this occasion was also found a player who came to his task not only with consummate ability, but a personal love and reverence for the memory of the worthy composer, his kind master. Mr Carrodus gave the earnest and plaintive Ballade (No. 1) in B minor with great breadth of phrasing, and revelled in the cheerful Allegro vivace in A major. He sang on his instrument the meditative Andante arioso in C major, and carolled forth the joyous, Allegretto grazioso in F major. The audience were enraptured at his skill and the themes upon which it had been expended, and insisted upon the repetition of the last piece. He was joined by Mr W. Henry Thomas at the pianoforte, for which instrument Molique has written independent parts that support the leading instrument by solid harmonies, interlaced with graceful melodic passages. Of Mr Thomas's execution it may safely be said that such accuracy, neatness, and refinement are not always devoted to a task often considered subordinate. Chopin's second Scherzo, for the piano, in B flat minor opened the second part of the programme. It is, perhaps, the best known of the works of that captivating composer. Its very familiarity, however, may blind the listener to the self-assertion and pomposity of its character. It was performed by Mr Dannreuther with that mastery over the key-board, breadth of tone, and vigour of accent peculiar to this gentleman's efforts, and was received by the audience with acclamations. Mr Edward Howell played Mendelssohn's Romance. The purity, delicacy, and richness of tone, combined with the rare intelligence of this artist, were worthily expended upon a composition remarkable for grace and power. The audience would gladly have heard it again; but the virtuoso could not be prevailed upon, though summoned repeatedly to the platform to receive their

plaudits. Beethoven's Quartet in F (No. 1, Op. 59), in which Mr V. Nicholson joined the previously mentioned instrumentalists, concluded a delightful evening's entertainment, and proved to the mind of every one present that the executants were fully competent and specially qualified for such work. Mdm Rose Hersee enlivened the programme by singing three suitable songs, in each of which she showed her bright voice, facile execution, and charm of style, qualities that secured for her hearty applause and recalls.

P. G.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Two works were heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, one a concerto in G major for strings only, by J. S. Bach; the other an overture by Mr Alfred Holmes, whose death a few months ago was regretted as the premature end of a career destined, seemingly, to be crowned with success. However much the old German master's composition may suggest reflections upon the class to which it belongs, and the style of which it is an example, there is very little to be said about it *per se*. Even the ingenious annotator of the programme could do no more than call attention to its "extraordinary spirit," and this, we may observe, was well brought out by means of a capital performance. Others of the set of six to which that in G major belongs would, perhaps, better repay revival owing to the singular mixture of instruments they present, not even Mozart's Salzburg compositions showing more quaint grouping. Their production would, of course, be for the sake of gratifying curiosity alone, which object we may conclude was in view when choice fell upon the one played on Saturday. Mr Holmes's overture—that to his MS. opera, *Inez de Castro*—was performed in 1874 by the now defunct British Orchestral Society, and received at that time full attention. We need not repeat now what was said then, and will only remark that, arguing the merit of the opera from that of the prelude, circumstances, by hindering its representation, have not been just. We cannot help regretting, moreover, that the amiable musician, who looked upon *Inez de Castro* as his master-work, should have passed away without receiving the public verdict which he anticipated with confidence and pride. The symphony on this occasion was Beethoven's No. 8—one of those respecting whose performance at the Crystal Palace remarks are as superfluous as is eulogy of the work itself. Enough about music so familiar, played in a style so well known that both together produced an effect which might have been described to the letter beforehand. This time, however, Mr Manns resisted—and very wisely—a demand to hear the favourite *allegretto* again. There is always a danger lest encoring particular movements should grow into a habit and become meaningless, as well as destructive of the symmetry and balance of the work itself. Miss Josephine Lawrence made her first appearance at the Saturday concerts as solo pianist, giving Mendelssohn's Serenade and Allegro gioioso (Op. 43), not only with sufficient executive skill, but with such refinement and attention to details as evidenced progress in her art. Her accent and phrasing were especially good, while her style was agreeably free from the qualities appertaining to "higher development." Miss Lawrence fairly deserved her recall. Another first appearance was that of Miss Robertson, the young lady who has of late come out of the front rank of amateurs in search of an equally honourable place among professionals. She has yet something to do before attaining the object of her worthy ambition, but the owner of a voice so exceptional in its range, and of an intelligence much above the common is, at all events, well equipped by Nature for the task. Miss Robertson sang Mozart's concert aria, "Mia speranza adorata" and Randegger's "Marinella," in a manner that won the favour of her audience, and stamped her Crystal Palace *début* as of an encouraging character. The second vocalist was Mr Lloyd, whose rendering of Brahms' song, "Golden Days," and the Serenade from Clay's *Lalla Rookh*, gained another of the successes to which this favourite tenor is now accustomed.—D. T.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Marchetti's *Gustavo Waza* will shortly be represented at the Teatro della Pergola, with Mad. Durand, Signori Carpi, Manzoli, and Lombardelli in the principal characters. The rehearsals have been directed by the composer. A "Symphonic Ode," entitled *Christoforo Colombo*, has been successfully performed at the Teatro Filarmonico. The music is by Sig. Gambini, who has used the words already employed by Félicien David.

FINISHED PUPILS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—In the turbulent career of a musician there is, perhaps, no period more anxious and painful than that of the student, who, having gone through the prescribed course of studies, with more or less success, awaits public employment. Such is my present state; and I crave your pity and indulgence whilst I recite my trials. By the kindness of friends I was sent to a London institution to cultivate those musical gifts I had precociously manifested. Having left that institution, my supplies are now stopped. Charity ceased when the round of class instruction was completed; for it was thought I then possessed the means of gaining a livelihood, if not of achieving distinction. "Before you," it was said to me, "is the sea of life. Courage, forward! ride bravely on its waters!" But am I afloat? Alas, no. I cannot of myself launch my craft, now stuck fast in the sands of helplessness. Oh for some strong and generous hand to shove me off, and set me sailing in quest of the land of hoped for, nay, of promised success.

Do not suppose, Sir, I have really any ground for complaint of wilful neglect, or that I seek to charge my masters with wrong-doing. As a rule, they have done their duty. Is it not, however, a harsh destiny for one so destitute of friends as myself to be turned adrift from accustomed protection and shelter? My place, however, was wanted; a younger pupil, one who has not yet spent his little all in education, now fills my seat, and possesses the ephemeral affection and interest of my masters. I am therefore discarded, never more to be looked upon with favour until I bring them reflective honours, until I am enrolled as a success in that book of shams and lies called—fame. A music master, after all, seems but an adroit dairyman, who pats the member of his stock that is actually filling the pail; perchance he looks with smiles upon the coming yielders of riches, but coldly turns his back upon the one who, like myself, is dried up and has no more to give. Driven on by my juniors, I am thrust back by seniors, and in the midst of those contrary and opposing forces, I am helplessly tossed to and fro without making progress. If I turn back to my old haunt I am met with the cry of hungry youths, "Make way, you sir, we would also eat." If I press forward my way is barred, and hoarse voices shout, "Hence, starve if ye will; come not nigh, for this is my sole birthright!" Every avenue to the public is choked by a throng of struggling beings, partaking somewhat of the Scylla and Charybdis breed. The youthful traveller finds to his misery that

"Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms."

Am I exaggerating? Let him who thinks so ask any of the many hundreds of "finished pupils" now idle and starving in London. Let him accompany me in my quest of engagements; witness the multitude of my fellow applicants, and hear the cold, harsh responses of employers and *entrepreneurs*, and uncharitable, if not malicious, remarks of established professors. Your journal records only successes—you are too kind to publish failures. Week after week you paint the bright side of musical life, thereby unwittingly leading youth into the snare. Triumph is loud tongued, whilst failure is silent in the street. But it is heard, alas! in many homes, in sighs and bitter lamentations; it is written on hearts that break, on ruined hopes and wrecked lives. Of your mercy aid us, Sir. By your skill devise for us an opportunity of testing our quality. Leave us not, as our masters have left us, "to waste our sweetness on the desert air." Help to gain us an artistic standing ground, before we are crushed by the oncoming of the swarming crowd of scholars! I am, Sir, a helpless though *highly-finished* pupil, and yours always truly,

JONATHAN JONES, Jun.

Somers Town, March 7th, 1877.

"MY MOTHER'S SONG."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—In your notice of my concert at the Langham Hall, the name of Herr Ganz's song was omitted. It was "My Mother's Song," for which I obtained an encore. If you will kindly mention this in your next impression you will much oblige, yours faithfully,
7, Cavendish Place, W.
March 7th, 1877.

MARIE BELVAL.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

The production of a new symphony is not too common an event in the provinces to be passed by without notice, and I will not apologise for troubling your readers with a passage from the criticism of a local newspaper on Mr Ed. Hecht's symphony in F minor, which was first heard at one of Mr Hallé's concerts at the end of last month: "Those who know Mr Hecht in his compositions will not require to be told that in no one of the four movements of the new symphony is there any condescension to anything derogatory to art; no indulgence in tricks and fanciful devices for the sake of pleasing the ear; nothing *ad captandum* is noticed in the work, nor is there any trace of disfigurement by meretricious sentimentalism. We are disposed to think, indeed, that Mr Hecht has not done justice to his gift of melody. He might have been afraid of being accused of writing pretty music. The brightest fancies are too often obscured by over elaborate treatment, and frequently simplicity is sacrificed to excess of colour; the listener's attention is now and then so much occupied with the details that he fails to grasp the continuity of the ideas, and more than once he is confused by what seems like lack of coherence in their sequence. It is quite possible, however, that further acquaintance with the peculiar harmonies and startling discords of particular passages would prove them to be indispensable to the composer's meaning, and we might refer to many notable examples of music now generally admitted to be amongst the greatest, which was said to be dreary when first heard. The first *allegro*, though certainly not the least carefully written, is perhaps the least satisfactory portion of the symphony; its second theme is less attractive than the first; and we do not hesitate to say that the movement might be abridged with advantage. There are some charming passages in the *andante*, and the occasional obscurity does not prevent appreciation of the striking originality of the treatment of the leading theme. The subject of the *scherzo* is very bright and lively, and the *finale allegro con brio* attracts at once by its bold and spirited opening, though in this, as in the earlier movements, the composer seems to have been too anxious to take advantage of all the resources of the orchestra. In congratulating Mr Hecht on the splendid performance of his work and on the cordial manner in which it was received, we do not wish to express the opinion that his first symphony ought to be considered the measure of his musical capabilities, but it may be truly said that he has judiciously avoided the cheap and easy success which might have been secured had he written it in the style it is customary to call 'popular.' His symphony is at least an honest piece of work, and could only have been written by a scholar and a musician."

At the same concert there was a splendid performance of Beethoven's triple concerto, by MM. Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti, and the two distinguished visitors afterwards excited the usual, nay, more than the usual, enthusiasm by their solo performances. Mdlle S. Löwe was the only singer, and she was never heard here with greater pleasure.

Last week *Elijah* was given, under Mr Hallé's direction, and the popular oratorio was, perhaps, never more thoroughly enjoyed here. The principal singers were Mdlle Tietjens, Mdlle Patey, and Mr Vernon Rigby; and, as all sang their best, I need not say how the solos were given. Signor Foli had never sung here in the *Elijah*, and though the music is often rather too high for him, he showed much intelligence, and was very successful. Both ladies were in fine voice, and both seemed determined to do justice to the composer. Mr Rigby, too, was in good voice, and gave great satisfaction.

Mr De Jong gave an extra benefit concert on Saturday last, for which he had engaged Mdlle Tietjens and Mr Sims Reeves, but, unhappily, neither of these distinguished artists was able to appear. Mr Reeves' inability to come had been advertised in the morning papers, yet we believe comparatively few tickets were returned, and when the announcement of the non-appearance of the popular *prima donna* was made to the immense audience, scarcely any took advantage of the offer to return money. Save by the cruel anxiety he must have endured, the enterprising conductor was not too severely punished.

At the last "Gentlemen's Concert" Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor was the opening piece, and Mdlle Valleria and Mdlle Patey were the singers. I see you inserted an extract from a local newspaper about the successful performance by Mr Carrodus of Molique's Concerto, and a cruel note by "D. P.," questioning our right to the title the Gentlemen's Concerts have borne for more than half a century. Mr Carrodus deserves all that was said, and more; but when you next see Mr "D. P.," will you tell him that if he would come to Manchester and see what the Gentlemen here are really like, I am quite sure that so genial a cynic and so keen a judge of human nature would admit that even Grandison has left

successors? *Du reste*, "D. P." is always welcome for his own sake.

Last night Herr Rubinstein played in Manchester for the first time for ten years. The audience was very large, the programme remarkably interesting, and the famous artist's success was almost unparalleled. Here is the programme:—1. *Prélude et Fugue* (A. Rubinstein); *Thème et Variations* (Haydn); *Préludes et Fugues* (J. S. Bach); *Sonate*, in F minor (Beethoven). 2. *Barcarolle* (Schubert—Liszt); *Lieder ohne Worte* (Mendelssohn); *Carneval* (Schumann). 3. *Sonata*, in B minor, Op. 35 (Chopin); *Études* (Chopin). 4. *Nocturne*, *Gavotte*, *Barcarolle*, *Valse Caprice* (A. Rubinstein).

March 7th, 1877.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Jeanne, Jeannette, et Jeanneton, opéra comique, by M. P. Lacombe, was given here for the first time at the Salle Monsigny. It was well played and sung by Mdlles Mariolick, Lyonnel, Noailles; MM. Delorme, Davy, Théo, and Guillemot. The plot is prettily arranged by MM. Clairville and Delacour, and is more original than the music. Since last I wrote the following operas and dramas have been given:—*Belle poule*, *Petite Marquise*, *Camard à trois becs*, *Jolie Parfumeuse*, *Fleur de Thé* (Lecocq), *Gavaut Mineur et Cie.*, *L'Auberge des Adrets*, *Les Jurons de Cadillac*, *Le Bossu*, *Les Deux Veuves*, *César Borgia*, *Le Bourd* (Adam), and *La Mendicante*.

On Saturday last there was a "Representation extraordinaire, au bénéfice de Mlle Marie Lyonnel," who has been at the Theatre de Boulogne some months, and has now become a great favourite, which was proved on Saturday by several valuable presents being offered to and accepted by her, among which I would mention a *poupée* (i.e., a fac-simile of herself as she appeared in the second act of *La belle poule*), about two feet high, which walks and turns its head. The house was crammed to witness the performance of *Les Jeux de l'Amour et du Housard*, a vaudeville in one act, by L. Duru and H. Bocage, capitably played by Mmes Dailly, Legrand, Faillaut, and Théo, M. Delorme, &c. The event of the evening was, however, *La Grande Duchesse de Boulognestein*, set forth in the programme as a "méli-mélo," in one act, words by M. Y—, de Boulogne-sur-Mer, sur la musique de MM. Offenbach, Hervé, Charles Lecocq, etc. (which latter word meant Rossini and Donizetti). Whatever "méli-mélo" may mean I do not know, but I must confess that I never saw a "pot-pourri" with less rhyme, reason, plot, or passion. The words depend mostly on puns on the actors' names, such as the following:—"Es-tu d'avais (Davy), qu'au pied de l'orme (Delorme). et plus loin, le froment (Froment)," &c., and "ce n'est pas une femme c'est une bonne elle (Lyonnel)." The whole was listened to with breathless attention, to catch the local allusions, while the acting of Mlle Lyonnel, especially when she takes the part of a *poissarde*, and makes up as a capital portrait of a certain *dame de la halle*, who was once famous here, but whose name is heard no more (*pour raison de famille*), was exceptionally good, and received hearty applause. *La belle poule* was given afterwards, and the performance terminated at 12.45 a.m.

On Monday the last performance of *Marceau* took place, as a "representation extraordinaire," the prices being exactly half the ordinary ones. There was a full house. On Tuesday another benefit, that of Mlle Dury, *première grande rôle*, took place.

To-night there is a concert for the benefit of the "Lyonnais work-people," at which the Société Musicale, Les Orphéons, and several artists will assist. Benefits on Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday next.

The "Ave Maria" of Isidore de Lara, which I have already mentioned in the columns of the *Musical World* as so successfully sung at the Toussaint (Nov. 1) last year, will be sung at St Nicholas Church at Vespers, on Easter Sunday, by M. Condet.

I think I told you that the composer, M. Isidore de Lara, had again, for the third time, received the highest honours at the Academy of Music in Milan, for composition. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, February 28.

BERLIN.—Signor Gardini commenced his Italian operatic season at Kroll's Theater with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Mlle Gerster, Lucia; Signor Marini, Edgardo; and Signor Mendioros, Enrico, were favourably received, and the performance was eminently successful.

THE NORFOLK AND NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(From the "Norwich Argus.")

No. 1.

I must this week give some space to a subject of great importance, and to which I consider the time has come to draw the attention of those whom it concerns in your old city. I allude to the Triennial Festival which will, in the ordinary course of affairs, come off somewhere in the autumn of 1878. When I last wrote on the subject it was to express the hope that the Committee were going to profit by past experience and set about entirely re-arranging the system on which the Festival has been conducted, or rather, for the last few years, misconducted. To the best of my belief not a single step has as yet been taken to carry out this work. I can scarcely credit that a body of men who are supposed to represent the enlightened musical interests of your city can be content to let things go on as they have done, with the certainty facing them that the results of their mistaken, or at least antiquated notions will once more be a disastrous failure. It ought to be sufficiently evident to them that the circumstances which surrounded and influenced the successful Festivals of bygone years are in nowise the same as those of the present time; while the existing arrangements are hardly altered in any one respect. Let me point out some of these changes to those who seem not to have marked their course.

In the early days of the Norfolk and Norwich Festival these musical meetings formed almost the sole opportunity that the provincial gentry and citizens had of hearing performances of oratorios and sacred works on a large scale. I speak, of course, of those who seldom if ever went to London, and journeys to the metropolis in those times were of rarer occurrence than now. They might hear a full choral service in the cathedral of their own churches, and now and then go to a modest rendering by some local society of the whole or part of a sacred work. But for the truly adequate performance of such music they had to wait, and did wait, for the Festival. It might be expensive, but they had to make the outlay only once in three years, besides they fully calculated the fact that they were directly aiding the funds of the local charities. The nobility and county families, too, were much more ready to come forward than they are now; first, because they were personally solicited to do so by those who are not now alive to continue the good work; secondly, because the triennial meeting used to be a very grand affair and gave great opportunities for show and state; thirdly, because Festivals were then much more fashionable, and there really was an earnest desire to support an excellent hospital. Again, twenty years ago the schemes used to be far more attractive, inasmuch as they contained many new works by famous composers, and the soloists were for the most part superior in numbers and celebrity to those who have appeared in later years.

How altered is all this now! To begin with, a standard oratorio can be heard anywhere in London for a shilling, and such works are constantly being performed in excellent style in every fairly large city or town in the kingdom. The gentry and citizens rarely let a year pass without coming to London, and, if musically inclined, can hear their ordinary festival programme carried out for a quarter the festival price, and certainly in much better fashion than it can possibly be done on the triennial occasion. The county families are principally a third of the year in London, where they do not miss a single performance of note, and when they go to their country seats would rather not be disturbed; moreover they are tired of festivals, and, in these days of wealthy lower classes, will tell you plainly that they do not care to be brought into contact with "anybodies" and "nobodies," especially when they can hear these things so much better elsewhere. As for the charities, some people (I would not say all) prefer making their yearly donations, and having them "writ large" for the eyes of the world to admire, instead of giving them without ostentation in the shape of buying festival tickets. These, then, are the changes, revolutionary in their extremeness, that have gradually taken place; and, while nothing has been done to modify the pre-existing arrangements in the slightest degree, the latter have diminished in consistent and eventually profitable liberality. I was alone in pointing out for months previously the mistakes that led to the failure of the last festival—a failure that it appears to me perfectly possible to avoid repeating, if certain absolutely necessary modifications are entered into and carried out with spirit by those whose duty it is to study the welfare of a trust which has clearly not prospered of late under its primary system of management. My suggestions on this point I must leave for another week, as I have already entered into more space than I originally intended, although not more than the gravity of the subject demands.—*Norwich Argus*, February 24th.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The Italian operatic season terminated on the 18th February.

PERMANENT MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP FOR WALES.

Mr John Thomas makes the following appeal to the Principality, and we heartily wish him success:—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the remarkable results of the first three years of the London Welsh Choral Union Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, I ventured, in my address to the subscribers, to suggest a much more important and comprehensive scheme, viz., the establishment of a Permanent Musical Scholarship for Wales, to be competed for by candidates from all parts of the Principality, and to be open to vocalists and instrumentalists.

Since the publication of the address, I have received so many subscriptions and promises of support in furtherance of the proposed scheme, that I am induced to make a general appeal to my country in aid of so national a cause.

Not less than a Thousand Pounds will be required to endow the Scholarship; and I address myself specially to choral societies and lovers of music to support my efforts. Should these efforts be crowned with success, the Scholarship will be of immense advantage to all young rising musicians in Wales, and be the means of rapidly raising the general standard of musical excellence throughout the Principality.

The Scholarship is intended to give the successful candidate three years' musical education at the Royal Academy of Music; so that, at the termination of the period of each Scholarship, another educated musician may be added to those who have already distinguished themselves, and who are indebted to that Institution for the high position they occupy in their profession.

As soon as the necessary amount shall have been subscribed, a committee will be formed for the purpose of carrying out the object in view.

Subscriptions (which will be duly acknowledged, and lists published from time to time) to be forwarded to me. Believe me, yours sincerely,

JOHN THOMAS (Pencerrdd Gwalia).
Harpist to her Majesty the Queen.

53, Welbeck Street, London, W.
St David's Day, 1877.

No. 2.—SUNSET.*

(From the Italian of Signor Felice Mariani.)

It is the hour when winds and waves
Scarce heave one sigh around their caves;
It is the hour to musing sweet,
When sun, and sea, and glory meet.
The sinking orb seems in his flight
Pausing to bid the world good-night—
No funeral waters o'er him swell,
And peal afar his funeral knell.

But though he's gone beneath the sea,
A pensive glow like memory,
That beauteous light of snow long set,
In soften'd radiance lingers yet.
As we behold him thus retire,
In such a cloudless blaze of fire,
Leaving a twilight in the air,
That softly, sweetly, lingers there,—

We think of when our course is o'er,
And on this world's remotest shore,
When, like yon blended sky and sea,
Time melts into eternity.
Like him we look a last adieu,
Ere yet the earth fades from our view!
O may no clouds around us lower,
To darken our departing hour!

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

* Copyright.

NIMES.—*Les Huguenots*, which, as announced a short time since in the columns of the *Musical World*, was never performed in this town, for fear of a collision between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, has at length been brought out at the Grand-Théâtre. On the first night it did not go off so smoothly as could have been wished, in consequence of the tenor part being taken at a very short notice by M. Mazurini, in place of M. Léon Achard, suddenly summoned to Paris by the death of his child. In other respects everything went off very well, and of the dreaded collision between the two great religious parties, there was not the slightest indication.

A BOOK OF OLD SCOTCH BALLADS AND AIRS.*

As Fletcher of Saltoun was dining close to the Thames, in company with the Earl of Cromarty and Sir Christopher Musgrave, one day during the reign of Queen Anne, the conversation happened to turn on the way in which the lower classes were "daily tempted to all manner of lewdness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets." Hereupon Fletcher of Saltoun said he knew a very wise person who believed that: "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." We have all heard these words quoted—or misquoted—times innumerable, and there can be no doubt that the power of ballads over the human mind is very strong, though it would, perhaps, be rather a dangerous experiment to entrust all legislation to a Parliament whose members owed their seats solely to the authorship of compositions of the kind in question. Still, we have little opinion of a nation that cannot boast of its ballads. Poland possessed no ballads, and Poland has ceased to exist as an independent state. Nor is the influence of ballads confined to the poor and uneducated; some of the greatest and most polished poets drew their earliest inspirations from ballads, and all members of the *genus irritabile* have felt their charm. Every addition to our stock is a gain, and for this reason we feel thankful to the Dean of Moray, the Rev. Mr Christie, for the handsome quarto volume he has recently published, and we anxiously look forward to the promised second volume.

Of the one hundred and fifty, or more, ballads presented to us, the text of the majority are taken, often in an abbreviated form, from the works of Bishop Percy, Sir Walter Scott, Jamieson, Motherwell, Kinloch, Sharpe, Buchan, and others—as we learn in the preface. About thirty are published for the first time, from traditional sources, while a few were written by the Dean himself and his late father, in imitation of the old style. In giving us the hitherto unpublished ballads, the Dean has not always reproduced them as he heard them recited. Whenever he considered the old version objectionable in its rugged and primitive simplicity, too outspoken, or too coarse, he thought it incumbent on him as a Christian clergyman so to "purify them" that they might be sung in any company. We sincerely respect his view of the matter, but cannot help regretting he holds it. If many able churchmen of ancient and modern times had regarded their editorial duties in the same light, the grand literature of classical antiquity would have come down to us sadly mutilated. The Dean would be increasing the obligation under which we already stand towards him, if he would publish, for antiquarians and scholars alone, a small extra volume, containing the genuine traditional versions.

For musicians, one great attraction of the book consists in the fact that it contains not only the words, but the airs as well. It is a storehouse where we find most valuable and rare specimens of genuine old Scotch melodies, which bear about as much resemblance to what modern composers have been pleased to dub Scotch melodies, as the Highlander who figures in the ballets of Continental theatres bears to the true and genuine son of Ancient Gael. The airs rescued from oblivion by the Dean cannot fail to interest deeply the lover of musical lore. They teem with instruction. One popular fallacy, namely: that the flat seventh was inadmissible in Scotch melodies is strikingly refuted by them, as strikingly as the similarity existing between them and the folk-songs of Norway and Sweden prove that the forefathers of the God-fearing and sober race who now inhabit the sea-coast of Aberdeen owed their possessions in Scotland much more probably to their good swords than to their hereditary title-deeds.

Before closing our notice of this charming work, let us again thank the Dean for the pleasure afforded us by the first volume, which we cordially recommend to our readers.

MARSEILLES.—*Piccolino* has been performed, with Mdlle Reine in the principal character, at the Grand-Théâtre. A three-act buffo opera, *Le Grand Mogol*, words by M. Chivot, music by M. Edmond Audran, both of this town, has been successfully brought out at the Théâtre du Gymnase.

* Traditional Ballad Airs, arranged and harmonised for the Pianoforte and Harmonium from Copies procured in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, by W. Christie, M.A., and the late Wm. Christie, Monquhitter. Edited, with the Words for Singing and with Illustrative Notes, by W. Christie, M.A., Dean of Moray, &c., and Chaplain to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

A BORDEAUX CRITIC ON M. FAURE.

These lines, intended to epitomise our opinion of the above eminent artist, have been reserved until after his departure. It struck us that, when our hands had ceased applauding him, this retarded evidence of our admiration would be, as it were, a last echo of his triumph—a most humble, but assuredly a most sincere echo of it.

There is no place in France where art, especially music, is more cultivated and more honoured than in our own handsome and intelligent city. All lyrical and instrumental celebrities make a point of appearing in our theatres and at our concerts, which are the envy of Lyons and Marseilles. The public of Bordeaux are not an ordinary public; they possess artistic taste and instinct. They have given proofs of what they are capable; they have contributed their full share of remarkable artists, and, when they grow enthusiastic for one of the latter, it is very certain they know what they are doing. Exaggeration does not enter into their temperament, since, though the latter participates in the ardour of the South, it does not allow that ardour unduly to overflow. For these reasons, we consider that Faure's success here is most conclusive; a success of which he ought to be more proud than of any other; a success which most loudly condemns the ostracism, so to speak, which has driven him from the Grand-Opéra, Paris. It is not our province to busy ourselves with the material side of the question, but we think that M. Halanzier was bound, at any price, to secure our greatest lyric artist for the first theatre in France, and that the success achieved by Faure in the country constitutes a thorough condemnation of the artistic judgment of the very clever manager.

In three different characters, we have seen Faure equally good and equally perfect; whether interpreting Mephistopheles, Guillaume Tell, or Alphonse, he identifies himself with each of these types, so different to one another. His voice is skilled in rendering the most violent as well as the gentlest emotions; and right royal is the way in which he sings the "Jardins de l'Alcazar" or says to Balthazar: "Priest, do not forget what you owe to your King!" While he is impassioned, ironical, and cruel in turns with Léonore; with Arnold he is heroic; and with Jemmy, pathetic. We must have heard him utter the words, "Mais je connais le poids des fers!—Quel fardeau que la vie!" or the phrase, simple though it be: "Elle nous attend tous les deux;" to know to what a height he is capable of rising. In *Faust*, not to mention the grand and most striking pieces, such as "La Danse du Veau d'Or," the "Sérénade," &c., with what meaning he emphasises the words, "Vous voyez qu'elle a fait bon accueil aux bijoux," and "La voisine est un peu mâre." It is this power, this truth of expression, for which his acting is remarkable. He gives due value to the slightest details which go to make up a part in its entirety, which sustain the interest, and lend constant animation to the story. We have already spoken of his gestures, his costumes, and his stage-bearing; in these respects we do not think it possible that the perfection he has attained can be excelled.

There is one point on which criticism will be at variance with all singers: there is not a singer of any importance who does not take some liberties with the text. We shall never succeed in compelling an artist possessing in his voice some one particularly rich note, not to be prodigal of it and not to substitute it occasionally for another, especially if it does not injure the style and the harmony of the musical phrase. Faure is very sparing, if not altogether innocent of these familiarities, though he has been accused of some. We consider them, however, in his case, of slight importance. We think that the respect due to the composers and their works do not suffer from them, and that, invariably bearing, as they do, the stamp of the best taste, they are very venial. They are, moreover, extremely uncommon, and, in the three grand operas in which he appeared here, we can enumerate only a very few. What Faure respects most deeply is the intention, the thought, and the genius of the composer; to render these he employs all the manifold and admirable qualities which nature has lavished on him. We believe it would be impossible for anyone to penetrate more deeply than Faure into a part; to adorn it with more delicate gradations of light and shade; to hit upon more felicitous contrasts and juster intonations; to identify himself more thoroughly with a character or an epoch. Faure does not possess that mordant which instantaneously seizes on the public. He proceeds by degrees; he leads his audience to the sublimest

heights of enthusiasm by a road on which each stage is cleverly calculated; he exerts a kind of fascination; his normal condition is the monotony of perfection, varied by outbursts of genius.

Not satisfied with charming *dilettanti*, he thought he might do something also for the poor, and he did it on a grand scale. Bordeaux has not been chary of its ovations to this great artist, who expends his talent, as he expends his wealth, in profusion. For our part, we are happy at not having shown ourselves the least fervent of his admirers.—*Journal de Bordeaux*.

—o—

DR W. A. BARRETT'S LECTURES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your issue of 24th ult. there is a notice of a lecture by Dr W. A. Barrett on the English glee composers, &c., which gave me much pleasure to read. It is pleasant to find men of Dr Barrett's ability and artistic taste devoting themselves to such a meritorious labour, and had I been a resident in London, the chances are I would have formed one of the audience on that occasion, it being a subject which interests me deeply. I trust the Doctor will not be offended with me, however, if I venture to supplement one of his statements, viz., that "Webbe wrote 107 glees, besides other works." I possess a list of no fewer than 211 glees, &c., of Webbe's, of which 163 are original, and the others harmonized or adapted (48 in number). Many of these were published *singly*, or in works got up by other composers, and it required the enthusiastic and persevering research of more than thirty years on my part to disinter them. Any person perusing Lonsdale's edition of Webbe's glees, in three large volumes, published after the composer's death, and edited by his son, would be apt to suppose that it contained all, or nearly all, of his pieces, as probably Dr Barrett did. Webbe also wrote several masses, anthems, &c. One more slight correction in regard to R. J. S. Stevens (called *Stephens* in your notice). I have always understood the year of his birth to have been 1753, and not 1769, as stated in your notice. Trusting that my emendations will be accepted in the same spirit in which they are written, I remain, yours truly,

D. BAPTIE.

MY LITTLE LOVE.*

Winsome little love of mine,
Sitting in the twilight shine,
Blue eyed, dimple cheek'd, and fair,
Tossing back her wealth of hair;
Singing as the birdies do,
When the skies are bright and blue;
Wooing all my heart away
With the burden of her lay—
Love.

Winsome little love of mine,
How her blue eyes gleam and shine!
Sixteen summers scarce have shed
Gladness o'er her sunny head;
Yet I told a story sweet,
Sitting at her dainty feet,
In that happy twilight time,
When our voices sang in rhyme—
Love.

LOUISA GRAY.

* Copyright.

BRUSSELS.—We read in the *Indépendance Belge* that M. Charles Meerens has had a certain number of copies printed of his *Mémoire* upon the diapason, which was addressed to the National Institute of Geneva, and was read at the meeting of the 21st October last. The *Mémoire* was inserted in the annals of the Institute and unanimously approved. Although the works upon musical theory of M. Meerens—our contemporary remarks—have no longer need of recommendation; we, nevertheless, call the attention to the *Mémoire* of those who interest themselves in the question of "musical pitch," which now seems completely and definitely settled. The general approbation of the solution given by M. Meerens fully justifies its success. Little seems now needed in order that the *la* of 864 vibrations should be adopted universally, and that the difficult question of the diapason be at last decided to the satisfaction of all. We know that a difference of opinion as to a few vibrations (absolutely null from a practical point of view), has kept the unity of tone in suspense all over the world for the last twenty years.

Musical World Ballads.

(By our Special Cockney.)

No. IV.

A Merry Curious Dream.

O gentelfoke! O gentelfoke
i've sich a tail 2 tell.

'T'wos all along ov 'ot pork chops
Wot hunto me befell.

Veerby a lessing u may lern
Ov wot is good 2 heat,
Afore up stares 2 bed u takes
Yer pore hold weery feet.

Arter pork chops i slept & dreemd
Ven lo! a churchyard dreer,
Vith graves & tooms, & 'erselike u's
Did hunto me appeer.

The vind it 'owld, the howl did 'oop
Hup in the hivy tower,
Vile cross the sky the clouds they rusht
Full 60 mile an hour.

And now & then the moon pcept hout,
2 thro a gashly lite,
& hevry toom it seem'd a ghost
A-standin there in site.

"O, hout o' this i goes" ses i,
& turns and tries to run.
Lor' bless yer, not a foot ood move
(Don't grin, it haant no fun).

Then all at vunce, i 'gan to walk,
But not the vish'd-for vay.
A power misterous led me hon
An' veer i kood not say.

But, ho! it wos a curious thing!
At hevry step i took
The vind vent down, the clouds packt hoff
(I'll swear it hon the Book),

Till, has i stopt beside a grave,
It kum a bootjous nite,
An' "Schubert" on the stone i red
As plane as hin daylite.

Among the branches hover 'ed
A niteingale did sing,
An' all around there wos a sound
As hov a hangel's ving.

But O, most vunderfull 2 tell!
Sweet moosio i did 'ear,
'T'wos 'evingly moosic in the hair
A-sounding loud & kleeer.

Down dropt i on my marro-bones
Vile teers kum hin my hi's—
"O, never vill i go" i ses,
"From these celestahul jyes."

But has i neeld, the moosic dide,
The hangels floo away,
The niteingale, she stopt 'er song
As tho 't wos break ov day.

The vind so fowl began to 'owl,
And dark clouds 'id the moon;
"Woo-hoop, who-hoo" the vise burd kride,
i trembled like a loon.

As vell i mite, for throo the tooms
There kums a figger dred,
Vith vild, vite air, and long black close
—i vood av turnd & fled.

That figger hit droo ni the grave,
An' neeling hat the stone,
Did chip, chip, chip, vith chissale keen
(Hit thote hit wos alone).

Chip, chip, the chissale vent amane,
The howl it kride, "Ho! Ho!"
An' hi, oo stood there lookin' hon,
Ses, "'Bre's a rummy go!"

At last the figger ras'd itself,
A shape so lonk & stern,
And then vot wos it's little game
I speedily did lern.

Pore Schubert's name wos roovind quite,
It wea'd me for 2 c,
S. C. L. P. G. I. B. S.
C. z. R. C. and T..

My hanger, bilin' like a pot,
I kood no more repress.
Ses i "Old man, give me yer name,
Likewise kerrect address."

The figger lookt, but not at me,
At suthin' next my side,
I turns my ed, and, lo! there stood
A woman heegle-hi'd,

Vith grand set face, an' pashunt meen,
All drest in robes ov vite,
Vile in 'er 'and she bore a sword.
O, 't wos a goodly site!

"Oo keers for Trooth?" the figger black
All sneerindy did say,
"Go 2 the bottum ov yer vell,
For u av had yer day."

Lord, 'ow the howl did skreem jist then,
"Too-who, too-who, too-whit,"
But Trooth, she hanserd nare a vurd,
Nor ohangd 'er face a bit.

She honky beckund vith 'er 'and,
And now—most strange to tell—
Vith sithe and 'ourglass Time there stood
—The figger give a yell.

"O, spare me, spare me," loud it kride,
But kryin wos in vane,
For bit by bit it disappeerd
Vile thunder rord amane.

Hout kums the moon, so brite & kleeer
As Trooth, she rased her sword,
And tuched the mootelated stone
—U vont beleve my vord.—

But L I S and z and T
Did gleam vith sulfrous lite,
Vile hall the rest shone sweetly there
In 'evingly randyunce brite.

Now Father Time puts hout 'is 'and
To likewise tuch the stone,
Lo! L I S Z T wos gone
And Schubert stood alone.

Then Time and Trooth bith blent the grave
Vich stratevay blossomd hore
Vith bootjous heeverlastin flowers,
—The like vos nare afore.

"Ooray" kryes i, an' waves my 'at
'Igh hup abuv my 'ed,
Then gives a jump for joy, & voke—
I'd tumbled hout o' bed.

J. B.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

LAST CONCERT BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.
THE THIRTY-FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SEXTET, in B flat, Op. 18, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, PEZZE, and PIATTI ... *Brahms.*
SONG, "Only a year ago"—Mlle SOPHIE LOWE ... *Agnes Zimmermann.*
ÉTUDES SYMPHONIQUES (EN FORME DE VARIATIONS), for pianoforte alone—Mme SCHUMANN ... *Schumann.*

PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mme SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Irish Lullaby" ... *C. V. Stanford.*
Mlle SOPHIE LOWE.
ANDANTE and SCHERZO, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*
Conductor ... *Mr. ZERBINI.*

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 10, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
AIR, "Honor and arms"—Herr HENSCHEL ... *Handel.*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 101, for pianoforte alone—Mme SCHUMANN ... *Beethoven.*
SARABANDE and TAMBOURIN, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ... *Leclair.*
SONGS, { (a) Venetianische Lieder:
"Wenn durch die Piasetta"
"Lele! rudern hier"
(b) "Flutenreicher Ebro" } ... *Schumann.*
Herr HENSCHEL.
QUARTET, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Haydn.*
Conductor ... *Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.*

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. THIS DAY. The Programme will include:—1. Festival Overture (G. A. Osborne), first time at these Concerts. 2. Dramatic Concerto, for violin and orchestra (Spohr). 3. Symphony, No. 2, in G (Schumann). 4. Romance, for violin, from the Hungarian Concerto (Joachim). 5. Overture to *William Tell* (Rossini). Vocalists—Mme Sinico-Campobello, Signor Campobello. Solo Violin—Mr Henri Petri (his first appearance). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANN. Numbered Stalls, in Area and Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, in Area and Gallery, One Shilling. After the Concert, the Band of the Scots Fusilier Guards will play for Promenade.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL. Friday, June 23, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 26, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will shortly be published.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—NOTICE.—At the LAST CONCERT but ONE, on WEDNESDAY next, the programme will consist entirely of Standard Songs, one part being devoted to Old English, and the other to Scottish Ballads. It will include:—"Robin Adair," "Tell me my heart," and "On the Banks of Allan Water" (Mme Edith Wynne); "Caller Herrin" and "The Three Ravens" (Mme Antoinette Sterling); "The Balliff's Daughter of Islington," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and "The Blue Bells of Scotland" (Mme Cave-Ashton); "The Bay of Biscay" and "The MacGregor's Gathering" (Mr Sims Reeves); "Draw the Sword, Scotland," "The Anchor's Weigh'd" and "The Thorn" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "Soots who has wi' Wallace bled," "Friar of Orders Grey," and "Hearts of Oak" (Mr Maybrick); "Drink to me only with thine eyes" (Mr Beckett); "Jessie, the Flower of Dumbane" (Mr De Lacy); Mme Arabella Goddard will perform "The Vicar of Bray" and *Fantasia on Scotch Airs*. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOSEY & Co., 295, Regent Street.

JOACHIM.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Music, granted to Joachim, by grace of the senate last May, was conferred on him at Cambridge on Thursday. Joachim was introduced to the senate in an eloquent Latin speech by the Public Orator, Mr J. E. Sandys.

In the evening a concert took place in the Guildhall. Dr Joachim, the hero of the evening, was greeted on his *entrée* with uproarious applause, which was renewed with increased warmth after his magnificent performance of Beethoven's Concerto. Dr Joachim's new Overture, and Brahms' Symphony in C minor, were given with great success. Full particulars next week.

DEATHS.

On the 26th February, at View Island, Reading, of congestion of the lungs, in the fifty-first year of his age, Major WARD SOANE BRAHAM, Royal Berks Militia, youngest son of the late John Braham, Esq.

On the 5th March, at his residence, 23, Green Heys Road, Prince's Park, Liverpool, THOMAS JAMES BESWICK.

NOTICE.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from time to time, as expedient.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1877.

Pro and Con.



At the Bee and Bottle.

COLONEL TWIST.—By Jove!—you shall come.
DR SEIVERS (shivering).—I had enough the other night.]

COLONEL TWIST.—By Heliogabalus!—come you must.
 DR SHIVERS.—I won't! (*emphatically*). I can't.
 COLONEL TWIST.—By Pan!—If you don't, I'll twist you into a knot.

DR SHIVERS.—Gordian?

COLONEL TWIST.—Gordian—by St Simeon Stylites!

DR SHIVERS.—Then, blow'd if I do.

COLONEL TWIST.—By Alexander ab Alexandro!—I'll make you come. You were asleep, by Troglophides!—all through the *Preludes*.

DR SHIVERS.—I wasn't. I talked with Jumbo, who talked with *Jumbo*.

COLONEL TWIST.—Get out, or, by Julius Scaliger!—I'll drag you to the spot. I'll twist you into a knot—by Franciscus Huefferius!

DR SHIVERS.—Gordian?

COLONEL TWIST.—Gordian!

DR SHIVERS.—Then I shan't be able to budge.

COLONEL TWIST.—I have my scymetar. I'll sever the knot with my scymetar—by the umbril of Pomponatius!

DR SHIVERS.—Go to!—tyrannical old Saracen! Besides *Jumbo* and *Jumbo* promised to meet us at the Bee and Bottle.

COLONEL TWIST.—No, by Barbaggia!—they didn't.

DR SHIVERS.—By Barberossa!—they *did*; and so *did* Boil and Powis, Sir Caper and Pitt—to talk about *Mazeppa* —

Loud crash in Smoke-room.



COLONEL TWIST.—By Benny Dick Spinoza!—what's that?

(*Voices outside, significant of difference of opinion.*)

DR SHIVERS (*shivering*).—That's Boil and Powis. Boil's the most obstinate fellow I know, and Powis the most oleaginous.

[*Exeunt temporarily.*]

Enter BAYLIS BOIL and PURPLE POWIS.



MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I tell you it's infernal rubbish.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—But don't you remember that passage of six-threes in the *Preludes*?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Shade of Lamartine!

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Lamartine sold his shadow in 1848 to Louis Blanc, who gave it to Victor Hugo, who gave it to Berlioz Hector —

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I tell you it's all rubbish! —

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Beg pardon—who gave it to Berlioz Hector (*hinc the Troyens*), who swallowed it. Remember, too, that passage where the violins go up —

MR BAYLIS BOIL (*interrupting him*).—And then come down?

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Exactly.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I tell you it's rubbish. Charon wouldn't ferry it over Styx.

[*Noise outside as of wrangling. CERBERUS barks.*]

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Oh, that's Sir Caper and Dandy Pitt —

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Awful bores. Let's go smoke.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Assuredly. [*Exeunt to smoke-room.*]

Enter SIR CAPER O'CORBY and MR LAVENDER PITT.



MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad! I hear the bark of Cerberus.

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! three gentlemen in one.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Ap'Mutton has slain Cerberus. Be the hand o' me body!—nobody here.

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Dweadful!

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the beard of me grandmother!—A nice evening you've made me spend. Arra! thread on me coat tails!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No!

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the sinews of th' O'Corby's! I'm still on horseback, bound hand and foot!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—I can't loose bit or bridle.

MR LAVENDER PITT.—No bit, no biddle, no saddle, no girth, no stiups, no spurs. Aw! A wild animal, you know.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad! Tied to a wild mare's belly, like Sir Pelcas! Begott!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! no—horse's back, with thongs. Aw!

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Next time I see th' Habby, be St Patrick! I'll tie him to th' horse tail.

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Limner Lyall will do that. Dem-nition!

(*Louder crash in smoke-room.*)



SIR CAPER O'CORBY (*frightened*).—Bedad! What's that? Thread on me coat tails!

MR LAVENDER PITT (*trembling*).—Aw! No! Besides, I have an appointment at the Horse and Stamps—werry pressing.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the calf of me leg, and I have another. Bedad! at the Moon and Ghoul. I shall rethurn in the condition of an hour.

MR LAVENDER PITT.—And I in less than half an hour, you know. Aw!

[*Exeunt both precipitately from Bee and Bottle.*]

Enter MUMBO and JUMBO.



MUMBO.—Bere im Corby?
JUMBO.—Bere im Pitt?



(Noise in smoke-room. Smash, as of bottles exchanged. Differences of opinion are clearly suggested. MUMBO and JUMBO run out from different doors, exclaiming—Wagner him come.)



Dr Serpent.—All right. Wagner comes. Our plans are ripe. Keep counsel. Sleep not.

Dr Ghost.—I have not slept since I died, and cannot be laid till Richard brings his box—his Pandora's box.

Dr Serpent.—*was dupov.* A nice box, with only "Hope" at the bottom, when "Hope" at the best could tell "a flattering tale." Ask Algernon Swinburne what he thinks of that. Nevertheless, the nymph, Chione, was turned into a hawk.

Dr Ghost.—By Minerva—because she proclaimed herself more beautiful than that goddess. Wagner would turn Liszt into a buzzard, if Liszt proclaimed himself more beautiful than that god, and—

Dr Serpent (interrupting him). Which, by the way, reminds me that you promised, if I brought Wagner, you would bring Liszt. I have brought Wagner.

Dr Ghost.—Yes, but you have also brought Rubinstein. Rubinstein plays the piano; Wagner calls it "hammer-music."

Dr Serpent.—There are, according to the prophet Ezekiel, as it were, wheels within wheels. Where Rubinstein is Liszt cannot be.

Dr Ghost (reflectively).—And vice versa?

Dr Serpent.—Exactly. If both came together, St James's Hall would fly off like the palace of Aladdin—

Dr Ghost (interrupting him).—Or the comet of Hallé?

Dr Serpent.—Halley, not Hallé. Hallé was never so far off the earth as that comet. Otherwise, precisely.

Dr Ghost.—Be consoled. I will induce Liszt to come next year, and he shall bring with him a box just as full as Pandora's, but with no "Hope" at bottom.

Dr Serpent.—What will Académus then say about pedals?

Dr Ghost.—Or *Athenaeus* about "*feu sacré*?"

Dr Serpent (in haste).—Let's go see 'em both. Mumbo and Jumbo, though cowards, will soon be back—

Dr Ghost (interrupting him).—And you are anxious to witness the result of scrimmage in smoke-room.



Drs Serpent and Ghost.—Ahehiohuh! (Vanish.)

Schluss folgt,

AN UNPUBLISHED MASS BY MOZART.

WE learn from Paris that an interesting and hitherto unpublished MS. of Mozart is in the market. It is his autograph of a Mass composed, about 1777, for the Convent of the Holy Cross at Augsburg, during one of Mozart's visits to his cousin, a bookbinder in that city. The MS. was preserved in the library of the convent till the secularisation of that institute, when it was presented by the librarian to Mozart's relative, who, at his death, left it to his son. From the latter it can with certainty be traced to the present owner, who is ready to part with it on reasonable terms. A contributor to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, who saw the MS., many years ago, says there is no doubt as to its authenticity, and declares it to be a fine specimen of the master's early style. He especially praises the "Domine Deus" and the "Incarnatus." Here is a chance for English collectors!

Richard Wagner.

THE following is the substance of a letter addressed to the *Times*, of March 3rd, by a correspondent from Munich:—

"Herr Richard Wagner's health has improved. The eminent composer intends paying a visit to England in the course of April. The object of his excursion is the bringing out parts of his *Ring des Nibelungen* trilogy on the English stage, and he wishes to superintend the performances himself. It is no longer a secret that last year's festivals at Bayreuth were not, from a financial point of view, successful. A large deficit was incurred. Bayreuth will, for the present, have to forego the advantage of beholding the gods and heroes of Walhalla, with their large retinue of followers. By-and-bye Herr Wagner may renew his venture in that town, but the price of admission will be considerably reduced. Having modified his former resolution, he is now ready to sell to German theatrical managers the right of performing the *Nibelungen*, without insisting upon special conditions. The Hamburg and Leipzig public will soon be benefitted by this condescension. Munich has already witnessed *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, and will shortly be edified with *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*. The King of Bavaria, proprietor of the original score, has, it is said, out of consideration for Herr Wagner, withdrawn his objection to the third and fourth sections of the Tetralogy being represented out of his dominions. Wagner wishes to afford German theatres in general an opportunity of showing whether they are ahead of him in scenic and decorative appliances. The indefatigable composer is engaged upon a new opera, *Parcival*, a counterpart to *Lohengrin*, which has already earned in England, as well as other countries, well-deserved recognition as a work of art."

This sounds strange after Wagner's recent edict, which will be found at length in another column. A new colour must have been given to possible events. What are the shabby Burgomasters, tradesmen, and householders of the city of the Margrave about? At all events, Herr Wagner may feel sure of a cordial reception in this country. **Otto Heard.**

MR HENRY LESLIE gave the first of his series of concerts for the present season at St James's Hall, on last Thursday evening week. The room was crowded. One of the principal attractions was J. S. Bach's Motet for a double choir, "Sing ye to the Lord," given for the first time in London, and sung with immense effect. Want of space compels us to defer further particulars till next week.

NAPLES.—The following operas are announced for performance at the Teatro del Fondo between the present date and the end of May:—*Saffo*, Pacini; *Luisa Miller*, Verdi; *Eliza e Claudio*, Mercadante; *I Puritani*, Bellini; *Diana, e la Fata dei Pozzuoli* (new), and *I promessi Sposi*, Petrella; and *La Campana dell' Eremitaggio*, Sarria.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MAN might feel quite as warm and comfortable in a coat made by a village tailor as he would in the most satisfactory garment built by Poole himself; still, if he belonged to the fashionable world, he would not like to walk down Bond Street in such a coat during the height of the season, or don it when he went for a canter in the Row. In such matters the style is as important as the material; perhaps a great deal more so. The same principle appears to influence advertisers in America. They, too, attach great weight to style in their mode of announcing to the world the boons they are prepared to offer, in the shape of professional advice, food, instruction, infallible elixirs, rare opportunities, amusements, businesses, merchandise, and every other conceivable thing under the sun, to their fellow creatures. Here is a specimen of the sort of notification to which we refer, as applied to pianos:—

"He won't do it again, if he knows it. He wanted to surprise her; so, at night, when he came home, he told her he had bought her a very fine piano. 'Is it a Hallet and Davis?' she asked. He told her it was not, and then the chairs began to fly, and the cat got trodden on, and he fled out of the house to back out of his bargain, and pay a visit to Mr Badger, of 13, Sansome Street. He soon got a beautiful Hallet and Davis, and peace once more reigned over the domestic hearth."

Few of Purcell's songs seem to have appeared in a detached form during his life. The collection of his vocal secular music, which has rendered his name famous, was published by his widow under the title of *Orpheus Britannicus*, two years after his death. It contained the compositions which first rendered his countrymen acquainted with the delight to be derived from music written for a single voice. Previous to Purcell's time, Englishmen had cultivated madrigals and part songs, but, in all songs for one voice only, the effect was produced principally by the words and not the melody; the airs were as misshapen as though, instead of being cast in a regular mould, they had been formed of notes scattered about hap-hazard. "Exclusive admirers of modern symmetry and elegance," observes a biographer, "may call Purcell's taste barbarous; yet, in defiance of superior cultivation and refinement, and of every vicissitude of fashion, through all his rudeness and barbarism, original genius, feeling, and passion, are, and ever will be, discernible in his works, by candid and competent judges of the art."

The following letter, addressed by Spontini to Louis XVIII., in 1814, proves that the composer did not lose much time in striving to profit by the return of the king:—

"Sire,—A foreigner (now one no longer) who has endeavoured by his works to induce France to adopt him, who has consecrated to her for the last fifteen years the tribute of his feeble talents, and who is established in and bound to the country by marriage into a French family, lays his most ardent and dearest good-wishes at your Majesty's feet. While still young I composed, not without some glory, twenty-four operas, fifteen of which were performed in the leading theatres of Italy, and nine in those of France. The Institute of France decreed, by three consecutive decisions, that my opera, *La Vestale*, merited the grand decennial prize promised by the Government for the best among the musical-dramatic compositions represented in the space of ten years on the stage of the Royal Academy. For two years I directed the buffo Italian opera in Paris, and founded there the 'opera seria.' Under your Majesty's reign France will behold all the arts flourish once more with public felicity. I should, indeed, be happy, Sire, if your Majesty would deign to bestow on me the post of director of your private music (for the concerts) and of Italian serio-buffo opera. This post has always been filled by an Italian, and, under the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., your august predecessors, five chapelmasters were employed in chapel and chamber service. If serio and buffo Italian opera are abolished in France I would beg leave, Sire, to lay at your feet my humble supplication that I may obtain from your Majesty the direction of the music at the Royal Academy, as I am the only composer in Paris without a place and certain means of livelihood. I shall spend the remainder of my life, Sire, in blessing your happy return, as well as the benefits conferred by you, and in endeavouring to render myself worthy of them; I think I feel my feeble genius rise and increase at the mere notion of my being able to devote its efforts, together with my eternal gratitude, to the chief, so deeply

beloved and so long looked forward to, of the august house of Bourbon. I remain, with profound respect, Sire, your Majesty's most devoted subject,
"SPONTINI."

"Rue du Mail, No. 13."

This application was not successful. A few years later Spontini settled at Berlin, where the King of Prussia appointed him Musical Director-General to the Court.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The first concert (54th since the foundation) of this society took place at Langham Hall, on Wednesday, 28th February, and was attended by a large and appreciative audience. In accordance with the objects of the society, F. Schubert's compositions formed the first part of the programme. The instrumental pieces included Grand Trio in E flat, played by Herr Hause (pianoforte), Herr Klein (violin), and Herr Schuberth (violoncello); Rondo from pianoforte Sonata in D major (Miss Kate Whitelaw, R.A.M.); Impromptu, No. 3, for the pianoforte (by Miss Ada Lester); violoncello solo, Herr Schuberth. The songs of the same composer were: "Ständchen" (Herr Irevia); "Sehnsucht" (Mlle Helvert); "Der Wanderer" (Mr Prenton); "Der Neugierige" (Miss Emma Berthold); and "Margherita" (Mme Louise Gage.) The second part was miscellaneous, and opened with a Sonata in B flat (first time) by Röntgen, excellently rendered by Herr Schuberth and Miss Lillie Albrecht. The vocalists were Miss Grosvenor, Mr C. A. White, and those already named in the first part. Miss Grosvenor was well received in the "Lost Chord" (Sullivan). Miss Ada Lester was called upon to repeat the pianoforte solo, "Reveil de Lion." Miss Lillie Albrecht was heartily "called" after Thalberg's fantasia on *Mosé in Egitto*. Mme Louise Gage's fine voice met with numerous admirers; and the artists who appeared for the first time rendered good service. The second concert, when Schumann's compositions will form the first part of the programme, is fixed to take place on 11th April.

A LARGE audience, including many celebrities of the musical and theatrical world, welcomed the first appearance in public on Wednesday afternoon, at St George's Hall, of Miss Mary Chatterton, at the harp recital given by her great-uncle and instructor on that instrument, Mr Frederick Chatterton. The youthful *débutante*, who is a daughter of the popular lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, met with a flattering reception, and it may be at once said that her success was as unqualified as it was deserved. Although evidently suffering at first from nervousness, the youthful artist evinced a command over her difficult instrument that at once reflected credit on her veteran teacher, and on the young lady herself for the industry and intelligence that she has evidently brought to bear on her studies. In her performance of an arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice," by the giver of the concert, Miss Chatterton displayed a delicate and precise touch, with a brilliancy of execution that at once placed her on excellent terms with her hearers. Still more favourably received was her rendering of Mr F. Balsir Chatterton's "Fantaisie Brillante," which was heartily encored, the artist, however, substituting a familiar Scotch air, that met with equal recognition. In the concluding number of the concert the pupil and the master made a marked effect in the duet for two harps on themes from *Norma*, both being warmly applauded at the close. In other respects the concert possessed many interesting features. Mr Chatterton himself played his "Rimembranza d'Italia" and his "Irish Fantasia" in a manner that fully proved that the hand of the master had not forgotten its cunning. Vocal contributions from Miss Ada Patterson, who was encored for her singing of "Comin' thro' the rye," Miss Webster, and Miss Alice Fairman were all favourably received, as was a pianoforte performance by Mr George Forbes. The last-named gentleman and Mr W. Beavan presided at the pianoforte.—*Daily Telegraph*.

HERR LEHMEYER and his pupils held a pianoforte recital, on Thursday, March 8th. The following were among the pieces given:—Adagio and Scherzo, Beethoven (Miss Williams); Overture to *Egmont*, a quatre mains, Novelletto, by Schumann (Miss Ling); Andante, Beethoven (Miss Clairmont); Fantasia on *Faust*, by Leybach (Miss St. Alba.) M. Turner and Mme Bernhardt varied the programme with several songs.

MR G. W. MOORE, the urbane and talented manager of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, took his annual benefit on Tuesday afternoon and evening in St James's (Grand) Hall, when his popularity was attested by audiences which filled the place to overflowing, and by the "array of talent" that came forward to "assist" him. Misses Farren, Dubois, Chapman, Bromley; Messrs Lionel Brough, Terry,

Marius, Hill, Clarke, Righton, Fernandez, J. G. Taylor, Jackson, the Girards, and the Vokes Family, were among the principals, and in addition Mr Leybourne and some other performers from the principal music halls appeared. Mr Moore's songs and the part-singing of his company were especially admired, and applauded "to the echo."

PROVINCIAL.

CHELLENHAM.—The *Looker-on* informs us that St David's Day, annually observed, with two or three brief intervals, in Cheltenham for nearly half a century by the performance of National Melodies, after a suspension of three years, was revived on Thursday last under slightly altered circumstances, but without abatement of interest or *ecclit*; as all present can certify. So gay a party had not, indeed, assembled in the Rotunda since its renovation, and pains had been taken to set off its interior to advantage. The concert opened with an overture incorporating Welsh airs, followed by a glee. The vocalists were Mdme Edith Wynne, who sang with all her wonted fire the Welsh song, "Gydar Wawr," in the first part, and "Adieu to dear Cambria," in the second; the enthusiastic applause which the last elicited obtaining, as encore, "The Bells of Aberdovry," in its original language, charmingly accompanied on the harp by Mr John Thomas. Mrs Mathison sang twice in each part of the programme, and was warmly applauded, her rich contralto voice and expressive vocalisation in the "Ash Grove" eliciting a hearty "encore." Mr Lewis Thomas threw all his accustomed energy into the "Harp of Wales" and the "March of the Men of Harlech," which latter, being vociferously re-demanded, he gave, in its stead, "The worth of true friendship." Mr Howells, is fourth vocalist of the party, was new to Cheltenham, and his first appearance created a favourable impression; an excellent tenor voice and careful execution doing fair justice to each of the songs assigned him, in two of which—"Firm as the sea-girt rock" and "The Maid of Llangollen"—he was warmly encored. Mr John Thomas favoured the audience with a harp solo in each act, eliciting rapturous applause by the brilliancy of his execution. Mr J. O. Smith, who conducted with his usual musicianly talent, presided at the piano.

BLACKPOOL.—On March 5th a very successful concert was given in the Assembly Rooms. The principal artists were Miss Carina Clelland, M. Vieuxtemps (violinocello), Mr and Mrs Borowski, Messrs Pycroft and Daly. Mr Grindrod was the accompanist.

THE KENNEDYS' "TWA HOURS AT HAME."—Mr Kennedy and his family gave on Monday night, before a large and sympathetic audience, the first of four entertainments to be presented during the week at the Literary Institute, Edinburgh, and entitled "Twa Hours at Hame." The entertainment consisted of an admirable selection of Scotch songs and stories, glees, and trios, and the manner of their execution left nothing to be desired. Mr Kennedy is acknowledged as the first living exponent of Scottish song, and certainly nothing could have been more thoroughly enjoyable than his rendering of such fine old ballads as "Come, all ye jolly shepherds," or "There's nae luck about the house." The pawky humour and racy action which he threw into the interpretation of "Get up and bar the door, O" and "The wee wee German lairdie," were exquisite; while the dramatic point and artistic completeness with which he told of the expatriated Highlander's love of hills, and firm belief that mountain tops were half-way houses to heaven, or hit off "Saunders M'Glashan's courtship," drew from his auditors round after round of laughter. Miss Helen Kennedy sang "Kind Robin lo'es me" with capital expression; and Miss Marjory, "The Lass o' Humberdale," with delightful sweetness. "The Scottish Blue Bells" was given by Mr David Kennedy with smoothness and finish, and Mr James Kennedy's fine baritone was heard to good purpose in Dibdin's "The lads of the village." The glees and the choruses sung in concert exhibited careful training and due appreciation of the effects of light and shade. The Misses Kennedy played the accompaniments and a set of reels and strathspeys with skill.—*Scotman*.

LIVERPOOL.—The Societa Armonica, who are in the habit of providing gratuitous entertainments for the benefit of their friends, each season, gave a concert on the 3rd inst. in aid of the funds of the Society. There was a large attendance, and, indeed, the room would probably have been crammed had the concert been more generally announced. The band, under the direction of Mr Armstrong, gave six orchestral pieces, including Schubert's Overture "in the Italian style;" Mozart's Overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro*; the *andante* from Haydn's Third Symphony; Romberg's Symphony in E flat, &c.; in all of which they showed careful preparation, and, considerable refinement of execution. The orchestral music was relieved by an excellent quartet of vocalists, viz: Mdme Billinie-Porter, Miss F. Armstrong, Mr T. Foulkes, and Mr W. P. Roberts. Mdme B. Porter was compelled to repeat her two solos; and in "Di

piacer" (Rossini), and Arditi's valse, "Il bacio," her fine soprano voice and brilliant execution were displayed to the best advantage. Miss Armstrong gave Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti," and Hatton's "Enchantress" (the latter being re-demanded) with much feeling and genuine expression. Mr Foulkes was liberally applauded in "Sound an alarm" and "The flag that braved," and Mr Roberts had the honour of an encore in "Down among the dead men." The concert altogether gave general satisfaction.

NORWICH.—A concert, exceedingly well attended, was given in the lecture room of the Church of England Young Men's Society, Little Orford Street. The programme comprised a class of music much superior to that usually performed at infinitely more pretentious entertainments. The concert began with the overture to *Tancredi* arranged as a pianoforte duet, and was exceedingly well played by Mr Arthur Bunnett and Mr G. Hill. Mr Arthur Bunnett succeeded in his next contribution in securing—and well he deserved it—a rich meed of applause by his admirable playing of Heller's "Wanderstunden" and Scarlatti's Sonata in A. The second part commenced with the overture to the *Barber of Seville*, in which Mr Arthur Bunnett and Mr G Hill again acquitted themselves with great credit. Rode's Concerto, No. 7, for the violin—played by Mr W. Tuddenham—rendered with considerable energy, was an immense success, and obtained an enthusiastic encore. Mr Tuddenham responded to the wishes of the audience by playing a movement from a sonata in E minor. Miss Rayner and Mr Page contributed several vocal pieces with success, the gentleman giving "The Falcon Knight" (written by Mr H. R. Hands, and composed by Mr A. E. Bunnett) capitally. The composition of the young author was exceedingly well received by the audience. Miss Rayner appeared to great advantage in Schubert's "Ave Maria;" and the concert concluded with a *concertante* duet for piano and violin (*Tarantella* by Alard), given by Mr A. E. Bunnett and Mr W. Tuddenham, with energy and precision. Great credit is due to Mr Bunnett for the zeal with which he worked in arranging for this concert, and for the tact and taste with which he carried out the duties of conductor and accompanist.

GLASGOW.—On Monday night Mr Carl Rosa's English Opera Company commenced their announced "six representations," when Hérold's *Zampa* was produced before a numerous audience. The performance—says the *Glasgow Herald*—was an undoubted success, and fully realised the high expectations which had been raised regarding the appearance amongst us of Mr Rosa's company. The great charm of the performance was the equal balance of every part. From the first to the last bar it was apparent that solo vocalists, chorus, and orchestra were willing to sink all idiosyncrasies and strive for the general result. No one member of the numerous company ever attempted to thrust himself or herself into undue prominence. The "cast" contained the names of Mdle Ostava Torriani, Miss Lucy Franklein, Mrs Aynsley Cook, Messrs Henry Nordblom, Charles Lyall, Aynsley Cook, Muller, and Santley. On his *entrée* Mr Santley was awarded quite an ovation. He gave the grand *scena* in the second act capitally, and at the conclusion was rapturously applauded. At the end of each act he was vociferously called for. Mdle Ostava Torriani made a marked impression. Miss Lucy Franklein and Mrs Aynsley Cook were both excellent in their respective parts; Mr Aynsley Cook made his mark, and Mr Charles Lyall was intensely amusing as the cowardly Dandolo. He did not—says the *Herald*—lose one single point, and therefore his acting and singing had their due effect on the audience.

WIMBLEDON.—The fourth of the chamber concerts announced to be given at the Village Club and Lecture Hall, took place on Tuesday evening, March 6. The vocalists were Miss Adela Vernon and Mr Gerald Henry; and the instrumentalists, Miss Edridge (pianoforte), Herr Pollitzer (violin), Mr Zerbini (viola), and Herr Daubert (violinocello). The concert began with Schubert's trio in E flat (Op. 100, No. 2), capitally played by Miss Edridge (who may be remembered at the Royal Academy of Music as among the best of the pupils of Mr F. B. Jewson), Herren Pollitzer, and Daubert, and concluded with Mozart's Quartet in G minor, played by the same artists with the addition of Mr Zerbini—a good beginning and a good ending. Solos were also played in excellent style in the course of the evening. Miss Edridge gave Mr F. B. Jewson's three charming "Rhapsodies," &c., it need hardly be said (Mr Jewson having been her instructor), with the utmost effect. Herr Pollitzer, whose command over the instrument of his predilection is well known, played the *adagio* movement from Spohr's 9th Violin Concerto, and Herr Daubert, whose talent is no less acknowledged, a violoncello solo by Servais, ("Le Désir.") The vocalists acquitted themselves to the evident satisfaction of the audience, who duly felt and acknowledged the kindness of Miss Adela Vernon, who undertook, at a short notice, to supply the place of Miss Julia Wigan, unfortunately, too unwell to appear in public. Signor Zerbini accompanied the vocal music.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 8th:—

Organ Concerto (G major)	Handel.
Air, "Ave, Maria"	F. Schubert.
Allegretto (A minor. Op. 28)	E. Silas.
Prelude on the hymn, "Stabat Mater"	W. T. Best.
Allegro con brio (F major)	W. T. Best.
Variations on an original Air	S. S. Wesley.
(This tune was composed for the Bells of Holdsworth Church—1873.)	
Marche Militaire (E flat major. Op. 31)	E. Schulz.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 10th:—

Fantasia (E flat major)	W. T. Best.
Larghetto from the Second Symphony	Beethoven.
Offertoire pour Orgue	Ambrose Thomas.
Allegretto (D flat major)	Schumann.
Allegro con brio (F minor)	Schumann.
(From the Sketches for a Pedal Pianoforte—Op. 58.)	
Adagio from the First Organ Sonata	F. Kümstedt.
Chorus, "Jealousy! infernal Pest" (Hercules)	Handel.

FERDINAND HILLER'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The programme of the Ninth Gürzenich Concert, Cologne, contained three Pieces for the Piano; a new Symphony by Dr Ferdinand Hiller; two overtures; an "Abendlied" by Haydn; and three choral pieces by Möhring.

The pianist was Mdle Vera Timanow, of St Petersburg, a pupil of Liszt's and Tausig's. The first piece selected by her was M. Anton Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in G major, in which she exhibited considerable talent, adorned or marred, according to the various tastes of her hearers, by the peculiarities which characterise the modern school to which she belongs. She was loudly applauded, though, perhaps, entitled to more praise for her rendering of Scarlatti's "Pastorale," and the Intermezzo from Ferdinand Hiller's "Moderne Suite." Taken all in all, her first appearance at the Gürzenich must be pronounced highly satisfactory.

The great attraction of the evening was Dr Ferdinand Hiller's new Symphony. It is another laurel leaf added to the noble wreath which already encircles his brow. The critic of the *Kölnische Zeitung* thus dilates upon it.

"With his youngest and newest composition, the G major Symphony in four movements, Ferdinand Hiller, celebrated, so to say, a jubilee as a composer. It is exactly fifty years since his Op. 1, a Pianoforte Quintet, appeared in print. In the spring of 1827, young Hiller, with his Pianoforte Quintet in his pocket, accompanied his teacher, Hummel, on a visit to Vienna. The work was performed at an evening party in the Austrian capital, and the celebrated Viennese publisher, Haslinger, who happened to be present, immediately offered to publish it. The master must have experienced a feeling of satisfaction at producing, after a lapse of exactly fifty years, another composition before another evening party, rather larger, it is true, than the first, and at seeing it meet with a reception as joyful and favourable as that which instantly procured a first-class publisher for the early work. But, with this Symphony of his, Hiller has become really young again. His fancy, full of fire and eagerness, without a trace of fatigue, succeeds in presenting his thoughts in a garb ever new, ever more and more richly decked. One thing which strikes us as highly characteristic in connection with this jubilee of Hiller's as a composer, is that, despite his sixty-five years, he has remained a son of the Present; he rules with a certain hand all the modern additions gained for the domain of the orchestra; his melodious argosy sails proudly along with the stream of Time. It appears superfluous to extol Hiller for thoroughly understanding the language of the orchestra and being a perfect master of musical form. And he has not retrograded, as regards the earlier periods of his creative production; on the contrary, it struck us that in no former work have we seen the colours so richly mixed. It is for this reason that we listen with pleasure to his language, whether he abandons himself to sorrowful or desponding thoughts, as in the early motives of the movement; narrates romantic ballads (2nd movement); keeps up a piquant conversation (3rd movement); or, lastly, in the finale, celebrates, with energetic rhythms, the victory over the gloomy mood of the first movement. Everywhere there appears the delicate traits of clever work, and sometimes, also, the varying play of mental colour, which does not love to remain long in one and the same frame of mind. The pictures change rapidly, though the composer's

fancy is loath to tear itself away from the full orchestra, especially in the first movement, the second part of which, by-the-bye, is even too prodigal of its gifts; it lavishes them with both hands. The middle of the third movement contains, moreover, a certain stretch of less captivating thoughts. But these are details which scarcely weigh in the balance against a total impression truly flattering for the composer. The masterly treatment of the orchestra excited undivided admiration, to which the public gladly gave the most lively expression; after every number, as well as at the conclusion, the orchestra, likewise, were not to be restrained from paying their tribute of homage to their chief in the form of a clanging flourish."

The Symphony was admirably performed, as were Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," and Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*. The vocal pieces worthily completed a most excellent concert.

MARCH *

March comes apace, we know him well,
His breath the boisterous gale;
And as he comes he says, "Awake,
Fair lily of the dale."
The primrose and the violet
Have heard the sudden call;
His clarion rings throughout the grove,
And he awakes them all.
In majesty he drives the ship
Upon the troubled sea,
Then, as a lover, comes to woo
The fair anemone.

We hear his shrill voice through the pine,
And think upon the brave;
Our thoughts now travel far away
With those upon the wave.
On high the mother's prayer ascends,
And bright eyes vainly weep,
While, girt with dangers, the beloved
Now rocks upon the deep.
Appealingly we ask for aid—
Oh, then, propitious prove;
Give thy bright flow'rs to deck our paths,
And bring back those we love.

S. P. HOWELL.

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WAIFS.

The *Scotsman* of the 24th ult. gives a flattering account of the production of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* at the Edinburgh Theatre, with Mdle Torriani and Mr Santley in the leading characters—the other parts being sustained by Miss Franklein, Messrs Packard, Aynsley Cook, and Turner. The *Scotsman* thus winds up its notice:

"This opera is quite as exacting for the players as for the singers; and the orchestra played its part throughout with an accuracy and precision quite beyond what is customary on the Anglo-Italian lyric stage. The score was rigidly adhered to, allowing for the omission of the ophicleide part. Mr Carl Rosa can hardly be overpraised for the pains he has taken to attain so complete a performance. All the scenic effects, except the final apotheosis, were nearly as well given as at the great operahouses of Germany. The two ships were excellent, and a better stage representation of a stormy sea could hardly be possible. The performers, particularly the two principals, were warmly applauded from time to time, and there was a general call at the close of each act."

Those who have heard *The Flying Dutchman* in London under Mr Carl Rosa's direction can readily endorse every word of the foregoing.

Mdile Mila Rodani is at Milan.

Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been produced at San Francisco.

The Soldene Buffo-Opera company have been playing at St Louis, U.S.

Herr Niemann will sing in April at Liepsic and Cologne, and in May at Hamburg.

There is some talk of producing Glinka's *Life for the Czar* at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris.

Der *Freischütz* will shortly re-appear at the Grand Opera, Paris, with Mdle Krauss as Agathe.

The Brothers Thorn are shortly expected in Berlin, where they intend giving a series of concerts.

Herr Glasenapp will publish the second volume of his *Biography of Richard Wagner* early in April.

The Boston (U.S.) Handel and Haydn Society will give a performance of Handel's *Joshua* on the 2nd of April.

The first performance of Robert Schumann's *Genoveva*, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, is fixed for the 28th inst.

M. Alfred Jaëll, accompanied by the Paul Martin Quartet Party, has been giving concerts at Calais, Lille, and Dunkirk.

Dr Mosenthal has bequeathed to the Society of the Friends of Music, Vienna, all his author's rights from his opera librettos.

A tropical Georgian girl declared she would rather be a black bombazine band on her adored one's hat than live without him.

Up to the present time the subscriptions received for the Monument to the late Félicien David amount to 18,483 francs, 45 centimes.

Signora Lucca, of Milan, has purchased Sig. Sarria's opera, *La Campana dell' Eremitaggio*, the plot of which is taken from *Les Dragons de Villars*.

The ball at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the benefit of the distressed operatives of Lyons, was exceedingly brilliant. The receipts amounted to nearly 200,000 francs.

M. F. W. Allard, bandmaster of the 2nd Regiment of the Line, and M. Lambé, bandsman of the 1st Regiment of Guides, have been created knights of the Belgian Order of Leopold.

At the second public performance given by the pupils of the Brussels Conservatory M. Gevaert introduced the experiment, which proved thoroughly successful, of executing compositions by pupils themselves.

Herr Waldemar Bargiel and Professor Richard Wüerst have been elected members of the Royal Academy of Science, Berlin. The nomination of M. Anton Rubinstein as a foreign member did not result in his election.

Balfé's popular song, "Killarney," was introduced to the "Brothers" by Mdme Alice Barth, at a masonic dinner, held at the Freemason's Tavern, on Wednesday last, and met with the entire approbation of the "craft."

A new three-act comic opera, *La Courte Echelle*, words by M. Rounat, music by M. Membree, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The cast includes Mdles Zina Dalt, Parent, MM. Engel, Lepers, Grivot, Labat, and Soto.

The practice of entire companies travelling about is now beginning to find favour in Germany as well as elsewhere. During the month of May the operatic company from the Stadttheater, Hamburg, will perform at the Stadttheater, Breslau.

Mr J. C. Fryer was to commence a short German operatic season, at the Academy of Music, New York. He calls it a grand "Wagnerian Festival," and intends producing *Die Walküre*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Der fliegende Holländer*.

Cagliostro, the celebrated French "prestidigitateur," who has been "astonishing" the habitués of the Crystal Palace during the past week, is now prepared to accept engagements for private soirées, for which his gentlemanly manners eminently qualify him.

He had been appointed cashier of the bank on account of his strong religious tendencies, and, when he walked of with 10,000 dollars, the shareholders, mostly Episcopalians and Presbyterians, held a meeting, and came to the conclusion that he was a Free-Will Baptist.

A fascination of style and freedom from the objectional element that so often disfigures novels of the *Ouida* class should—says *The Academy*—make *Vivienne* a success. *Vivienne* is a novel, written by one whose lyrics often appear in *The Musical World* under the nom de plume of Rita.

A commemorative performance was recently given by the members of the Vienna Society of the Friends of Music, in honour of their late president, Dr Egger. Assisted by their branch societies, the Vocal Association and the Orchestral Association, they executed Cherubini's *Requiem*. Herr Herbeck conducted.

Miss Catharine Penna has been singing with great success at Leicester, Sheffield, &c. The critics highly praise the sweetness of her voice and her evident good training. "Bishop's song, 'The Mocking Bird,'" says a local journal, "won her a hearty encore, and Balfé's 'Killarney' was a rich display of artistic skill."

A contributor to a Washington paper says the fact is now recognised that Judge Lawson, of Ohio, is the ablest lawyer in America, because he has admitted it himself. Whereupon the *Chicago Tribune* observes that concessions of this kind are the only ones that can be wrung from the average lawyer, except by due process of law.

Our readers must be familiar with Mason's setting, once very popular, and even now not disused, of the collect, "Lord of all power and might;" but possibly few are aware that the composer was a man of sufficient mark to be styled, after death, a "departed genius." Some particulars respecting him may be found in a volume published more than seventy years ago, by Edward Miller, Mus. Doc., and devoted to the history and antiquities of Doncaster. Mason was then deceased, but his reputation as a poet if not as a musician survived, and Dr Miller rather minutely describes what sort of man he was. From this account it appears that, in addition to his more obvious calling, Mason practised both music and painting. His pictures were bad; but he "performed decently" on the harpsichord, and studied the principles of composition under Dr Miller himself, though with so little effect that only the themes of his anthems, including "Lord of all power and might," are his own. Mason's personal character was not the most attractive. He would patronise young artists for a while and then "cut" them, without the smallest explanation, at the bidding of a favourite servant, who, says Dr Miller, could make him change an acquaintance as easily as a coat. Late in life he married the lady whose monument in Bristol Cathedral, with its touching lines, many of our readers have doubtless admired. His choice of her was due, it is said, to the fact that she spent an entire evening in his company without uttering a word. During the few months of their wedded life Mason became more agreeable, but after her death his moroseness returned. Eccentric to the last, he led the family of an attached friend to believe that his fortune would descend to them, and then, without even mentioning their names in his will, left nearly the whole of it to a man who had been his curate.—*Musical Times*.

Mr Sims Reeves is announced to appear this evening at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as Henry Bertram in *Guy Mannering*, and on Monday evening, as Captain Macheath in the *Beggar's Opera*. Misses Blanche Cole, Loseby, Rachel Sanger, and Mr George Fox are to be his assistant vocalists, and Mr Sidney Naylor will conduct.

The first novelty at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, after the production of Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*, will be the ballet of *Sylvia*, with the music of M. Léo Delibes. The same ballet will be brought out, also, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, towards the end of the present month, and the composer will attend some of the concluding rehearsals.

M. Gounod is asserted to be somewhat superstitious, and to attribute a cabalistic significance to certain figures. It is reported that this peculiarity has greatly influenced him in the terms agreed on by him and M. Grus for the publication of *Cinq Mars*. According to these terms, he is to receive 66,666 francs after the first, and 33,333 francs after the hundredth, representation.

There is nothing particularly attractive about Stratford-upon-Avon, and yet an Englishman scarcely feels that he has done his duty unless he has, at least once in his life, made a pilgrimage to this town, and scratched his name upon the window of the room in which Shakspeare was born. Not only, indeed, do we all love to linger over the spots made sacred by their association with those who have earned an immortal fame, but even the most commonplace articles of daily use acquire an enduring worth if it can only be proved beyond dispute that they have exclusively belonged to the great men of the world. The veritable ring which Haydn always wore when performing or composing would be valued by any musician quite apart from its intrinsic excellence; and we have ourselves recently gazed with the utmost reverence at a few roughly printed notes, merely because they had undoubtedly been engraved by the hand of John Sebastian Bach. And now a relic has come to light which cannot fail to excite unusual interest. Beethoven's pianoforte—the especial favourite of the composer, and upon which he played to the time of his death—has lately passed into the possession of Messrs Hug, the music publishers of Zurich. The keys are said to be "quite hollowed by excessive use;" and when we consider by whose fingers this "hollowing" was effected, the worn old "Tetrachord" instrument must ever evoke a world of thought which no modern "Grand," even by the most eminent maker, can conjure up. Such feelings may be said by the coldly practical to be unworthy of encouragement; but this silent homage to genius is the spontaneous growth of the purely artistic mind; and Messrs Hug must not therefore be surprised if their premises should now be constantly invaded by enthusiastic musicians, who will certainly, during a holiday ramble, contrive to take Zurich in their way to see and hear the pianoforte of Ludwig van Beethoven.—*Musical Times*.

RIGA.—Shakspeare's *Tempest*, with Herr W. Taubert's music, is announced at the Stadttheater.

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6. TRIO, "So I must leave thee"	- 4 0
7. DRINKING SONG, "Dearest, drink, yes, drink with me"	- 3 0
7 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F	3 0
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12 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F	3 0
13. DUET, "See him glaring"	- 4 0
14. SONG, "Poland, oh how I love you"	- 3 0
14 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in C	3 0
15. FINALE, 2nd ACT, "Champagne, Sparkling Wine"	- 4 0
16. SONG, "To-day we'll happy be"	- 3 0
16 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F	3 0
17. SONG, "Thus if a young maid I'm playing"	4 0
17 bis. Ditto ditto Arranged in F	4 0
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VOL. 55.—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.

March 17. The Programme will include:—Elegiac Overture, composed for his Degree of Mus. Doc. at Cambridge (MS.) (Joachim), first time at these Concerts; Concerto, in A minor, for pianoforte and orchestra (Schumann); Unfinished Symphony, in B minor (Schubert); Serenade, from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," with accompaniment for pianoforte, wood, wind, and horn (H. Gadsby); Largo, for organ, harp, solo violin, violins, and viola (Handel); Overture, *La Sirene* (Auber). Vocalists—M^{me} Antoinette Sterling, Mr Barton McGuckin. Solo Pianoforte—M^{me} Schumann (her only appearance during the present Series of Concerts). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Reserved Numbered Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL. Friday, June 22, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 25, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will shortly be published.

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There will be complete Band and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students, and the Choir of the Royal Academy of Music. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

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SATURDAY NEXT.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her FOURTH MATINEE MUSICAL will take place (by kind permission) at 59, LOWNDES SQUARE, Belgrave, on SATURDAY next, March 24th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—M^{me} Louise Gage, M^{me} Enriquez, and Signor Garcia. Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. Pianoforte—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Röntgen's Sonata, for piano and violoncello, will be performed (for the second time in England), the Andante con moto and Allegro vivace, by Miss Lillie Albrecht and Herr Schuberth, and the Piano Solos will consist of: Fugue in E minor, ending with Grand Choral, Op. 35 (Mendelssohn); Studies from Book 25, No. 20 (for Sixths), and 21, Allegro non tanto, and Scherzo in B flat minor, prestissimo con fuoco, Op. 31 (Chopin); Rigoletto (Liszt); Study for Chords in E sharp major (Thalberg); and Finale (by desire) "The Blue Bells"—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Conductor—Mr CHARLES E. STREPHEN. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Family Tickets (to admit three) and Programmes at Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, and of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

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HALL, TUESDAY Afternoon, March 20, at Three o'clock. M^{me} Edith Wynne, M^{me} Patey, and Mr Edward Lloyd, Harp—Herr Oberthür; Violin—Herr Wiener; Violoncello—Herr Daubert; Pianoforte—Mr G. F. Gear. Conductors—Mr GANZ and Mr G. F. GEAR. Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Tickets may be obtained at the Office, St George's Hall; or of Mr G. F. GEAR, 66, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARL STREET, W.

On MONDAY, April 2, 1877, at Five o'clock p.m. will be read by W. A. BARRETT, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon., on "The Musical in England." Chair taken at 4.30 p.m. CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.
24, Sutherland Gardens, W.

METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE ORPHANAGE.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.—EIGHTH ANNUAL GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, which will, with the permission of Colonel Henderson, C.B., Commissioner of Police, be given in Aid of the FUNDS of the ORPHANAGE, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY next, March 23, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—M^{me} Edith Wynne, Miss Banks, and Miss Emily Mott; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr John Ohild, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Winn, Mr Walter Clifford, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Solo Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Miss Ellen Bliss. Flute—Mr David Keppel. The Band of the "A" Division of Metropolitan Police. Bandmaster—Mr W. Dickenson. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr F. J. HUNT. Reserved Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly.

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MRS CLIPPINGDALE, M^{me} MATILDE BAXTER, and MR WM. GANZ will play the admired Arrangement by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT of his ANDANTE and CHOPIN'S Posthumous MAZURKA, for four performers on two grand pianofortes, on April 3, at Langham Hall.

"THE NAIADES."

MADAME ALIDA GASSIER will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's Waltz-Aria, "THE NAIADES" and MARIANI's Bolero, "I AM AN ARAB MAID," at Langham Hall, on April 3rd next.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE PERREN will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on the 26th March, at Greenwich, and on the 3rd of April, at Langham Hall.

M^{lle} IDA CORANI having returned to Town, requests

that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

M^{me} ERNST (Soprano) requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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Hall and the Royal Aquarium Concerts, Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's, requests that all applications for Terms and ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio, Opera, or Concert, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY (his Agent and Business Manager), care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, S.W.

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MR ARTHUR SHELLEY (ARTURO GARDA), after several years' career in Italy, has accepted an Engagement as **FIRST TENOR**, Imperial Italian Opera Company, and makes his *Debut* at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, in the *Traviata*, on Tuesday, 20th inst. Letters respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Italian or English Opera, Oratorio, or Concerts—Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow.

MESSRS CARRODUS, V. NICHOLSON, DOYLE, and E. HOWELL will return to Town on the 24th inst, on the termination of the Quartet Concerts in Scotland.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE (of the Crystal Palace and Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, &c., &c.) having Returned from Abroad, can accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Concerts, Opera, or Oratorio. All Communications to be addressed to his Agent, Mr R. D'O'LY CARTER, 9A, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.

MDME MARIE BELVAL begs that all Communications be addressed to her at 7, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE IDA CORANI has returned to Town after her successful Provincial Tour as Prima Donna with the Carl Rosa Opera Troupe.

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), on Tour with the Wilhelmj Concert Party. All Letters to be addressed, care of Messrs HODGE & ESSER, 6 and 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MR SHAKESPEARE requests that all Communications concerning **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., be addressed —6, Howick Place, Victoria Street, S.W.

MDME ENRIQUEZ begs that all communications be addressed to her at No. 5, OAKLEY SQUARE, N.W.

MR WILFORD MORGAN requests that all communications respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to his residence, 18, Surrey Street, W.O.

MR GERARD COVENTRY (Tenor), having returned to Town from his Provincial Tour, is at liberty to accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorios or Concerts. Address—Care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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The Piquet.

The Wild, White Rose.
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JOACHIM AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From the "Times.")

Cambridge, March 8.

The Senate House presented an animated appearance this afternoon, in consequence of the announcement that the honorary degree of Doctor in Music, granted by Grace of the Senate last May to Herr Joachim, would be conferred on that renowned artist. The floor of the building was occupied by members of the Senate and a large number of ladies. The galleries were, as usual, assigned to the undergraduates. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the Congregation, and, with the punctuality usually observed in University proceedings, the Vice-Chancellor, accompanied by the Esquire Bedells, entered, his appearance being greeted with applause. But the observed of all observers was Herr Joachim, who, arrayed in the scarlet robes of a doctor, was quickly recognised. A slight interval occurred in consequence of some formal Graces having to be approved and some supplicants for degrees passed by the Senate, and the impatience of the undergraduates was more than once manifested by inane observations addressed to the officials. The routine business completed, the Public Orator, Mr J. E. Sandys, of St John's College, preceded by the Deputy Esquire Bedell, Mr E. A. Beck, of Trinity Hall, was formally introduced to Herr Joachim, and, advancing about midway up the Senate House, Herr Joachim standing on his right hand, he introduced that gentleman to the Senate in an eloquent Latin speech. At the commencement of the oration, which was delivered throughout in a most effective manner, there were indications on the part of the undergraduates that it would be utterly inaudible except to a favoured few, for a running commentary of senseless observations commenced, and some bronze coins were insultingly thrown before the Public Orator. But the good sense of the majority of the undergraduates prevailed over the boisterous conduct of a few, and, after the opening sentences, the speech was uninterrupted. The allusions which elicited applause were those relating to Amalie (Weiss) Joachim, the noted contralto referred to as Eurydice, to Haydn, Walmisley, Sir W. S. Bennett, Professor Macfarren, and Herr Brahms. By special request the speech of the Orator has been printed and circulated, and we append it:—

"Dignissime domine, domine Procellarie, et tota Academia:—

"Quae triginta abhinc annis in hac ipsa curia, coram Alberto Principe Cancellario nostro admodum defendo, coram ipsa Regina nemini nostrum non dilecta, hunc, vixdum e pueris egressum, eximios cantus fidibus modulantem audivit; eadem Academia virum, per omnem Europam inter principes totius artis musicae iam diu numeratum, hodie reducem salvere iubet. Hodie nobis redditus est Orpheus—utinam ipsa etiam adesset Eurydice; nunc iterum, ut poetae verbis utar quem Cremonae vicina genuit Mantua, Academi in silvis Orpheus

*'obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.'*

Quid dicam de illis qui inter fautores tanti ingenii olim exstiterunt, de viris sempiternae memoriae Mendelssohno et Schumanno? Nobis autem tanquam triplici vinculo hospitii coniunctus est Regiae Academiae Artium apud Berolinenses Professor, trium deinceps Professorum Cantabrigiensium amicus, primum Thomae Attwood Walmisley, deinde Wilhelmi Sterndale Bennett, denique illius qui nuper horum sacrorum antistes a vobis est creatus,

*'τὸν περὶ Μοῦσας ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθὸν τε καὶ κέρως,
ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμπερσε δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν δοῖδην.'*

Tantis igitur gloriatur praeceptoribus ars illa, quae in solitudine consolatur, in turba delectat vitaeque communis societatem incundior reddit; quae fessos recreat, aegrotantibus, si non ipsam dare salutem (sicut olim insanientem Hebraeorum regi), auxilium tamen aliquatenus ferre hodie conatur; quae ipsum Dei cultum adiuvat, et intimos animi affectus exprimit, ipsa intima numerorum cantumque nixa scientia. Quid autem si ars tanta Musarum nomine vere digna, in hac etiam Musarum domo quasi in ordinem redacta atque via quadam et ratione alumnis nostris tradita, inter severiora nostra studia sedem suam aliquando vindicabit? Quid si inter tot 'tripodas, praemia fortium,' novam quandam laureolam Apollini Musagetæ dedicare volueritis? Interim huic Apollinis ministro quem ipsum prope appellaverim Arcitenentem, huic interpreti certe divinorum in arte sua virorum Sebastiani Bach et Ludovici Beethoven; qui magnus ipse vates magnorum vatum memoriam non sinit interire; hanc lauream nostram Apollinarem, hunc titulum Doctoris in Musica, donare licet; qui honos nunquam antehac ab ulla Academia Britannica habitus est alienigenae, uno illo excepto, qui nascentis mundi primordia immortalis cantu consociavit, Iosepho Haydn,

*'At enim ἄλκιρον ἐπ' εὐτυχίᾳ μολεῖ Φοῖβος λακχεῖ, τὰν καλλιφθογγῶν
κῆδραν θλαύνων πλήκτρῳ χρυσέῳ.* Gravatur hodie abesse popularem huius viri, alterum Musarum Teutonicarum decus, virum in difficillimo musicae genere facillimum, Iohannem Brahms. Quamquam autem ipse fato iniquo procul retentus est, carmen illius egregium quod 'fatorum' nuncupatur vesperi audietis; audietis etiam novum opus, quo non modo ceteros omnes sed se ipsum superasse dicitur. Post tot triumphos nemo negabit tanto viro consentaneam esse requiem. Ceterum quo maiore animi aegritudine illum absentem desideramus, eo elatiore gaudio praesentem salutamus Iosephum Ioschiam."

Amid deafening plaudits, Herr Joachim was led to the Vice-Chancellor's chair by the Public Orator. Dr. Atkinson rose, and in the usual Latin formulary admitted him to the title of Doctor in Music.

The rehearsal held to-day at the Guildhall provided a fair opportunity of estimating in some degree the new music prepared for the commemorative concert in the evening. It may be said at once that the entire programme is worthy the occasion, and creditable to those who direct the proceedings of the Cambridge University Musical Society. This society, now in its thirty-third year, is one of the mainstays of art in a town, perhaps, not altogether prone to bestow over-serious attention upon music in the abstract. For twelve years and more the programmes were in a large measure orchestral—symphonies, overtures, concertos, &c., forming the staple attraction, though glees, madrigals, and part-songs were also included. Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, however, produced in 1866, created a taste for choral music of a high order. This was followed the year after by the *Edipus in Colonnos* of the same master; and thenceforth choral music, as represented by the recognised great composers, became an indispensable feature. It was not, however, until 1872, when the late Sir Sterndale Bennett occupied the Chair of Music in the University, that ladies were allowed to join the undergraduates as "performing associates" of the society; and this important innovation was celebrated a year later by a performance of that distinguished musician's *May Queen*, and as necessary sequel by J. S. Bach's cantata, *My spirit was in heaviness*, Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, the "German Requiem" of Brahms, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, &c. That the reform in this particular direction has acted largely for good is on all sides admitted; and if anything were needed to establish the fact, the admirable execution of Brahms' *Schicksalslied* ("Song of Destiny"), which, in honour of the great modern German composer, who was expected to take the degree of "Mus. Doc." in company with his close friend in art, Herr Joachim, and whose absence has caused marked disappointment, is awarded a conspicuous place in the programme of the evening. This remarkable setting of one among the most notable of Hölderlin's poems was made known to English amateurs by Mr August Manns, exactly two years since, at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday performances, to which we are indebted for so many things that, while deserving all publicity, might still for a long time have remained unknown to us.

The orchestra engaged for this eminently musical celebration, numbering between fifty and sixty exccutants, the majority from London, is one of irreproachable quality. It comprises ten first violins, headed by Mr A. Burnett, a thoroughly experienced *chef d'attaque*; eight second violins, six violas, four violoncellos, four double basses, three trombones, four horns, two trumpets, a contrafagotto (or double bassoon)—an instrument employed by Beethoven in his fifth (C minor) symphony—and, not forgetting drums, the usual complement of "wood." The force, numerically, is quite sufficient for the hall, the sonority and acoustic properties of which will be more satisfactorily tested to-night, when, notwithstanding the high prices of admission (a guinea and half a guinea), an audience is expected that will completely fill it.

The pieces to be heard for the first time this evening are a symphony in C minor, by Herr Brahms, and an overture in G minor, by Herr Joachim, the newly elected "Doctor in Music." The symphony has already been played at Vienna, where it is criticised in diverse manners, but, on the whole, warmly eulogised. The overture, written expressly for the occasion, may stand for Herr Joachim's credentials, just as the "Oxford Symphony," once familiarly known as "Letter Q" (as not belonging to the "Saloman" set), stood for Haydn's. Of course, such tried masters would not be asked to prove their claim to the distinction conferred upon them through the medium of a probationary exercise; but all honour is due to Herr Joachim for the feeling which prompted him to write an exceptional work in the circumstances. That his overture is a composition of which any modern composer would be proud, may safely be affirmed even at the present moment. It is an elegiac "in memoriam" of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic and dramatic poet,

whose career was as ill-starred as his aspirations were pure and noble, and whose unhappy end is, in his own country, to this day a theme capable of evoking the strongest sympathy. How deeply Herr Joachim has entered into his subject, and how strikingly, in a musical sense, he has treated it, there will be time enough to show. Doubtless, Herr Johannes Brahms, had he not altered his resolution, at the eleventh hour, of coming to receive the highest honour musical England is able to confer upon an eminent foreigner, would equally have contributed something new, in acknowledgment of the mark of esteem offered him. At the same time, it is no small thing for the Cambridge University Musical Society to boast that, as they were the first to produce in this country the *Faust* music and pianoforte concerto of Schumann, so are they again the first to make us acquainted with such a grand and elaborate work as the C minor symphony of Brahms, to which, as to the elegiac overture of Herr Joachim, further reference will have to be made. The other pieces contained in the programme of this evening are Beethoven's violin concerto (played by Herr Joachim), two excerpts from J. S. Bach's sonatas in C (also by Herr Joachim); and last, not least, the overture entitled *The Wood Nymph*, by Sterndale Bennett, about which, after its performance at the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, Schumann wrote in such glowing terms. As Sterndale Bennett at one time occupied the Chair of Music in the University now filled by Professor G. A. Macfarren, it was only just that on such an occasion some important work from his pen should be introduced; and the programme would have been still more complete and satisfactory had the name of his worthy successor been also represented.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

11 P.M.

The concert to-night in the Guildhall was a brilliant success. The audience was not less enthusiastic than numerous. Dr Joseph Joachim, as might have been expected, was the hero of the evening. On appearing in the orchestra he was greeted with uproarious applause. This was renewed with increased warmth after his magnificent performance of Beethoven's concerto, which he never, even in his happiest moments, played better. Herr Joachim's new overture in commemoration of Heinrich von Kleist was also a success as complete as it was well deserved. This he conducted himself, as he also did the new symphony in C minor by Herr Brahms, which was so finely played from beginning to end that it is a pity the composer himself had not been there to hear it. Two movements from one of the solo sonatas of John Sebastian Bach were also given by Herr Joachim, the last of which being clamorously asked for again, the great virtuoso good-naturedly returned to the platform, but, instead of repeating the movement or substituting another, as was hoped, he showed his open watch to the audience, and retired amid mingled laughter and applause.

Mr C. V. Stanford, organist of Trinity College, conducted all the pieces except the two new works directed by Herr Joachim, and the spirited performance of Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymph*, was creditable alike to him and the orchestra. The "Song of Destiny" was also well executed, the chorus having evidently studied their separate parts with earnestness.

The concert was altogether a success, and among the audience were many well-known connoisseurs and professors from London and elsewhere—a compliment evidently intended for Herr Joachim, upon whom the degree of Musical Doctor had been conferred—an honour never granted to a worthier recipient.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

The setting sun o'er the waving corn,
On the hill which looks over the sea,
And the soothing sound of the breakers, borne
In the ocean breeze by me,
Whilst the skylark's song in the evening chill,
Echoes faint, through the corn-waving breeze, o'er the hill.
Or musing, a placid summer's night
Dreamily into the black
Of the death-silent wood, where the moon trembles light,
On the shadows demoniac,
And the air seems alive with the pure emotion
Of a few musicians at their devotion.
O! that my soul could sail in the sighs,
Hear, nay, feel the beat
Of a throbbing heart, to sympathise
With a rapture so tender, so sweet.
O! for the wondrous joy divine
Of a love-lighted face upturn'd to mine!

P. H. S. W.

THE CAMBRIDGE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Whether scientific researches as to pitch and vibrations, &c., have been of much use to musicians may seem doubtful. But that science and art may co-operate to their mutual benefit, the Cambridge Festival—for to that name last week's gathering is fully entitled—has proved triumphantly. English scholars of widest repute have delighted to honour a foreign artist; and more elegant and melodious Latin has seldom been heard than the speech delivered in honour of the new graduate, Dr Joseph Joachim, at the Senate House, Cambridge, last Thursday week. Of the ceremony of conferring the degree the daily papers have given a full account. Your readers will be more immediately interested in the concert given by the University Musical Society on the evening of the same day. The lion's share, both of work and honour, fell naturally to the new graduate, who played Beethoven's concerto, and two movements for violin solo by J. S. Bach, also conducting Brahms' new symphony and his own elegiac overture, an admirable piece of musical workmanship, conceived, moreover, in a truly poetic spirit. Everyone knows that Joachim is the first violinist living, and ought to know that, as a conductor, he has few equals. If to those who were present at the concert alluded to his conception seemed to be more inspired, his tone grander and fuller even than usual, those who had not that privilege may feel inclined to explain the phenomenon from the natural excitement of the occasion. I therefore merely state my own private opinion to that effect. Joachim's reception was, as a matter of course, most cordial; and if, as Schiller says somewhere, "one ought to weigh votes, not only to count them," even the great violinist must have been gratified by the applause of such an audience as that at Thursday week's concert.

I do not feel called upon to enter upon detailed criticism of the new works produced, especially as both will shortly be heard in London. It will be better to allude briefly to the condition of musical art in Cambridge itself as evinced on the present occasion. The chorus of the University Musical Society is, upon the whole, worthy of all commendation. The beauty and power of the male voices is especially noticeable, a welcome proof of the growing taste for music amongst the undergraduates. The rendering of Brahms' most difficult "Song of Destiny" cannot be praised too highly, the ticklish *staccato* passages descriptive of the "dashing" (not "dropping," as the Rev. Mr Troutbeck tamely transcribes it) of water from cliff to cliff, especially being attacked with unflinching energy. To a considerable degree this result is, of course, due to Mr C. Villiers Stanford, the conductor of the society. As a leader of the orchestra Mr Stanford evidently lacks experience, and the performance of Sir Sterndale Bennett's enchanting overture, *The Wood Nymph*, was somewhat wanting in refinement and colour. But the "Song of Destiny," as was said before, does all possible credit to the energy and presence of mind of the conductor. Mr Stanford, it ought to be added, is the author of an overture and incidental music to Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, and the visitors of the Crystal Palace Concerts will soon have an opportunity of judging of his gift as an orchestral writer.

To sum up, the Cambridge Festival was a decided success, socially no less than musically; for the refined and cordial hospitality of the University was worthy of its ancient fame, and will live in the pleasant recollection of the numerous visitors.

F. H.

VIENNA.—The Italian operatic season opened with *La Sonnambula*, Mdme. Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini sustaining the two principal characters. The lady met with an enthusiastic reception. Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* was produced at the Imperial Operahouse on the 6th inst., with the following cast: Brunnhilde, Mad. Materna; Sieglinde, Mdle Ehnn; Fricka, Mad. Kupfer; Siegmund, Herr Labatt; Wotan, Herr Scaria; and Hunding, Herr Hablawetz. Neither expense nor trouble has been spared in getting it up. The scenery has all been designed and painted expressly by Herr Hofmann; the accoutrements, weapons, and costumes are from the designs of Professor Döpler. Herr Hans Richter conducted. Yesterday, the 16th inst., at the concert given in aid of the Beethoven Movement, the Abbate Franz Liszt was announced to conclude his professional career as a pianist. He was to play Beethoven's E flat major Symphony and the Choral Fantasia. In order to enable all classes to attend the Abbate's farewell, the managing committee arranged a very varied scale of prices of admission.

DR JOACHIM.

(From "*Mayfair*," March 18th.)

Strange are the ways of fate. When nearly forty years ago, at an out-of-the-way place in Hungary, Joachim's parents bought the first twopenny fiddle for their precocious boy, they little thought that the simple instrument would ultimately serve as "open sesame" to the highest honours of a great English University. Such, however, has been the case. At a quarter past two on Thursday afternoon, the German violinist became an English Doctor, and with remarkable dignity entered upon his new duties under not altogether untrying circumstances. It is not every one's nervous system that can support the strain of facing a large assembly of distinguished scholars and mischievous undergraduates while his own merits are expounded in an eloquent Latin oration. Playing half-a-dozen violin concertos is nothing compared with it.

But if Joachim's self-possession is worthy of all praise, Cambridge also was equal to the occasion. Compared with those of the sister University, Cantab manners are remarkably mild, and in the present instance the students behaved with the utmost propriety, enlivening the scene with harmonious pipings and cheering lustily the distinguished personages present. Amongst the latter only Robert Browning, Professor Macfarren, Signor Garcia, Mr W. S. Broadwood, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr J. W. Davison, Mr Arthur Chappell, and Messrs Manns and Grove of the Crystal Palace may be mentioned here. The reception of the new Doctor himself was, it need hardly be added, most cordial. The ceremony of conferring the degree is not without impressiveness. Modern gentlemen look rather awkward in red gowns with ermine capes; but there is about the dress and the speeches and the bows and genuflections, a taste of antiquated grace which well accords with the place and the occasion.

In his elegant Latin speech the Public Orator of the University, Mr Sandys, regretted the absence of Johannes Brahms, the celebrated German composer, for whom also the honour of a degree had been intended. Brahms at first accepted the invitation, but ultimately changed his mind, for reasons best known to himself. He had, however (to make up for his personal absence), sent his new MS. symphony in C minor, and this work formed the *pièce de résistance* of the brilliant and crowded concert given by the University Musical Society in honour of the occasion. An important choral piece by the same composer, called "The Song of Destiny," was included in the programme, and the gracious manner in which these works of the ungracious absentee were received does credit to the good feeling of the Cambridge public. But the honours of the evening were naturally reserved for the new graduate who appeared in his double capacity as composer and virtuoso. The "Elegiac Overture," by Joachim, first performed at last evening's concert, is an admirable specimen of orchestral writing, full of finely balanced instrumental effects, and by no means devoid of pathos and melodious intensity. For the display of his executive skill Joachim had appropriately chosen the violin concerto by Beethoven, the first work he played in England when thirty-three years ago he made his *début* at the Philharmonic Society under Mendelssohn's auspices. The beautiful overture, *The Wood Nymph*, by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, completed the interesting programme. The two last-mentioned works were creditably conducted by Mr Stanford, the organist of Trinity College, who with Joachim alternately wielded the *bâton*. Mr Stanford also was the leader of the chorus of the Society in Brahms' "Song of Destiny," the enormous difficulties of which were attacked by the singers with an energy deserving of, and commanding, success. But I will not trouble your readers with any more musical criticism. Brahms and Joachim's new works will be heard in London, and there will be time then to enter into details. We are here in the midst of a festival, the social aspects of which are of no less interest than the artistic. Looking last night at the crowd of distinguished men and beautiful women, at the eager, handsome faces of the undergraduates, many of them of the best blood in England, I could hardly believe myself in the same country where, a hundred years ago, a foreign fiddler stood socially a little

above a mountebank. Lord Chesterfield would not have acknowledged any difference between the two; and when, much later even than that, the widow of the brewer, Thrane, married an Italian singer of repute, her friends lamented over her disgrace. Now-a-days the *mésalliance* would probably lie the other way. But the high social esteem in which distinguished musicians are held in our time is fully explained by the considerable and still growing taste for the Art itself amongst us. Never since the days of Queen Elizabeth has music formed so important a part of the education and amusements of the better classes; and the times are, let us hope, past for ever, when wits thought it clever to ignore the difference twixt "tweedledum and tweedledee."

Returning from the abstract to the pleasantly concrete, I ought to mention that to-night a banquet takes place at Trinity, when Joachim will for the first time dine in Hall. The Fellows of that College and the members of the University generally have offered to their London visitors the most cordial hospitality; and it is only a feeling of discretion that prevents me from mentioning the names of gentlemen who would blush at seeing an acknowledgment in print of what to them appears the most ordinary kindness.

Cambridge, March 9.

Joseph Joachim.

(From the "*Graphic*,")

This admitted chief of living violinists is Hungarian by birth. His native place was Kitee, a small village near Presburg, whence his family removed to Pesth, where, in early childhood, he showed so strong a disposition for music that he was placed under Szervaczinsky, orchestral director at the theatre, who first gave him instructions on the instrument his perfect command of which has earned him such renown. Here young Joseph, after two years' application, first appeared in public. From Pesth he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain lessons and friendly advice from the esteemed professor Böhm, to whom many eminent violinists, Ernst and Mayseder among the number, were indebted for similar advantages. After four years' residence in the Austrian capital, Joachim went to Leipzig, with the hope of earning further experience through the counsels of Ferdinand David, who, however, finding he had nothing to teach him, was too ready to make him a companion in his own especial studies. At Leipzig the young musician not only practised harmony and composition with the well-known contrapuntist, Moritz Hauptmann, under whom he made remarkable progress, but was soon on terms of intimacy with Mendelssohn, which continued to the end of that illustrious composer's life. He was the constant companion of Mendelssohn, who spoke of him in the highest and most affectionate terms, instigating his first visit to London, and furnishing him with letters of recommendation to Sterndale Bennett and other men of influence. Joachim arrived in London during the spring of 1844; and the attention of amateurs and professors was soon drawn to the extraordinary talent of the boy-violinist, who (born in 1831) was at this period in his thirteenth year. He had already made a great impression by his performance of Spohr's *Scena Cantante* at the "Società Armonica" (conducted by Mr. Forbes), before his friend and patron, Mendelssohn, came to London, to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts. At one of these, under Mendelssohn's direction, he played Beethoven's violin concerto, introducing *cadenzas* of his own, with such success, and such enthusiastic applause, that from that moment he shared with Mendelssohn himself the honours of the musical season.

About Joseph Joachim's subsequent career in England it would be superfluous to say much. He returned to us, successively, in 1847, 1849, 1852, 1858, and 1859, on each occasion bringing with him something that raised him as a composer higher and higher in the opinion of connoisseurs. From 1859, when he joined the Monday Popular Concerts, instituted in that year by Mr Arthur Chappell, a season has rarely passed without the coming of the great violinist and musician being looked forward to as an event of high importance. How much his splendid playing, his extended repertory, and his invariable adherence to the pure standard of art, which from a mere youth he raised up for himself, has served to promote the material interests of these concerts, and to win for

them the honourable position they now occupy, is generally known. Had Joachim done nothing more than familiarise our intelligent musical public with the later quartets of Beethoven, with many things of Bach which had previously met with scant recognition, and with the works of the now reigning star of Germany, Johannes Brahms, he would have entitled himself to the consideration of all those who look upon art as a serious thing. It must not be supposed, however, because Bach and Beethoven are his authors of predilection, that Herr Joachim's wonderful power of "reproducing"—a term applied by Herr Wagner, Abbé Liszt, and their satellites in a manifestly wrong sense—is limited to these masters. The contrary has been proved by his admirable readings of others—not only of his new favourite, Brahms, but of Handel, Mozart, Cherubini, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Spohr, &c., his sympathy for whom is equally unquestionable.

With the honours accorded to Herr Joachim in his adopted country, Germany, we have no space to deal. Enough that he enjoys a consideration there such as few executive artists have enjoyed before him. He has been at various periods *Concertmeister* and teacher, with David, at the Leipzig Conservatory (1848); *Concertmeister*, with Liszt, to the Duke of Weimar (1849); and *Concertmeister* and solo-player, with the exclusive direction of the King's orchestra, at Hanover (1851). He is now in a position to do more for music than he was ever enabled to do previously, being director of the "Hochschule für Musik"—executive department—at the Berlin Royal Academy of Arts, where he is also permanent member of the Senate. Here his example and precept are of incalculable value, inasmuch as the appointment of professors in his department is left entirely to his suggestion—submitted, of course, to the approval of the Minister for Education, an approval which has on no occasion been withheld. The combined purposes of the "Hochschule" are thorough musical education and model performances of works by the great masters.

As a composer, Joachim has chiefly directed his attention to instrumental music. To give a list of his various works would exceed the limits of what is intended for a brief memoir; but the "Concerto in the Hungarian style" may be fairly cited as his *chef d'œuvre*, combining, as it does, the impressions of his early days with the complete mastery he has obtained, both as executant and producer, over all the secrets of his art. This concerto, in its way, is unique, and has, not without good reason, been placed in juxtaposition with the violin concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The degree of "Doctor in Music" at Cambridge University was conferred upon Herr Professor Joachim on Thursday, for which ceremonial he wrote an elegiac overture, *in memoriam* of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic but unhappy dramatist.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.*

In a garden of roses while straying,
And plucking a bud from each tree,
In my ear a sweet voice would keep saying—
"Save one little rosebud for me!"

And as every fresh flow'ret I gathered,
I heard the same voice in my ear,
Saying, "Save me a rosebud, I pray thee,
No matter how drooping or rare."

In my mem'ry I well had engraven
The sound of that voice long ago,
So I gathered the fairest of flowers,
The brightest in gardens that blow!

And I placed it where softly she slumbered,
Beside the old church on the hill;
And though years all my cares have out-numbered,
I give her the brightest bud still.

For I loved her in childhood, ere sorrow
Had dimmed her bright eye with its frown,
And I'll meet her where garlands unfading
Her pure angel forehead shall crown.

And each flow'ret which here I have given,
Though now it has faded from sight,
Will re-open more beauteous in Heaven,
Immortal, and fadeless, and bright.

H. MELVILLE.

* Copyright.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Amongst the few who interest themselves in the progress of the musical art among us, Mr Henry Leslie holds a prominent position. The concerts of his justly famous choir embrace a wide field. Glees, madrigals, and part-songs—all partaking of a purely national character—are brought forward side by side with the works of foreign masters, and the taste for this kind of song is thereby fostered even more essentially than by the Catch and Glee clubs of yore. Mr Leslie's choir may challenge comparison the world over, and, fortunately, he is able to command the highest results from the means at his command. The experience of twenty-one seasons, no less than the popularity of his concerts, are proofs of this. At the first concert of his twenty-second season, Mr Leslie produced a motet for double choir, "Sing ye to the Lord," by John Sebastian Bach, the first public performance of the work in England. In Peters' edition of Bach's motets this (No. 6) is called "*Der 149 Psalm*"; and it is, perhaps, the finest in the published collection. The motet is divided into four movements. *Allegro moderato*, "Sing ye to the Lord;" *chorale*, "Like as a father bendeth;" *poco allegro*, "Praise ye the Lord;" and *allegro vivace*, "Hallelujah!" The movements likely to please the majority of tastes are the *chorale*—the motive of which is identical with our "Old Hundredth," and the final "Hallelujah—a masterly specimen of four-part fugal writing. The study of so elaborate a work must have necessitated numerous and careful rehearsals, and we hear that the choir has gone through no less than forty. The difficulty of the work must excuse certain discrepancies evident on Thursday last; but the singing of the basses was beyond praise, and the manner in which the pitch was kept up was remarkable in the absence of instrumental support. The motet was well received; and we hope to hear it once again, at least, during the present season. The programme, interesting as a whole, included choral works by Palestrina, Mozart, Henry Smart, Mendelssohn, Bennett, Fesca, Pearsall, Morley, A. de Gaul, and Henry Leslie, encores being awarded to Fesca's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," and Morley's "My bonny lass." The soloists were Miss Robertson, Miss de Fonblanque, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Miss Robertson's soprano voice and facility were favourably exhibited in the aria, "Sciogli l'inno Dei Profeti," from Graun's *Der Tod Jesu*, and the *valse* from Gounod's *Mireille* (neither of them, by the way, of any intrinsic value). Miss de Fonblanque made a successful *début*. Her voice is a *mezzo-soprano* with good lower notes, and she has obviously studied in a legitimate school. Miss de Fonblanque selected for solos "Fac ut portem," from the *Stabat Mater*, and "O mio Fernando," from *La Favorita*, both of which were favourably received; she also joined Miss Robertson in "The Fan," by Mr Henry Leslie. Mr Edward Lloyd sang "Cujus Animam," a new song by Mr Leslie, "Always," and Gounod's "Maid of Athens," in his usual finished style. The hall was filled in every part.

A COMPLAINT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Referring to your notice of that admirable young vocalist, Mme Marie Belval, she writes a letter in your journal of last week complaining of her not being noticed as singing a song by Mr W. Ganz, "My Mother's Song." That lady ought to rest satisfied with the pleasing notice of her concert, and the part she accomplished. Mr Ganz's name, as composer and performer, is down seven times in her programme—in all conscience enough. My object in writing this letter is to protest against appropriating the title of a popular song of mine—"My Mother's Song"—published over twenty years back, the words written by my old friend, Wellington Guernsey. What would Mr Ganz say if I appropriated his titles, "The Nightingale's Trill," and "Love hailed a little maid," to other words? Or if I selected a few bars of music from Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, or *Lohengrin*, and worked them into a "Qui vive" Grand Galop, a title which every dance writer of music for the last half century has taken? I protest against the title of Mr W. Ganz's song—"My Mother's Song."—I am, sir, yours truly,

JOSEPH P. KNIGHT

(Composer of "She wore a wreath of roses," "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep," "The Sailor Boy's Dream," &c.).

Bristol, 12th March, 1877.

THE NORFOLK AND NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(From the "Norwich Argus.")

No. 2.

Having last week discussed the altered conditions under which the Norwich Festival of present days may be said to be held, it now behoves me to take into consideration the various changes and modifications which, in my opinion, the circumstances demand. In offering these suggestions I need scarcely remark that they are the result of careful and anxious inquiry into the whole subject, naturally actuated by no other motive than an earnest desire to prevent, if possible, the decay and ultimate collapse of a most worthy musical institution. I may further add that I have been materially assisted in my efforts to arrive at the best practical conclusions by one whose authority on Festival matters is of the very highest value.

I think I have shown that your Festival must no longer depend for its success on the aid it receives from the county families, and the question consequently arises, To whom shall we turn to obtain support from in their place? In answer I can only say, to the people of Norwich themselves. If your prices have hitherto been prohibitive, they must no longer be so, that is all. As a proof of the truth of this I have but to assert the well-known fact that of late years the cheap concerts have been the ones to bring the most receipts into the treasury. Another query then comes, How will it be possible to appeal more than we do to popular tastes without lowering the standard of the performances? This difficulty I propose to meet by a complete re-arrangement of the performances, their number, and the days on which they are held. To begin with, it has long been evident that by inaugurating the Festival on the Monday evening and carrying it on almost without cessation until the Friday, the whole affair is much too long. The reasons for this are obvious. It gives no time for adequate rehearsals, the artists are exhausted before half their work is done, and their terms are much higher because of the length of the engagement, while I submit that there is really not a public sufficiently large and rich to justify so prolonged a scheme. I therefore propose the curtailment of the latter in a way that will serve to consolidate its attractions, render its execution more perfect, and diminish the cost to a very appreciable extent.

In the first place, the Festival should not begin till the Tuesday night, with the usual cheap oratorio, which has always paid so well. This later commencement will have enabled your conductor to hold full rehearsals with band and chorus on the Monday, and again on the Tuesday morning (this time with the soloists)—hitherto an impossible, though, of course, urgently necessary preliminary. On the Wednesday morning a large high-priced audience should be ensured by the performance of a new sacred work of importance—the great gun of the Festival. I may here parenthetically repeat that a production such as this must *always* without fail be made. It is, in fact, one of the primary points for consideration, since novelty is the almost sole means by which aid and attention can be secured from extraneous sources for the Festival as a musical institution. In the evening the usual ballad concert would take place, but the prices must not be higher than on the previous evening, and the hall must be arranged (as, indeed, it should be throughout the meeting) with a view to the attendance of a large body of the general public rather than a majority of guinea or half-guinea seat-holders. On the Thursday morning I suggest that no performance should be given at all, for the reasons that the second morning concert never pays, and that the interval will give the performers time to rest before continuing their work. In the evening, a grand attractive concert might be given, the first part consisting, say, of a new cantata by a first-rate composer, and the second part, of a judicious sacred selection. As a matter of course the *Messiah* would follow on the Friday morning, and here the Festival proper would end. Thus far you would have had five performances, and I may safely say that if four out of these paid fairly well, the success of the Festival would be assured. You have on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Friday morning three essentially attractive concerts to draw the general public with, and those on the Wednesday morning and Thursday evening are the only ones to which, conscientiously speaking, you may hope to bring your county families and gentry (who are constantly hearing the standard works elsewhere) in anything like paying numbers. It has beyond doubt been proved at former Festivals, that if three or four out of the whole week's concerts pay well, a good balance is the result; the others, then, can only be a dead loss, and, as they in nine cases out of ten consist of hackneyed works, what earthly use can there be in giving them?

I now come to the event with which the Festival always concludes, viz., the ball. For several years this affair has been, instead of a brilliant success, a dead loss. Like all the other attractions, it

used to be of much rarer occurrence in years gone by, and the county folks were wont to flock to it in large numbers, whereas now very few of them attend, and these do not like to do so because of having to meet the mixed company who only lend their aid and presence to this particular portion of the week's festivities. As a matter of profit and to give *éclat* to the meeting the ball is all very well, but the moment it becomes a pecuniary loss it no longer has any *raison-d'être*. My proposal is to replace it, and thus further appeal to the people of Norwich by a thoroughly popular concert, which shall afford attractions of irresistible calibre. This would be much more likely to add a large lump to the receipts than the ball, the loss of which the best people would certainly not miss, and the grumblings of the others might pass unheeded. With this additional concert there would be altogether six performances, for three if not four of which the prices should be such as would make them accessible to your townsfolk generally. It cannot be gainsaid, either, that the character of the programmes, while offering comprehensive attractions, should still be in every respect as high and classical as has been the case up to the present time. Here I must draw to a close for this week, and shall in my next endeavour to point out some other respects in which the Festival arrangements stand in need of amendment.—*Norwich Argus, March 3rd.*

GRAUN'S PASSION MUSIC AT ST GABRIEL'S, PIMLICO.

Whatever future historians may say of the Church in our day, apathy and coldness will not be laid to its charge. Most people will acknowledge that music has nobly seconded this awakening of the Church, and, wherever reverence and a high standard of musical excellence are combined, a large congregation is the result. Services of this character, also, have an influence in another direction. The best musicians are attracted and encouraged to turn their genius towards Church music, and publishers are ready to lend their aid. We have no less than five settings of music on the subject of the Passion of our Lord. Bach's great work (*St Matthew's Passion*), now annually sung at St Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday in Holy Week, and *St John's Passion*, by the same composer, familiar to us through the performances at St Ann's, Soho, on the Fridays in Lent; then Haydn's *Passion* (*Last Seven Words*), becoming deservedly more popular as a church service; Gounod's setting of the same subject, which, as it can be sung without accompaniment, will find a home in churches where orchestral instruments might be objected to; and, lastly, Graun's *Passion* (*Der Tod Jesu*), almost unknown in England. Of this work and the performance at St Gabriel's, Pimlico, we wish especially to speak. Graun was contemporary with Handel, both dying in 1759. He was of a musical family, and there are in the library at Berlin several manuscripts by his brother, Augustus Frederic. Graun's residence in Italy greatly influenced him in favour of the Italian school; and, on his return to Germany, he became popular with those who considered the native school too severe. At this time Italian opera was much in vogue, and Graun devoted his chief energies in this direction; he also, like his contemporary Hasse, both acting and singing in his own works. The cantata under notice is regarded as his greatest composition. Published in 1760 at Leipsic, it has enjoyed a popularity denied to many works of equal value. Its chief merit lies in the choruses, which are effective and easy to execute. Some of the subjects are, however, familiar to musicians versed in the music of the period, and yet unacquainted with Graun. The solos are long, florid, and of high range, written to satisfy voices of the most flexible nature, and therefore unfitted for the Church at penitential seasons. These can, however, be omitted without detriment to the narrative. The cantata would then be of moderate length, and might be sung with effect as an anthem. The original words are by Ramler, and the Rev. J. Troutbeck has been very successful with the English adaptation. Much praise is due to the organist, Mr Marcellus Higgs, and the choir of St Gabriel's Church, Pimlico, for having brought this work to a hearing, for, we believe, the first time in London. The choruses were sung by a well-balanced choir of sixty voices, and the accompaniments were cleverly played on the organ by Mr H. M. Higgs. The soprano solos were entrusted to a little boy, who sang with ease and skill; and the tenor and bass solo music was equally fortunate in exponents who never seemed to lose sight of the devotional part of their tasks. From a musical point of view the service was in every department praiseworthy, while the reverent behaviour of the congregation was ample proof that these services do good work, when conducted in a matter befitting the occasion.—*Musical Times.*

MAGDEBURG.—The new opera *Die Rose von Woodstock*, by Herr Bennewitz, has been favourably received at the Stadttheater. It is agreeably distinguished for new and original melody.

JOHN OXENFORD.

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.")

Requiescat in pace. As those words were uttered by the priest for the last time over the coffin which was almost hidden from sight by the loving tribute of flowers that had been laid upon it, there was not one of those who stood by the grave of John Oxenford but must have muttered "Amen!" from his heart. Never did a man who had for so long a time wielded that weapon—the edge of which is so apt to cut both him who uses it and him on whom it is used—the critic's pen—leave behind him so few enemies and so many friends; friends not only in name, but in heart; friends who felt, as that coffin was lowered into the vault, that a void which never could be filled was left for them among the noblest pleasures of this life. "Glorious John," as those who knew him best delighted to call him, was no mere "good fellow;" no mere boon companion, whose absence from one's table or fireside leaves a blank indeed, but one easily filled in the course of time. He was a man to be intimate with whom was truly a privilege. More learned men there doubtless are; men as widely read there may be; men who were better talkers there may have been; but there is not, and I doubt if ever there was one who, to deep and wide knowledge of books, added so much unaffected modesty, so kindly an appreciation of others, and such a genial love of mankind. To many the fact that he had been for the last eighteen months a Roman Catholic was a surprise; yet there never was a man who embodied in himself, as far as literature was concerned, the purest essence of catholicity; that large-minded, big-hearted love of all books, learned or playful, heavy or light, foreign or native, grand or humble, as John Oxenford did. When I hear him spoken of, or see him written of, as a "mere playwright," or "theatrical critic," I wonder what acquaintance those who so speak or write can have with the literature of their own or any other European country. I should have thought that any aspirant to a "pass" in any of the numerous examinations now so virulently prevalent, would not be able to mention less than four names of those to whom we owe the introduction of the study of German literature into this country. Of these four, John Oxenford, no less than Coleridge, De Quincey, and Carlyle, is certainly one. The same pen which wrote with such humorous indulgence and marvellous clearness a notice of the last new play, which was intended to amuse the town, would be employed the very next hour on an erudite article, treating of some rare old book, for the *Saturday Review*, or would be translating the obscure phraseology of some German *Lied* into melodious and intelligible English verse. Though he read both the Latin and Greek classics with as much ease and avidity as young ladies read novels—though within a few weeks of his death, when he was suffering from great exhaustion, I found him amusing himself by working out abstruse algebraical problems—there never was a man less a pedant than John Oxenford. I have often been immensely amused by the tone of contemptuous patronage with which young philosophers of the present day would receive the name of Oxenford, regarding him from the supreme height of their arid priggism as a mere scribbler for the press. These are the young gentlemen who never read any novels but George Elliot's, who are always bored if they go to a play, except it be of the fleshly burlesque type, which, being within the range alike of their sympathies and their understandings, they can descant upon, of course purely from the æsthetic point of view. For such persons and for "swells" John Oxenford had a decided antipathy; in their society he was silent and uncomfortable; but even against them, much as he disliked them, he uttered nothing worse than the most good-

humoured satire. I do not think he could ever have known how to sneer—of malice he was incapable. The very last time I was with him, scarcely a fortnight before he died, he alluded to some injury that had been done him, not with the shallow indifference of one who would fain appear hardened against the buffets and stings of this world, but with that cheerful gentleness inherent in his great-hearted nature, with which he invariably met all ill-natured attacks, from whatever quarter. He had been, in the opinion of many of his friends, a free-thinker for a great part of his life, but he certainly had the habit of true charity, which many Christians find it so hard to acquire. To the last he worked on, though towards the end of his life his strength failed him; yet scarcely a week passed but he contrived to write some words for music, or to translate French and German songs. Sometimes he was able to accomplish a review—generally of some classic, all the new editions of which he studied with the warmest interest. It was pleasant to see his face brighten as he compared the school editions of the present day with those which existed when he was a boy. He rejoiced to see his favourite authors introduced to the young under such favourable circumstances. His library contained few bound volumes and fewer rare editions. If he devoured books, he digested them too. He loved them for the nourishment they contained, and cared little how they were dressed.

Many and of various classes were the mourners round his grave. Busy men gave up their precious time in order to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to one who, fully conscious that knowledge was power, had ever used the one with gentle forbearance, the other with noble modesty.

F. M.

ST JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

A reading of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, was given on Saturday evening in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, on behalf of St John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. The arrangements made were adapted to secure an efficient result, as will at once be understood when we say that Miss Evelyn and Mr Ryder undertook to recite the drama, and that Mr Alfred Gilbert conducted a chorus of one hundred voices, together with an orchestra chiefly selected from the Crystal Palace band. But, unfortunately for the benevolent object in view, the public did not respond to the extent which might reasonably have been expected, looking at the acknowledged attraction held out, and St John's Hospital, we fear, has reaped little benefit from a very laudable effort. The fact, however, that attention is now called to the existence and claims of the charity may ultimately be of service, and obtain some of the help required. The performance of a work so familiar as *Antigone* scarcely demands extended remark. It will be credited that such an elocutionist as Mr Ryder did all that was possible for his share. Miss Evelyn infused much real pathos into the words of the unhappy heroine; the final scene, in which Antigone appears, being specially effective, and earning hearty recognition. As regards the musical portion of the entertainment, little fault could be found save in the accompanied recitatives, where a want of unity only obtainable through careful rehearsal, was occasionally observed. All else did credit to every one concerned, especially to the conductor, Mr. Gilbert, and the soloists, Messrs Greenhill, Wallace Wells, Hempel, and Stanley Smith, whose rendering of the delicious quartet, "O Eros," showed real taste. The most striking effect in the performance was created by the grand Hymn to Bacchus, a splendid execution of which evoked loud applause.

MADRID.—M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* will shortly be performed by the Italian company at the Teatro Real with the following cast: Mignon, Signora Virginia Ferni; Philine, Signora Reigl; Federico, Signor By; Wilhelm, Signor Stagno, Lothario, Signor Belval; Læsto, Signor Fiorini; and Jarno, Signor Orus.

Popular Concerts.

(RETROSPECT.)

There was no novelty, but a great deal of excellence, in the programme of Monday last, not a single item being without attraction of the highest class. We need scarcely stop to demonstrate this as regards the opening work, Beethoven's Quartet in F major (Op. 59), the first of the set, dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, in which the mighty master's genius appears at once most exalted and most intelligible. Mendelssohn's remark that this quartet, with its successor in F minor, are the most "Beethovenish" of all Beethoven's works, may be accepted as perfectly true. In them, more than in the more abstruse compositions characteristic of his so-called "third style," do we see, perhaps, the highest development of marvellous gifts, according to the rules of art. The extraordinary second movement, as will readily be understood, made the greatest effect from its very original construction, but the entire work, beautifully played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, left a deep impression. Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Quartet in B minor (Op. 3) came at the end of the programme, played by the same artists—Herr Ries excepted, who was replaced by Mr Franklin Taylor—with equal facility and power. Beauty of another order from that of Beethoven shines here, but beauty nevertheless, of high degree and most fascinating description. The Scherzo, a real Mendelssohnian gem, never fails to delight all amateurs, and those who refused to stay and hear it on Monday night could hardly have known what pleasure they declined to enjoy. Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 7) was the pianoforte solo, played, if in no very striking, yet thoroughly correct, fashion by Mr Taylor, and the second part opened with Brahms' now famous and popular "Liebeslieder-Walzer," Misses Marie Krebs and Agnes Zimmermann being at the pianoforte, with Miss Sophie Löwe, Miss Helene Arnim, Mr Shakespeare, and Mr Pyatt as vocalists. Having already discussed these charming trifles at adequate length, there is now no need to say more than that they were received, as they should be, with unqualified approbation.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Feb. 28 the concert for the benefit of the unfortunate Lyonnais workpeople was a success, thanks to the efforts of La Société Musicale, L'Orphéon de Boulogne, a new brass band, under the conductorship of M. Picard, styled "L'Union Symphonique," and the singing of M^{me} Louis Fontaine and M. Delorme. The Salle was crowded, all being there by invitation of the committee, while a plate at the door was well filled by the *invités*. On Monday next a similar concert, with the same object in view, will be given.

Since last I wrote, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Joseph Houzard, La Grande Duchesse de Boulognestein, Jean, Jeannette et Jeanneton, Les Jurons de Cavillac, Le Sourd*, and (for the benefit of M^{lle} Noailles, an old favourite in Boulogne) *Barbe Bleue* have been given, as well as a laughable little drama in two acts, entitled *La Fille du Clown*. M^{lle} Noailles, who undertook the part of Boulotte in *Barbe Bleue*, was warmly received. She was presented with a handsome bracelet from her fellow artists and five bouquets from the public. The season at the Salle Monsigny is drawing to an end. The house will be closed from March 25 till June 30.

On Sunday afternoons, for the last three months, lectures on popular subjects have been given in the Salle des Concerts. Last Sunday's attracted many of the "musical world." The subject was "Les philosophes sur le théâtre." M. Platrier, a professor at the local college, was the lecturer. After alluding to the stage philosophers, Aristophanes, Molière, and Pellissier, M. Platrier read extracts from the works of these authors, and commented especially on *Le Mariage forcé*, from which he read the scene between Panrace and Sganarelle, recalling to his audience how well the same had been interpreted at a benefit given by the brothers Coquelin last autumn in this town. He also mentioned *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Les Femmes savantes*, &c. From the works of Pellissier he selected *Le Cerf*, from which he read extracts, giving the plot (a political one), bringing in, as a burlesque, the names of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, and terminating with a letter from the latter to Pellissier, in which he gave the *Cerf* inventor a lesson, "How to walk uprightly."

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 14, 1877.

X. T. R.

ROTTERDAM.—A new opera, *Van Dyck*, by Herr Adolf Müller, has been successfully brought out here.

GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The Two Foster Brothers is the title of the very newest fancy at that merry little hall where fertility of invention is united to facility of accomplishment. Given Mr Gilbert A'Beckett to write the book, and Mr. Alfred Cellier to idealise the subject with graceful melody, the latest entertainment could scarcely stray far out of the beaten track. If it were ever inclined to do so, certain it is that Miss Leonora Braham with her tuneful comedy, Mr. Corney Grain with his power of characterisation, and both Mr Alfred Reed and Mr Law with their disciplined sense of humour, would soon restore the old harmony and completeness. *The Two Foster Brothers* is, as regards its subject-matter, a little more farcical and full-flavoured than the generality of the German Reed entertainments, its humour is of a rougher order than usual, and far-seeing persons may see in this upsetting of conservative order and rigid simplicity a certain sign of the times. A few years ago it would have been considered strange indeed if Mrs German Reed had boldly announced her intention of substituting farce for fancy; but now, with a stroke of the magician's wand, farce is presented of a pattern which would have delighted theatrical audiences at the time when "A Rough Diamond" was produced, and Mr Buckstone delighted them with Cousin Joe. The two brothers now held up to ridicule are as unlike as they well can be. The one is a London exquisite; the other a Somersetshire farm labourer. The one is dressed by Poole; the other hides the difficulties of his attire with a smockfrock. Apparently for the sake of a comic reversal, by which Mr Corney Grain shall wear a smockfrock, patent leather boots, and a chimney-pot hat, and Mr Alfred Reed shall dawn upon the audience in all the full-blown dignity of a comic countryman dressed for a country fair, the old, well-worn, never-to-be-despised dramatic refuge of children changed at nurse is resorted to. In order, in fact, to create a thread of dramatic interest, the baronet becomes a ploughman, and the agriculturist turns out an aristocrat. The complications arising are inevitable, but amusing. The baronet feeds the pigs with cream, and "Our Jem," commits himself to the most outrageous solecisms; and, when the audience has laughed sufficiently, the changed cradle incident is, as usual, declared to be erroneous, and matters end as peaceably as they began. All the members of the company took the greatest pains not to strain the farcical incidents beyond their legitimate end, and all, as usual, worked carefully and well. Mr Alfred Reed and Mr Law were funny without exaggeration. Mr Corney Grain gave a capital bit of character as a bored exquisite, and Mrs German Reed with Miss Leonora Braham, endeavoured to win the subject back to the idyllic fields where it would have found a welcome companion in Mr Alfred Cellier's music. Occasionally the melody appeared to pine for a more sympathetic subject, although it must be fairly confessed that the eccentricity was congenial to the audience as it stood. It is fairly open to question, however, whether this rapid hurry in the direction of competition with the theatres is altogether judicious. The light operas, the musical romances, the chamber comediettas given with such success by Mrs German Reed and her company can be found in the same perfection nowhere else. Farce-acting may be looked for elsewhere, and from artists trained for the purpose. What verses of society are to the literature of the drawing-room, Mrs German Reed's Entertainment is to the amusement of the public.

JOHN OXFORD'S DRAMATIC WORKS, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In the last number of the *Musical World* you insert a list of John Oxford's dramatic works on the authority of the *Era*. Allow me to state that there are many more I could name which were not in that list, amongst others, the very popular opera of *Robin Hood*, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre; his dramatic cantata, *The Sleeper Awakened*; and his translation of Bürger's romantic poem, *Lenore*—all three composed by Professor G. A. Macfarren. Your obedient servant,

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

DR W. A. BARRETT'S LECTURES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Allow me to thank Mr D. Baptie for his kind and courteous note. The report from which he gained his information concerning my lectures was not correct. By a slip of the pen I am styled Mus. Doc., I am at present only Mus. Bac. I am also made to say that Webbe wrote 107 glees. I said published (of course, in his own time). As my lectures are now printed, your esteemed correspondent may be glad to have the opportunity of reading my words as I spoke them. I am, yours truly,

W. A. BARRETT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

LAST CONCERT BUT ONE OF THE SEASON.
THE THIRTY-THIRD CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 29, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Schubert.
SONGS, {" Old German Spring Song" } ... Mendelssohn.
{" Rhenish Popular Song" }

Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN.

FANTASIA, in C major, Op. 17, for pianoforte alone—Mme SCHUMANN ... Schumann.

PART II.

SONG, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN ... F. Clay.
SERENADE TRIO, in D major, Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.
Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 17, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in F, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Mozart.
TOOCATA, in C major, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS ... Schumann.
LIEBESLIEDER-WALZER, Op. 52, for four hands on the pianoforte, and voice parts *ad libitum*—Pianoforte—Mlle MARIE KREBS and Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN; Vocalists—Mlles SOPHIE LOWE and HELENE ARNIM, MM. SHAKESPEARE and PYATT ... Brahms.
PRELUDE and FUGUE, in E minor, for pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN ... Mendelssohn.
TRIO (MS. by desire), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... Balfe.

EXTRA CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, MARCH 21, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 127, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.
SONG—Herr HENSCHEL ... Beethoven.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for pianoforte alone—Mme SCHUMANN ... Beethoven.
SONG—Herr HENSCHEL ... Beethoven.
QUARTET, in F, Op. 123, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S RECITAL (prior to her departure for Paris), at ST JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, March 23. Tickets and programmes at the usual agents; and of BOOSEY & Co., 295, Regent Street.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY next, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mme Edith Wynne, Miss Frances Brooke, and Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Mme Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 1s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSEY & Co., 295, Regent Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR HEAVYBODY.—Richard Wagner was born at Leipsic, in 1813. He is 63 years of age. An oratorio by him was performed at the Gewandhaus (according to Herr Dorn), but has never since been heard. Wagner also composed two operas, in 1833 and 1836, about which no one seems to know anything. He was successively music-director of the theatres of Magdeburg, Königsberg, and Riga. At the last-named town he composed his opera, *Rienzi*, which, produced at Dresden in 1842, first made him talked about. He had a large black dog, with inflated nostrils.

NOTICE.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—Did you ever hear Wagner's overture to *Polonia*?
DR QUINCE.—No; but I've heard his overture to *Rule Britannia*.
DR SHIPPING.—Which do you like of the two?
DR QUINCE.—*Polonia*. Did you ever hear *Rule Britannia*?
DR SHIPPING.—No; but I've heard *Polonia*.
DR QUINCE.—Which do you prefer?
DR SHIPPING.—*Rule Britannia*.

[*Exeunt severally, perplexed.*]

A Variation.



At the Moon and Ghoul, Ilminster.

DR DAY.—How did you like the new quartet at the Pops?
DR NIGHT.—Of Brahms!

DR DAY.—Of Brahms?

DR NIGHT.—In B flat?

DR DAY.—In B flat.

DR NIGHT (*mysteriously*).—Humph!

DR DAY.—Why Humph?

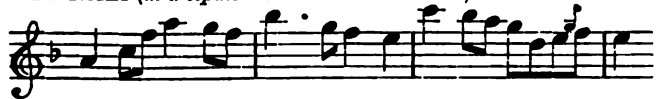
DR NIGHT.—I liked the *andante*, although there is a variation which is no variation.

DR DAY.—A variation no variation? Where?

DR NIGHT.—After the *fantasia*-episode, beginning five in a bar—where it goes into D.

DR DAY.—Explain.

DR NIGHT (*in a sepulchral tone hums the theme*):—



DR DAY.—That's the theme—

DR NIGHT.—The five-four *fantasia* goes thus (*hums irregularly*):—



DR DAY.—That's no variation, Son of Darkness!

DR NIGHT.—Child of Light! I said not that it was.

DR DAY.—Imp of obscurity! Evolve!

DR NIGHT.—Eye of the Universe! Behold! (*Unfolds a writ on vellum parchment*):—

Vellum Parchment.



Thunder and lightning. Voice of MR AP'MUTTON in the far.

VOICE OF MR AP'MUTTON.—Go to the Bee and Bottle. A scrimmage comes. O! where's Flosshilde! Polkaw! Polkaw! Ere thou writ'st verse, learn from the "divine Williams" how to scan! (*Thunder, lightning.*)

DR DAY.—By the keel of the Java!—the voice of Ap'Mutton! Poor master! Once translated, now returned to earth, a-seeking for Flosshilde? By Gilmore and the Boston Festival!—this beats Franconian Bayreuth! By Cosima and Ricciardo! By Arabellissima and Josephus Gulielmus Wirkksamemittel!

DR NIGHT (*sepulchrally*).—Of what ravest thou?

DR DAY.—The variation.

DR NIGHT.—It is no variation.

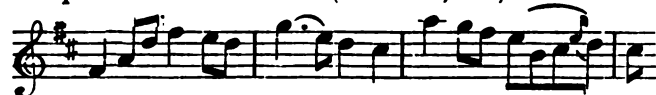
DR DAY.—Thou liest!

DR NIGHT.—How? *Cave canem!*

DR DAY.—I am Diogenes. I will throw a lamp upon it from out my tub.

DR NIGHT.—Throw, and illumine.

DR DAY.—Dark gnome of Erebus! Alberich Secundus! I will transpose the theme from F to D (*hums theme, in D*):—



DR NIGHT.—Thou one-eyed Argus! Thou Polyphemus metamorphosed! This is no variation—

DR DAY (*interrupting him*).—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Pardon me. Thou know'st nothing of the metamorphosis of themes.

DR NIGHT.—Dannreuther me no Dannreuther. Fransiscus Huefferus says it is all wails and buskins. Galimatias!

DR DAY.—Huefferus be impaled! Listen! (*Hums, in different parts of his voice*):—



DR NIGHT.—How many voices have you got? You are now tenor, now soprano, again tenor, &c.

DR DAY.—Look at the vellum parchment writ on. There you will see polyphony. I do but imitate the several parts which in sequence constitute the melody. The polyphonic arrangement forms the variation.

Terrific cyclone—thunder, lightning, water-spout, torpedos, &c. Voice of MR AP'MUTTON, nearer and nearer:—

VOICE OF MR AP'MUTTON.—Hang polyphony! Wagner comes! Liszt may follow. Go to Bee and Bottle. I'll lend you my tarnkap: you will hear scrimmage. Ask Wagner about Flosshilde for me. You shall have Welgunde and Wogelinde between you. I have Wotan's spear and Siegfried's sword. Begone! or ware the wrath of Ap'Mutton! I am cast of an eye, and wear a mantle blue. I will stick swords into ash-trees.

A fierce and troublous hurricane. Wraith of FRANCIS HUEFFER.

VOICE OF AP'MUTTON (*in the far*).—Awast! (*Tarnkap falls with a crash through roof of Moon and Ghoul. Wraith absconds.*)

DR NIGHT (*shivering*).—Allons. Entrons par le Piémont.

DRS DAY and NIGHT put their heads jointly in tarnkap, and in the twinkling of an eye, find themselves at the Bee and Bottle.

Apparition of DRS SERPENT and GHOST.



DR SERPENT (*hissing*).—Here's Night!

DR GHOST (*feeling white*).—Here's Day!

DRS GHOST and SERPENT.—Let's slope!

[Vanish.]

DR DAY.—Nobody come?

DR NIGHT.—No! by th' owl of Minerva!

Enter MUMBO and JUMBO.



MUMBO.—Am scrimmage over?

JUMBO.—Guess it am.

MUMBO.—Who dat?

JUMBO.—Him Dr Day. Whom dat oder?

MUMBO.—Him Dr Night.

JUMBO (*trembling*).—Gollowallagolla! De doo am gither!

MUMBO (*perspiring*).—Allogtallawollog! Go baccy room—no more scrimmage!

JUMBO.—Ahjajahsh!—



(Noise in smoke-room—smashing of plates, throwing bottles, report of pistols, screams from landlord and barmaid—evident dissension—cries of Wagner! Liezt! Brahms! Joachim! &c.)

MUMBO and JUMBO (in convulsions).—Wagner him come!

[Exeunt precipitately by separate doors.]



DR DAY.—Five in a bar!

DR NIGHT.—Like Brahms!

(Terrible noise from smoke-room—Colonel Twist, Dr Shivers, Mr Baylis Boil, Mr Purple Powis, Sir Capor O'Corby, and Mr Lavender Pitt rush out, in angry dissension, Sir Capor dealing blows right and left with his shillelagh.)

DR DAY (perplexed).—Heu cauda!

SIR CAPOR O'CORBY.—Bedad! Who are those Philistines? Be the hand o' me body, let 'em thread on me coat-tails!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No. It's Day and Night.

SIR CAPOR O'CORBY.—Smithereens! I hate 'em both. I'd mix 'em thegither—small quantity o' Day and large quantity o' Night. Thread on my skirts! Balingarry me beard!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No. They are quiet fellows.

SIR CAPOR O'CORBY.—Cornudgeons, begorrt!

MR LAVENDER PITT (taking him aside).—Calm yourself—you've had the best of the argument about *Mazeppa*. What more do you want? Twist, Shivers, Boil, and Purple are no longer conscious—they are non compos, in short, and—

SIR CAPOR O'CORBY (interrupting him).—But Day and Night! Be the bludgeon of Hercules—

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Be quiet, or the landlord will come up—

SIR CAPOR O'CORBY.—I don't care a sthraw about old Jollycastle—

MR LAVENDER PITT.—But Miss Kate Jollycastle?

SIR CAPOR O'CORBY.—Bedad! you've hit it—you've hit—(falls on sofa, and begins to snore.)

MR LAVENDER PITT (to DRS DAY and NIGHT).—Gentlemen, I advise you, not having the honor, Aw! of your immediate acquaintance, Aw! to get away as soon as possible. When fuvious he is wevy fuvious. Aw! He'll wake soon. Aw!

DR DAY (aside to DR NIGHT).—What say you to Tarnkap, and Ilminster?

DR NIGHT.—By all means.

MISS JOLLYCASTLE playing on the piano in the landlord's sanctum.



MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!

DRS DAY and NIGHT (putting on Tarnkap).—To Ilminster! At the Moon and Ghoul, Ilminster.

DR DAY.—The Fates be praised! We can talk soberly here. (rings).

Enter WAITER.

DR NIGHT.—Brandy and soda!

DR DAY.—Soda and brandy!

DR NIGHT.—Here's a coil!

DR DAY.—All along of a tetralogical *Mazeppa*. Wagner comes to-morrow!

DR NIGHT (in a "monumental" tone).—And when goes hence?

Enter WAITER with brandies and sodas.

WAITER.—Both asleep! I'll drink 'em myself. [Exit.]

DR DAY (dreaming):—



DR NIGHT (dreaming):—



DR DAY (muttering in his sleep).—Heu!

DR NIGHT (muttering in his sleep).—Cauda! Curtains.

Bach's "Passion of St. Matthew" and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—New editions of the above-named masterpieces have just been issued by the house of Boosey & Co. For more than one reason they are entitled to consideration. The death of John Oxenford has excited curiosity about his literary labours, the variety and extent of which were almost unknown to the outside world. Few are aware that the accomplished scholar, distinguished poet, and greatest of critics had occupied much of his leisure time in turning the librettos of operas and the books of oratorios into sterling English. Yet, during his later years, Oxenford busied himself earnestly with this especial kind of work; and, to cite only one example, his translation of *Lohengrin* is an effort of which any scholar might feel proud. Wagner, if he understood English as well as he understands Mediaeval Teutonic, would not have disdained to own it. I have in my possession a letter from Oxenford (who had then just finished his translation), containing these words: "I know nothing about the music of Wagner, but I can affirm positively that he is a great poet." The most recent examples of Oxenford's talent in the direction to which I refer are literal versions of the texts of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and Beethoven's *Christus am Olberge* (*Christ on the Mount of Olives*)—issued by the firm of Boosey & Co. A careful perusal of both has persuaded me that they far surpass anything else in their way that we possess. In early life, absorbed in studies of another kind, Oxenford, though really fond of music, paid little or no attention to the productions of the masters whom Schumann eloquently describes as "looking down upon us from among the stars." Nevertheless, he has often said to me—"I wish I had spent as much time in informing myself about these giant oratorios, symphonies, and other things, of which you speak so often, and with such reverence. I, too, should have loved them. But I go to the opera,* and come away from *Lucrezia* humming:—



&c.

"while you go to the opera, and are always humming a tune from *Guillaume Tell*—something like this":—



"

&c.

As Oxenford grew in years—though one of the greatest humorists of our time—he, who looked at all things literary and philosophical from a serious point of view, began to take more and more interest in the works of the old musicians; and his connection with the house of Boosey & Co. has led to important results. The editions of Bach's *Passion of St Matthew* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* are not the least valuable of his labours in this direction. The English translations are as masterly as they are close to the originals; and, with Mr Josiah Pittman's careful supervision of the musical text, they may be safely recommended to the attention alike of amateurs and musicians.

Otto Reard.

MILAN.—Signor Petrella's new opera, *La Fata di Pozzuoli*, will be brought out in the summer at the Teatro Carcano.

* Oxenford was then the musical critic of the *Times*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD is to play the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, at her recital on the 23rd inst. *Better late than never*. It was written expressly for her, and is dedicated to her. Moreover, its gifted composer used to say, over and over again—"She is my Joan of Arc!" The remainder of Mme. Goddard's programme is irreproachable—worthy of a distinguished artist, worthy of one who, when she chooses to play her best, is the greatest of living pianists.

ONE great attraction of the Italian Opera, London, in 1723 was Signora Cuzzani. Previously to her public appearance, she sang before the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were greatly delighted with her. She was engaged at the then enormous salary of £2,000 a-year, on the presumption that she would prove a great success. Nor were the managers disappointed, for they were enabled on the evening of her second performance to demand and receive four guineas for each single ticket. The following epigram was published immediately after her *début* :—

"If Orpheus' notes could woods and rocks inspire
And make dull rivers listen to his lyre,
Cuzzani's voice can, with far greater skill,
Rouse death to life, and, what is living, kill."

The fact of the lady's having inspired the epigram proves that her singing must have been better than the epigram itself.

GAY wrote his well-known ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," upon Mrs Montford, the celebrated actress and contemporary of Colley Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love and the ingratitude of a bosom friend deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a lunatic asylum. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told it was *Hamlet*. While on the stage, she had always been exceedingly popular as Ophelia. The recollection struck her, and, with the cunning so frequently allied to insanity, she eluded her keepers and made her way to the theatre. She remained concealed until Ophelia enters for the mad scene, then, pushing past the lady who was playing the character, she went on the stage and gave a most marvellous representation of the scene. She was Ophelia herself, to the amazement of performers and audience. When she had made this last effort she exclaimed: "It is all over." She was forthwith conveyed back to her domicile, where she died a few days afterwards.

GLUCK possessed a warm patroness in Marie Antoinette. He was admitted to her toilette, and she never ceased talking to him. One day she inquired whether he had nearly concluded his opera of *Armida*, and whether it pleased him. Gluck calmly replied, with his German accent, "Madame, it will soon be finished, and will really be sublime." His opinion, thus roundly expressed, was, as we know, corroborated by the public.

ACCORDING to M. Wekerlin, the learned librarian of the Paris Conservatory, Gluck, when desirous of exciting his fancy and of transporting himself to Taurus, Sparta, or Erebus, required to be seated in the middle of a field, where, under the canopy of heaven, exposed to the rays of the sun, with his piano before him, and a couple of bottles of champagne by his side, he wrote the two Iphigenias, the complaints of Orpheus, and the daring love of Paris. Sarti, on the contrary, preferred a large, empty room, lighted in a lugubrious fashion by a single lamp hanging from the ceiling. He could never hit upon a musical notion except late at night and amid profound silence. Sacchini could compose only with his Dulcinea near him, while his cats and kittens were gamboling around. Paisiello, when composing, always lay in bed. Thus he wrote *Nina, Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the *Molinara*, and other works. To extemporise, and afterwards develop in less than four hours, an entire act of *Giulietta e Romeo*, all Zingarelli needed was to read a passage from a Latin classic, or a Father of the Church. Anfossi had a brother of great promise, who died young. This composer could not write except when surrounded by capons, sausages, and ham. Haydn roamed about the seventh heaven of invention without moving from his chair, but always attired in a court suit. [A very, very old story, M. Wekerlin!—D.P.]

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE winter evenings, or rather the pleasant Friday evenings "At Home," of Mrs Charles Eley came to an end last Friday. Her elegant salons and splendid music-room will be closed for a long time—far too long a time indeed for those who have had the pleasure of spending many pleasant hours in "perfect harmony," and listening to "sweet melody." The fine organ on which Mrs Eley discourses so eloquently and the sweet voices of many fair amateurs will be silent for a time, but not forgotten. Mrs Charles Eley will in a few days leave her charming residence for the Continent in search of new inspirations for next season. S. L.

M. ALEXANDRE GUILLMANT (organist of the Church of the Trinity, Paris) gave a recital on the great organ at the residence of Mr N. J. Holmes, Primrose Hill Road, on Saturday afternoon, March 10. M. Guilmant's performance of the following pieces was marked by all his well-known talent (and he was unanimously called upon to repeat the Allegretto from his fifth book of *L'Organiste Pratique*) :—Prelude in E flat (J. S. Bach); Funeral song; Offertoire for Easter; Choral; Allegretto; and Fuga, Alla Handel; Fifth Book of *L'Organiste Pratique*, dedicated to Mr N. J. Holmes (Guilmant); Choral with Variations; Sixth Sonata (Mendelssohn); Improvisation; First Meditation; and Fugue in D major (Guilmant).

PROVINCIAL.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr W. Pyatt's second concert, with the artists of the Monday Popular Concerts, St James's Hall, London, took place on Thursday, March 1st, in the Albert Hall. The artists were Herr Joachim, Herr L. Ries, Mr Zerbini, and Mdle Marie Krebs. Miss Agnes Larkcom was the vocalist, and Sir Julius Benedict conducted. The following is the programme :—Part I.—Quartet in D major, Op. 64, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn); Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (Sullivan); Sonata in F major for violoncello (Marcello); Song, "Berceuse" (Gounod); Toccata in C major (Schumann). Part II.—Prelude, Bourrée, Minuet, and Gavotte, in E major, for violin alone (Bach); Andante in E major, and Scherzo in A minor (fragments of an unfinished quartet), for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn); Song, "I have been with the rose" (Balfe); Trio in D minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn). The success of the concert—says the *Nottingham Journal*—is a matter of congratulation, as it shows a marked improvement in the musical taste of Nottingham. The hall was full, and the audience appreciative. Mr Pyatt's efforts to raise the standard of musical taste have been successful. There were no "shivering subscribers" in the hall last evening, the arrangements for preventing draughts and securing the comfort of those present having been well attended to under Mr Pyatt's direction.

BRIGHTON.—From the *Sussex Express* we learn that Mr Kuhe and Mr Carrodus have been playing at the Aquarium concerts with success. Mr Wilford Morgan was the vocalist. "He is one of the comparatively few singers who succeed in drawing large audiences at the Aquarium evening concerts, and his success will probably induce the management to retain his services. His engagements hitherto, in our opinion, have been too 'few and far between.' Mr Wilford Morgan has not yet appeared in Brighton at any but the Aquarium concerts, but we have been so favourably impressed by his efforts that we hope Mr Kuhe and other of our local *entrepreneurs*, in addition to the Aquarium management, will give us the opportunity of hearing him often."

LEEDS.—On Thursday, March 8, Dr Spark delivered his lecture on "The Vocal Music of the Victorian Era" in St Simon's School, Ventnor Street. A more striking proof of the popularity and appreciation in which Dr Spark is held could not be given than by the large and appreciative audience. The Rev. Thomas Whitby (the vicar of St Simon's) occupied the chair, and made a characteristic speech in introducing Dr Spark, who was received with enthusiasm. Misses Jeannie Taylor, Kennedy, Messrs Nunns and Dodds, were the vocalists who assisted in the "illustrations" of the lecture, which was listened to with great interest. At the conclusion a vote of thanks to Dr Sparks was proposed by the Rev. Mr Whitby, and seconded by Mr Lee.

MAIDSTONE.—The final entertainment this season in connection with the Literary and Mechanics' Institution took place at the Maidstone Corn Exchange. The vocalists were Miss Marian Lynton (soprano), Miss Janet Clayton (mezzo-soprano), Miss Gertrude Lawes (contralto), Mr Willbye Cooper (tenor), and Mr Stanley Smith (bass); and the instrumentalists: Herr Rosenthal (solo violin), and Mr Michael Watson (solo pianoforte). The vocalists acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience, and the instrumentalists

no less so. Mr Watson was admired for his performance of a waltz ("Sabrina") of his own composition, and Herr Rosenthal for Leonard's "Souvenir d'Haydn," and his expressive "rendering" of the slow movement from Spohr's ninth concerto. The entertainments throughout the season have proved very successful, and the committee may be congratulated upon a genuine success.

COSTANTINO DALL' ARGINE.

The above composer, who had especially distinguished himself for his ballet music, died on the 1st instant at Milan. He was only thirty-four. He made his first dramatic essay about ten years ago with a little opera, *I due Orsi*, the libretto of which was founded on one of Scribe's old vaudevilles, *L'Ours et le Pacha*. He then conceived the strange notion of re-setting *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and, what is more, of dedicating the score to Rossini, who, in reply, sent him the following letter:—

"I think I am bound to inform you that I received your amiable letter of the 2nd inst. Your name was by no means unknown to me. So far from this being the case, some time ago the fame of the brilliant success you achieved with *I due Orsi* found its way to my ears; I can, therefore, not help being pleased at your holding me in some slight esteem, since you are kind enough (though you consider it very audacious on your part!) to dedicate to me the work to which you are now putting the last touches.

"The only thing I consider superfluous in your charming letter is the word *audacious*. I certainly did not consider myself audacious when I set to music, in twelve days, after Papa Paisiello, Beaumarchais' graceful subject. Why should you be audacious, then, for resolving, after more than half a century, on again writing the music of a *Barbiere*?

"A short time since they performed Paisiello's version at a Paris theatre. Sparkling as it does with spontaneous melodies and dramatic spirit, it obtained great and merited success. Much polemical strife and much discussion have been excited by it, and are still going on, between the admirers of the old and those of the new music. You must be guided (at least, such is my advice) by the ancient proverb, which says: 'Between two pleaders, a third derives the advantage.' Believe me when I say: I hope you will be such a third. May, then, your new *Barbiere* prove as successful as I desire, and achieve imperishable glory for its author and the native land of us both. Such are the wishes entertained for you by the old man born in Pesaro and named

"As I said above, I shall be pleased to accept the dedication of your new work, and beg you to receive beforehand my thanks.

"Passy, 8th August, 1868."

The new *Barbiere*, however, did not prove successful, and, after two or three performances, disappeared for ever. The author seemed somewhat discouraged, and, renouncing, temporarily at least, opera, turned his attention to ballet. In the space of seven or eight years he wrote the music of some twenty works of this kind. It was especially remarkable for its rhythmical qualities, its vivacity, and its elegant instrumentation. Among his ballets we may mention *Amina*, *Il Diavolo a quattro*, *La Comargo*, *Madamigella D'Heilly* (in collaboration with Sig. Paolo Giorza), *La Devadacy*, *La Battaglia di Legnano*, *Il Diavolo zoppo*, *Zelia*, *Nisa e Saib*, *Loreley*, and *Nerone*.

Dall'Argine was a conductor as well as a composer. While officiating very lately in the former capacity at Mantua, during the first performance of *La Contessa d'Amalfi*, he was struck down at his desk by an apoplectic fit. He was taken up in an almost dying condition, and conveyed home. He recovered, however, and went to Milan for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals of his new ballet, *Nerone*, at the Scala. He died in that city on the 1st instant, as previously stated.—*Revue de la Musique*.

COPYRIGHT IN SONGS.—At the Lord Mayor's Court, last Saturday, before Mr W. Brandon, an action was brought by Messrs Sprake & Palmer, music publishers, Islington Green, to recover *solatium* from Mr W. Sutton, a printer, of the Old Bailey, for an alleged infringement of copyright in certain music-hall songs, to which the defendant pleaded a denial of the allegation in the record. Defendant admitted that he had sold some 5,000 copies of the songs in a book for a penny the volume. The plaintiffs had been obliged to protect their property from similar piracies on previous occasions. The Jury considered that plaintiffs had established their ground of action, and gave them a verdict for ten guineas. The Deputy Judge also granted an injunction against defendant.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

St James's Hall was densely crowded on Wednesday, when the "last but one" of the present season of Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts was given. The extraordinary popularity these concerts have attained is due to the admirable way in which they are conducted, to the artists who assist, and to the judicious selection of music allotted to them. Mesdames Edith Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, Cave Ashton, Messrs Maybrick, Beckett, Shakespeare, and Sims Reeves were at their posts, and in "full song," earning applause and "encores" to their hearts' content. Mad. Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and obtained the honours her exceptional talent invariably commands. Mr Sydney Naylor accompanied the vocal music.

The Popular Concerts.

*Which is the fittest day, do you say
For our classical music? Monday,
Saturday, Wednesday, every day?
Fashion has only to lead the way;
Shoddy will imp it—who shall say nay?
Refinement will follow in due course,
And genius and talent be none the worse.*

I would not be thought invidious in wishing God-speed to the "Higher Development," until such time as the educated classes can bring as much enthusiasm in support of an entertainment for them as do the lower classes for the Christy Minstrels, &c. &c. The prophetic soul of the poet foretold the era of Daily Pops.

Bentley & Welford.

THE PRIMROSE.

A child of storm,
Of frost and snow, of winds that rage,
Art thou! Thy fragile form,
Pale primrose, speaks thy tender age.

At thy chill birth,
The sun doth hide his face in frown;
Refusing to the earth,
Delights that should thy birthday crown.

No birdie sings,
To hail thy first glad, hopeful, smile;
The wind, with rude, fierce wings,
Thy natal-chant doth howl the while.

No sister-bloom
Now greets thee with a welcome kiss;
All is wrapt in gloom;
Alone, thou art a thing of bliss.

A pioneer
Art thou of sunny summer time
A messenger so dear,
That speaks of coming joys sublime.

Pattering feet
Draw near to seek thy grassy dwelling;
Lips, fresh and rosy, meet
To kiss thy blossoms gently swelling.

Like spirit bright
From earth escaped to regions blessed,
Thou com'st from winter's night,
In simple robe of pureness dressed.

Though doom'd to fade,
And leave ere summer's joys appear;
Thy requiem shall be played,
By sweetest minstrels of the year.

March 12th, 1877.

P. G.

ROME.—Strauss's *Reine Indigo* has been performed at the Valle.

BARCELONA.—*Aida* has been produced at the Liceo.

NICE.—A new opera, *Il Tribuno*, by Signor Capellini, a young Venetian composer, is announced as shortly to be produced here.

PESTH.—The company from the Komische Oper, Vienna, have performed *Le Roi l'a dit*, by M. Léo Delibes.

GRENOBLE.—The local Philharmonic Society and the band of the Artillery, stationed here, took part the other day in a service celebrated in memory of M. Bertini, the composer and pianist. A special feature in the programme was a Funeral March composed for the occasion by M. Magnier, the Artillery bandmaster.

Acrostic.

I ove went upon his way
 D ne day in early spring ;
 U nkind the north wind's sting,
 I nclement bleak the day.

 S ere were the leaves and brown,
 A ll silent groves and bowers.
 I ealously winter's frown
 A ffrighted early flowers.

 R uefully Love looked round,
 R ested as if spellbound,
 E re he with foot so fleet
 T rod on the barren ground,
 T o see a sweet March violet spring forth
 beneath his feet.

March 14th, 1877.

Pastor Fido.

WAIFS.

Handel's *Joshua* has been given at Salem, U.S.

Mr Theodore Thomas has been giving concerts in Boston.

Cincinnati merchants employ lady collectors with fair results.

M. Fechter's daughter will appear in *Mignon* at the Opéra-Comique.

Speaking of a fop, Lavender says: "To my mind, he dresses not wisely, but too well."

Mr George F. Gear will play a sonata for the pianoforte of his own composition at his *matinée*, on Tuesday night. (*Bravo!*)

Messrs Carrodus and Howell, assisted by Messrs Nicholson and Doyle, have been giving "quartet concerts" in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities in Scotland.

The report of the Committee on the proposal of M. Mention to levy a tax upon pianos has been laid before the French Chamber of Deputies, and is adverse to the proposal.

Mdlle Albani's benefit at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, is announced for the 20th inst. The opera will be *I Puritani*, for which a new tenor, Signor Marini, has been engaged.

Herr Ignaz Brüll has accepted invitations to take part in concerts at Stuttgart and Frankfort. His opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, was brought out on the 6th inst. at the first named town.

The Paris theatres have been subjected to searching visits from constituted authorities, to see that all precautions prescribed by the police against fire have been scrupulously carried out.

The first portion of M. Sapin's theatrical library has been brought to the hammer. M. Wekerlin purchased some lots for the Paris Conservatory, and M. Nutter for the Grand Opera.

M. Capoul will be in London on the 21st inst. His place in Victor Massé's opera of *Paul et Virginie* at the Théâtre-Lyrique will be taken by M. Engel, already once his substitute.

M. Girardet sustains the part of Father Joseph in M. Gounod's new opera of *Cinq Mars*. It was to have been confided to M. Obin, but did not quite suit that gentleman's voice. The first performance is fixed for to-day, the 17th inst.

A jack-knife genius in Richmond, Indiana, we are informed by the *Boston Courier*, has made a violin out of an old maple bedpost and the cover of a dry-goods box. An increased mortality among cats has attended this development of home industry.

The Mayor of Bordeaux has written to thank M. Faure for the performance given by the celebrated baritone in aid of the poor of the town and of the commonwealth of actors at the Grand-Théâtre. The receipts of the performance exceeded 13,000 francs.

The production of M. E. Reyer's opera, *La Statue*, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, has been postponed from the 15th of the present month to the 15th November. M. Vizenini has engaged to bring out the *Jean de Nivelle*, by M. Léo Délibes, and *Le Feu*, by M. Guiraud.

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher, &c.," was the following:—"Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

Señor de Sarasate and M. Anton Door have been very successful on the concert tour they are making together. They were exceedingly well received in Gratz and Trieste. From the last named town they were to proceed by way of Agram, to Pesth, where they intended giving two concerts.

The share due to the Society of Authors, Composers, and Music Publishers, on the receipts of the ball at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the benefit of unemployed operatives of Lyons, amounting to 8,535 francs, 50 centimes, was handed over to the *Maréchal de MacMahon* for transmission to the Mayor of Lyons.

Mdlle Heilbron, after singing three times at the Théâtre-Italien, will sustain, in the early part of next month, the principal female character in the new work *Le Bravo*, by MM. Blavet and Salvayre, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The other artists are Mdlle Berthe Thibaut, MM. Bouhy, Duchesne, Caisso, Gresse, and Bonnefoy.

A few days since, as M. Halanzier was driving in his carriage along the Rue de la Paix, the horse took fright and ran up against the railings of the Vendôme Column. The vehicle was dashed to pieces. Some difficulty was experienced in extricating M. Halanzier. When this was effected, it was found that he had received no injury.

Mr John Oxenford, the eminent dramatic author and critic, who was born in 1812, was originally intended for the legal profession; but the success of his early literary efforts encouraged him to devote himself entirely to literature. He was the author of numerous translations, dramas, melodramas, comedies, and farces, and the manner in which they were constructed bore evidence to his comprehensive knowledge of the languages and dramatic literature of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Besides other works which exhibit signs of high scholarly attainments, he translated Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, the *Autobiography of Goethe*, Jacob's "Hellas," illustrations of the home history of the ancient Greeks, and Kuno Fischer's *Bacon*; and he wrote largely on the subject of German literature, both general and philosophical. He was also a graceful lyrical writer, as his numerous songs and opera libretti attest. Throughout a long series of years he contributed to a variety of daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals, and for thirty years was the chief dramatic critic of *The Times*. His excessive kindness of disposition, however, made him often pass a lenient judgment upon productions which were by no means tenderly dealt with by others; but though, to the superficial reader, his criticisms might seem to contain nothing but eloquent eulogy, it has been well remarked that those who "read between the lines" could have little difficulty in arriving at an opinion worthy consideration.—*Graphic*.

(For Music.)

TO MR AND MRS W. H. HOLMES.*

Dear friends I find you still agree,
 While other folks are yawning,
 To rise, like "early birds," to work
 Melodious in the dawning.

In balmy days of summer time,
 Pray let me give this warning,
 That all who can, may rise betimes,
 To taste the breath of morning:

'Tis then the air is heav'nly sweet!
 And crystal clear at dawning,
 Before the sun has risen quite,
 At four o'clock i' the morning,

The finest birds their sonnets sing
 Then, 'neath their leafy awning,
 The sparrows pert are silent still,
 At four o'clock i' the morning;

Then rise! who will, while rosy beams
 The hills are all adorning,
 There's pleasure still, for young or old,
 At four o'clock i' the morning.

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J. C. B.

DEATH.

On the 15th March, at the residence of his youngest daughter, Madame Bodda Pyne, GEORGE PYNE, in the 88th year of his age.

(Lines for Music.)

GOLDEN SUNBEAMS.*

When the sky frowns dark and low'ring,
Oft we feel a shud'ring dread,
That so vain are all our strivings,
It were better we were dead.
All at once a gleam of sunshine
Scatters all the darkness—then
Angel voices seem to whisper—
Mortal, hope and strive again.
Golden sunbeams, brightly shining,
Bid the heart forget its wees.
Hope dispels each vain repining
When the sunlight warmly glows.

See the bride, with trembling footsteps,
Treads the church's gloomy aisle,
When the rain with dreary patter
Seems to banish ev'ry smile;
Till, at last, the clouds receding,
Phœbus, clad in radiance bright,
Cheers the hearts of bride and bridegroom
With his beams of glorious light.
Golden sunbeams, &c.

E'en at last when years advancing
See us stretch'd on couch of pain,
And we lie in doubtful wond'ring
If we e'er shall rise again.
As we ponder, thro' the lattice
Comes a bright and golden ray,
Silent messenger from heaven,
Herald of the coming day!
Golden sunbeams, &c. LEWIS NOVRA.

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GLUCK's Opera, "ARMIDA" (first time in this country). The Italian translation by Salvatore Marchesi. Armida, Mdle Tietjens (her first appearance in that character).

ROSSINI's "OTELLO." Desdemona, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character these seven years); Iago, M. Faure; and Otello, Signor Tamberlik.

CHERUBINI's Tragic Opera, "MEDEA." Medea, Mdle Tietjens (her first appearance in that character these seven years).

WAGNER's Opera, "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN." Senta, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character); and Vanderdecken, M. Faure (his first appearance in that character).

Selections will be made from the subjoined Repertoire:—

"Roberto il Diavolo" Meyerbeer.	"Don Pasquale" Donizetti.	"Faust" Gounod.
"Lucrazia Borgia" Donizetti.	"Rigoletto" Verdi.	"Il Trovatore" Verdi.
"La Traviata" Verdi.	"La Figlia del Reggimento" Donizetti.	"Fidello" Beethoven.
"Il Barbiere di Siviglia" Rossini.	"Catarina" Auber.	"Il Flauto Magico" Mozart.
"Gli Ugonotti" Meyerbeer.	"Talismano" Balfe.	"Semiramide" Rossini.
"Le Nozze di Figaro" Mozart.	"Marta" Flotow.	"Der Freischütz" Weber.
"Lucia di Lammermoor" Donizetti.	"La Favorita" Donizetti.	"Dinorah" Meyerbeer.
"Il Don Giovanni" Mozart.	"Ballo in Maschera" Verdi.	"Lohengrin" Wagner.
"Norma" Bellini.	"La Sonnambula" Bellini.	

Maestro al Piano Signor LI CALSI.
First Violin Solo Mons. SAINTON.
Chorus Master Mr SMYTHSON.
Organist Mr WILLING.
The Costumes by Miss ANSELL and Mr COOMBS.

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VOL. 55.—No. 14.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 7, will be performed
DONIZETTI's Opera, "LA FAVORITA." *Mme Scalchi; Mlle Cettine; Signor Gradani; Signor Bagaglio; Signor Rossi; and Signor Gayarre (his first appearance in England). Conductor—Signor VIANESI.*
On MONDAY next, April 9, "GUGLIELMO TELL." *Mlle Bianchi.*
On TUESDAY next, April 10, "LA FAVORITA." *Signor Gayarre (his second appearance in England).*

On THURSDAY next, April 12 (in lieu of the subscription for the last Tuesday of the Season), "DON PASQUALE." *Mlle Marimon (her first appearance this Season).*

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.
The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five.
Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 6s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. *THIS DAY, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include:—Overture, Eymont (Beethoven); Symphony No. 1, in C minor (Mendelssohn); Suite for the Piano-forte and Orchestra (Raff), first time of performance; Danse des Pirates et des Jeunes Filles (Reber), first time. Vocalists—Mme Ostmann-Goldberg (her first appearance), and Mr Hollins (his first appearance). Solo Pianoforte—Mr Franz Hummel (his first appearance). Conductor—Mr A. MANN. Reserved Numbered Stalls, in Area and Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Area or Gallery Seats (Un-numbered), One Shilling.*

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL. Friday, June 22, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 26, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will be shortly published.

WAGNER FESTIVAL.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

Conductors—Dr WYLDE and Mr GANZ.

FIRST CONCERT, SATURDAY next, April 14th, at Three o'clock. The programme will include *Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony; Wagner's Prelude to the Mastersinger; Von Niernberg; and Huldigung's March; Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, in A minor; and Raff's Ode au Printemps. Pianist—Mrs Beesley. Vocalist—Mlle Emilia Chionini. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Stalls (Front Row), 7s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. May be obtained at Chappell's; Austin's; and the usual places.*

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The Committee have the honour to announce that a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT**, for the Benefit of the Institution, will be given at the **TOWN HALL, Shoreditch**, when the following Artists have kindly promised their assistance:—

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Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN, Miss ELSTOFF, Mr WALTER MACFARREN, Mr JOHN CHESHIRE.

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MONDAY NEXT.

LANGHAM HALL, 43, GREAT PORTLAND STREET.—In Aid of Mrs Weldon's Orphanage, **MONDAY Evening, April 9, 1877, at Eight p.m.** Mr Charles K. Salaman in the Chair. **MRS WELDON'S THIRTY-SECOND SOCIAL EVENING.** "The Two Paths; or, Conservation and Restoration." Mr Charles Lunn will deliver a Lecture on the above, illustrated by the Children from Mrs Weldon's Orphanage. To be followed by *Free Discussion*. Reserved seats, 5s.; unreserved, 2s. 6d. Admission, One Shilling.
* This Essay, of which Mr Charles Lunn has presented the Copyright to the Orphanage, will be published, with additional remarks and an account of the Soirée by the MUSIC AND ART ASSOCIATION, 39, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London. Price One Shilling.

THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—The **NINTH TRIAL** of NEW COMPOSITIONS will take place on **SATURDAY Evening, April 14, at the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.** ARTHUR O'LEARY, Hon. Sec.

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BALFE'S NEW TRIO in A, Played by **MARIE KREBS, JOACHIM, and PIATTI**, at the Saturday Popular Concerts, will shortly be published, STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co., 84, New Bond Street.

THE BACH CHOIR.—TWO CONCERTS, at St JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening, April 11, and WEDNESDAY Evening, April 22, at Eight o'clock. At the first Concert, John Sebastian Bach's great Mass, in B minor, will be performed for the third time in England. Artists—Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme Fatey, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Signor Foll. Principal Violin—Herr Straus. Organist—Mr Thomas Pettit. Conductor—Mr OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. Sofa Stalls and Front Row in Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 5s.; Admission 3s. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

HERR LEHMEYER begs to announce to his Pupils and Friends that he will give TWO CLASSICAL EVENING CONCERTS, on THURSDAY, 10th of May, and 14th of June, at the LANGHAM HALL, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. Tickets, One Guinea; 10s. 6d.; 5s.; to be had of Herr LEHMEYER, 7, Store Street, Bedford Square.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.

HERR SCHUBERTH begs to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICAL, at LONDONDERRY HOUSE, Park Lane (by kind permission of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry), on SATURDAY, 14th April, 1877, to commence at Three o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, One Guinea; may be obtained at Messrs D. DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, W. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. ELEVENTH SEASON, 1877. The Next Meeting for Vocal and Instrumental Practice will take place on WEDNESDAY Evening, April 4th. The SECOND CONCERT (55th since the formation of the Society), at the LANGHAM HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening, April 11th (R. Schumann's Vocal and Instrumental Compositions, forming the first part of Programme). The Society's Concerts and Soirées afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their *Débuts* in public, and Composers to have their works introduced. Full Prospectus and further particulars on application to

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MOZART AND BEETHOVEN SOCIETY. President—The Marquis of LONDONDERRY. Vice-President—Herr SCHUBERTH. The NEXT SOIRÉE will take place on MAY 1st; and the SIXTH CONCERT at the LANGHAM HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening, May 16th.

"I NAVIGANTI"

MISS ROBERTSON, Mr JAMES SAUVAGE, and Mr HENRY POPE will sing RANDEGGER's Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Birkenhead, April 11; and Chester, April 12.

"THE BEACON."

MISS FLORENCE WYDFORD will sing WELLINGTON GURNEY's popular Romance, "THE BEACON," at The Horns, Kennington, next Wednesday Evening.

"THE HUNTER."

MR G. H. SNAZELLE will sing REYLOFF's new Song, "THE HUNTER," at Brixton, April 10; and Greenwich, April 12.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MRS JOHN CHESHIRE will perform ASCHER's Popular Fantasia on the Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Birmingham, on the 19th April.

BENEDICT'S ANDANTE AND CHOPIN'S POSTHUMOUS MAZURKA.

MRS J. CLIPPINGDALE, Miss ALBERT (pupil of Sir Julius Benedict) Mr WALTER MACFARREN, and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT will play this admired Arrangement by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT of his ANDANTE, and CHOPIN's Posthumous MAZURKA, for four performers on two grand pianofortes, at the Grand Concert for the Benefit of the Railway Benevolent Institute, at the Shoreditch Town Hall, Wednesday, the 25th April.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR BARTON MCGUCKIN will sing (by desire) ASCHER's Popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT's Aria, "NULLA DA TE;" at the Grand Concert, given for the Benefit of the RAILWAY BENEVOLENT FUND, in the Shoreditch Town Hall, April 26th.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

MADAME ELSTOFF will sing BENEDICT's popular Song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Grand Concert, given for the Benefit of the Railway Benevolent Institution, on the 26th inst., at the Town Hall, Shoreditch.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE will sing in the Duet, "LOVE AND WAR," with Signor Foll; "ELY MAVOURNEEN" (Benedict); "THE MAID I LOVE" (Hatton); and "ON WINGS OF SONG" (Mendelssohn), at Huddersfield, April 13.

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), on Tour with the Wilhelmj Concert Party. All Letters to be addressed, care of Messrs HODGE & BAKER, 6 & 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR BEVIGNANI begs to announce his Arrival in Town for the Season.—46, Aconia Road, St John's Wood.

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MR T. HARPER, having relinquished his post as Principal Trumpet and Cornet at the Royal Italian Opera, can accept ENGAGEMENTS in town and country during the ensuing season.—25, Brecknock Crescent, N.W.

MISS ELENA NORTON, Soprano Vocalist (composer of "The Rose and the Ring"), is open for ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c., &c. Address, care of DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or to Mr D'Oyley Carte, 20, Charing Cross.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town, requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davidson & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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MR WELBYE-WALLACE (of the Crystal Palace and Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, &c., &c.), having Returned from Abroad, can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Opera, or Oratorio. All Communications to be addressed to his Agent, Mr E. D'OYLEY CARTE, 2a, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.

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MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MDME MARIE BELVAL begs that all Communications be addressed to her at 7, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN begs to announce her Arrival in London from her successful Continental Tour. Letters respecting Concerts, Soirées, and Singing Lessons, to be addressed care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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THE BRASS BAND CONTEST.

Come, listen to me, and a story I'll sing
About a Band Contest which took place last spring,
And the fun and the frolic the adventure did bring,
A twelvemonth ago now come Easter.
The folks in the neighbouring town sent a bill,
With a note, "If your band wish to play, then please fill
Up the spaces in blank, just to say what you will
Concerning this contest at Cleaster."

Now Cleaster's a city some ten miles away,
A junction for Durham, Leeds, Bridlington Bay,
Through which some four hundred trains pass ev'ry day,
Of all sorts—goods, cattle, expresses.
They cultivate music of every kind,
They sing and play pieces, both coarse and refined ;
In short, they're a people in no way behind
The age, as perhaps each now guesses.

Ev'ry year they give prizes of various sums,
Silver cups, plated cornets, gilt *bâtons*, and drums,
To the finest Brass Band, from wherever it comes,
Provided the playing is decent.
We had often desired to be down on their list,
But somehow or other the chance we had missed ;
They passed us, as if we did never exist,
Though we'd gained some good laurels but recent.

At last we'd received the long looked-for invite ;
We filled up the form, and despatched it all right,
And at once began practising that very night,
So eager we were for the prizes.

We sent to De Lacy for all the best tunes ;
We bought a new tenor sax, two bombardoons,
A slide alto trombone, that shined like full moons,
In the clear winter's sky, as each rises.

So soon as the factory bell told us to cease, [grease,
And we'd washed ourselves clear from the slubber and
We met at the sign of "The Fox and the Geese,"
And sat in a ring round the table.

When Bumbly-foot Harry gave word for to start,
We blew hard at Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart,
Until ev'ry man knew the lot off by heart,
And to play without music was able.

Not to weary you all with a troublesome tale,
Know, we met for improvement each night without fail ;
After practice each man took his one gill of ale,
And straightway went home without staying.
The winter flew past, and the buds 'gan to burst,
And the throats sang blithely by cypice and hurst,
And still we ground on as we had done at first,
To make sure of a good place in playing.

At last the long looked-for day opened up bright,
We'd scarce slept a wink through the whole of the night,
So eager we were to show Cleaster our might,
And to come back all loaded with laurel.

We hired a waggon, with two pair of greys,
Each one took his instrument lapped in red baize ;
Our coats had red trimmings, our caps were red glaze,
Like sealing-wax melted, or coral.

We start. As our neighbours collected to cheer,
And to wish us good luck, Johnny Smart from the rear
Threw a slipper, which hit Bumbly-foot on the ear,
And caused him to fly in a passion.

He soon calmed himself, and we clattered away,
With confidence singing, so happy and gay ;
Ne'er doubting a bit but we should win the day,
We entered the town in good fashion.

We got to the place where the tents were set out,
And when we had time just to look round about,
Sure ne'er in your life did you see such a rout,
Or hear such a comical shindy.

There were brass bands from all the towns twenty miles
round,
All blowing at once as they came on the ground,
Each trying the best who could make the most sound,
All the time full discordant and windy.

At last the bell rung, and the judge took his seat,
And the bands were set out in good order complete,
And the humming of voices alone the ears greet,
As each waited the call of the numbers.

The judge knew the bands by the figures they held,
And not by their titles or place where they dwelled ;
As the tickets were drawn from the hat ; then soon quell'd
All the talkers as if sent to slumbers.

Our ticket was "six," we were drawn to play first,
And we set ourselves out in the plan we'd rehearsed,
And till told to begin our impatience we nursed,
With our instruments ready for blowing.

A thundering cheer made us all feel elate,
And angered the other bands who had to wait,
And to guess by our playing what would be their fate,
If they worse than us should be showing.

We first played a Chorus from Handel's *Messiah*,
And then a strange piece at the judge's desire,
After that the bombardon performed "Obadiah,"
And other new music-hall ditties.

Upon which our first horn made a few observations,
Which the cornet replied to with frantic gyrations,
And the piccolo whistled a few variations,
Like frolicsome gambols of kitties.

How the other bands got on I can't tell you now ;
Enough that the day ended up in a row,
For the pride of the lot had that day low to bow—
We had won the first prize in a canter.

Our foes said our playing was nothing but fudge ;
A mistake had been made, and that they wouldn't budge
Until the award was reversed by the judge,
Whom they made an endeavour to banter.

But a truce was patched up, and the bands stood apart,
To play altogether a piece off by heart,
All waited in silence the signal to start,
As was usually done at conclusion.

But the anger long smothered broke out in a flame ;
And while some bands were silent at loss of their fame,
Some played "Hallelujah," some played "Same old game,"
And all marched away in confusion.

At length to the station with fury they hie,
And each tried his neighbour in noise to outvie,
And from blows came to words, and in words did deny
The right of a triumph to other.

Soon words grew to deeds, and then cornets did clash
Against arms, breasts, and shoulders ; and now with a daah
A mighty bass tuba comes down with a smash
On the head of the drummer's big brother.

The fray was now fierce, and the shout and the cry
Was mixed with wild blasts from defeated ally,
And the blowing off steam from the engine hard by,
And the shriek of the whistle for starting.* [straight,
Cornet bells were pulled off, curly saxhorns stretched
Drum heads were all burst, and cracked many a pate,
When the voice of Joe Jolly cried : "Make for the gate
And I'll set the foemen a-smarting."

Joe's coat was ripped up, and his red cap was gone,
His shirt and his waistcoat to ribbons were torn,
His eyes swell'n and blacken'd, yet darted forth scorn
At our rivals, through whom he was rushing.
"Make the gate, make the gate !" still he cried in his
"And leave me alone with the foe to engage !" [rage,
No words we could say did his fury assuage,
As we fell back, each other near crushing.

How nobly he stood, and how nobly he fought,
I cannot now tell but must leave it to thought,
Suffice it, in safety our waggon we caught,
As the enemy fled from him howling.
The slide of his trombone he lost in the fray ;
He had bought a few pints of gray peas on his way, [spray,
Through the mouthpiece these missiles he'd scattered like
And they stung like small shots used in fowling.

Thus ended the day, and thus opened our fame, [lame,
Though 'twas won at the cost of some bruised and some
All our instruments spoilt, all our clothes torn to shame,
On that memorable Monday last Easter.
The first prize we gained, and that was our pride,
And a salve for our wounds, and a solace beside.
So now you know all that to us did betide
At our first brass band contest at Cleaster.

March 26th, 1877.

B.

* I wonder if Wagner got the idea for some of his scoring from a like adventure.—PRINTEN'S DEVIL.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The Opera season began on Tuesday night with *Un Ballo in Maschera*. There was a brilliant attendance; and, in accordance with custom, the opera was preceded by the National Anthem, sung by the chorus, and accompanied by the orchestra.

It is now seventeen years since, in the summer of 1861, Mr Mapleson produced Verdi's re-setting of Auber's *Gustave III.* during a brief season, at the Lyceum Theatre, with Mdle Tietjens, Meadames Gassier and Lemaire, M. Gassier, Signors Giuglini and Delle Sedie (three of whom alone survive) in the cast. About a week later it was brought out by Mr Gye at Covent Garden, with Meadames Penco, Miolan-Carvalho, and Nantier-Didié, Signors Mario, Graziani, Tagliafico, and Zelger in the leading characters. The opera at once became popular, and, while Auber's superior work is utterly neglected, retains its popularity up to this moment. The fact is by no means surprising, inasmuch as *Un Ballo in Maschera* comprises some of the liveliest and most dramatic music ever composed by the "Minstrel of Busseto," whom Rossini used condescendingly to style, "Le dernier des Romains." Although spun out into four acts, it is never once tedious, Verdi well knowing how to take advantage of a plot so happily conceived and well laid out as that prepared by Eugène Scribe, in 1853, for his renowned compatriot. Verdi has treated the subject more epigrammatically than Auber, and for this reason it is better suited to the requirements of the Italian operatic stage. The vocal and instrumental parts, moreover, abound in melody, melody from the pure Verdi spring, scarcely a phrase of which could be mistaken for any one else's than his—another claim to popular sympathy. Enough, however, has been said on frequent occasions about the music of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which, although it has never been able to enlist unanimous opinion in its favour to the same extent as its precursors, *Rigoletto* (1851), the *Trovatore* and *Traviata* (both composed in 1853), may perhaps, as far as original invention goes, be placed side by side with any of the three.

There was no innovation in the distribution of characters on Tuesday. We had again the clever and always serviceable Mdle D'Angeri, as Amelia; Mdle Scalchi, with her rich and ample contralto, as the Sorceress, Ulrica; Mdle Bianchi, as the sprightly Court Page, Oscar; Signor Pavani, a more than acceptable tenor, as times go, as the Duke; Signor Graziani, as Renato (the first Covent Garden Renato, by the way); with Signors Capponi and Scolaro, as Angri and Armando, chief conspirators. This, at the commencement of the season, before the arrival of the "stars," was by no means a cast to be underestimated. On the contrary, it was for the most part in a high degree efficient; and, in fact, the performance generally, under the direction of Signor Viamesi, was remarkably good—well balanced and effective throughout. Mdle D'Angeri not only sings the music assigned to Amelia with uniform facility but acts the part with true intelligence. She was particularly happy in the third act, in which Amelia has a very conspicuous part to play—comprising a long dramatic soliloquy, a love duet with Riccardo (the Duke), and a trio with Riccardo and Renato, where the unsuspecting husband comes to warn his master that conspirators are at hand, bent upon his assassination, little imagining that the lady confided to his care by the Duke is his own wife. Throughout this scene Mdle D'Angeri showed both earnestness and feeling; and, if she could divest herself of certain peculiarities militating against the unfettered command of voice indispensable to the attainment of anything like perfection in the vocal art, her singing would have been no less irreproachable than her acting. One already so far advanced as Mdle D'Angeri should advance still farther; and there is little cause to doubt that she will. Signor Pavani, as the Duke, was precisely what we have already known him. He is intelligent both in a vocal and histrionic sense, and with less restricted means might become thoroughly acceptable. Whatever this gentleman does he does conscientiously and, according to his resources, well; which cannot invariably be said of others more physically gifted. That Signor Graziani was welcomed as an old and deserving favourite may well be credited; and, indeed, his voice has lost none of its mellowness and telling character. For this he has to thank a legitimate method of delivery of which he was early possessor, and which he still retains. In the soliloquy "E sei tu," with its melodious continuation, "O dolcette perdute," he sang with all the studied expression for which he is noted, and, as usual, obtained an "encore." What little there is set down for

Ulrica was sung by Mdle Scalchi, as always, admirably. There could not be a more sprightly page than Mdle Bianchi, who was forced to repeat both her airs—"Volta la terrea" (Act 1), in which Oscar describes to Riccardo the gifts of the sorceress, and "Saper vorreste," when the mischievous youth perplexes Renato at the masked ball. Both encores were fully merited—although, together with that accorded to the ingenious and characteristically dramatic quintet, "E scherzo od è follia" (Act 2), in the scene where the Duke goes to consult the fortune-telling Ulrica, they unduly prolonged the performance. Chorus and orchestra rendered what was allotted to them as zealously as could be desired, and a "first night" little if at all open to criticism may be recorded.

The opera on Thursday evening was *Fra Diavolo*, with Mdle Bianchi as Zerlina, and M. Capoul (his first appearance at Covent Garden) as the Brigand Chief. About this, more next week. Enough at present, that listening to such music was like quaffing a draught of fresh spring water after a prolonged and wasting thirst. Let your Dannreuthers, &c., get rid of Auber—if they can!

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

At Mad. Arabella Goddard's last recital in St James's Hall previous to her departure for the Continent, the audience was not a very large one; but those amateurs of first-class pianoforte playing who were absent missed a genuine treat. Our great English pianist has seldom exhibited the variety of her powers to better advantage. Her programme was full of interest, comprising excerpts from Bach, Handel, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Rubinstein, and Sterndale Bennett, every piece being a characteristic specimen of the composer whose name it bore. Bach's *Fantasia con Fughetta* in D, and Handel's *Suite de Pièces* in D minor, served to show Mad. Goddard's proficiency in the "old school," a school which, represented by such veritable pioneers of art, must be ever new. The fugues in each instance were given with the clearness indispensable to a proper understanding of such music; and this was as apparent in the rapid fugue of Bach as in the graver one of Bach's contemporary. The late Sterndale Bennett's sonata, entitled *The Maid of Orleans*, intended by our distinguished English composer expressly for Mad. Goddard, to whom it is dedicated, was looked forward to with interest, she never having hitherto essayed it in public, although in her absence it has been played by several artists of note. Her reading and execution of the sonata from beginning to end were such, it may fairly be assumed, as would have satisfied the author himself, whose music, by the way, Mad. Goddard has introduced more frequently in public than any other pianist. Avoiding details, we may point to the third movement, "Joan of Arc in Prison," as an exemplification of *adagio* playing in every respect faultless. The author has marked this "*adagio patetico*," and there was all the pathos required, with, what is just as desirable, no touch of exaggeration. The other movements of the sonata were to match. We must pass over the remainder of the programme with the mere remark that the pieces by Mendelssohn were his three very difficult "Posthumous" studies; and that the pre-eminently beautiful *Fantasia-sonata* in G was selected to represent Schubert. The excerpts from Schumann, Chopin, and Heller were all played *con amore* by Mad. Goddard; who, moreover, dashed off the group of pieces by Anton Rubinstein as readily as if they presented no difficulties whatever. In the *Impromptu*, especially, with her small hands and supple fingers, she brought out as much thunder from the keys as the redoubtable Moldavian virtuoso himself.—*Graphic*.

VIENNA.—The second Philharmonic Concert opened with an overture to *Romeo and Juliet*, by Tchaikowsky. In spite of the careful execution, the work found here no sympathetic response. In the first place, the pretentious title was an injury to it, justifying great expectations, which remained very much unsatisfied. With such a labyrinth of shrill, glaring sound, without any proper pith and substance, one paints no Shakespeare.—"*Leipziger Signale*," Jan. 1877.

MR GYE'S PROSPECTUS.

(From the "Times.")

The prospectus issued by Mr Gye to his subscribers and the public, for the 31st season of the Royal Italian Opera, is likely to afford almost unqualified satisfaction. Before referring to general arrangements, it is as well to glance at what yields in importance to no other "item" in a document of the kind—viz., the novelties, or quasi-novelties, intended to enlarge the established repertory, which now comprises no fewer than fifty works at immediate disposal of the management. In the list of projected *addenda* we find the names of five operas new to the Covent Garden stage, two of which, moreover, are altogether new to this country. The *Vêpres Siciliennes*, which heads the catalogue, was composed by Verdi, then in the meridian of his career, for the Paris Opera, during the time of the International Exhibition (1855), when it was produced with Sophie Crùvelli in the chief character (Hélène). Four years later, an Italian version was given at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Mr E. T. Smith, Mdlle Tietjens taking the part of Hélène (now Elena), and the late Signor Mongini that of the principal tenor (Henri). Awaiting some fresh work from the pen of the composer of *Aida*, who just now seems inclining rather towards sacred and instrumental than towards purely dramatic music, Mr Gye could hardly have hit upon a wiser expedient than the revival of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, to which the fact of Mad. Adelina Patti's assuming the character of the heroine will impart exceptional interest. Next on the list we find another revival, in the shape of an Italian adaptation of Otto Nicolai's comic opera, *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, which, it may be remembered, was presented in 1864, at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, under the direction of Mr Mapleson (Signor Arditi being conductor), with Mdlles Tietjens and Bettelheim, Signor Ginglini, M. Gassier, and M. Junca in the cast. The title then selected for it was *Falstaff*, under which Balfé, many years previously, had brought out an opera on the same subject, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr Lumley was director and Mr (now Sir Michael) Costa, conductor—the personage of the amorous knight being appropriately represented by "the great Lablache." The *Falstaff* of Nicolai was received with such marked favour that it is difficult to understand why it should not have remained a permanent feature in the repertory. Mr Gye's prospectus does not mention the distribution of the *dramatis personæ*; but it might easily be guessed from a glance at his company of artists. In any case this other revival—now re-christened *Le Vispe Comari di Windsor*—will be looked forward to with as much pleasure as the one just cited. *Il Vascillo Fantasma*, next on the list, will at once be recognised as another Italian version of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, first produced in Italian at Drury Lane, in 1870, during the brief directorate of Mr George Wood, with the sensational title of *L'Olmdese Dannato*, and but recently, it is almost needless to add, under the more familiar one of the *Flying Dutchman*, by Mr Carl Rosa at the Lyceum—the English version, from the pen of Mr J. P. Jackson. Mr Gye having already presented *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* to his patrons, it was doubtless hard to resist completing the triad by the addition of Wagner's other more practicable work. Further than this, the unanimous praise accorded, both by Wagnerites and non-Wagnerites, to the Elsa and Elizabeth of Mdlle Albani, made it almost a *sine quâ non* that the gentle, fate-struck Senta should swell the catalogue of that accomplished lady's Wagnerian portrayals. The first of the two operas, unknown to the English public, is *Santa Chiara*, composed, many years since, by the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, whose earliest work, *Castila*, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre as far back as 1852, with Meadames Charton and De la Grange, Signor Calzolari and De Bassini, in the cast—all famous singers of their day. *Santa Chiara* was first heard at Coburg, in 1854, and, the year following, was performed at the Opéra Impériale, in Paris, under the title of *Sainte Claire*. The original libretto, by Mad. Birch Pfeiffer, is founded upon a Russian legend. The Czarewitch, Alexis, son of Peter the Great, being impressed with an idea that his wife, the Princess Charlotte, of Austria, is implicated in a conspiracy against him, administers to her, at supper, what he imagines to be a poisoned beverage. This dose, however, is not poison, but merely a narcotic, supplied by a friendly doctor, who has deceived the Czarewitch; and, just as her guilty husband, at the funeral State ceremony, is about to place a coronal of white roses on her brow,

the Princess mechanically raises her hand, as if in menace. The appalled Alexis, persuaded that it is an avenging spirit, falls senseless to the ground. When prayers for the departed have been offered up, and the mournful train is out of sight and hearing, the Princess returns to consciousness, the same friendly doctor, the last to remain, conveying her, in disguise, from the Palace to a shelter beyond reach of discovery. The Princess ultimately seeks refuge at Naples, where, by her virtues and good deeds, she obtains so high a reputation for sanctity that the people call her "Santa Chiara." To Naples, moreover, "by a curious coincidence," the Czarewitch, in disgrace with his Imperial sire, also repairs for safety—followed, as it may be surmised, by two officers of the Czar, with orders to arrest him for high treason. Alexis is confronted in the streets of Naples, close by the religious house to which Santa Chiara has given her name. Armed with sword and dagger, the Czarewitch is apparently bent upon some dark purpose. On being summoned to surrender by one of the officers charged with his arrest, he prepares to defend himself; but no sooner are swords crossed than a figure clad in white appears before him, uttering, in sepulchral tones, the words, "Thou must die, Alexis!" Filled with horror at the accents of a voice which he recognises as that of the wife he believes to have murdered, Alexis staggers back, overcome, and stabs himself with his dagger. The sequel need not be told. The foregoing is but a skeleton of the plot, which has other characters and incidents to diversify it. The chief of the officers despatched by the Czar to arrest his son, for instance, is in love with the Princess Charlotte, whom he met at Vienna before she became the wife of the Czarewitch, but to whom he has never spoken. This, of course, supplies what, time out of mind, has been looked upon as super-essential to opera. On the whole, the drama is interesting, and the music, we have reason to believe, superior to that of *Castila*, its precursor from the same pen. About the *Nero* of M. Rubinstein, which is to be produced next season at the Théâtre Ventadour, it will be time enough to speak when it appears. That it will speak for itself, trumpet-tongued, may be taken for granted by those acquainted with the antecedents of the composer of the *Maccabées*. We may add that "three at least" (why not four at once?) of the foregoing operas are to be presented.

A mere glance at Mr Gye's engagements for the season will suffice. The orchestra and chorus are as heretofore, Signors Vianesi and Bevignani again sharing the conductorship between them. The list of prima-donnas comprises the names of Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlles Albani and Zaré Thalberg, besides those of Mdlles Bianchi, Marimon, D'Angeri, and other favourites. Mdlle Scalchi is once more chief contralto; M. Capoul, Signors Nicolini, Marini, and Carpi, &c., are among the tenors; M. Maurel, Signors Graziani and Cotogni head the barytones, Signors Baggiolo, Capponi, and Ciampi the basses. This would already form a highly-efficient company. The names of several artists, as yet unknown to our public, however, are added. Among these we find two tenors—Signors Gayarre and Tamagno—both enjoying a certain Continental repute. The difficulty that prevented Signor Gayarre from coming to London, in consequence, if we may credit protests, of his having pledged himself both to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, would seem to be surmounted; although we again see his name announced in the prospectus just advertised by Mr Mapleson, for the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Tamagno's appearance this year depending upon the results of an appeal to a superior Court, against a verdict recorded in favour of the Covent Garden director, Mr Gye shows good faith in warning subscribers that the advent of that gentleman "cannot" for the present "be relied on." As we know nothing about the new singers announced, we merely cite their names:—Madame Rioca, Mdlles Avigliana, Eva de Synnerberg (her first appearance on the stage), Sonnino, Dotti, De Riti, Emma Sarda, and Signor Caracciolo—six ladies and one gentleman. It is to be hoped that out of the seven some may be found serviceable. Two new dancers are announced—Mdlles Helena and Laura Reuters, besides the clever Mdlle Girod. Mr Carrodus retains his post as principal violin in the orchestra, Mr Betjemann that of leader of the ballet, and Mr Pittman that of organist; the leading "scenic artists" being Messrs Dayes and Caney. In these respects no improvement could be desired. That old public favourite, Signor Tagliafico, by the way, instead of figuring, as for years gone by, as stage vocalist, is now appointed stage manager. We

have nothing to add, except that Mr Gye's prospectus invites all the more confidence inasmuch as he announces simply what it is his intention to do, without comment of his own, discreetly leaving that task to the public.

THE OPERA AT BERLIN.

(Correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph.")

The chief novelties of the Berlin musical season have hitherto been operative—Schumann's *Genovefa*, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, and an opera called *Hernan Cortes*, by an author whose name escapes me for the moment. The last-named work is one that would appear to far greater advantage in several essential respects upon the sawdust of a circus than upon the boards of a Royal Opera House. There is much more powder burnt in it than is compatible with the comfort of singers in a strictly unventilated theatre, and the presence of large numbers of horses upon the stage in one of the most important scenes interferes materially with the equanimity of lyrico-dramatic artists; besides which, no *obligato* accompaniment is less suitable to the human voice than that of hoofs percutating planks out of time. *Hernan Cortes* is very noisy, smoky, and pretentious; you will never, I think, be troubled with it at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. The *Taming of the Shrew* is the production of a gentleman whom circumstances over which he has no control will prevent from ever writing another opera; for he has succumbed somewhat prematurely to the common lot of humanity—a circumstance which, I am bound to say, many music-lovers here regard as providential, inasmuch as it affords the public the surest of all guarantees against the future infliction upon it of any more operas from his pen. *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung* is, on the whole, the ugliest work I have ever had the misfortune to listen to, not even excepting *Tristan und Isolde*, which, until I heard Mr Goetz's opera, I would have freely backed, to the extent of my worldly possessions, for sheer uncompromising hideousness, against the monstrosities hitherto perpetrated by any composer, dead or living. In *The Shrew*, as in *Tristan*, one staggers once or twice across a desert of cacophonies into a tiny oasis of melodic phrasing—the rest is sand, dry, burning, and bitter. The music of *Genovefa* is "full of excellent differences," as may well be believed, considering who was its author; nevertheless, the opera, as such, is a failure—at least, so the professional critics are all but unanimous in pronouncing it.

The Berlin novelties have not, as you will probably infer from the foregoing paragraph, been startling successes; but our season has been characterised by at least one conspicuous triumph, or rather series of triumphs, resulting from M. de Hülsen's judicious and timely engagement of Miss Minnie Hauk as *prima donna assoluta*. This accomplished artist has appeared before the public in several of the most difficult rôles of the Hofoper repertoire, and has manifested a versatility of talent and wealth of physical resources to which the Berlin public, since it mortally offended and irretrievably lost Pauline Lucca, has been altogether unaccustomed. Miss Hauk has electrified Berlin in the very parts for the impersonation of which it, but a few years ago, worshipped Madame Lucca, and in which countless signal failures have been achieved by candidates for popular adoration during the dismal interval between Pauline's indignant rupture of her engagement and Miss Hauk's appearance on the Royal boards—e.g., Zerlina, Cherubino, Gretchen. She has also sung, and sung magnificently, the knotty and ungrateful rôle of Katharine in *The Shrew*, and has enraptured crowded houses, such as rejoice the managerial heart, by the most dexterous vocalisation imaginable in *La Figlia* and *Le Domino Noir*. K.

HAMBURG.—Herr Goldmark's opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, has proved unusually successful at the Stadttheater.

MEINING.—Wagner paid a short visit here recently as a guest of the reigning Duke. At a Court Concert he conducted a new orchestral work of his own, entitled "The Idyll of Siegfried."

MILAN.—Sig. Piusuti's new opera, *Mattia Corvino*, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Della Scala. The composer was called on more than fifteen times the first night. The principal parts were confided to Signora De Giulio Borsi, Signori Sani and Villani. The theatre is now closed.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. (RETROSPECT.)

As the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Beethoven occurred on the 26th of March, a concert was given on Saturday, the 24th, with a programme drawn exclusively from the works of that composer. Its most important feature was a really "grand" performance of the third symphony, which first bore the title "Napoleon Bonaparte," and is now universally known as the "Sinfonica Eroica." There were, besides, the "Choral Fantasia," the pianoforte part in which was undertaken, not for the first time, by Mme Arabella Goddard, and the "Thirty-two variations on an original theme in C minor," played, also not for the first time, by the same lady, as solo. The other purely instrumental piece was the shortest and least pretentious of the four overtures composed for the opera, *Leonora*. This, for a long period after Beethoven's death, generally accredited as the first of the three in C major, has, of recent years, on the strength of trustworthy evidence, been accepted as really last of the four, any one of which, as expediency suggests, may be chosen for prelude to *Fidelio*. Hearing it performed so admirably as on the present occasion, under the direction of Mr August Manns, amateurs unacquainted with its three companions might be tempted to ask, "What more could Beethoven have desired as overture to his single opera?" The new place it now occupies by general consent completely shatters the arguments employed by Schumann, in his fanciful theory of "the acorn gradually expanding to an oak," in the successive growth of "*Leonora* No. 2" out of "*Leonora* No. 1," and of "*Leonora* No. 3" (the "oak") out of "*Leonora* No. 2." Others, however, besides Schumann, have been deceived; and, in fact, it is difficult even now to understand how such a colossus as the "No. 3," which we all know so well, could have preceded, instead of following, an effort of pretensions so comparatively inferior, having recourse, moreover, in some instances, to the same materials, and avowedly intended to illustrate the same subject. Here Beethoven has furnished an enigma not easy to solve. In other respects, the least ambitious of the three *Leonora* overtures—traditionally so-called, though the name of the opera was changed to *Fidelio* before the last could have been written—is a masterpiece. An "Elegy" for vocal quartet (Misses Mary Davies and Reimar, Messrs H. Guy and H. Pope), composed in 1811, in memory of the Countess Pasqualati; and selections from *Fidelio*, including the Quartet in Act I, the Trio in the Dungeon scene, and the grand choral finale, completed a programme worthy the occasion.

BACH'S MATTHEW PASSION AT ST PAUL'S.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—On Tuesday, 27th of March, occurred one of those special musical services which must perforce impress the mind of every earnest and thoughtful attendant at our metropolitan cathedral. The mere effect of the mass of the people, the reflection on the infinite variety of their hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, and thanksgivings, stirs the mind and heart with responsive sympathy. The manner of performance of the music matters not so much as the fact of the music being there. It would, perhaps, be impertinent to inquire who was the originator of these services; but it should be a deep and intense joy to him (or her) to see and hear the expression of happiness which pervades the entire congregation. It is to be hoped that the most austere and rigid adherents of precedent will (in their hearts) admit that such Tuesdays in Holy Week do not militate against but rather redound *ad majorem gloriam Dei*.

POSEIDON.

MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—May I ask, with reference to a recent law case concerning the copyright of comic songs, how plaintiffs could reasonably allege that they were injured by the act of defendant, in assisting the circulation of said songs. I have no wish to make reference to the legal aspects of the case, but I merely call attention to the common sense view of the subject, and, as a matter of fact, I cannot see that the plaintiffs were in any way compromised in consequence of their songs being made "more vulgar" by increasing their circulation. The allegation is contradictory, "vulgarity" and "popularity," in this instance, being convertible terms. A great deal might be said about popular taste in encouraging such songs; but my object is attained in pointing out the absurdity involved in the case referred to.—Yours, &c., AMATEUR.

THE NEW SYMPHONY BY BRAHMS.

(From the "Times.")

The Crystal Palace concert on Saturday afternoon (the 31st) was interesting in more than one respect. It was especially interesting on account of a performance, creditable alike to Mr Manns and his orchestra, of the "Cambridge Symphony," by Herr Johannes Brahms. This symphony, though not, as has been stated, composed in consideration of the honour proffered to the author on the part of the Cambridge University, was performed on the occasion of the degree of Musical Doctor being conferred upon his friend and worthy fellow-musician, Joseph Joachim, who showed himself sensible of the distinction, and whose actual presence, as conductor and performer, gave *éclat* to the ceremonial. Indeed, but for the symphony in C minor being made the feature of the evening concert at the Guildhall, nobody would have bestowed a thought upon Herr Brahms. That, considering the few rehearsals Herr Joachim was able to obtain, the new work was well played and received with more or less warmth, our readers have been made aware. Mr Manns was enabled to command more frequent and serious preparation; and, with the exceptional means at his command, it is not surprising that the performance at the Crystal Palace (unlike that of Herr Joachim's *Elegiac Overture*) should, in detail at least, have surpassed its predecessor. Closer familiarity with the symphony in no way tends to alter, or indeed to modify, our early impressions of its worth. It is assuredly a noble production, in which the dignity of art is upheld from first to last, while the hand of a practised master is everywhere apparent. That Herr Brahms is a highly-cultivated musician, the most highly cultivated, perhaps, in an abstract sense, his favoured country can just now boast, all must admit. But whether he is absolutely a musician of genius, even after this last and most ambitious specimen of his art-work (the "German Requiem" excepted), is not so easy to decide. In the C minor symphony we recognise every quality belonging to profound scholarship; all the earnestness that reveals lofty purpose and a disdain for mere "effect;" glimpses of melody, here and there, too genuine not to be accounted beautiful; much fancy; expression not infrequently as deep as it is apparently spontaneous; a wonderful richness in the combination of instruments, with a view to the production of colour and contrast; a command of orchestral resources, in short, such as only a few musicians have been able to acquire, together with other desirable qualifications towards the realisation of that which should be perfect art. At the same time, Herr Brahms, to judge him by the symphony in C minor—unlike Mendelssohn, of whom Cherubini said, "*Il dépense trop de son étoffe*"—seems to us to make a great deal too much out of little. As an instance of this, we would point to the first *allegro* (in C minor), prefaced by a slow introduction, in which two of the chief themes of the succeeding movement are foreshadowed. Here the materials are hardly of sufficient weight to support the lengthy and elaborate development to which they are submitted; so that, in consequence of overwrought treatment, the general impression left by the movement is one of comparative dryness; and this despite passages of real energy and occasional snatches of melody, like bits of sunshine through a prevalent atmosphere of gloom. The second movement, *andante sostenuto* (in the remote key of E major), is beautiful from first to last; full of tender, graceful melody, constructed upon a very expressive theme, and developed with masterly continuity. Here the episodic matter is everywhere of proportionate interest. The third movement, *un poco allegretto e grazioso* (A flat), is built upon a quaint theme in five-bar measure, which might well pass for a national melody. This has a second part (in B), which serves as *alternativo*, or "trio." The whole without being very original, or in other respects remarkable, is extremely pretty, and, together with the *andante* which precedes it, forms an agreeable resting place between the first and last sections of the work. The *finale*, believed to have been written years later than the other portions of the symphony, is unquestionably the most striking of the four movements into which it is divided. The exact meaning of the long introduc-

tion, in the minor key, with its *pizzicato* passages, for stringed instruments, we are not as yet able to estimate at its value; but from the very commencement of the *allegro*, in the major, with its broad and ample theme, first given out by the stringed instruments, attention is arrested, and interest goes on increasing, step by step, to the end. The second theme is happily contrasted with the first; and the various episodic phrases are to match. The movement is long, but its interest never for an instant flags. It may be urged, that we are too often led in the course of this *finale* to expect climaxes never actually attained; but we seldom miss finding recompense in something new; and when we reach the much desired peroration it answers all expectation by its splendour. The *coda*, where the time is increased to "*più allegro*," is glorious, and brings to a triumphant end a great, though unequal, work. We have reminiscences here and there, it is true, of the theme upon which the *finale* of Beethoven's Choral Symphony is constructed, and of much of the contrapuntal working out of the last movement in Mozart's so-styled "Jupiter;" but the entire structure is not the less substantial and consistent. If enthusiasts for Brahms would not persist in saying—"Here is a *finale* to be placed side by side with the *finale* of Beethoven's C minor, and that of Mozart's 'Jupiter,'" the work of Brahms might fairly claim the highest consideration on its own account, as something largely conceived and effectively accomplished. We have hinted that the performance was excellent; and the applause which Mr Manns had to acknowledge at its conclusion showed plainly how the audience were of the same opinion. That the symphony in C minor will hold a permanent place in the Crystal Palace programmes, cannot admit of a doubt. The bright and symmetrically built overture to Cherubini's *Faniska* opened the concert, which was brought to an end by the pretty ballet airs from M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba*. The vocalists were Miss Emily Thornton (her first appearance), who, in songs by Mozart and Benedict, made a favourable impression, and Mr Edward Lloyd, who gave Mozart's "Dalla sua pace" and Mr Sullivan's ballad, "Sometimes," in his most finished style. A young pianist, Miss Dora Schirmacher, played Mendelssohn's second concerto (D) with so much spirit and intelligence that she may be said to have made her position at once. Miss Schirmacher has an elastic touch, a legitimate tone, and great fluency of execution. If she continues to study with earnestness she has every chance of winning a prominent position in her art. The audience recalled her with enthusiasm.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Programme of Organ Recital by Sir Herbert Oakeley.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

(a) Chorale, "Christus lag in Todesbanden" ...	} Bach.
(b) Motet, for double choir, "Ich lasse dich nicht" ...	
(c) Chorale, "Dir Jesu, Gottes Sohn" ...	} Bach.
Overture, "Amen, dico tibi: hodie mecum eris in Paradiso" ...	
"Tu di grazia dei sorgente" ...	} (Passion.)
"Eli! Eli! Iamma Sabathani!" ...	
"Perché m'hai derelitto?" ...	} Mozart.
Chorus, "Dies iræ, Dies illa" ...	
Solo and Quartet, "Tuba mirum spargens sonum" ...	} (Requiem.)
Chorus, "Rex tremendæ majestatis" ...	
Quartet and Chorus, "Blest are the departed" (<i>Die letzten Dinge</i>) ...	} Spohr.
Armonia Religiosa, "Silver Trumpets" ...	
Quartet and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord" ...	} Mendelssohn.
Choruses, "Worthy is the Lamb" and "Amen" (<i>Messiah</i>) ...	
	Handel.

LEIPSIC.—The twenty-first Gewandhaus Concert, last of the season, took place on the 22nd March.

BRUSSELS.—Aimé Maillart's *Lara*, first produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique, the 21st March, 1864, has been performed at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, after being allowed to remain unrepresented a considerable period. With the exception of Kalid, by Mad. Galli-Marie, the other parts are not well rendered.

DEATHS.

On March 30th (Good Friday), at 5, St George's Place, Brighton, CHARLES NEATE, Esq., aged 93.

On April 1, at 27, Portland Road, Netting Hill, MARY ANN, the beloved wife of CHARLES H. PURDAY, in her 79th year.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877.

Differences of Opinion.



Eyell

DR SPIDER.—Come along. Let's take tickets at the C. P.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I don't want to go to the C. P. There's Raff.

DR SPIDER.—Raff me no Raff. It's Rubinstein. Come!

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Rubinstein? That's worse. I won't go.

DR SPIDER.—You must.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—When?

DR SPIDER.—Saturday, April 21st.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—What do they give?

DR SPIDER.—All Rubinstein.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Blow me if I go.

DR SPIDER.—There's the *Ocean* symphony, &c.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I don't like the *Ocean* symphony. I heard it at the Hanover Square Rooms.

DR SPIDER.—Ah! but the Crystal Palace is different.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Do they give it in the Aquarium?

DR SPIDER.—No. In the concert-room.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Then I won't go.

DR SPIDER.—Why?

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Because it's out of place away from the Aquarium. It's Aquarium music; and without Aquarius looking on, it's nothing. Besides, Aquarius rises in January, and sets in February, and you speak of April. Moreover, Rubinstein don't like Wagner. He says, *that is not his creed*. Wagner will fail.

DR SPIDER.—I agree with Rubinstein, and don't like Wagner.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I like Wagner, and don't agree with Rubinstein.

DR SPIDER.—You must come all the same, and take tickets for the Crystal Palace, or G. G. will be angry.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Bother G. G.; he brings in Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Raff, and Co.—friends of Academus. I detest them all. Give me a quartet by Ignace Pleyel, if I can't get Wagner. There's no medium. Pleyel and Wagner say what they mean. The others don't. Meaning nothing, they have nothing to say.

DR SPIDER.—Well, if you won't go to the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 21, you shall come to the Bee and Bottle, where an amateur orchestra is to play *Mazeppa*.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Ah! Impossible! I will go to "Ocean."

DR SPIDER.—Come then, or we shall have back places.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Further off the better. Can't I get a place where I shall be deaf?

DR SPIDER.—Nonsense. Rubinstein plays a concerto of his own, and conducts the rest of the performance.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—And August Manns?

DR SPIDER.—Conducts the concerto.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—O Gemini! I'll go to the Bee and Bottle.

DR SPIDER.—Not if I know it. Besides, you will hear "higher development."

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Wrong notes?

DR SPIDER.—Yes; but dealt with a giant's fist.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—*Parce mihi!*

DR SPIDER.—Come! Where's your purse?

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I've left it in my studio.

DR SPIDER.—Let's go and fetch it. (*Drags off Sir Francis Fly.*)

At the Bee and Bottle.



SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (*solus*).—I wonder if Spider and Fly take tickets for the Rubinstein Concert? This *Ocean* is a deep work. It takes no end of line to fathom. (*Tries to fathom.*)

Enter SIR CAPEER O'CORBY and MR LAVENDER PITT.



Eyell

SIR CAPEER O'CORBY.—Bedad! Sir Flamborough is in a reverie!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! yes.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Will he thread on me coat tails?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! no.
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (*enthusiastically*).—Dear boys, you come to Rubinstein on Saturday fortnight?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the hand of me body! Not a bit of it.
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—Why?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! He don't like *Ocean*.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad? Not I. If it were mixed with potheen—
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Aurora was daughter of Hyperion, and—
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! certainly.
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—What's that to do with Rubinstein?
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Arrah! Ask Dr Hueffer.
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!

Great noise in smoke-room.



Enter MUMBO and JUMBO.



MUMBO.—O! 'em go play *Mazeppa*.
 JUMBO.—'Em go play *Mazeppa* in smokey room.
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bigott!
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—My stars! this is unexpected.

Enter DR SPIDER and SIR FRANCIS FLY.

DR SPIDER and SIR FRANCIS FLY.—What's the row?
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—They are about, much to my surprise—

MUMBO and JUMBO.—'Em go play *Mazeppa*.
 DR SPIDER and SIR FRANCIS FLY (*in agony*).—*Mazeppa*?
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (*anxious to be off*).—*Mazeppa*!
 MUMBO and JUMBO.—'Em go play— [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter MAN WITH UMBRELLA.



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—So—no one here. They're all mad about *Mazeppa*. (*Great noise in smoke-room—first chord of 'Mazeppa.'*) So—they've begun. I'll leave my umbrella. (*Puts his umbrella in a corner, and takes Sir Flamborough Head's.*) So—this is better. This is the fourth I've picked up since the *Mazeppa* meetings at the Bee and Bottle. (*Tremendous noise in smoke-room.*) Aye, *Mazeppa* goes on. Long live *Mazeppa*! I hear the voice of Sir Caper. Aye, I must get me another old 'un for exchange. So—I'll ring for waiter (*ring*), and slope before he comes.

[*Exit with SIR FLAMBOROUGH'S umbrella and MR LAVENDER PITT'S parasol.* [*Schluss folgt.*]

THE following appears in an Italian paper of tolerably wide circulation:—

"From Sig. Giovanni Paloschi's *Annuario Musicale* we learn that the month of April is remarkable for the birth of Niccolò Zingarelli, Naples, 1752; Ludwig Spohr, Brunswick, 1784; Giuseppe Tartini, Pirano, 1692; Carlo Coccia, Naples, 1782; Theodor Döhler, Naples, 1814; Father Giambattista Martini, Bologna, 1706; Friedrich von Flotow, Teutendorf, 1812; Emile Prudent, Angoulême, 1817; Vincenzo Fioravanti, Rome, 1799; Claudio Merulo, Correggio, 1533; Alessandro Rolla, Pavia, 1757; Giovanni Battista Rubini, Romano, 1795; Félicien David, Cadenet, 1810; and for the death of Gaetano Donizetti, Bergamo, 1848; Charles de Bériot, Brussels, 1870; Carlo Coccia, Novara, 1873; George Frederic Handel, London, 1759; Sigismund Thalberg, Naples, 1871; Tommaso Traetta, Venice, 1799; Giacomo Antonio Perti, Bologna, 1756; Johann Baptist Cramer, Kensington, 1858; Henri M. Berton, Paris, 1844; Henry Bishop, London, 1855; and Giuditta Pasta, Lake of Como, 1865."

Of course, Sig. Giovanni Paloschi (whoever he may be) is ignorant that an English musician who, with three or four exceptions, possessed a genius more remarkable than any named in the foregoing catalogue, was also born in April. We refer to William Sterndale Bennett, born on April 13th, who surely ought not to have been forgotten in such a record. True, he was only an Englishman—a Yorkshireman—which with Italian, French, and German bibliographers does not count.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE LATE MR OXENFORD.—A number of the friends of the late Mr Oxenford met recently, in a private room at the Queen's Theatre, to consult as to the best means of perpetuating their respect for his memory. It appears probable that the memorial will take the form of a bust or statue, to be placed in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre. The movement was started by Mr F. A. Marshall, author of *False Shame*, and the committee consist of Mr Bancroft, Mr Davison, Mr Elgood, Mr Gruneisen, Mr James, Mr Hare, Mr Hawkins, Mr Irving, Mr A. B. Kelly, Mr Murphy, Mr Thorn, Mr Godfrey Turner, and Mr Edmund Yates.

M. GAYARRE, the ubiquitous tenor, makes his first appearance this evening, at the Royal Italian Opera, as Fernando (or Ferdinando—*les deux se disent*), in *La Favorita*.

THE French papers announce the speedy arrival of Mdme Arabella Goddard in Paris. Her public performances are to be under the auspices of the eminent house of Pleyel-Wolff. Her first concert is to be with orchestra.

GOOD NEWS.—Miss Minnie Hauk, the darling of the Berlin "Hofoper," is expected in London next month. This accomplished dramatic vocalist has not been heard in London since, as a very young girl, she appeared, under Mr Mapleson's direction, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, son of the well-remembered Augustus Magnus—né Augustus Maximus—for so many years the right-hand minister of Mr Gye, made his *début* at the Criterion Theatre last Saturday night, in the sparkling new three-act piece by Mr J. Albery, and achieved a success which promises well for his future career on the dramatic boards. He acted, indeed, with all the ease and nonchalance of an experienced "stager."

SOUTH IN THE NORTH.—We gladly welcome Mr South to the North. His opera company is a capital one, as any one who has visited the Prince's, Bradford, during the present week will testify. He puts the operas on the stage so well that he eminently deserves the title of "the sunny South." His great card is Miss Alice May. She is May both in name and nature. May songsters do not sing more sweetly. May flowers do not look more bright. In fact, it is always May with her and with those around her, and we shall be glad to meet her again, either in May, June, July, or any other month.—*The Yorkshireman.*

THE French Government budget for the new financial year contains provision for the following subsidies to the State theatres:—The Opera, 800,000 francs; Français, 240,000 francs; Opéra-Comique, 240,000 francs; Lyrique, 200,000 francs; and the Odéon, 60,000 francs. The reports respecting these national places of entertainment represent that they are fulfilling their functions satisfactorily.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR HORTON C. ALLISON, the pianist and composer who won the first prize at the Leipsic Conservatoire, and who recently had conferred upon him the degree of Bachelor in Music at the University of Cambridge, gave a pianoforte recital at the Bow and Bromley Institute on Saturday week, respecting which the *Tower Hamlets Independent* writes: "A new variation to the usual weekly organ recital took place in the form of a pianoforte recital by Mr Horton C. Allison, a most talented pianist. Two bright and sparkling compositions of his own, viz., Canon and Fugue and Tarantella in A minor, were warmly received and loudly applauded. Amongst other pieces of the programme were Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Macfarren, and others. A Hungarian Dance by Brahms was well received, and the recital concluded with a valise by Chopin, and a selection from the airs in Gounod's opera *Faust*."

PRINCESS'S CONCERT-ROOM.—The zither may never be as popular an instrument in this country as it is among the people of the Austrian provinces, but that is no reason why its peculiar charm should be altogether lost to us. Certain effects of a wonderfully sensitive and piquant character belong to it, and can be produced in no other way. Those, therefore, who come under the influence of its attraction are fortunate in having at hand such professors as Herr and Mme Schulz, by whom a concert was given, chiefly for the purpose of displaying the instrument. The gentleman, a master of its resources, was heard in a solo on themes from *Lucia*, as well as in several concerted pieces, all of which met with a warm reception. But the chief feature was a quartet founded upon *Der Freischütz*, played by the concert-givers, with the assistance of Mrs Edwin Cutler and Mr Warrens. Here the distinctive features of the zither were exhibited in pleasing combination, and an encore was a matter of course. The concert was otherwise interesting for the harmonious solos of Mr Hoyte, one of our ablest organists, the pianoforte solos of Mrs Burmester and Mr Wilford, and the performance of Brahms' *Liedeslieder Walzer*, in which the pianists just named were associated with Mme Schulz, Miss Vivian, Herr Trevis, and Herr Volk.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT'S fourth *Matinée-Musicale* took place in Lowndes Square, on Saturday, March 24. A doubt had been entertained as to the possibility of so young an artist achieving successfully the varied compositions announced; but the result proved how admirably Miss Albrecht had mastered the difficulties she had undertaken. Mendelssohn's Fugue and Chorale in E minor (her first solo) were played throughout with the precision and emphasis required. Chopin's study in "Sixths" (No 20), deserves special mention for the faultless manner in which it was rendered. The same composer's Scherzo in B flat minor and Liszt's "Rigoletto," being very different styles of composition, displayed the delicacy of touch and brilliancy of execution Miss Albrecht so eminently possesses. A study in E sharp (Qy. flat?) major, by Thalberg, could hardly have been better played. A brilliant arrangement by herself of "The Blue Bells of Scotland" concluded the most successful concert Miss Albrecht has yet given. We must add that a sonata by Röntgen, for piano and violoncello, was well rendered by Miss Albrecht and Herr Schubert. Mme Louise Gage, who possesses a very fine voice of extensive range, sang well, though somewhat nervously, "E tu non sai," "Di tanti palpiti," "The Lost Chord," and a new song by Miss Lillie Albrecht (recalled). Mme Enriquez, whose pure contralto voice and admirable method stand her in such excellent service, gained fresh laurels for the expressive manner in which she gave "Lascia ch'io pianga," "He thinks I do not love him," and "Sad heart," (Miss Gabriel), re-called. Signor Gustave Garcia was in capital "form." His voice was heard to advantage in "Hai gia vinta," "Non più andrai," and the "Vagabond." Mr Ch. E. Stephens conducted in his usual able manner. The concert was a marked success, and the audience filled the spacious saloons. Miss Lillie Albrecht played all her solos without book.—A. B.

MR AND MRS JOHN CHESHIRE gave a concert on Tuesday evening at the Langham Hall. Herr Liebe (violinist) played two pieces, accompanied by Mr Ganz, and was greatly applauded. Mrs J. Cheshire played a variety of pianoforte compositions, "popular" and "classical." After Liszt's fantasia on airs from *Rigoletto*, she was warmly applauded.

Mrs Cheshire also accompanied her husband in Parish Alvars' Concerto for the harp, and joined Mrs Clippingdale (of the Royal Academy of Music), Miss Madeline Cronin, and Mr Ganz in Sir Julius Benedict's arrangement, for four performers on two pianofortes, of one of Chopin's posthumous mazurkas, preceded by a charming Andante movement of his own composition. Mr John Cheshire played several pieces, including a *romanza* and *rondo* from a concerto by Parish Alvars, some of his own compositions, and, with his pupil, Miss Zoe Lowe, Mr John Thomas's duet for two harps, "Scenes of Childhood," obtaining for the latter a hearty re-call. Mr Cheshire also accompanied Mme Liebhart in "The harp that once through Tara's halls." Mme Auguste Roche sang Mr Cheshire's new song, "The wither'd violet," and with Mr W. H. Pearson, a duet, "We're bound, my lads, nine leagues away," from the same composer's cantata, *The Buccaneers*. Mme Alida Gassier gave Signor Mariani's *bolero*, "An Arab flower," and Mme Liebhart, Mr Ganz's "Love hailed a little maid," which the audience compelled her to repeat. Miss Helen Arnim was also called upon to repeat Mr Francis Berger's "Thou still art left to me." Miss Jessie Royd sang, with Signor Caravoglia, "Quanti amori," and the latter, a new song by D. H. Macfarlane, "Peace or War" (encored). Mr Alfred Baylis gave Mr Roedel's "Sing again" with taste and expression, and Mr W. Clifford, Gounod's "Maid of Athens," accompanied on the harp by Mr Cheshire. Signor Gustave Garcia in "Hai gia vinta" (Mozart), and Mr W. Wallis Moylan, in Mozart's "Qui sdegno" earned good opinions. Mr J. H. Pearson asked the question "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee" so naturally, that the audience called him back to the platform, to enquire, no doubt, whether he had received an answer. The "conductors" were Messrs Ganz, W. Layland, Alfred Gilbert, Parry Cole, and Francesco Berger.

PROVINCIAL.

BRADFORD.—That Miss Alice May should please the people of Bradford in *opera-bouffe* is not strange, but that she should be received as she was by them on Good Friday in sacred music is another proof of this talented lady's versatility. Miss May sang "Angels, ever bright and fair," which she was compelled to repeat. She also sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in true Handelian style. The *Observer* praises her for singing "with much tenderness and feeling," also for "not overloading the sacred airs with ornaments, as many do." The concert did credit to the company, which opened in Nottingham on Easter Monday.

CAMBRIDGE.—The following was the programme at the last Wednesday popular concert of the Cambridge University Musical Society (March 7):—Quintet for pianoforte and strings in A minor, Op. 107 (Raff), Messrs C. V. Stanford, C. F. A. Williams, W. H. Blakesley, H. M. Bower, and F. O. Bower; Song, "An die Musik" (Schubert), Mr G. F. Cobb; Pianoforte Duets, *Todtentanz* (Dance of Death), and 2nd Humoresque in Waltz form, Op. 181 (Raff); Andante and Scherzo, from a Serenade, for four hands (C. V. Stanford), Messrs J. A. Fuller-Maitland and C. V. Stanford; Song, "Du bist wie eine Blume" (Rubinstein), Mr G. F. Cobb; Sonata for two Violins and Pianoforte, No. 1 in C major (Bach), Messrs C. F. A. Williams, W. H. Blakesley, and C. V. Stanford.

LEICESTER.—The New Choral Society's last concert took place in the Temperance Hall. The first part consisted of Mme Sainton-Dolby's sacred cantata, *The Legend of St Dorothea*, conducted by M. Sainton. Performed for the first time in Leicester, it was done full justice to by the society, and the principal singers—Miss Julia Wigan, Miss Cummings, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Thurley Beale. Miss Wigan displayed to advantage an agreeable, expressive, and powerful soprano voice; Miss Cummings made a very favourable impression; Mr Lloyd added another to his numerous successes here, and won an enthusiastic encore for "Sweet Saint! forgive me now;" and Mr Thurley Beale gave general satisfaction. The unaccompanied trio, "Forsake me not, O God," by Miss Wigan, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Beale, a beautiful specimen of vocal writing, was finely sung, and much applauded; and the "Triumphal March," by the band, was spiritedly played, and warmly received. The second part of the programme was Beethoven's *Engedi* (*Mount of Olives*), also performed here for the first time, under Mr C. Hancock, Mus. Bac., conductor of the society. Miss Wigan, in the trying music of the Prophetess,

* This semi-humorous specimen of programme-music consists of an introduction and a continuous series of twelve short waltzes, each named after some age or state of man, and each concluded by the "Death Motif," which is first heard in the introduction. The order is as follows: the "Child," the "Youth," the "Man," the "Greybeard," the "Warrior," the "Shepherd," the "Coquette," the "Prude," the "Rich," the "Poor," the "Cripple," and the "Pedant."

exhibited the same excellent qualities as in Mme Sainton's cantata; Mr Lloyd conquered the difficulties of the arduous part of David most successfully; and Mr Beale was highly acceptable in the music of Abishai. The varied and characteristic choruses were sung in a highly creditable manner. The audience was numerous.

LIVERPOOL.—The Philharmonic Society, under Sir Julius Benedict, gave their last concert for the season on Tuesday evening. Among the principal works were Sir Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymphs*; Rietz's Third Symphony; a violin concerto by Max Bruch; Sir Julius Benedict's overture, *The Enchanted Forest*; and his Romance for violin, harp, and piano. "We were more than ever struck"—says the *Daily Post*—"by the grace and delicacy of feeling which characterises Sterndale Bennett's writings on hearing his overture. There is no straining after effect; not only are the subjects spontaneous, but their treatment seems in all cases to be that most happily in accord with their sentiment, the best fitted to give them the most ample expression. The execution was worthy of the work, each department of the orchestra apparently being bent on contributing to its satisfactory interpretation. The violin concerto afforded that finished artist, Herr Straus, an opportunity of appearing to great advantage. Sir Julius Benedict's overture is highly romantic in idea and very musicianly in treatment. The introduction (which re-appears at the close) is powerfully scored, and is as mysterious and weird as the theme suggests; whilst the second movement, with its graceful melody, is a very charming contrast to the gloomy episodes in the forest ride. This was the best played work of the evening. The Romance for violin, harp, and piano, by Sir Julius Benedict, is, like everything emanating from him, melodious and graceful. The subjects generally are divided between the violin and pianoforte; whilst the latter, as also the harp, are employed in characteristic passages of accompaniment. Herr Straus, Mr Streather, and Sir Julius Benedict, the executants, left nothing to desire. Mlle Tietjens and Mr Barton McGuckin were the vocalists. The lady was in splendid voice, and the gentleman made a highly favourable impression. Sir Julius Benedict not only conducted with great care and spirit, but in the pianoforte accompaniments to some of the songs displayed the taste and delicacy which are his distinguishing characteristics as a pianist."

DUNDEE.—Mr Kennedy and his talented family gave the first of two entertainments before an audience that quite filled the body of the Kinnaird Hall. Such an attendance at this season, when music has been making extraordinary demands in Dundee for public support, and on a night the most inclement this month has brought us, affords the most convincing proof possible of the enduring hold which these national artists have, through their entertainments, on the public taste of this town. Not that such proof was needed, for it is long since Mr Kennedy, with his two daughters—the one by his singing, the others by their playing—took possession of the Scottish hearts of this community; only it shows how familiarity with what is good and true in the exposition of national life and character as set forth in these entertainments, and as now diversified by the talents of his family in their exquisite part singing, has served but to deepen the public interest. Yesterday we referred to the dramatic character of Mr Kennedy's entertainments, and now we hear of Professor Blackie saying the other day that whatever is not dramatic is stupid. There are many people, however, who are quite pleased with music when it falls on the ears as a succession of sweet sounds. In the matter of Scotch songs we know of nothing more insipid or stupid than that class of art which confines their varying sentiment to the narrow limits of tune and time. It is just here that Mr Kennedy stands the unrivalled Scottish artist. With him all the mechanism, so to speak, of the music is subservient to the one great purpose of disclosing the heart of a song. He brings his subjects forward as living realities. Character and situation are truthfully portrayed, and the consequence is that he engages the intellect as well as the emotions of his audience. And the talents of his family seem bent on the same errand. Their solo and part singing partake of the same dramatic spirit. Hence, to our mind, the exquisite pleasure and the educational virtue found in these entertainments. Comparing one man of renown with another in the same line of art, we found the late Wilson charming his audiences with his polished style of vocalising. His Scotch songs came forth externally dressed to perfection. You admired them as you would fair ladies at a fashionable assembly, without knowing what they were in their inmost beings. With Kennedy you soon forget his excellence of voice and his perfect management of the art of singing, and look on men and women at home in their everyday garb, and feel they are human beings, with hopes and fears, feelings and virtues, like others, and in them see yourself. We cannot notice the details of this entertainment, for each individual effort had its own special interest, to speak of which would entail special notice. But, seeing that the audience showed its very marked approbation

of the glee singing, particularly of "Blow, gentle gales," we must record the fact and endorse its verdict. It was, indeed, the perfection of concerted singing, and richly deserved the hearty re-demand elicited from all parts of the hall.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

YOUTHFUL HEROISM.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Holiday-making is apt to be saddened by the frequent occurrence of fatal accidents. Excursion trains break down, or run into each other. Ferryboats may capsize, and, above all, amateur oarsmen are apt to come to grief in their river excursions. On Saturday, for example, a shocking boat disaster took place at Teddington Weir. Two young gentlemen, whilst rowing just above the lock, got caught by the swift rush of the ebb tide then dashing over the weir. They were swept through the weir paddles, their boat was smashed, and they themselves were carried away by the current. The painful occurrence, however, furnished the opportunity of a singular display of boyish pluck and heroism. When the body of one of the young men was seen floating down stream, a lad about twelve or fourteen years of age, the son of Mr Chappell, of Weirbank Road, happened to be playing on the lawn of his father's house, which abuts on the river. Catching a glimpse of the drowning man he boldly plunged into the water to save him. The youth must have been a fearless swimmer to successfully buffet the strong current. This boy and a visitor at the father's house, a Mr Wilkinson, made an unavailing attempt to rescue the drowning man, and only managed to escape his fate with the utmost difficulty. Still, though their efforts were not rewarded with success, we cannot refrain from complimenting them on their spontaneous display of generous daring. A boy who at the age of twelve will leap into a surly ebb-tide of the Thames at a moment's notice, and risk his own life to save that of a fellow-creature, has in him the making of a man of mettle. Bravery never goes out of fashion in England, and a lad like this will not seek for honour in vain when in after-life he grows old enough to tread the stern path of manhood's graver duties. It augurs well for the strength of our national fibre that we can find heroes amongst our very children. If such gallant deeds be done by our boys, what may we not expect from them when, as men, our country may need them "to seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth?"

Cable Canon.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It has come to my knowledge that a German musician, calling himself Alfred Weber, and being a clarinet player, is going about with an open letter supposed to be written and signed by myself to various distinguished members of the musical profession, enticing them to subscribe money in order that (as he says) he may have sufficient funds to enable him to return to Germany, and that Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and other artists, have already been duped, and have given him money on the strength of this letter. I, therefore, as a means of stopping this gentleman from carrying on his pursuit, beg to address these lines to the members of the musical profession, through your powerful medium, and most emphatically to say that I have never given a letter to such a person, nor do I know him. As I am a governor and subscriber to the German Society of Benevolence and the Society of Foreigners in Distress, I have always given the proper printed letters of recommendation of these societies (after due inquiries) to poor foreign musicians, and these excellent charities have either paid for them the passage money to return to their native country, or otherwise assisted them, after their cases have been properly investigated.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

WILHELM GANZ.

126, Harley Street, March 29th, 1877.

ALTENBURG.—The opera of *Galilei* has been successfully performed here. The composer, a personage of high rank, who has adopted the pseudonym of Herr G. Dahlwitz, was present incognito at the last rehearsal and the first performance.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The concert given by Messrs Nurdin & Peacock, of Wells Street, Oxford Street, for the benefit of the Cheesemongers' Benevolent Institution, was one of those very munificent gifts offered to Charity, through her handmaid Music, which link philanthropy with art. Projected and carried out on the basis that the Cheesemongers' Institution was to benefit by the entire receipts, and that Messrs Nurdin & Peacock pay all expenses, the promoters of other charitable concerts have had an example set them which it is hoped will meet with imitation. With a generosity that cannot be too highly commended, Messrs Nurdin & Peacock have also thrown a veil over their expenditure; but the results of their undertaking cannot be disguised, for the charity is likely to benefit to the extent of upwards of a thousand pounds. The causes of the *entrepreneurs'* success were numerous, for not only was a good day selected for an appeal to the friends of an excellent institution, viz., a general holiday, but the services of those popular artists, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Signor Foli, and others of note were secured, whilst the direction of the music was entrusted to that experienced conductor and accompanist, Mr Wilhelm Ganz, with whom was associated the always efficient Mr Pittman. These attractions were heightened by the announcement that Mdle Chiomi, who has achieved great fame in Italy, would make her *début* in London on the occasion. An entertainment so varied and excellent could not fail to command the required number of guests. Mdle Chiomi, English by birth, and artist by instinct as well as by culture, sang with all the fluency of an Italian and the charm of her own nationality, besides displaying a voice of unusual sweetness, and yet so telling that every sound was effective in the great hall. Messrs Nurdin & Peacock's undertaking was crowned with success, and a noble institution and a gifted artist were brought prominently before the public.—*Echo*.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

I have still something to tell you about music in Manchester, though the winding up of the musical year is at hand. Our season, of course, cannot clash with yours; for, in addition to other not less important reasons, many of the best supporters of the Manchester concerts are from home in spring and summer, and a summer audience differs considerably from a winter one.

Mr Hallé's season concluded very brilliantly. He himself played at his last concert Schumann's Concerto and Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata. The orchestra played, among other things, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, and Brahms' *Liebesslieder Walzer* were sung for the first time in Manchester by Mdles Friedländer and Vontrimm, Messrs Shakespeare and Pyatt, with Messrs Hallé and Hecht at the pianoforte. Mr Hallé, I hear, is now enjoying a well-earned holiday with his family in Italy, but he will be here to conduct the next Gentlemen's Concert on the 28th April.

There have been two of these subscription concerts (the Gentlemen's) since my last letter. One was a classical chamber concert, at which Messrs Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti played; at this also Herr Henschel made his first appearance in Manchester, and seldom has an unknown singer produced so great an impression. At the other, on Thursday last, two popular favourites appeared; and, notwithstanding the attraction of the Compton benefit performances at the Theatre Royal, the concert hall was crowded, tickets having been in great demand. At this you will not be surprised when I tell you that Mdle Tietjens was the singer and Mdme Arabella Goddard the solo instrumentalist. Mdle Tietjens sang "Bel raggio," two of Schumann's songs, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "The Minstrel Boy." The popular *prima donna* was in splendid voice, and how she sang all these pieces it would be superfluous to say. It is equally unnecessary to tell your readers how admirably Mdme Arabella Goddard plays Weber's Concertstück; one even ceases to be surprised at the grace, delicacy, and finish of this accomplished lady's execution. In addition to the Concertstück, Mdme Goddard played selections from Mendelssohn, Kalkbrenner, and Thalberg. At this concert Sullivan's Symphony in E was admirably played, and the work is favourably noticed in the local papers. A Notturmo-Canon for orchestra by M. Kettenus

was another interesting addition to the programme of the concert, which Mr Ed. Hecht conducted.

A successful concert of glee and choral music was given last Thursday by Mr Hallé's choir for the benefit of a local charity; and, in addition to the choral music, songs and concerted pieces were admirably sung by members of the choir. On the following evening Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* was given by the Athenæum Musical Society to a very large audience.

Since my last letter we have had a visit from the Carl Rosa Opera Company. They gave thirteen performances at the Theatre Royal, including a morning performance of *The Flying Dutchman*, and the audiences were large at nearly every one of them. The operas were *The Water Carrier*, *The Flying Dutchman* (four times), *Fidelio*, *The Bohemian Girl* (twice), *Maritana*, *The Porter of Harre*, *The Lily of Killarney*, and *The Siege of Rochelle*. All these operas were ably supported by Mdle Torriani, Misses Gaylord, Franklein, and Yorke; Mrs Aynsley Cook; Messrs Santley, Nordblom, Packard, Lyall, Celli, Aynsley Cook, and others; and the band and chorus, under Mr Rosa's able direction, did good service on every occasion. The performances were additionally interesting, this being probably the last time Mr Santley will be heard in Manchester as a member of the Carl Rosa company.

To-night Herr Rubinstein will give his second recital in the Free Trade Hall. Here is the programme:—

1. Sonate (A flat) Polacca (Weber). 2. Momens Musicales (Schubert), and Kreisleriana (Schumann). 3. Fantaisie, Nocturne, Valse Impromptu, and Etude (Chopin). 4. Miniatures: Près du vaisseau, Menuet, Sérénade, Valse Allemande, and Tarantelle (Rubinstein).

You will be glad to hear that the receipts for the Compton benefit performances at the Theatre Royal on Monday evening were upwards of £900. Mr Jefferson as Mr Golightly and Mr Santley as Tom Tug were the heroes of the evening.

APRIL*

Fair April, by thy skies,
Thy drooping tearful eyes,
Thy sunbeam's play when young leaves first appear,
The sparkling waterfall,
And cuckoo's welcome call,
Proclaim to all around that thou art here.

Thou'rt like a gay coquette
On whom the heart is set,
And fair thou art, but fickle art thou too;
One moment all in tears,
A bright smile next appears;
Yes, a gay coquette, and she is like to you.

But the nightingale's sweet song
The tender leaves among,
Thou bringest to entrance us like a spell;
For this one gift alone,
We hasten to make known,
With all thy faults we like thee very well.

* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

BRINLEY RICHARDS IN WALES.—We read in the *Western Mail* (Cardiff) as follows:—

"The ovation received by the great composer at Dowlais on Good Friday was in every sense honourable to the music-loving people of Dowlais and to Mr Brinley Richards. The large hall was crowded to excess, and the entertainment pronounced one of the best ever held there. Great as the welcome hitherto, Dowlais, in hearty enthusiasm, has eclipsed all other places. On Saturday Mr Richards and party proceeded to Hirwain, and, on arrival at the station, found a large number of respectable inhabitants with an excellent brass band, prepared to receive them. From station to town the band played capitally, and just before arrival at the hotel gave 'Ap Shenkyn' with taste and spirit. Mr Brinley Richards, moved by this thoroughly Welsh reception, gathered the band in a circle and gave them the history of that famous air. In the evening, at the close of a loudly applauded performance, the vicar expressed a hope that when next Mr Richards came to Wales it would not be as Brinley Richards, Esq., but as Sir Brinley Richards. On Monday he appears at Merthyr, when, by special request, Mr David Bowen, the eminent tenor, will sing Arthur Sullivan's 'Once again,' Mr Richards accompanying."

WAIFS.

A shocking accident took place at Teddington Weir last Saturday afternoon. Mr F. W. Holroyd and Mr Whitfield, from London, hired a boat at Thompson's boathouse at Richmond, and went for a row up the river. When they were near Teddington Weir, just above the lock, they came in contact with a steam launch. The tide being on the ebb, the water was rushing over the weir with great velocity, and the unfortunate young men were speedily drawn through the weir paddles. The boat was smashed, and a scene of great excitement ensued. J. Sadler, the well-known sculler, and others put off in boats from Messenger's ferry, but the current was so strong that they found it difficult to make headway against the stream. In the meantime, a very young gentleman, named Chappell, about twelve or fourteen years of age, son of Mr Thomas P. Chappell, of Weir Bank, Broom Road, whose lawn abuts upon the river near the weir, was, with his sister and a visitor at the house (Mr Wilkinson) attracted by the cries for assistance. Seeing one of the young men floating rapidly down the river, without a moment's hesitation, both Master Chappell and Mr Wilkinson plunged into the stream, which was running at a dangerous rate. Their courageous attempts to save the victims, however, failed, and they themselves with great difficulty got on shore again, in a thoroughly exhausted condition.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Johann Strauss is nominated member of the Legion of Honour.

Why is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music? Because he marries for-tune.

Mr Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera, returned to town, from Paris, on Saturday.

Dr Verrinder gives the first of a series of organ performances at the Royal Albert Hall to-day.

The latest problem for civil engineers is to make one of the keys of a piano fit the lock of a canal.

The Municipal Council of Paris have subscribed 250 francs towards the tomb of the late Alfred Holmes.

The Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, was burnt down early on the 4th inst. Luckily no lives were lost.

The Ladies' Swedish Vocal Quartet have been giving concerts at Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples.

Mr Brinley Richards has been giving lectures on "National Music" in various towns in South Wales.

On Saturday last the nightingale was heard in Clapham and Roupell Parks for the first time this spring.

Professor Emilio Serrano y Ruiz, of the Madrid Conservatory, has set to music an Italian libretto, *Mitridate*.

The Leipzig police lately arrested a false Johann Strauss, who had announced two concerts at the Centralhalle.

When grown-up people predominate at a juvenile party, the latter may be characterised as badly adult-erated.

The bands of the various regiments stationed in Paris have commenced performing, as usual, in the public gardens.

Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal, has received the Order of the Crown, first class.

Though Signor Petrella lies in a weak state, hopes are entertained of his recovery. The King has forwarded him 1,000 lire.

Signor Ferri has been replaced by Signor Gardini, as manager of the Imperial Italian Operas at St Petersburg and Moscow.

The shareholders of the Komische Oper, Vienna, have, offered M. Offenbach 100,000 francs a year to act as manager of their theatre.

The Committee of Liquidators will shortly put up for sale the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, at the price of 800,000 lire. It cost 985,000.

Charles Marchal, who distinguished himself as an artist by painting Alsatian scenes, has committed suicide in Paris. Failing sight had caused mental depression.

Mr Wilford Morgan has just completed a sacred cantata, entitled *Christian the Pilgrim*, the libretto founded on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," by Mr Arthur Matthiason.

A commemorative tablet has been affixed to a house in the Rue des Deux-Portes-Saint-Sauveur, Paris, where Goldoni, the Italian dramatist, past the last days of his life.

A Minnesota Editor came into his own office to advertise for a lost dog, and such the power of advertising that the lost dog walked in while the advertisement was written out.

Le Grand Frédéric, a new operetta, words by MM. Goudinet, Saint-Albin, and Prével, music by M. Ch. Lecocq, will be produced in October at the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris.

The late Signor Dall'Argine composed fifty-six ballets and four operas, besides a great deal of dance music for the piano. Two of his operas have never been performed or published.

The King of Italy has conferred the Order of the Italian Crown upon Dr Emil Naumann, to mark his appreciation of that gentleman's book, *Italianische Tondichter* (*Italian Composers*).

After killing Signora Volpini with yellow fever at Havannah, the telegraph performed the same kind service for Signora Urban, also. Fortunately, the latter lady is no more dead than the former.

The Royal National Eisteddfod, to be held in the ancient castle of Carnarvon, is fixed for the 21st and three following days in August. Mdm Edith Wynne is to be "National" vocalist.

There is no truth in the report of the death of Mdm Volpini, who will be remembered seven years ago as one of the favourite artists at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, when M. Gounod's *Mirella* was produced.

Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was recently performed, under the direction of M. Darnault, at the Church of St Roch, Paris. The principal singers were Mesdes Borghi-Mamo, Engalli, MM. Bouhy and Bosquin. The orchestra numbered sixty instrumentalists.

A new feature has been introduced into some of the country schools of America. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets a kiss. Several, says the *Boston Courier*, are forgetting all they knew about spelling, while the boys improve rapidly.

The Municipal Councils of Marseilles and Le Havre have refused to vote the usual annual grant for the Grand Théâtre in each town, in neither of which, consequently, will there be an operatic season next winter, unless the members of the Councils change their minds, a fact not regarded as probable.

The continental papers again refer to the Telephone, or musical telegraph, the patent of which has been acquired by M. Strakosch. We are furthermore told it is that gentleman's intention to give in Paris a series of concerts, which, thanks to his magic wire, will be heard simultaneously in all the large cities of the two hemispheres.

M. Ambroise Thomas is said to have withdrawn his *Françoise de Rimini* from the Grand Opera and taken it to the Théâtre-Italien, where Mdm Nilsson will sustain the principal character during the International Exhibition of 1878. M. Gounod, also, is reported to have transferred his *Polyeucte* from the Grand Opera to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

Among the presents offered to the Emperor of Germany on his birthday was a collection of autographic manuscripts, including two quintets by Spohr, a pianoforte piece by Thalberg, a grand air for full band by Weber, and a symphony by Schubert. The most curious part of the collection, perhaps, consists of four volumes containing all the sketches for Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.

On the 27th ult., after the third act of *Rigoletto*, the American students in Paris made Mdle Albani a present of an album bound in Russian leather, with silver corners, containing a hundred coloured drawings and water-colour sketches by Meissonnier, Gérôme, Baudry, Dubois, &c. Mdle Albani thanked the enthusiastic donors, who were presented to her by the manager.

La France, noticing that the crowds at the Easter services in the churches were never greater, observes that they are attracted by habit, curiosity, decorations, and music, and that there is nothing in these congregations to contradict the decadence of the Catholic sentiment lamented by the Bishop of Poitiers, who asserts that the respectable classes will not send their sons to take orders.

In the month of April the following works were performed for the first time:—*Missa Solennis*, Beethoven, Vienna, 1824; Stringed Quartet, Verdi, Naples, 1873; *Dinorah*, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1859; *Jean de Paris*, Boïeldieu, Paris, 1812; *Les Martyrs*, Donizetti, Paris, 1840; *Oberon*, Weber, London, 1826; *Miserere*, Donizetti, Vienna, 1843; *Le Prophète*, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1849; *Iphigénie en Aulide*, Gluck, Paris, 1774; *Il Ventaglio*, Raimondi, Naples, 1831; *Macbeth* (revised), Verdi, Paris, 1865; *Die Jahreszeiten* (*The Seasons*), Haydn, Vienna, 1801; *Les Danaïdes*, Salieri, Paris, 1784; *Roméo et Juliette*, Gounod, Paris, 1857; *L'Africaine*, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1865; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Mozart, Vienna, 1786; *Christus am Oelberge*, Beethoven, Vienna, 1803.

The once celebrated singer, Caroline Unger, has just died in Florence. Born at Vienna, in 1700, it was in that city that she began to study singing, but her talent was more particularly developed in the school of Domenico Ronconi, at Milan. She made her first appearance at Vienna, in 1819, as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and then travelled through Italy, where her success was very great. She was not heard in Paris till 1833, and remained only one season. It was she who had the honour of first taking the contralto solo in Beethoven's Choral Symphony, under Beethoven's own direction, in 1822, at Vienna. In 1840, she retired from the stage, and, after marrying M. Sabatier, settled at Florence. A large portion of her fortune was spent in charity.

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VOL. 55.—No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 14, will be performed MEYERBERG's grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Mlle d'Angeri, Mlle Marimon, Mme Scacchi; Signor Capponi, Signor Cologni, Signor Baggiolo, Signor Sabater, Signor Gayarré (his first appearance in that character in England). Conductor—Signor VIANESI.

On MONDAY next, April 16, DONIZETTI's Opera, "LA FAVORITA." Mme Ricca (her first appearance on the stage in England), Mlle Cottino; Signor Graziani, Signor Baggiolo, Signor Rossi, Signor Gayarré (his fourth appearance in England).

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. THIS DAY, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include:—Overture, *Jessonda* (Spohr); Pianoforte Concerto in A flat (Hummel); Quartet in E minor (Verdi), played by the whole orchestra of strings by special consent of the composer, first time in England; Pianoforte Solos; Overture, *Leonora*, No. 2 (Beethoven). Vocalists—Mme Lemmens-Sherrington; Mr Bywater. Solo Pianoforte—Herr Pauer. Conductor—MR AUGUST MAXIS. Reserved Numbered Stalls, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—RUBINSTEIN CONCERT (Rubinstein's first appearance in London this season). The Directors have much pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements with M. ANTON RUBINSTEIN for a GRAND INSTRUMENTAL and VOCAL CONCERT, at the Crystal Palace, on SATURDAY, April 21, at Three o'clock. The programme will comprise Symphony (six movements), *Ocean*; *Finale* to the Second Act of *The Maccabees*, with Arioso for alto, and Duet for soprano and alto; Second Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra; Overture, *Dimitri Donskoy*. M. Rubinstein will conduct the whole of the above, with the exception of the Concerto, and will, in addition, play three Solo pieces, viz.:—Notturmo, Scherzo from Sonata No. 3, and Caprice. Vocalists—Mlles Friedlander and Arnim. Stalls may now be had, price 5s., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Admission to the Concert-room, One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL. Friday, June 22, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 25, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will be shortly published.

THE BACH CHOIR.—SECOND CONCERT, St James's Hall, WEDNESDAY Evening, April 25. John Sebastian Bach's Cantata on Luther's Psalm, "Ein feste Burg," first time of performance; Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice;" an Eight-part Motet (Sir W. Sterndale Bennett); Palestrina's "Sanctus," from the *Missa Papa Marcelli*; and Nils Gade's Cantata, *Comala*, for the first time in England. Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mlle Gowa, Mlle Riego, and Mme Patey; Mr W. H. Cummings and Herr Henschel. Principal Violin—Herr Straus; Organist—Mr Thomas Pettit. Conductor—MR OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. Stalls and Front Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. and 3s. Tickets of Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

MONDAY NEXT.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, St James's Hall, APRIL 16. at Eight o'clock. BRAHMS' NEW SYMPHONY. Violinist—M. Paul Viardot (his first appearance). Vocalists—Mlle Thekla Friedlander and Mr Shakespeare. Conductor—MR W. G. CUBINS. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s.; tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Tickets of Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

MR W. T. BEST will give his next RECITAL on the GREAT ORGAN, at "THE HALL," Primrose Hill Road, Regent's Park, on WEDNESDAY, April 18, at Four o'clock, when he will play the following pieces:—Fantasia, with Chorale, in G major (H. Smart); Adagio, in B major (G. Merkel); Organ Concerto, in G minor (Handel); Pastorale and Fugue (W. T. Best); Andante con Variazioni, Septuor (Beethoven); Sonata No. 2, in C minor (Mendelssohn); Organ Paraphrase of Rossini's Preghiera, "Giusto Ciel" (W. T. Best); Echo, and Fugue in B minor (Bach); Overture to the Oratorio, *The Last Judgment* (Spohr). Tickets, 3s. each; at Austin's, Piccadilly, and all the usual ticket agents. These Recitals will take place each Wednesday during the Season.

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THE SEASON will begin on SATURDAY, April 28, 1877. The Full Prospectus of the Season's Arrangements may be had on application to Mr BAILEY, at the Box-office under the Portico of the Opera-house, Her Majesty's Theatre, which is open daily from Ten to Five.

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The EASTER TERM will commence on MONDAY, the 23rd inst., and will terminate on SATURDAY, July 21.

Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) will be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 19th inst., at Eleven o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.

THIRD SESSION, 1876-7. SIXTH MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, May 7, 1877, at Five o'clock precisely. A Paper "On the Gymnastic Training of the Hand for performing on Keyed Instruments," will be read by STEPHEN S. STRATTON, Esq., of Birmingham. CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec. 24, Sutherland Gardens, W.

SIGNOR BONETTI has the honour to announce that his MATINEE-MUSICALE will take place on FRIDAY, April 27, at 10, WESTBOURNE STREET, Hyde Park, W. (by kind permission of Mr and Mrs Arthur Levy), to commence at Three o'clock precisely, when he will be assisted by the following artists:—Mlle Ida Corani and Mad. Mathilde Ziméri, Miss Purdy, and Mme Alba (first appearance); Signor Bettini, Mr Trelawny Cobham, Mr S. Heilbut (amateur), and Mr W. Shakespeare; Signor Federici, Signor Bonetti, and Signor Zoboli. Pianoforte—Mrs Elizabeth Beasley and Signor T. Mattel. Tickets, One Guinea; to be had of Signor BONETTI, 1, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

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DALE'S NEW TRIO in A, Played by MARIE KREBS, JOACHIM, and PIATTI, at the Saturday Popular Concerts, will shortly be published. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co., 84, New Bond Street,

AN URGENT APPEAL.

IN a small lodging, without the means of paying for it, without furniture, and only bread to eat, with scanty and insufficient clothing, are at this moment the **FAMILY** of the late **MR HOWARD GLOVER**, the musical composer, son of the celebrated actress, **Mrs Glover**. He left England nine years ago with a family of 12 young children to better his fortune in the United States. He never earned, however, more than a bare subsistence, and on his death in November, 1875, his wife and children were plunged in deep embarrassment. They struggled on in New York, until at last they were sent home by the charity of the British Consul. The ages of the children now range from eight to 21, and, consequently, if some aid is given, there is a prospect of getting situations which will enable them to keep themselves and their mother. The eldest son is a scene painter, but has been for the last few days engaged on journeyman painter's work. A large West-end house has promised to take one of the daughters, and there are prospects of placing the others—some in a theatre, some at the opera. In the meantime a sum of money is absolutely indispensable, if they are to be rescued from the worst sufferings and the most horrible temptations of poverty. Under these circumstances an appeal is made to the best sympathies of the public and the patrons of music and art to come to the rescue of an unfortunate family, absolutely wrecked. They are known to be most excellent and deserving. Donations may be sent to **MITCHELL'S Library**, 33, Old Bond Street.

THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—This Evening. **NINTH TRIAL OF NEW WORKS**, at the **ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, to commence at 7.45. **ARTHUR O'LEARY**, Hon. Sec.
84, New Bond Street, W.

M**ISS PURDY'S MORNING CONCERT** will take place on **WEDNESDAY, May 9**, at **ST GEORGE'S HALL, W.** Full particulars will be duly announced.—35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

HERR LEHMEYER begs to announce to his Pupils and Friends that he will give **TWO CLASSICAL EVENING CONCERTS**, on **THURSDAY, 10th of May**, and **14th of June**, at the **LANGHAM HALL**, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. Tickets, One Guinea; 10s. 6d.; 5s.; to be had of **Herr LEHMEYER**, 7, Store Street, Bedford Square.

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AN **ORGANIST** and **Choirmaster** is **WANTED** for **St John's Church, Yeovil**. Salary, £50 per annum. The Office is now vacant. Applications and testimonials to be sent to **Mr F. W. RAYMOND**, Ilex House, Yeovil.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR SIMS REEVES will sing **BLUMENTHAL'S** admired Song, "**THE MESSAGE**," at **Mr W. Pyatt's Grand Ballad Concert**, at the **Exhibition Palace, Dublin**, on **Friday, May 4**.

"SABRINA."

MR MICHAEL WATSON will play his new Valse de Concert, "**SABRINA**," at **Farnham**, **April 23**; **Bolton Gardens**, **May 2**; and **Langham Hall**, **May 23**.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MRS JOHN CHESHIRE will perform **ASCHER'S** Popular Fantasia on the Romance, "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**" at **Birmingham**, on the **19th April**.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR BARTON MCGUCKIN will sing (by desire) **ASCHER'S** Popular Romance, "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**" and **Sir JULIUS BENEDICT'S** Aria, "**NULLA DA TE**," at the **Grand Concert**, given for the **Benefit of the RAILWAY BENEVOLENT FUND**, in the **Shoreditch Town Hall**, **April 25th**.

BENEDICT'S ANDANTE AND CHOPIN'S POSTHUMOUS MAZURKA.

MRS J. CLIPPINGDALE, Miss **ALBERT** (pupil of **Sir JULIUS BENEDICT**) will play this admired Arrangement by **Sir JULIUS BENEDICT** of his **ANDANTE**, and **CHOPIN'S** Posthumous **MAZURKA**, for four performers on two grand pianofortes, at the **Grand Concert for the Benefit of the Railway Benevolent Institute**, at the **Shoreditch Town Hall**, **Wednesday, the 25th April**.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

MADAME ELSTOFF will sing **BENEDICT'S** popular Song, "**ROCK ME TO SLEEP**," at the **Grand Concert**, given for the **Benefit of the Railway Benevolent Institution**, on the **25th inst.**, at the **Town Hall, Shoreditch**.

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MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play this Afternoon (Saturday), at **Herr Schubert's Matinée-Musicale** (by permission of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry), **Park Lane, Liszt's PARAPHRASE DE CONCERT** on "**RIGOLETTO**."

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), of the **Wilhelmj Concert Party**, is at liberty to accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for **Concerts, &c.** Address, care of **Messrs HOBBS & EASEY**, 6 and 7, **Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.**

M**DME LOUISE GAGE** (Contralto) is open to **ENGAGEMENTS** for **Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c.** Address, **Mdme Louise GAGE**, No. 17, **Holland Road, Kensington, W.**

MR T. HARPER, having relinquished his post as **Principal Trumpet and Cornet** at the **Royal Italian Opera**, can accept **ENGAGEMENTS** in town and country during the ensuing season.—25, **Brecknock Crescent, N.W.**

MISS ELENA NORTON, Soprano Vocalist (composer of "**The Rose and the Ring**"), is open for **ENGAGEMENTS** for **Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c., &c.** Address, care of **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, 244, **Regent Street, W.**; or to **Mr D'Oyley Carte**, 20, **Charing Cross**.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town, requests that all communications respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for **Opera or Concert** be addressed to her Agent, **Mr W. B. HEALEY**, care of **Messrs Davison & Co.**, 244, **Regent Street, W.**

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MR CHARLES ABERCROMBIE (Tenor), of **St James's Hall** and the **Royal Aquarium Concerts**, Gentleman of **Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's**, requests that all applications for **Terms and ENGAGEMENTS** for **Oratorio, Opera, or Concert**, be addressed to **Mr W. B. HEALEY** (his Agent and Business Manager), care of **Messrs Davison & Co.**, 244, **Regent Street, W.**; or the **Royal Aquarium, Westminster, S.W.**

MR WELBYE-WALLACE (of the **Crystal Palace** and **Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, &c., &c.**), having Returned from **Abroad**, can accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for **Concerts, Opera, or Oratorio**. All Communications to be addressed to his Agent, **Mr R. D'OYLEY CARTE**, 9A, **Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.**

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M**DME MARIE BELVAL** begs that all Communications be addressed to her at 7, **Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.**

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN begs to announce her Arrival in London from her successful Continental Tour. Letters respecting **Concerts, Soirées, and Singing Lessons**, to be addressed care of **Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, 244, **Regent Street, W.**

A **PUPIL** of **Signor SCHIRA** and of **Signor LAMPERTI** (of Milan) is desirous of giving **LESSONS** in **Italian and English Singing** to **Lady Pupils**, either at their residences or at her own. For **Terms**, apply to **Mdme BERTINI**, 62, **Harley Street, London, W.**

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The "Ring des Nibelungen."

(By Telegram, from our Special Correspondent.)

BAYREUTH, Aug. 21, 1876.*

RICHARD WAGNER's great undertaking has been successfully inaugurated. The entire stage-play has been gone through, from *Das Rheingold* to the *Götterdämmerung*, from the stealing of the treasure by Alberich the Niblung to the ultimate result of the curse that waits on it in Siegfried's death, Brynhild's self-sacrifice, the ring's restoration to its pristine guardians, the destruction of Walhalla, and the eclipse of the gods. The materials upon which Wagner has built his four-days' drama, obtained from the Scandinavian Eddas, the *Völsunga Saga* of purely Icelandic origin, the German *Nibelungen Lied*, and other sources, have been so frequently explained, and the characters and incidents of his drama so fully set forth, that it would be useless now to enlarge upon either. Nor is it necessary to enter into a new inquiry about the reasons which induced the art-dramatist of the future to select such a faded, out-of-the-way town as Bayreuth for erecting his theatre, or to attempt a fresh description of the edifice itself, which assuredly does not strike by the comeliness of its exterior, the aspect whereof, contrasted with the beauty of the undulating scenery round about it, is singularly uninviting. With regard to the arrangements of the interior there are conflicting opinions. That the sinking of the orchestra and the invisibility of the players creates a strange, weird impression, enhanced by the darkening of the auditorium, cannot be denied, any more than that the orchestra (120 strong, with Herr Richter as conductor, and Herr Wilhelmj—"Siegfried of the Fiddle," as he is styled here—as leading violin, or *chef d'attaque*) is one of the most splendid and thoroughly well-trained body of instrumentalists ever assembled for the achievement of a difficult task. Many, however, not so completely bitten by Wagnerism as to look upon whatever Wagner says and does, proposes and carries out, as perfect, would like to hear that orchestra, if only for once in a way, under other conditions, for, harmonious as is the general effect it produces, the one special and always welcome effect of "brilliance" is seldom realised. Then the players themselves, in this scorching Midsummer weather, are forced to go through their unceasingly arduous labours in their shirt-sleeves—divested, in fact, of every not indispensable article of raiment. How little this is to their taste need hardly be insisted on. They are really to be pitied, because resolved to carry out their pledge to the master until the very end; but it is well understood that no temptation will ever induce them to come together again under similar circumstances, and without their aid a repetition of the model performances which have attracted the curious from almost every part of the globe would be simply impossible. Wagner, it is urged (by "Philistines," of course, for those who are not Wagnerites absolute are "Philistines" to a man), has overdone the thing and killed the goose; he should have gone more leisurely to work, and attained his end by slow and sure degrees. This opinion, however, is hardly supported by actual facts, and more than probable issues. Wagner could never have astonished the throng of pilgrims to Bayreuth as he has fairly astonished them by any other conceivable means. He has for the moment gained his point, and may inscribe "Victory" on his banner. Already we hear rumours of *Siegfried* and *Die Walküre* at Vienna, and of the whole tetralogy, including *Das Rheingold* and the *Götterdämmerung*, at Munich. The last rumour is not at all unlikely to be substantiated, the king being always a staunch upholder of the poet-musician and his doctrines. Although his Bavarian Majesty (for reasons much discussed) was not present at the first and second series of performances, he not only attended all the rehearsals, but has signified his intention of returning to Bayreuth next week expressly for the third. Another objection has been raised against the internal arrangements of the theatre, *à propos* to the obscurity in which the audience are plunged (by burning the lamps at the lowest) from the first notes of the first orchestral prelude to the descent of the curtain at the end of every act. Many who had obtained books of the dramas, and even scores of the music, to peruse in the course of the representations, were disabled from making any use of them—as regards the scores, by the way, much to the comfort of those who might happen to be their near neighbours; but Wagner discountenances all such aids, insisting that musicians shall make themselves acquainted with his scores, and amateurs read his librettos, if "librettos" they can appropriately be termed, before the performance; so that they may come to the theatre fully prepared to follow and understand. He will have nothing seen but the stage, nothing heard but what the orchestra plays and the singers declaim. Talking, even whispering, among the audience is not to be tolerated, even sneezing and coughing being quasi-misdemeanours. Applause is immediately put down, and—need it be added?—flirtation is *hors de combat*. (What would our opera-goers say?) Calls before the curtain are forbidden by Wagner—who, nevertheless, broke his own self-imposed law after the performance of *Götterdämmerung*, by appearing in answer to a summons quite unanimous. Taking advantage of the occasion to address his German patrons, he ended a brief speech with words to this effect—"You have now an art; show that you desire an art"—which, affording reasonable cause of offence to many among the countrymen of Mozart and Beethoven, were explained away at a banquet on the following evening. For this rejoicing the composer had convoked his artists and particular friends to the "Wagner Restoration"—the public generally being admitted at five marks a cover, enough to pay the whole cost of the banquet. In the speech of the evening, Wagner declared that it was not his intention to say he had given art to Germany, but that by a combination of arts in the drama he had furnished his country with a new art—his art, the art he laid claim to have originated. The explanation, though somewhat hazy, was enthusiastically accepted. In the *Ring des Nibelungen* we have doubtless something, both as regards drama and music, unlike anything, if not superior to anything, ever known till now—bearing little or no resemblance, it should be understood, to *Tannhäuser*, or even to *Lohengrin*. Wagner, however, aspiring to a commixture of all the arts, lays equal stress upon the painting and architectural design of his stage-scenes; but, if judgment may be founded upon what is to be witnessed at Bayreuth, it must be said that these accessories have by no means come up to the intended mark, presenting, indeed, very little that is new, and nothing that has not been equalled, nay, surpassed in any or all the leading European theatres. The ambitious, somewhat boastful, art-mingler should bestir himself in this matter, or his universal supremacy will incur the risk of being very generally disputed. To compare, for example (looking at home), what has been done from time to time, in the way of scenic and spectacular magnificence, at the Royal Italian Opera, with what has been so very long preparing at Bayreuth and elsewhere for Bayreuth, would be exceedingly unjust to our own great establishment. What Wagner may justly claim as having effected for his famous stage-play is of no small importance; he has made all his actors, from the highest personages in the drama to the humble members of the chorus, and even of the dumb subordinates look, gesticulate, and be moved as if they were, to a man and woman, personally interested in whatever is being said or done by the leading performers, never even glancing at the audience, in fact ignoring the audience altogether. From this a wholesome lesson might be learned by all stage-managers. The result is everywhere admirable, and to it no trifling share in the success of the performances is owing.

Among the four dramas which compose the *Ring des Nibelungen*, that which seems to best suit all tastes is decidedly *Siegfried*, and our theatrical managers who meditate still further researches into the Wagnerian treasures will do well to bear in mind that *Siegfried* may be most easily separated from the context, there being explanations in the course of the play sufficient to account for all the chief characters and incidents. Besides which, musically as well as dramatically, it is everywhere full of life and spirit. *Siegfried* is, perhaps, the finest character Wagner has delineated; and, to judge by the music, he is as deeply in love with his hero as with his heroine, the noble, unselfish Brynhild, the woman who (Wagner's way of dealing with such matters) becomes the self-elected sacrifice

* Delayed in transmission.

and atonement for all the misdoings of others. *Die Walküre*, too, is of absorbing interest, and the music contains a great deal that is characteristic as well as a great deal that is impassioned and beautiful; but its unhappy motive must always stand in the way of ready acceptance. *Das Rheingold* is too mystic, and *Götterdämmerung*, apart from what precedes it, would be scarcely intelligible.

Bayreuth is still in a ferment. As many strangers as went away after the first series of performances returned for the second, and there can be little doubt that the third will be successful in proportion. Wagner is here a demi-god, and his house, "Wahnfried," the observed of all observers.

Grover Roores.

(By Telegram.)

Wurzburg, Aug. 23.†

P.S.—I should tell you that on my way to Bayreuth I met, at the Crown Prince Hotel, Wurzburg, two groups, of three gentlemen each, the first three furiously advocating Wagner's claims to demi-deification, the others as stoutly maintaining that he was a poor mortal like the rest of us. I sketched them on the spot; and here they are:—

Wagnerites.



Anti-Wagnerites.



Anti-Wagnerites.

Wagnerites.

On my way from Bayreuth, a fortnight later, I again met them, at the Stork and Janissary, Bamberg, and was surprised to find from their somewhat noisy disputations, that the Wagnerites had become Anti-Wagnerites, and *vice versa*. I sketched them again on the spot, as you will see. Ask Bishop Watson, my jovial-hearted fellow-traveller, and he will tell you all about it.—G. R.

[We must confess that our special correspondent has not made himself master of the secret of expeditious telegraphing. We shall take care how we entrust Mr Grover Roores with another such important duty. His telegrams have taken eight months in reaching us. Dr Cheese and Alderman Doublebody have whispered abroad that the jovial brothers Drexel, of the comfortable Hotel de Russie, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, had something to do with it, and that it took Mr Roores eight months to sketch the six heads. Why wert thou not there?—O Lyall!—Theophilus Quizz.]

† Also delayed in transmission.

A Strange Story.

To Dishley Peters, Esquire.

SIR,—Travelling last August to Bayreuth, I stopped on my way at Frankfort, with my friend Alderman Doublebody. At the Hotel de Russie (Drexel Brothers) we saw a specious-looking gentleman, who, by the tone of his conversation (violent at times—eloquent always,) we took for a confirmed Wagnerite. For want of anything else to do, I sketched his physiognomy, which I append. (Look to the left):—

Wagnerite.



Returning from Bayreuth we met the same gentleman at the same hotel, whom, judging by his conversation (violent at times—always eloquent) we took for a confirmed Anti-Wagnerite. I again sketched him as I then saw him. (Look to the right):—

Anti-Wagnerite.



By the likeness of the appearance thereof I judged that he had turned his back on Wagner. Explain it as you please, but believe me yours always,

Stilton Cheese (P.D.)

[“Metamorphosis of Cheeses”—that is all—D. P.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the opening night at Mr Gye's theatre *Fra Diavolo* and *La Favorita* have been given, each performance presenting some new feature of more or less interest. *Fra Diavolo* is now verging on its half century of existence, and yet the music wears no sign of age, and the melodies sound as fresh and spontaneous as ever. Thanks to Auber's own co-operation in re-modelling his work, substituting accompanied recitative for spoken dialogue, and introducing new set pieces where occasion offered, it is now quite as much in its element on the Italian stage as on the French, and, as few will be inclined to question, a valuable addition to the repertory. The most important interpolations—viz., the couplets of the brigands, Beppo and Giacomo (taken from a one-act opera called *Actéon*), the trio in which *Fra Diavolo* joins his confederates (from *Les Chaperons Blancs*, a three-act opera, produced in 1836, the same year as *Actéon*), and the *saltarello*, which imparts unwonted animation to the last act—fall naturally into their places, and each being characteristic of the situation, while in no way sensibly interfering with the progress of the story, must be regarded as a welcome supplement. The actual "cast" of Auber's opera differs from that of last season, inasmuch as we have a new *Fra Diavolo* and a new *Zerlina*. We may say without preamble that the *Zerlina* achieved a well-merited success. *Mdlle Bianchi* enters thoroughly into the spirit of the part, and her Innkeeper's Daughter is distinguished no less for agreeable ingenuousness than sprightly bearing. The couplets in the scene where *Zerlina* innocently entertains the supposed Marquis with a portrayal of the character and exploits of *Fra Diavolo* do not, it is true, lie conveniently for her voice, although she gives point enough to the narration. But in the famous scene of the bedchamber, where the guileless maiden, on the eve of her wedding, unsuspecting of intruders, contemplates, not without satisfaction, her face and figure in the looking-glass, the music suits her thoroughly, and her singing is quite on a par with her acting, both being really excellent. *Mdlle Bianchi* would do well to give the air, "Or son sola" as Auber has written it ("encore" notwithstanding), in lieu of substituting for the repeat of the melody something else from another opera (*Haydée*), strangely at variance with the rest, and altogether unsuited to the personage of *Zerlina*. We are aware that *Mad. Bosio* used to reject the original song, for a *bravura* air, belonging to *Le Serment*, which, from the lips of *Zerlina*, was preposterous; but *Mad. Bosio* was a great singer, and great singers frequently take great liberties—instance, for example, *Mad. Adelina Patti*, who entirely spoils the significant last words of the Queen in *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, by the interpolation of a piece of vocal display no less unmeaning. *Mdlle Bianchi* should go on in her own quiet way, and gradually, by legitimate steps, reach the position she has so fair a chance of winning. The first appearance of *M. Capoul* created less excitement than had been anticipated. In fact, this gentleman at Covent Garden is precisely what he proved himself at Drury Lane—an actor and singer of the accepted modern French type, with no glimpse of the Italian school of training. We are inclined to think, moreover, that *Fra Diavolo*, though a reprobate of the first stamp, is a character demanding more vigour and manliness than it is in the idiosyncrasy of the popular French tenor to supply. *M. Capoul* is above all sentimental; and where he has not (as in *Faust*) a large amount of sentiment to deal with, he is hardly at his best. The most striking point, for example, in his *Fra Diavolo* was the scene where the Marquis courts "Miladi" through the medium of that exquisitely tuneful *barcarolle*, "Per riveder la bella" ("Le Gondolier fidèle"). Nothing could be more gracefully expressive than his delivery of this; and each interruption of its cadence, in agreement with the dramatic exigency of the situation, deprived his hearers of a veritable pleasure. In the lengthy and trying soliloquy of the last act, too, where the Brigand Chief sums up the history of his adventures for his own special gratification, *M. Capoul* showed much power of voice, a mastery of the gradations of force, considerable mimetic art, and enduring stamina, for which he was duly rewarded by loud applause and a "call." His weakest effort was in the second *barcarolle*, "Agnes la Zitella" ("Agnes la Jouvencelle"), which in the old days, when *Fra Diavolo* used to be mixed up with all sorts of deleterious ingredients, was familiarly known among us as "Agnes, beautiful flower." In this, sung in the bed chamber of *Zerlina*, approximate to that of "Milord" and "Miladi," Koburg (Rocburg, or Alcaash—*les trois se disent*), by force of abrupt contrasts and ineffective alterations of the text, one of the purest and loveliest melodies ever written, was partially spoiled. The refrain, "Non m'odi amico" ("Ami, n'entends tu pas?"), was at first given so loudly that it is difficult to believe the English lord and his spouse would not have been roused to inquire what was the matter, and then in tones so soft as would not have awakened a mouse. This ordinary expedient, however, created no impression, and the consequence was that one of the most beautiful pieces in the opera

passed off coldly. In the two trios that follow *M. Capoul* both acted and sang admirably, and was especially happy in the interview, when, by a false tale, *Fra Diavolo* raises the jealousy alternately of the English lord and the valiant Brigadier *Lorenzo*. At the same time there can be no doubt that *M. Capoul* is an acquisition of value to Mr Gye's company, and that we shall see him often in parts more completely suited to his style. About the other characters little need be said. For a dry "Milord," Signor *Ciampi* would be a very good "Milord," except for his "gagging," and for the fact that he will not allow his comrades, "Miladi" especially, represented by *Mdlle Scalchi* with her accustomed talent, to sing, without repeated utterances to himself in incongruous English, as though not a soul among the audience of the Royal Italian Opera understood one word of Italian. Hamlet's instructions to the players should be carefully perused and studied by this vivacious gentleman. We are aware that *Ronconi* used to take similar liberties now and then, but *Ronconi* was a genuine humourist, and much might be pardoned him. Signor *Sabater* (*Lorenzo*) gave his one air very well, and the two Brigands, who, in the bedroom scene are obstreperously offensive, were otherwise impersonated with such unctuous drollery by Signor *Tagliafico* and *Capponi* that the comic duet in the last scene, where they counterfeit the voice and words of *Zerlina*, obtained an encore quite unanimous. Beppo, we understand, is the only part in which Signor *Tagliafico* will appear during the season. This is to be regretted, for the fun of which he is in his own way a master becomes more and more rare. The performance generally of Auber's music, under the direction of Signor *Bevignani*, was all that could be desired, from the picturesque overture (the march, "allegro maestoso," in which, however, might have been taken a little slower) to the end. Nothing could be better than the dancing of *Mdlle Girod*, as leading personage in the *saltarello*.

Signor *Gayarre*, the Spanish tenor, has at length made his appearance before an English audience. His reception on Saturday night, in the same part which will recall the still vividly-remembered leave-taking of *Mario*, was nothing short of enthusiastic. Comparisons, always inadvisable, would be here wholly out of place, inasmuch as, in their general employment of vocal resources, no two singers could differ more essentially than Signor *Mario* and Signor *Gayarre*. We may say at once, however, that the Spanish tenor has ample means at command, and for the most part uses them to excellent purpose. His voice is one of rare quality, of considerable range, and seemingly equal throughout its compass. His command of the *mezza voce* is noticeable, as also his power of graduating tone. His higher chest notes, however, are the most rich and powerful; and this leads him now and then, in climax, to display them in excess, as if the end of any particular phrase must necessarily be more prolonged and louder than all that precedes it. Signor *Gayarre* shows a *quasi* leaning towards the "tremolo," which of recent years has been the besetting sin of vocalists, not only French and German, from whom it is inseparable, but even Italians, who would appear to have abandoned that system of early and assiduous study formerly placing them above all contemporary singers, and in which—it is difficult to know why—they have only found equals among our own English artists, from *Braham* and *Inledon* to *Sims Reeves* and *Santley*. But with Signor *Gayarre* the indulgence in the fault we mention is so slight that, more especially in soft passages, it becomes rather agreeable than otherwise. His higher tones, when he gives them out with emphasis, seem all to come from the chest. Apart, moreover, from his voice and method, Signor *Gayarre* possesses qualities of essential importance as a lyric comedian. He has a good presence; his gestures are natural, graceful, or dignified as occasion requires; and he is clearly a proficient in the histrionic art. From his first entry he made a strong impression, which went on increasing to the end. His delivery of the *romanza*, "Un angelo," in the scene where *Ferdinando* unfolds his history to the chief monk, *Baldassare*, was given with a fervour that immediately raised the interest of his audience; and, in his subsequent interview with *Leonora* at the Palace, the impression was heightened, the beauty of his middle tones and his easy control over them being specially admired. During the course of the second act *Ferdinando* has nothing to do; but in the third comes the trying scene where the victorious captain of *Alphonso's* armies, enraged at the indignity to which he is submitted in return for the valuable services he has rendered, casts his sword and honours at the feet of the King, the hand of whose cast-off mistress he proudly disdains to accept. In a vocal sense the new tenor proved himself equal to the situation, but in a dramatic sense hardly so. Here, however, the actor is entrusted with as important a part as the singer—more important, indeed; and here the lover of *Leonora* should, for the time, be forgotten in the outraged hero. That Signor *Gayarre* should not have done exactly all that is indispensable for the adequate presentment of such a situation bodes nothing detrimental to his future career. He is young, and

has years before him for devotion to the higher cultivation of his art; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, he is likely to use them to good purpose. In the last scene—that of the Monastery of San Jacopo di Compostella, where Ferdinando obtains his final interview with the already dying and repentant Leonora—Signor Gayarre again aroused the audience to enthusiasm, his impassioned delivery of the truly pathetic air, “*Spirto gentil*,” or “*Angiol d’Amore*” (as it is diversely translated from the French text of Royer and Gustave Waëz), literally, as the conventional phrase is, “bringing down the house.” The final duet with Leonora would have been equally effective had Signor Gayarre followed the example of his partner, Mad. Scalchi, and allowed the rapturous melody to go on unimpeded. Enough, however, may be gathered from what has been said to convey the fact that the new tenor, with his fine qualities and occasional defects weighed in the balance, achieved a brilliant success, and is likely to be one of the stars of the season. Of course, before more confidently adjudging his merits, we must be guided, not only by a second performance in the *Favorita*, but by the impression he may create in his next part, which, if we are rightly informed, is to be that of Raoul de Nangis—another crucial test. Mad. Scalchi, whose progress is more and more remarkable, was the Leonora; and some of our opera-going readers may not have forgotten that it was she who had the honour of playing the same character, in July, 1871, when, at the Royal Italian Opera, Mario bade farewell to the scene of his many triumphs. Signor Baggiolo, too, the Baldassare of Saturday night, was also the Baldassare on the same memorable occasion. It is enough to add that Signor Graziani, not for the first time by many, took the ungrateful part of Alphonso IX., and that the Inez was Mdle Cottino. Signor Vianesi was conductor, and the performance generally was highly effective.

The operas since have been *Guillaume Tell* (Monday); *La Favorita*—for the second appearance of Signor Gayarre (Tuesday); and *Don Pasquale*—for the first appearance of Mdle Marimon (Thursday). *The Huguenots* is announced for this evening.

A NIGHTMARE OF COPY AND MORAL RIGHT.

SPECTRE.—I am the Shade of Branngardt! I have a tale.—OTHER.—Unfold!—SPECTRE.—My peace is broken in pieces! My peace of mind—my “*Waldesranschen*.” (Sings)

The body-snatchers came,
And made a snatch at me,
’Tis hard this kind of game
Wont let a body be!

OTHER.—I thought they had died out.—SPECTRE.—(Sings)
I deemed the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute!
But if they went to their last home
They did not stay long in it!

OTHER.—What has this to do with “*Waldesranschen*”?—SPECTRE.—Knowest thou a man with soul so dead, that never to himself hath said—“This is my ‘Brooklet Whispers’”?—OTHER.—Yes, Fritz Schlegel; but he took it from the “*Canto del Ruscetto*” of Brocca, who took it from Steinweiss’s “*Murmuring Rills*.”—SPECTRE.—’Tis note for note my “*Waldesranschen*”! They trade on dead men’s ribs.—OTHER.—Well then, go.—SPECTRE.—I have been.—OTHER.—Who did you see?—SPECTRE.—(Sings)

’Tis weeks since last we met!
And I hope may meet again,—
I was referred to mine uncle.—OTHER.—There are no brokers!—SPECTRE.—No! nor a man who answers to the surname, Schlegel! Woe unto us! (Sings)

You think the worst of all your cares
Shall end with your last minute,
But when you reach your final home
You’ll quick be roasting in it!

You’ll hear no “*Brooklet whispers*” there,
Nor see the “*Murmuring rills*,”
The “*Song of Brook*” shall silenced be
By fire that never kills.

Epitaph.

To Odipus.

A diligent mathematician, who would seek consolation in Differential Calculus and Conic Sections; would read himself to sleep with Proclus, Plotinus, and other Platonic commentators, to keep up his familiarity with this special kind of Latin; would be found absorbed in Persius, Tibullus, or Propertius in an omnibus, &c. Name him.

Opfing.

MR MAPLESON’S PROGRAMME.

After some hesitation as to where Mr Mapleson should find a temporary home for his performances this season, the new house in the Haymarket has been fixed upon, and “*Her Majesty’s Opera*” is once again to be located in Her Majesty’s Theatre. The prospectus, already issued, informs us that the season will be a short one—of thirty nights, and that the house will open on the 28th inst. Without preliminary flourish the same official document comes directly to the point, on the strength of a list of singers with whom “engagements have been entered into.” From the department of first ladies it suffices to single out Mdle Tietjens, Mesdames Trebelli-Bettini and Christine Nilsson, at once to enlist attention. To the names of these distinguished artists are added those of two others unknown to London—the first being Mdle Carolina Salla, a young dramatic soprano, now performing in Paris, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, the other a Mdle Mathilde Nandori, of whom we are unable to give any account. Few will regret to welcome back so practised an artist as Mdle Varesi, or an aspirant so young, attractive, and promising as Mdle Mila Rodani, both of whom, in addition to Mdle Valleria, are announced. Among the tenors who have yet to win their spurs in England we observe Signor Gayarre, which, considering that he played the hero of *La Favorita* on Saturday and Tuesday evenings at the Royal Italian Opera, and is to play in the *Huguenots* to-night, requires an explanation which will best come from Signor Gayarre himself. Two other tenors are named, of whom we have never heard till now; while a third, Signor Carrion, is, if we are not mistaken, a son of the at one period highly-esteemed Italian vocalist who bore the same name. That the services of Signors Fancelli and Rinaldini are again secured will surprise no one; while the engagement of the veteran Tamberlik may surprise many, though none, we believe, disagreeably. Tamberlik was last here in 1869, during the period of “coalition” between Messrs Gye and Mapleson. A strong array of baritones and basses completes the catalogue, the names of Signors Rota, Del Puente, Galassi, Medini, and, last, not least, M. Faure, being conspicuous among them. Nothing is said bearing reference to orchestra and chorus, except that M. Sainton is to be leading violin, Mr Smithson chorus-master, and Sir Michael Costa “director of the music and conductor.” With regard to the repertory, besides selecting from twenty-five operas already familiar to the company, it is intended to add Gluck’s *Armida* (adapted by Salvatore Marchesi), in order to allow Mdle Tietjens an opportunity of assuming the character of Tasso’s and Quinault’s seductive enchantress. Rossini’s *Otello* is to be revived for Nilsson, Faure, and Tamberlik; Cherubini’s *Medea* for Tietjens; and what will perhaps excite more interest than anything else, Wagner’s *Ollandese Dannato* (*Flying Dutchman*), with Christine Nilsson as Senta and Faure as Van der Decken. If all these pledges are fulfilled there will be little to complain of. To musicians and connoisseurs the largest amount of interest is likely to attach to Gluck’s *Armida*, first produced in Paris close upon a century ago (September, 1777—at the Académie Royale de Musique).

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Programme of Organ Recital by Dr C. G. Verrinder.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877.

Overture, <i>Egmont</i>	Beethoven.
Romance from the opera <i>Azor & Zemira</i>	Spobr.
Concerto in G minor	Handel.
Allegro Pomposo	Smart.
Scena	Guilmant.
Orchestral Prelude and Fugue	Mozart.
Andante from the 4th Symphony	Mendelssohn.
Grand Schiller March	Meyerbeer.

BARCELONA.—The Teatro del Liceo, re-opened on the 1st inst., with *Aida*, Signora Singer sustaining the principal part.

MILAN.—The Teatro Dal Verme will shortly re-open with *La Vestale*, to be followed by *Il Giuramento*, *Ruy Blas*, and a new opera, of which the name has not transpired.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

Since his accession to the managerial throne at the Salle Favart, M. Carvalho has been intent on proving that he belongs to the class of mortals who, as the poet informs us, do more than command, who deserve, success. He has done both. The gratifying results of his energy, skill, and perseverance are already visible in the reviving popularity of the theatre over which he presides. That popularity will, doubtless, be much increased by the new lyric drama, which he has just produced, and which is entitled *Cinq-Mars*, in four acts and five scenes, words by MM. Paul Poirson and Louis Gallett, music by M. Charles Gounod.

In choosing Alfred de Vigny's well-known romance as a basis for their libretto, MM. Poirson and Gallett enjoyed all the advantage to be derived from a telling title. But, on the other hand, they had to contend with serious difficulties in the treatment of the subject. It was impossible within the limits of four acts, the greater part necessarily left for the music, to include all the characters of Alfred de Vigny, while any idea of giving aught save a general notion of the motives animating the actors in the drama was out of the question. Thus, the Queen and the Cardinal, two of the most prominent personages, are omitted. The King becomes a mere passing shadow. To fill up this gap Father Joseph is thrust into the foreground, and thus obtains an importance bearing some likeness to the abnormal size which frequently renders the hands the most striking features, if I may employ such a *quasi* bull, in photographic portraits. The upshot of all this is that for those acquainted with the romance, the libretto appears somewhat unsatisfactory and rapid; the mutilation to which a favourite literary masterpiece has been subjected rendering them to a certain extent incapable of appreciating the music. As for those entirely ignorant of the novel, the effect of all this cutting and slashing is to render their comprehension of the libretto a matter of extreme difficulty. The initiated do not require to be told that this is a pity. A fact considered weighty enough to be bruited about in connection with *Cinq-Mars* is that M. Gounod was no more than three weeks in composing the music. When M. Carvalho succeeded M. Du Locle at the Opéra-Comique, ten years had elapsed since the composer of *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Philémon et Baucis*, *Faust*, *Mireille*, and *Roméo et Juliette* had produced anything on the lyric stage. One of the first steps taken by M. Carvalho was to ask for a new work from the musician with whom he had achieved such triumphs at the old Théâtre-Lyrique in days gone by. The librettists immediately set to work. In a month they were ready. In three weeks, or, more correctly speaking, six-and-twenty days, afterwards, M. Gounod had completed the score. Particular stress has been laid upon this feat. In my opinion wrongly. When discussing any work of art, the main point should be the merit of the work, and not the period consumed in its production. In instances of this kind I cannot but revert to Lucilius, who—

"In horâ sæpe ducentos,

Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno ;"
nor can I forget the next line wherein Horace remarks:—

"Erat quod tollere velles."

That M. Gounod should in so short a time have composed *Cinq-Mars* is wonderful; but, had he taken twice as long, he might, perhaps, have composed something better. That is my reason for not agreeing with those who attach unusual value to the rapidity with which the composer accomplished his task.

Overture, in the acceptance given to the word by musicians, there is none. In its place, we have a short introduction, terminating with a funeral march, which foreshadows, as it were, the tragic termination of the opera. The first act is laid at the Château of the Maréchale d'Effiat, mother of Cinq-Mars, as the latter, summoned by the great Cardinal, is about to start for the Court. Here is a good opportunity of which the librettists have availed themselves for introducing a double chorus;

"A la Cour vous allez paraître."

Then comes a duet, the "Duo du Livre," between Cinq-Mars and De Thou. The point here is the perusal by the two friends of a passage, which, in the words: "Ils furent aussitôt frappés du même glaive et leur sang se mêla dans le même tombeau," announces their own fate. "Ainsi soit-il!" is their comment, repeated by Father Joseph, the "Eminence grise," despatched by the Cardinal to bid Cinq-Mars hasten to the King, and inform the Princess Marie

de Gonzague that she is destined to become Queen of Poland. This sudden intelligence gives the two young people courage to confess the passion long latent in their breasts, and, after a cantilena,

"Nuit resplendissante et silencieuse,"

sung by the Princess, bearing a family likeness to the air which Marguerite warbles at her window, in *Faust*, the lovers sing a duet, the principal phrase in which:

"Faut-il donc oublier les beaux jours envolés?"

is happily conceived.

The second act is divided into two scenes. In the first we perceive Cinq-Mars on the pinnacle of happiness, having gained the King's favour and obtained his consent to marry Marie Gonzague. Especially worthy remark is a chorus sung by the Courtiers—

"Ah! Monsieur le grand écuyer,
Permettez que l'on vous salue"

full of spirit and caustic humour. Its only misfortune is that it reminds one of the chorus, "Vous voyez si je suis un ami" in *Les Huguenots*. Once more Father Joseph appears—charged by the Cardinal to say that, any promise of the King's to Cinq-Mars notwithstanding, the Princess Marie must marry the King of Poland. Here follows a trio which concludes scene one. In scene two, we are in the house of Marion Delorme, witnessing a ballet, *à la Watteau*, the music written in the style of the period. This is succeeded by the scene of the conspiracy, culminating in the line:—

"Sauvons le roi, sauvons la noblesse, et la France."

In the third act we have a hunting chorus, with a good deal of blowing of horns. The gem of the act, and perhaps of the opera, is the trio, "Ah! Venez que devant l'autel," for Marie de Gonzague, Cinq-Mars, and De Thou. There is, also, an air for Father Joseph, who comes to inform the Princess that the only chance of saving Cinq-Mars, to whom she has been secretly married, is a separation from him and a union with the King of Poland. The luckless girl consenting, is affianced in presence of Louis XIII. to her Royal suitor:

The fourth act transports us to the Château de Pierre-Encise. First comes a duet between Cinq-Mars and De Thou, lying under sentence of death. This is succeeded by a duet between Cinq-Mars and the Princess, one phrase of which,

"A ta voix le ciel s'est ouvert,"

is sung in turn by tenor and soprano. The whole winds up with a finale, comprising the funeral march of the prelude, and a canticle, on the prophetic words read by the two friends in the first act. The canticle brings the piece to an impressive conclusion.

The performance was generally good. Considering that Mlle Chevrier is a beginner, she did extremely well. She possesses a pleasing exterior and sings very nicely, but this does not suffice for such a part as Marie de Gonzague. Managers in the receipt of pecuniary grants from the State ought to be subjected to certain conditions, one being that they should not allow novices to appear. I have no doubt that, in time, Mlle Chevrier will hold a respectable, if not an eminent, position in her new profession; but common sense suggests that the fate of *Cinq-Mars* should never have been, to a certain extent, entrusted to a young lady whose experience, the fruit of long practice in the provinces, did not offer some guarantee that the confidence reposed in her would be justified. Mlle Chevrier's efforts have, it is true, been crowned with more success than anyone had a right to expect—but the risk was imminent. Mad. Franck-Duvernoy, in a part (Marion Delorme) not suited to her, sang effectively in the second act. Mlle Philippine Lévy was an admirable singing Shepherd, of the Dresden China type, in the divertissement, which owes much to Mlle Marquet's dancing. The new tenor, M. Dereims, has a good stage presence. His voice is pleasing but not strong. De Thou found an able representative in M. Stéphane, transformed, for the nonce, from a tenor into a baritone. M. Giraudet gave importance to the part of Father Joseph. M. C. Lamoureux rendered yeoman's service with his orchestra, and M. Heyberger with the chorus. The dresses are in the best taste; the scenery is good. In a word, *Cinq-Mars* is, at least, a *succès d'estime*, but by no means a work likely to add to M. Gounod's repute as a dramatic composer.

ROME.—Signor Boito's *Mefistofele* has been performed at the Teatro Apollo. The composer had twenty-four calls. (!)

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MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his SEVENTEENTH Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 4, 1877.
FRIDAY, May 11, "
FRIDAY, May 18, "
FRIDAY, May 25, "

FRIDAY, June 1, 1877.
FRIDAY, June 8, "
FRIDAY, June 15, "
SATURDAY, June 23, "

As on several previous occasions, Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, during the following Series, will introduce Concerted Music into his programmes, each Recital to terminate with one of Beethoven's Trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. In addition to the three Trios, in E flat, G and C minor, Op. 1, the two in D and E flat, Op. 70, and the Grand Trio in B flat, dedicated to the Archduke Rodolphe (Op. 93), presented in chronological order, the Variations on the air, "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu," Op. 131a, and the Variations in E flat, Op. 44, will be included—the latter for the first time. The programme on every occasion will contain a work by Johannes Brahms, comprising, among other compositions, the Quintet in F minor, the three Quartets for pianoforte and stringed instruments, the Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; the Trio for pianoforte, violin, and horn; the Sonata in F sharp minor, for pianoforte, *solus*, &c. The remaining items will be selected from the works of masters universally recognised as "classic," as well as from those by distinguished representatives of the modern school. Mr HALLÉ will play Schubert's Fantasia in C major, Op. 15; Schumann's Fantasia in the same key, Op. 17; "Kreisleriana," Op. 16; "Davidbundler Tanze," Op. 6; and "Soñes Mignonnes" ("Carnaval"), Op. 9; Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, &c., &c.

For the concerted pieces, Mr HALLÉ has secured the co-operation of M^{me} NORMAN NEBUDA and Herr LUDWIG STRAUS (violin), Herr FRANZ NEBUDA (violoncello), and other eminent Artists. With their aid he hopes to impart to his programmes such variety as may afford satisfaction to his many and constant supporters.

Each Recital will occupy two hours in performance—commencing at Three o'clock and ending at Five p.m.

The customary analytical notices will accompany the programmes.

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Subscribers wishing their Seats reserved are requested to notify their intention to Messrs Chappell & Co., on or before Monday, May 1.

DEATH.

On April 6, at Kidlington, near Oxford, ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, in his 78th year.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—You have heard Gayarré at Gye's?

DR QUINCE.—Yes.

DR SHIPPING.—Do you like him?

DR QUINCE.—Yes.

DR SHIPPING.—I have not seen him; but Mapleson has engaged Gayarré, whom I heard at Buenos Ayres.

DR QUINCE.—Do you like him?

DR SHIPPING.—Yes.

DR QUINCE.—I wonder if he is as good Gayarré?

DR SHIPPING.—I've no idea. I shall go in for Gayarré.

DR QUINCE.—I shall go in for Gayarré.

[*Exeunt severally, to Russian and Turkish.*]



IN our last impression we quoted an article about Gysi, from that spirited new journal, *Mayfair*. This led to such fierce and wide-spread discussion, that we are induced now to quote an article about Wagner, from the same leaf:—

"Whatever the financial and artistic success of the Wagner concerts at the Albert Hall may be, they will not pass by without making a good deal of noise in more than one sense. It is a favourite custom with modern critics to compare great singers and composers with celestial luminaries. Wagner undoubtedly belongs to the stars of first magnitude, but he is not, like Mozart, or Handel, or Mendelssohn, a planet of quiet and sustained beauty for everyone to worship and admire; rather may he be likened to an enormous comet lighting up the heavens with fierce splendour, and portending storm and earthquake and internecine war.

"Signs of the latter have preceded his promised arrival by more than a month. Friendly voices have been raised in the English press greeting his advent, but the spirit of enmity and predetermined fault-finding has become equally noticeable, and a prominent daily contemporary has not thought it beneath its dignity to revive an absurd story of a pair of kid gloves put on at the wrong moment and with sinister purpose. Is not a quarter of a century time enough to forget and forgive? And besides, what is there much to forgive? Wagner is said to dislike Mendelssohn's music, and to have pronounced that fact in a manner more emphatic than dignified. He may, in that respect, have shown want of judgment and tact, but has that anything to do with the value and beauty of his own music? Is he the only great artist who refused to acknowledge another creative mind antagonistic, or not akin to his own? Did not Mendelssohn dislike Schumann's music, and Schumann Wagner's, and did not Cherubini speak of Beethoven's with a contempt that in a smaller man would have been as ludicrous as in him it was deplorable. And yet nobody has dared to assert with regard to these composers that narrowness of vision in particular cases implied want of original creativeness; rather the reverse.

"It may be said with some show of truth that Wagner himself has provoked much of the hostile feeling shown towards him from the very outset of his career. He likes the fight for the fight's sake, and a phrenologist would no doubt discover a beautiful development of the 'combative bump' on the composer's cranium. Wagner's wholesale attacks on fellow composers and conductors, on theatrical managers and singers and critics, and 'The Jews' in general, are but too notorious, and, what is worse, the master's idiosyncrasies have been grotesquely exaggerated and repeated, *ad nauseam*, by a herd of imitators. Much as all this may be deprecated it ought not to be forgotten on the other hand that Wagner's polemic has done immense service in clearing the atmosphere of theatrical life. There are, of course, candid worshippers of things existing, who see in the modern operatic stage the best possible of dramatic developments in the best possible of worlds. But persons less endowed with the enviable gift of optimism have long deplored the increasing want of rhyme and reason in the libretti of our days, combined with a coarseness of musical and spectacular effects at which Gluck and Mozart would have shuddered. To such observers Wagner's charges appear just, although too sweepingly applied, and they are willing to remember that the slaying of a singer like Marsyas was not thought unworthy the god of light and song.

"As regards more especially Wagner's intended visit to this country, it would be most advisable for friends and foes to sink all personal considerations for a season. We shall have to deal with the composer and conductor, not with the critic. However much the latter may have sinned or been sinned against, this is not the time for further offence or resentment. The most primitive duties of hospitality and generosity ought to damp our critical ire. For Wagner's music, it must be borne in mind, will appear to disadvantage on the occasion we speak of. It is all but inseparably

wedded to dramatic action, and the concert-room for it is a land of exile. The Albert Hall, moreover, has not as yet established its reputation for acoustics, and whether the Music of the Future will be able to rouse its echoes to harmonious concord remains to be seen. On the other hand there will be a splendid opportunity for dispelling an old and deeply-rooted prejudice. Wagner's antagonists are apt to account for the undesirable but equally undeniable success of his works, wherever they are adequately put on the stage, by what they are pleased to call the *spectacle*, refusing to acknowledge the difference between beautiful and picturesque scenery, introduced with poetic intent, and the coarse pageantry of the ordinary operatic stage. This *spectacle* they allege to be the essence of Wagner's art, the music being only a kind of accidental accompaniment without sufficient melodious stamina to support a separate and independent existence. This opinion will be set at defiance by Wagner's appearance at the Albert Hall, and this boldness alone ought to be sufficient to secure for his music, what English critics have hitherto been slow in granting, a fair judgment on its own merits."

It is to be devoutly wished, in spite of the foregoing, that there will be menaces or splitting of craniums.



OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE Emperor of Germany has received, as a present from some well-meaning amateur, a collection of autograph MSS., comprising, among other things, the four volumes of sketches made by Beethoven for his symphony in F (No. 8); a symphony by Schubert (who seldom made sketches); two quintets by Spohr; and pieces by Weber and Thalberg. As the Emperor lays no pretensions whatever to a knowledge of music, it is hard to guess why the well-meaning amateur should have confided such treasures to His Majesty, instead of to some public library or museum. Possibly that may still be their ultimate destination.

THE MS. copy of an unpublished three-act opera, called *Jean de Chimay*, composed by Auber in his early time, twelve years before his *Séjour Militaire* was produced at the Théâtre Feydeau (1813), has been presented to the Bibliothèque de Brussels. It was written when the great French musician was on a visit at the Chateau Chimay, where he was always hospitably received. As Auber was born in 1784, he can scarcely have been more than seventeen when employed upon this opera. It is not impossible that the original MS. may be obtained for the library of the Paris Conservatoire, whose valuable collection of MS. scores of Auber would, by so interesting an addition, be rendered still more complete.

TO-DAY we are promised, at the Crystal Palace, three hours with Anton Rubinstein, the entire programme being made up from that composer's music, he also being pianist and conductor. This is a severe test—too severe, we think, in the present instance.

SPEAKING of Mad. Catalani in connection with a concert given by her at Liverpool in 1822, the critic of a local paper says: "Such was the torrent of sound she emitted at one moment, that the glass globules pendant from the central chandelier were powerfully agitated and struck against each other."

THE late Dr Edward Rimbault left, at his death, an unpublished Cantata, which will shortly be issued by Messrs Curwen & Sons. The words, selected from various poets, relate the incidents of country life during the seasons of the year; and the music, in the old English style, is said to be melodious and genial.

THE other day a lady and gentleman were listening very attentively to Hector Berlioz's music, at one of M. Colonne's Châtelet Concerts. "That is fine," remarked the lady; "what is it?" "My dear," replied the gentleman, after a glance at his bill, "it is *La Damnation de Faust*." Then, assuming the air of a connoisseur, he added: "Like Gounod's *Faust*, it is taken from a novel by Werther, a German writer, with whom you are acquainted."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS ALISON LEIGH gave an evening concert at Seymour Hall, Portman Square, on Tuesday, April 10. Miss Leigh, Miss Amy Harold, Miss Barton, Mr King, and Mr Balfour sang various pieces, Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, being encored in the "Village Blacksmith," substituted "The Outlaw," after which he was twice "called." Mr Bishenden also sang, "Thus saith the Lord" (*Messiah*), which he repeated, and joined Mr Balfour in "The Lord is a man of war." The concert gave much satisfaction. Herr Schuberth conducted.

MIDDLE ST GERMAINE'S *soirée musicale*, in aid of the building fund of St John the Baptist, Kensington, took place at her residence, 44, Holland Road, on Wednesday evening, April 4th. Middle St Germaine accompanied all the songs and part-songs given by her pupils, who did ample justice to their able instructress. "Charity," part-song by Rossini, and "The Reapers" (Pinsuti), were well sung by the ladies of Middle St Germaine's class. The scena from *Il Trovatore*, "The Miserere," by Mrs Stretton (amateur), and Mr Strong, in conjunction with the ladies of the class, was loudly applauded. John Barnett's "Magic Wove Scarf" (trio) sung by Mrs Stretton and Messrs Strong and Connery, produced a marked effect. Mr Connery was loudly called after "The King's Highway," for which he bowed his acknowledgment. Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," capitolally sung, completed the vocal part of the concert. The Misses Allitsen, although announced in the programme, were unable to appear through indisposition. Miss Lillie Albrecht, who gave two solos, the Scherzo in B flat (Chopin), and Döhler's Fantaisie on *Guillaume Tell*, with perfect taste and brilliant execution, received genuine applause. The evening was altogether a success.—A. B.

PROVINCIAL.

AXMINSTER.—On Thursday evening, the 5th April, a concert of an attractive character took place in the boys' room, at the Board Schools, assisted by many amateurs with the musical members of the Axminster Literary and Musical Society. The pianoforte playing of Miss Shapley, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson, at the Royal Academy of Music, was the feature of the evening. The brilliant execution of Miss Shapley, especially in Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," charmed the audience, and in two compositions by F. B. Jewson, "Twilight" (Nocturne) and "Alexandra" (Valse Brillante) the young artist won golden opinions. Mr Webber conducted. The arrangement of the room was excellent and decorations admirable. The concert was in aid of the funds of the Axminster Cricket Club. The room was completely filled.—PULMAN.

BRIGHTON.—Mr Staniforth (organist of St Margaret's Church, Brighton) gave his annual concert in the Dome Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, April 4. The vocalists were Miss Catherine Penna (her first appearance in Brighton), Mr Wilford Morgan, Mr Frank Elmore, and a choir of about fifty voices. The instrumentalists were the band of the 20th Hussars and Mr Worsley Staniforth, organist. Miss Catherine Penna sang Rossini's "Una Voce" in splendid style, and a hearty call was awarded to her. In the second part she achieved equal success in Benedict's "Skylark." In her own composition, "Absence," and in Bishop's "Bid me discourse" she also obtained hearty applause. Her *début* was a decided success. Mr Wilford Morgan was deservedly called after "My Sweetheart when a boy."

LEEDS.—Herr Wilhelm's concert party, under the direction of Messrs Hodge & Essex, have been here. The Hungarian violinist made a great "hit." His playing was much admired. The *Yorkshire Post* praises him highly, and also compliments the vocalists, especially Miss Allitsen, whose rendering of Mr Hullah's "Three Fishers," obtained a unanimous encore. Herr Niemann was the pianist, and his performances were duly appreciated.

WALTHAM (Essex).—A musical entertainment was given with success in the Literary Institution, on Easter Tuesday, by Miss Isabel Ferguson and Mr J. B. Balfour, entitled "English Songs—Old and New." Several ballads, well sung by both vocalists, had to be repeated.

GREENOCK.—The Choral Union gave Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St Paul*, on Friday evening, April 6, to an audience that completely filled the Town Hall. The solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Emily Done, Mr Thurlay Beale, and Mr Charles Abercrombie, whose "style and method are both good"—says the *Greenock Telegraph*—"and his voice of considerable power and purity. His singing of 'Men, Brethren, and Fathers!' and the following recitatives, were artistic and finished. Mr. Cole was the leader; Mr Pouller, organist; and Mr Cross, conductor. The choruses were, with a few exceptions, well sung by the members of the Choral Union.

UXBRIDGE.—The last concert of the Choral Society was given in the public rooms on the 5th inst. The artists were Mrs Osgood, Mr Barton McGuckin, Signor Federici, Mr L. Szczepanowski (violin), Mr T. Mountain (harmonium), and Mr J. Walsh (pianoforte). The choir, consisting of 120 voices, sang with great precision several of Handel's choruses, and, in the second part, various madrigals, choruses, and part-songs. Mr Henry Leslie's "Lullaby," Schumann's "Gipsy life," and Smart's "Stars of the summer night," being particularly well rendered. The solo vocalists were all very successful. The more noticeable "numbers" were "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and Gounod's "Ave, Maria," by Mrs Osgood; "But thou didst not leave," by Mr McGuckin; and "There is a green hill" (Gounod), by Signor Federici. M. Szczepanowski created quite a sensation in the *andante* and *finale* of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and was joined by Messrs Mountain and A. D. Miles in the *entr'acte* from Gounod's *La Colombe*, arranged as a trio for violin, harmonium, and pianoforte. Mr A. D. Miles conducted.—A. D. M.

THE LATE WILLIAM CHANNING.

This celebrated scenic artist, after a painful and wasting illness of about seven months, died, at Leith, on Saturday, the 31st March. He was born about the beginning of the present century, and studied at Covent Garden under the famous Zara, from whose instructions he profited much, and acquired that felicity of execution for which he was subsequently distinguished. In after life he passed many years in Edinburgh, and painted scenery under several managers in turn—Murray, Black, and Wyndham—his labours there being highly appreciated. He was a man of good social qualities, well read, genial, and an enthusiast in his own profession, while he also appreciated poetry and music. From 1845 onwards, for several years, he and Mr Sam Bough, R.S.A., worked together as scenic artists, and till the last hour of his life remained warm friends. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., at Warriston cemetery, when there were present the following gentlemen: W. N. Robertson, Esq., of Maturatta House, Edinburgh (brother-in-law of Mrs Channing), Mr D. Baptie (brother-in-law of deceased, who was chief mourner), Sam. Bough, Esq., R.S.A., the Rev. Mr Strong, Mr A. Wilson, and a few personal friends and neighbours of the deceased. The service was impressively read by the Rev. Mr Strong, after which the party sorrowfully broke up, having paid the last tribute to the memory of William Howard Channing.

MISS MELLER.

(Communicated.)

A young lady pianist, Miss Clara Meller, from London, has been attracting the attention of the musical critics in Leipsic, where she has made successful *débuts* at a *matinée*, and at a concert at the Gewandhaus. She again appeared at the Euterpe Concert in that town on the 27th February, after fulfilling engagements in company with Mme Peschka Leutner, where she was most favourably received, the Continental papers speaking in high terms of her talent. The Leipsic press are loud in her praise, especially of her rendering, without the aid of notes, Beethoven's concerto in G major.—[Why "without the aid of notes?" What good purpose can that serve? —D. P.]

Wasku and Habe x.

What a wonderful man is Chatterton!
What a deal he must have to patter on!
To manage three Theatres right off the reel,
And keep, ready wigged, three Judges of Appeal!

To Sutherland Edwards, Esq.

Benwell.

THE CLIFFORD DRAMATIC CLUB.

A very numerously attended performance, under the immediate patronage of the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, was given by the members of this club, on Saturday, the 7th inst., at St George's Hall, Langham Place, for the benefit of the Ladies' Industrial Society, 11, Porchester Street, Hyde Park. The programme included the farce of "*Matrimonial. A Gentleman*," etc., by J. V. Bridgeman, first produced at the Olympic with Mr Compton in the principal part; a Selection of Music; and H. J. Craven's drama of *Miriam's Crime*. The farce went off very well, Mr H. J. Levett rattling amusingly through the character of Chintip, while Miss L. Clare was pretty and arch as Jenny. The other personages found more or less able representatives in Mrs James Davey, Messrs James Davey, A. R. Fishbourne, A. Stanley, W. H. Malony, and —, the gentleman officiating as prompter, who, though "lost to sight," as far as the audience were concerned, was evidently "to Memory dear," when Memory happened, as was too frequently the case, in the farce, to fail those who had not studied sufficiently to please her. A pleasing feature in the Musical Selection was the rendering of Hatton's quartet, "Good Night, Beloved," and "The Hemlock Tree," by Messrs Ratcliffe, Mills, Curtis, and Treherne. So favourable was the impression produced by these gentlemen that their non-appearance to sing two more quartets set down for them in the bill caused general regret. The solo vocalists, Mdle Ester Marini, Mdle Gabrielle Rubini, Miss Emily Laing, and Mr Reginald Soppitt, gave several songs with taste and feeling, and received in return loud and frequent marks of approbation. Biles and Scumley, the two principal male characters in *Miriam's Crime* were entrusted respectively to Messrs A. Stanley and W. Leighton, who fully justified the confidence placed in them by their fellow members, and the applause bestowed on them by the audience. Mr Stanley's make-up and acting as Biles were redolent of genuine humour, and provoked continuous roars of laughter. As Scumley, Mr W. Leighton displayed a distinctness of conception and power of realisation which rendered his impersonation vivid and impressive. His make-up, like that of Mr A. Stanley, was excellent. Mr R. Tyser acquitted himself creditably in a task—that of playing a lover—which is far more difficult than the uninitiated suppose. His Bernard Reynolds, though, perhaps, too subdued, was gentlemanly and effective. Mr Hugh Marston was a good representative of Hufin, the family lawyer, and Mr J. Levett was very funny as Daniel, a servant, who, with the richest of brogues, is always denying his Hibernian nationality.

In consequence of a domestic bereavement in the family of Mrs G. Belmore, Mrs Leigh Murray undertook, at a few hours' notice, the part of Miriam West. In handbills distributed about the Hall, the management requested "the kind indulgence" of the audience for the lady "in attempting a rôle so entirely out of her line," but the request was entirely superfluous. Mrs Leigh Murray not only was letter-perfect, notwithstanding the short notice, short enough to have made even an outfitter quail, but played the character as none but an accomplished actress could, and as though she had spent weeks in its elaboration. There was not the slightest trace of haste or uncertainty. The picture she presented of the heroine was worked out with a vigour and force of emotion, tempered by the most feminine gentleness, and an attention to the nicest gradations of light and shade, which held the audience captive, and fairly surprised those who had never before seen Mrs Leigh Murray in such a part, and were, therefore, ignorant of the varied nature of her talent. Such persons must have had some difficulty in believing that the lady who on Saturday last enlisted all sympathies as Miriam West was the lady who but a short time since had been representing for months a personage so diametrically different to Mr Craven's heroine, namely: the ill-natured, calumnious, back-biting Mrs Crossley Beck at the Prince of Wales's, and by her true and unobtrusive art merging her own pleasant individuality in the peculiarly disagreeable and aggravating idiosyncrasy of the highly objectionable female in question.

Miss Clara Lee was another lady who, at the same short notice, kindly came to the assistance of the distressed Cliffordiana, and by her clever, lady-like acting in the farce lent importance to a part, that of Emily, hardly worthy of her.

COLOGNE.—Mad. Pauline Lucca lately played a star engagement of three nights at the Stadttheater, the operas being *Aida*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Il Trovatore*. In consequence of her success, she was engaged for another night, appearing as Mignon in Ambroise Thomas's opera of the same name. During her stay, she received a deputation from Brussels, asking her to accept a post of professora in the Conservatory of that city. She declined the proffered honour, having resolved to retire altogether from public life,

Hauptmann on Wagner.*

In the concert of Schröder-Devrient several interesting things were given; among others, the overture to *Ruy Blas* by Mendelssohn, and scenes from the opera *Rienzi* by Richard Wagner, which he himself directed. In Wagner's music I have found far more of stretching and straining than of solid satisfying matter. One cannot judge, to be sure, of the effect of a whole opera after a few single pieces; but the kind of music is very manifest in them, and that pleases me not; it is, again, the unmusical kind, which clings to the expression of the single details, which, where joy and sorrow are the subject, holds the two apart and seeks to express each musically by itself. That is setting things to music as the watch-makers understand it, when they speak of setting a watch in oil, where every peg is tipped with oil. But the words should be set to music as one sets a fish into the water, taking them out of the dry and separating element of the understanding into the mediating, fluid element of feeling. That is how the Italians do it, and those artistically related to them, like Mozart and Spohr—who will not take it ill of me that I count them among these. When we speak of Italians we are not to think only of Donizetti and Bellini, but of Raphael, Leonardo and Titian—of the finest flowers of art.—(1842.)

Tannhäuser has been given three times here. The applause was still undecided in itself; not that it was not loud; but one hears even in the clapping of hands whether it comes from a sure or doubtful feeling of applause. The future alone can make it clear. I heard the opera on its first performance, had also heard it several years ago in Dresden, where it was very well given; but just as little here as there was I at the end of it in such a mood as one ought to be after a good work of art—in a harmonic, satisfied mood. Such music costs the hearer a continual strain. An opera on which the composer has laboured for months we have to hear through in three hours; he has had hours and days of recreation in the course of it, but to us is granted not a moment; the hearer also needs some rest, some intermission, but he does not find it in such a work, which keeps on steadily without any moments of repose. The Hymn of the Pilgrims, which returns so often in the opera, might have formed a moment of repose, against which the more passionate moment would be set off in stronger relief; but even this hymn is tortured both in melody and harmony, and seems given to the chorus singers only to put them out of tune. It is perhaps designed to express the contrition and remorse of the pilgrims; but this was hardly the place to make that prominent; a quiet element might have come in here quite fitly in a poetic and artistic manner. Even the song of the shepherd boy, after the first impassioned scene in the Venusberg, is only a melodic, or an unmelodic, curiosity; and it is very improper in the youngster, after he has taken notice of the pilgrim procession and has kneeled down, to intrude his piping (*Schalmeygedudel*) into the pauses of the choral strain.—The minstrels' contest, with its continuous declamatory 4-4 measure, is now and then very tedious. In the third act, the long recited narrative of *Tannhäuser*, about the result of his pilgrimage to Rome, is also not a fortunate dramatic moment. Musically many things in *Lohengrin* have pleased me better than anything in *Tannhäuser*. There we have some choruses of most beautiful sonority. Yet *Lohengrin* as a whole must be fatiguing in a high degree. But it is meant and done in earnest; the whole man is in it throughout; and that is respectable. The poetic element certainly is very significant; but there is wanting an artistic element to bear up freely the impassioned subject-matter which so weighs upon us, which, being without form, as bare realism oppresses and torments us. When one comes out of a drama or an opera feeling as if bruised and crushed, there is something not quite right about it.—(1859).

BERLIN.—*Manfred*, with Schumann's music, has been produced at the Royal Operahouse with decided success. Herr Radecke was the conductor.

RAPALLO (*Liguria*).—The theatre here was recently burnt to the ground. During the fire the landlord, Signor Rainuffo, was seen to enter the building and disappear amid the flames and smoke. A shudder ran through the crowd. What could be his motive? Had he determined, driven mad by his loss, to commit suicide, or had he bravely risked his life to save that of a fellow-creature? The anxiety of all present was intense. Luckily, it was not very prolonged. In a few minutes Signor Rainuffo emerged triumphantly from the incandescent mass. The pent up feelings of the multitude found relief in a ringing shout. He had rescued his—crash-hat.

* From Hauptmann's *Letter to Spohr*—translated for Dwight's *Boston Journal of Music*.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

"The play is o'er, the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell.
The tired actor looks around
And makes his bow to say farewell!"

or, in other words than those of the great author of *Vanity Fair*, the theatrical season at Boulogne-sur-Mer was brought to a close on Sunday the 25th March. Benefits were in vogue during the last month of the season. One which was very well attended was for the Lyonnais workpeople. The pieces given since my last letter were *Jeanne, Jeannette et Jeanne-ton, Barbe Bleue, La Mendiante, Les Enfants, Le Supplice d'une Femme*, and two clever "local pieces," *Une Scandale de Boulogne* and *Une Fable de la Fntaine*. On Monday, March 26th, the artists took the theatre on their own account, and gave *Les Deux Aveugles, Le Supplice d'une Femme, Scandale de Boulogne*, a miscellaneous concert, and last, not least, a "Tombola," a prize in the shape of a live sheep (!) which was won by "a small child" in the pit. There have been several concerts and "Tombolas" in the town for the benefit of the poor Lyonnais workpeople. I wonder some of you English do nothing for their benefit. Make a committee of ladies and "gentlemen of the long robe," who all wear silk, and get up a good concert! Eh?

M. Quettier of this town has taken the Salle des Concert, Rue Siblequin, and is giving "Conférences sur le Théâtre" three times a week. The first was on "Les Medecins au temps de Molière," illustrated by the play of *Le Malade Imaginaire, Trombalcasa* and *Cerette en Prison* were also given. These entertainments will make a "passe-temps" during the three months' recess.

For the information of visitors to Boulogne, the tickets for the season at the Etablissement des Bains, admitting till January, 1878, to concerts, balls, &c., if taken before May 1st, are 20 fr. (16s.) each. After that date, 30 fr. will be charged; but monthly and fortnightly admission tickets in proportion will be issued—a step in the right direction. Let us hope the *Direction* will be better carried out this season.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 4th April, 1877.

BALFE'S TRIO IN A.

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.")

The name of Balfe is dear to all who take interest in the cause of English art, and the trio (in A major) for piano and strings served to show that, independently of his facility and brilliancy as a composer of operas, he possessed the power of creating "abstract" music, capable of satisfying the demands of severe criticism. His trio contains the usual four movements, all of which are conspicuously melodious and well-written, and one of them (the *scherzo*) so bright and sparkling that it was enthusiastically encored. In style, the trio approaches rather to Haydn and Mozart than to the work of such modern lights as Rheinberger and Brahms. It is free from affectation and eccentricity, and pleases at once. Balfe has something to say, which may be neither recondite nor transcendental in its scope, but is worth listening to, and is clearly told. It is the fashion with a few *soi-disant* critics to prefer the mysterious compositions which "can only be thoroughly comprehended and enjoyed after four or five auditions." But if art of this kind be unquestionably long, it is equally certain that life is short, and the majority of mankind must be pardoned if they cherish the opinion that it is wiser to partake of enjoyments that are immediate, facile, and obvious, than to undertake a series of expeditions in search of treasures whose existence may possibly be doubtful. The best music is not that which is at first repugnant, though afterwards acceptable, but rather that which pleases when first heard, and unfolds fresh sources of delight at every hearing. Without claiming this rare kind of distinction for Balfe's A major trio, it may be said of it that it is a bright, melodious, and satisfactory work, which must always be heard with pleasure, and add to the reputation of its composer.

NANTES.—*Hamlet* has been performed at the Grand-Théâtre, the expense of the scenery being defrayed by the town.

DREFF.—M. Bias, the new manager of the Casino, is erecting a theatre, close to the sea, to form part of that establishment.

BRUSSELS.—In consequence of a slight illness, Mad. Christine Nilsson was compelled to defer her engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and to reduce the number of her performances from six to three. She is announced to appear this evening.

MUSIC IN CATHEDRALS.

At the usual monthly meeting of the Musical Association, held at 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, Mr W. A. Barrett read a paper on "Music in Cathedrals." He said that he wished to offer a few suggestions for the continuation of that long-needed improvement in the use and management of cathedrals which had been so happily inaugurated of recent times, and he could only regret that they did not originate with the cathedral authorities, but were accepted as necessities arising from external pressure. The present time was one in which music and musicians were receiving a worthy recognition, commensurate with their position and profession. Musicians had earned the right to speak, and could command some attention for what they had to advance. After alluding at some length to the unsatisfactory manner in which choristers and lay clerks were treated in most cathedrals, he said that the precentors at cathedrals should be laymen and professional musicians, skilled in the knowledge of music. He would not, however, exclude a truly competent clerical precentor, one who had graduated in music at his college, for instance, but the office should not be held by an amateur, whether clerical or lay. With regard to the character of the music, he considered that every style of good music of all ages should be represented at one time or another during the year, but some preference should be given to that which was expressly written for the use of the Church over that which was a mere adaptation from one popular composer or another. The introduction of adaptations had led to a system of prolonging sentences and fitting certain expressions with corresponding scale passages with a very unsatisfactory result. That process of word-worrying was irritating in the extreme. In fact, the art of cathedral singing was lost, and chorus singing had taken its place. Vocalisation had given place to vociferation. Writers of cathedral music wrote theatrical and sensational—not emotional—stuff, knowing that it commanded the market, and until the right-minded composers could obtain a hearing the gaps in church music would be filled by those who spoilt a good cause for their own profit. Music, which formed so important a part in the services of the Church, until lately had hardly received the attention or encouragement which it deserved and demanded. Musicians had begun to perceive that sentimentality with regard to their art was a ridiculous fancy, and that they had a right to be recognised as members of an industrial community who, having to meet certain claims of society, in their turn made demands which society must admit. The time was surely though slowly coming when works of art, furnished for the service of the Church, would become a source of great emolument, if not a fountain of honour, to the producer. A cathedral musician should be able to devote the whole of his talents to the service of the Church. He should not be compelled, as all were, to eke out existence by what were frequently undignified shifts. In conclusion, he remarked that they might do as they could for the elevation of music in cathedrals, but, until cathedral composers learnt to employ the liberty allowed them with a less degree of license than at present, the works of the old writers would stand as memorials of reproach for ill-used talents, and our cathedral music would go down to posterity, if not as a sorrow and a shame, at all events as nothing in the way worthy of their extended and extensive knowledge of the art of music. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to Mr Barrett.—*Morning Post*.

The Tripart "Signale" on Raff.

The fifth Euterpe Concert, on December 12th, had for its principal numbers: the Concerto in G minor, for string orchestra, two *obbligato* violins, and an *obbligato* violoncello, by Handel; the symphony, *Lenore*, by Raff; and the fantasia for piano, chorus, and orchestra, by Beethoven. The writer of these lines heard Raff's Symphony for the first time. His impression of it is about as follows: the first movement seems, in matter and in form, to belong to the best and most enjoyable that Raff has produced. The second movement (*andante*) has a very fair beginning, but in its further development grows more and more diffuse and rambling, and leaves at last an oppressive sense of irksomeness. The third movement (*March*) is, to our taste, somewhat vulgar, and offers only in its middle part some weak amends for its vulgarity, nay, almost triviality. Finally, the fourth movement—the direct musical illustration and description of Bürger's ballad, while the other movements are only occupied with the bliss of love and the separation of Leonora and Wilhelm, that is to say, with what precedes all that is contained in the poem—was to us one of the severest musical visitations that we have yet experienced; the rawest materialism and realism is here displayed, and the composer shrinks not from the most hideous, if only he may thus illustrate musically his underlying subject in the most drastic manner.—(*Signale*, January, 1877.)

BRAHMS' SYMPHONY.

The last concert at the Crystal Palace was remarkable for the production of the symphony, by Herr Brahms, about which, since its first performance at Cambridge, under the direction of Herr Joachim, there has been so much talk. As the only work of its form hitherto given to his art by the eminent composer, there has been naturally a great deal of curiosity connected with it. That curiosity will have more chances than one of being indulged; for, in addition to the recent performance at the Crystal Palace, there is another close at hand by the Philharmonic Society. Mr August Manns had taken infinite pains in preparing the symphony for the Crystal Palace audience; and we cannot call to mind a more admirable first performance of a long, elaborate, and difficult new piece—a performance, indeed, most creditable to everyone concerned. We find no reason to modify our early opinion as to the merits of this work; the first movement still appears to us spun out and somewhat laboured, the *andante* beautiful throughout, the third movement (*allegretto grazioso*) quaint and pretty, though verging on the commonplace, the *finale*, from the commencement of the *allegro* to the very end, a masterpiece—the whole rather the offspring of wonderful talent and acquirement than the inspiration of genius. Time will show.—*Graphic*.

HAUPTMANN ON RUBINSTEIN.*

I.

We have now the Russian Rubinstein here, who has let us hear a symphony called *Ocean*, a piano fantasia with orchestra, and a trio. These things were very imposing, and have received great applause. *Ocean* wallowed and floundered about a great deal; but if one is to find fault with that, he will make nothing out of it. Less floundering was the fantasia, but also less interesting. The trio is quite civilised, brilliant, easy to listen to, and euphonious, like altogether another man, escaped from the sea storm, refreshed, restored, his toilet made and entering a parlour. What does not please me in the compositions as a whole is, that with the *unclearness*, the *intrinsic value seems to decrease*; that when the mists are scattered the country is less beautiful than we may have imagined it before. But Rubinstein is a man of talent and an enormous player; few will be able to play his things after him.—(1855.)

II.

I take no pleasure in such compositions. So many of our young composers have had no poetic, harmless childhood in their art; they began in a state of desperation, with the *Lost Paradise*; and where are any reminiscences of the *un-lost* to come from, such as recur so often and so beautifully in Beethoven's very last and most despairing things, like echoes from the "*fernen Geliebten*" in the full bliss of the past. Instead of this we now get only dry disgust and loathing of all that is real, a haughty egotistical mood, which has and can have no faith in itself, but would fain persuade itself and others that there is something in it. What is not overstrained seems to them flat and insignificant; beauty, in their art doctrine, is a thing of no account. The finest art material, for which every other art may envy Music—TONE—is so tortured and so crushed by them that it can only shriek and whimper. And so we get an unmusical and toneless music; and what in earlier compositions has seemed dry and crabbed, now comes to us as paradisaically mild, compared to what we have to hear in the newest compositions.—(1855.)

TO AN ABSENT A.R.A.*

Oh! I fain would pay
Some tribute, this day,
To one who is absent,
But nought can I say—
Then feeling best shows
How his music still flows
O'er my memory now,
As when heard that last day.
Like some quiet brook,
As it glides from its nook,
And wanders through meadows,
With summerlike song;
While o'er its smooth face
Each reflection finds place,
Like thoughts in that music,
When winding along.

When wildly, my soul,
Those melodies roll,
They waken thine echoes,
Like waves of the sea,
When breaking, they pour
On the rough-beaten shore,
Against rocks that before
Were as silent as thee!
And oft in my dream,
Like violets they seem,
Which shed a sweet odour,
Though pluck'd from the stem;
His music again,
Like those roots which remain,
Shall spring, with fresh flowers,
In the covert like them.

* Copyright.

J. C. B.

* Letters of Hauptmann translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

WAIFS.

Those who attended the first performance of Mr Gye's season found Covent Garden Theatre as worthy as ever to be the home of the most luxurious of all entertainments. Perhaps we should have said more worthy than common, inasmuch as every portion of the house, from the lobby to the gilded ceiling, showed that the hand of the restorer and decorator had passed over it. Even in such a matter as this there is an art—of which, by the way, Mr Gye ranks a master, on the strength of the fact that he tries to please even the eye that wanders from the stage, and always succeeds.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Signor Petrella, the well-known operatic composer, is dead.

The Italian papers assert that Signor Schira is engaged on a new grand opera for Mme Lucca, of Milan.

The Countess Delphine Potocka, née Countess Komar, a pupil and friend of Chopin's, died on the 3rd inst. in Paris.

Stella di Santa Lucia, by Sig. Testa, is the title of a new opera shortly to be produced at the Teatro Sannazaro, Naples.

The first performance of M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* at the Grand-Opéra is announced for Wednesday, the 18th inst.

Herr Schubert will introduce, to day, his new duo for violoncello and piano at his *matinée musicale*, at Londonderry House.

M. Maton has left the Ecole Duprez, where he held the post of accompanist, and founded a similar institution of his own.

A four-act opera, *Gilles de Bretagne*, has been accepted by M. Vizenini at the Théâtre-Lyrique, the music by M. Kowalski.

A two-act opera, *Pépita*, words by M. Nutter, music by M. Delahaye, was read last week to the artists of the Opéra-Comique.

The fiftieth anniversary of Beethoven's death was generally observed by special performances at the theatres throughout Germany.

Herr Niemann is announced to give three performances at the Stadttheater, Cologne. He has selected his three best characters, Rienzi, Lohengrin, and Tannhäuser.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been performed at the Globe Theatre, Boston, U.S., by the Kellogg Opera Company, Miss Kellogg sustaining the part of the heroine.

Herr Leopold Auer, who produced so favourable an impression at a Leipsic Gewandhaus, will give concerts, in conjunction with Herr Carl Reinecke, at Königsberg and Riga.

The second concert of the eleventh season of the Schubert Society took place on Wednesday. Schumann's vocal and instrumental compositions formed the first part of the programme.

Richard Wagner has been to Meiningen, on a visit to the reigning Duke. A new work from his pen, entitled *The Idyll of Siegfried*, was performed at one of the Court concerts, under the direction of Wagner himself.

On the 11th of April, 1853, died in Paris Bernard Sarrette, founder and director of the Conservatory of Music. He occupied the post from 1795 to 1814. He was succeeded by Cherubini.

The Wagner Opera Festival commenced at Boston on the 26th March with *The Flying Dutchman*, occupying five nights and an afternoon. The other works were *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*.

M. Gounod's new opera, *Cinq-Mars*, has been produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique. The libretto is founded upon Alfred de Vigny's once famous romance of that name. It is not believed to be a decided success.

An American maiden wrote to her lover: "Now George dont you fale to be at the singing-class to-night." George wrote back that: "In the bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there's no such word as Fale."

The twenty-first concert of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, last of the present series, was held recently. It has been frequently observed that since the death of Mendelssohn these once famous concerts have more or less gradually declined.

Mr John Towers, who resigned his appointment as organist at St Philips, Chorley, after ten years' service, has been appointed organist and choir-master at St Stephens, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester. There were between fifty and sixty candidates.

Mlle Sylvia Rebel replaces Mlle Zina Dalti in *La Courte Echelle*, which will be produced about the end of the month at the Théâtre-Lyrique. She will, also, sustain the principal female part in *La Statue*, at the same theatre next November.

Longfellow says: "Some feelings are untranslatable; no language has been found for them." "For instance," observes the *Boston Courier*, "the feelings occasioned by sitting down on a wet sidewalk. The language of profanity has been tried in vain."

Félicien David's *Désert* has recently been performed at Saint-Germains, Marseilles, and Rheims. The musical performance was accompanied by a lecture on the composer and his works, the lecturer being M. de Lapommeraye, the well-known musical critic.

The Societa Armonica, under the direction of Miss Katharine Poyntz and Mr Duggan, resumed, last Saturday afternoon, the meetings which had been interrupted so sadly by the death of the amiable and much beloved Mrs Townley, the mother of Miss Poyntz.

Mlle Albani has been charming Parisian connoisseurs with some sacred pieces by Handel and Beethoven, disclosing a new phase in her talent with which her French admirers had previously been unacquainted. At her farewell representation (Tuesday) she was to sing in the first act of *Norma*.

From statistical returns we learn that 22 symphonies; 21 overtures, or short orchestral pieces; 19 concertos; and 6 grand vocal compositions, with chorus and orchestra, such as Schumann's *Manfred* and Beethoven's *Egmont*, were performed at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipsic, during the season just terminated.

We recommend all who are fond of a hearty laugh to pay a visit to the Egyptian Hall, where Mr John Nash's *Be Merry and Wise* keeps the audience in continual good humour. Mr Nash commences his entertainment with a short introduction on the "Philosophy of Laughter," followed by various clever impersonations and amusing songs. He is ably assisted by Mr F. Clifton. W. A. J.

Mr W. Pyatt, of Nottingham, has engaged the following artists for his "Spring tour;" Misses Agnes Larkcom and Helen D'Alton, Signor Foli and Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Lockwood (harp), Mr Henry Nicholson (flute), and Mr Joseph Roeckel (pianist). Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Belfast, will be visited, and the time occupied will be from April 24th, to May 10th.

Sainte-Foy, once so popular at the Paris Opéra-Comique, died on the 1st inst., at his house in Neuilly, where he had resided since he retired from the stage. He was born at Vitry-le-François, in 1817, his real name being Charles Louis Pubereaux. He first studied the piano at the Paris Conservatory, but, having subsequently renounced the career of an instrumentalist for that of a singer, came out at the Opéra-Comique in 1840. He obtained such success in a certain line of business that the latter was distinguished by his name, and artists are now engaged for the "Sainte-Foys" as they are for the "Heavy Fathers" or the "Leading Old Men." Among his best parts may be reckoned Cantarelli of *Le Père aux Clercs*, Dickson of *La Dame Blanche*, Lord Koburg of *Fra Diavolo*, and Corentin of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*. Some years since he accepted an engagement at St Petersburg, but soon returned. He afterwards played for a short time at the Opéra-Comique. He was buried at Neuilly on the 3rd inst.

"TWAS NOT EVER THUS."

"It was not ever thus with me,"

A maiden said, and sighed.

"My heart was once as boundless, free,
And fearless as the tide—

The tide that bore my lad, my one dear lad, from me.

"But now, in silence, must I weep!

Oh, God! recall their souls!

For, when the hungry billows leap

Upon the sandy shoals,

They bear to land the ghosts, the ghosts that will not sleep.

"And often, in the lonely night,

When all the world is still,

I wander through the pale moonlight—

Across the moor, the hill—

And strive to stay the souls, the souls that mock my sight."

H. MELVILLE.

* Copyright.

VIENNA.—The Theater an der Wien is closed, and will remain so until Herr Steiner finds a successor.

LISBON.—*Mignon*, with Signore Fricci, Mecocci, Signori Aldighieri, and Vidal, in the principal parts, has been successfully given.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 21, will be performed
Rossini's Opera, "GUGLIELMO TELL." Mathilde, Mdle Bianchi;
Mdle Ghisotti, Mdle Cottino; Signor Otogni (his second appearance in that
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Marini. Conductor—Signor VIANESI. La Tyrolleuse will be danced by Mdle
Girod, Mdle L. Reuters, and Mdle H. Reuters.

Next Week there will be Five performances.

On MONDAY next, April 23, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita,
Mdle Smarocchi.

Signor Gayarre.

On TUESDAY next, April 24, "LES HUGUENOTS." Valentina, Mdle
d'Angeri; Raoul, Signor Gayarre (his sixth appearance in England).

On THURSDAY next, April 26 (in lieu of the Subscription for Tuesday, Aug. 7),
"DON PASQUALE." Norina, Mdle Marimon.

On FRIDAY next, April 27, "GUGLIELMO TELL." Guglielmo Tell, M.
Maurel (his second appearance this season).

First appearance this Season of Mdle Albani.

On SATURDAY, April 28, "I PURITANI." Elvira, Mdle Albani (her first
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with Arioso for alto, and Duet for soprano and alto; Concerto No. 2, for piano-
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conduct all the above pieces, excepting the Concerto, of which he will himself
play the solo part, and will, in addition, play three solo pieces, viz.:—Notturmo,
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and the usual places.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

RAILWAY BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the

Relief of Railway Officers and Servants, their Orphans, Children, and
Widows, when in Distressed Circumstances. Instituted May, 1858. Patrons—
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN and His Royal Highness the Prince of
WALES, K.G. GRAND EVENING CONCERT at the TOWN HALL, Shoreditch,
for the Benefit of the Institution, on WEDNESDAY, April 25. Artists—Mdme
Patey, Mdme Blotoff, Miss Albert, Mrs J. Clippingle, Mr Barton McGuckin,
Mr Walter Macfarren, Mr V. Gerard, and Mr John Oneshire, assisted by a Select
Choir of Sixty Voices. Conductors—Mr J. CLIPPINGDALE and Mr WALTER
MACFARREN. Doors open at 7.30; commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Numbered
and Reserved Stalls, 5s.; Numbered and Reserved Area, 2s. 6d.; Balcony Seats,
2s. Admission, One Shilling. May be obtained at the several Railway Stations;
at HAYS', Royal Exchange; and at the Town Hall.

"MY LOVE HAS GONE AWAY."

MADAME PATEY will sing, for the First Time, a New
Song, entitled "MY LOVE HAS GONE AWAY." Composed by J.
CLIPPINGDALE, at the Grand Concert, given for the Benefit of the Railway
Benevolent Institution, on the 25th inst., at the Town Hall, Shoreditch.

"LET US PART FRIENDS."

MR BARTON MCGUCKIN will sing, for the First Time,
a New Ballad, entitled "LET US PART FRIENDS." Composed by J. CLIP-
PINGDALE, at the Grand Concert, given for the Benefit of the Railway Benevolent
Institution, on the 25th inst., at the Town Hall, Shoreditch.

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Sweet Home—The Minstrel Boy—Auld Lang Syne—The Keel Row—My Little
Bunch of Roses—Tommy, make room for your Uncle—Fair Shines the Moon to-
night—Silver Threads among the Gold—The Union Jack of Old England. For-
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WANTED, by a Gentleman of good education, a Situation as ASSISTANT in a London Music Warehouse. Good pianist; good references.—O. H., care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

IN a small lodging, without the means of paying for it, without furniture, and only bread to eat, with scanty and insufficient clothing, are at this moment the FAMILY of the late Mr HOWARD GLOVER, the musical composer, son of the celebrated actress, Mrs Glover. He left England nine years ago with a family of 12 young children to better his fortune in the United States. He never earned, however, more than a bare subsistence, and on his death in November, 1875, his wife and children were plunged in deep embarrassment. They struggled on in New York, until at last they were sent home by the charity of the British Consul. The ages of the children now range from 8 to 21, and, consequently, if some aid is given, there is a prospect of getting situations which will enable them to keep themselves and their mother. The eldest son is a scene painter, but has been for the last few days engaged on journeyman painter's work. A large West-end house has promised to take one of the daughters, and there are prospects of placing the others—some in a theatre, some at the opera. In the meantime a sum of money is absolutely indispensable, if they are to be rescued from the worst sufferings and the most horrible temptations of poverty. Under these circumstances an appeal is made to the best sympathies of the public and the patrons of music and art to come to the rescue of an unfortunate family, absolutely wrecked. They are known to be most excellent and deserving. Donations may be sent to MITCHELL'S Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," May 29, at Richmond; May 31, Princess's Concert Room; June 9, Town Hall, Shoreditch.

"SABRINA."

MR MICHAEL WATSON will play his new Valse de Concert, "SABRINA," at Langham Hall, May 23.

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MR FRANZ RUMMEL, Professor of the Pianoforte at the Conservatoire, Brussels, begs to announce that he has arrived in Town for the Season. Letters may be addressed to 43, Patehall Road, N.W.; or to the care of Messrs SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.

MR REMENYI, Solo Violinist to His Imperial and Royal Majesty of Austro-Hungary, begs to announce that he will arrive in Town for the Season on the 20th inst. All communications to be addressed to Mr E. MAURIN, 18, Arundel Street, Coventry Street, W.

SIGNOR and MDLLE BADIA have arrived in London for the Season. All communications for public or private Concerts, &c., to be addressed to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR ALFRED JAEEL will arrive in London on June 7. All letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs ERARD, 18, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

MR CHARLES HARPER, Principal and Solo Horn, having seceded from the Royal Italian Opera, begs to inform his friends and the public that he is now at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, &c., either in town or country. Address—3, Liddlington Place, Harrington Square, London, N.W.

MDME BERTINI (Soprano) is open to ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts and Solrées. All communications concerning Engagements or Lessons to be addressed to MDME BERTINI, 62, Harley Street, London, N.

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), of the Wilhelmj Concert Party, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, &c. Address, care of Messrs HODGE & ESSEX, 6 and 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MISS ELENA NORTON, Soprano Vocalist (composer of "The Rose and the Ring"), is open for ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Solrées, &c., &c. Address, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or to Mr D'Oyley Carte, 20, Charing Cross.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME ERNST (Soprano) requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR CHARLES ABERCROMBIE (Tenor), of St James's Hall and the Royal Aquarium Concerts, Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's, requests that all applications for Terms and ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio, Opera, or Concert, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY (his Agent and Business Manager), care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, S.W.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE (of the Crystal Palace and Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, &c., &c.), having Returned from Abroad, can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Opera, or Oratorio. All Communications to be addressed to his Agent, Mr E. D'OYLEY CARTE, 9A, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.

MDME MARIE BELVAL begs that all Communications be addressed to her at 7, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MDME LOUISE GAGE (Contralto) is open to ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Solrées, &c. Address, MDME LOUISE GAGE, No. 17, Holland Road, Kensington, W., or care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR GERARD COVENTRY is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR IGNACE GIBSONE begs to inform the Profession that the following SONGS, of his Composition, can be Sung in Public without any Claim being made against them for so doing.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. (RETROSPECT.)

The operas last week were *Martha*, *I Puritani*, *La Favorita*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Rigoletto*—the second, third, and fourth being repetitions. The part of Lady Enrichetta in Flotow's still popular work was again undertaken by Mdle Zaré Thalberg, whose impersonation not only justified the good opinions it elicited a twelvemonth since, but gave signs of further advance. The increasing fulness of a voice the genuine musical quality of which declared itself from the beginning was as apparent in *Martha* as in *Don Giovanni*; and it was no less telling in the high soprano passages of the quartet, "Mentre il piè la ruota gira," than in the more gentle strains of "Qui sola, vergin rosa." This English melody, to which M. Flotow and his opera owe so much, was sung with a touching simplicity that completely won the sympathies of the audience, and an encore was inevitable. A similar compliment was paid to the quartet at the spinning-wheel, in which Mdle Thalberg's associates were Mdle Scalchi, an admirable Nancy, M. Capoul, Lionello, and Signor Graziani, a Plunkett with whom we have happily been long acquainted, and who gives the famous apostrophe to "Beer" with such unction as to leave no doubt that it must have been that jovial gentleman-farmer's favourite beverage. The sentimental music allotted to Lionello exactly suits the idiosyncrasy of M. Capoul, who but lately set all feminine Paris raving about his Paul, in M. Victor's Massé's opera, *Paul et Virginie*, and who is nothing if not—or at any rate never so much as when—sentimental. Thus, both in the melodious quartet, "Dormi pur" (Act 2), and in the lachrymose ditty, "M'appari tutt' amor," he was particularly successful, winning an encore for the latter. Signor Ciampi was an accommodating Lord Tristan, Signor Ragner an imposing Sheriff, and the whole opera, with its abundance of tune, picturesque dances in the scene of the Statute Fair, &c., passed off as so lively a work can hardly fail to do, much to the general satisfaction. Signor Vianesi was conductor.

The first performance of *Rigoletto* brought an immense audience on Saturday night, which, taking into account the enormous crowd attracted to Albert Hall in the afternoon, by the third concert of the "Wagner Festival," and adding to that the anything rather than inviting weather, causes us to marvel whence all our musically inclined people come. Those at Covent Garden, however, on Saturday night, were rewarded by an unusually fine performance of what, despite its repulsive subject, is unquestionably Verdi's best opera. The Gilda of Mdle Albani, now ripened into such excellence as to leave little or nothing open to criticism, would alone have been an attraction. In 1873, when she first essayed the character, the opinion of amateurs was that a more interesting Gilda, whether in regard to personal appearance, or to her general conception of the character, had not been witnessed since the always-to-be-regretted Angiolina Bosio used so to delight opera-goers as to make it an almost ungrateful task for anyone to assume the character after her. There is now, however, no further need of comparison. Mdle Albani has made Gilda her own, not only looking, but acting and singing the part in perfection. It would be alike superfluous and tedious to enter into details about anything so well known. Enough that the first interview with *Rigoletto*, followed by the duet with the pretended Walter Maldé, veritable Duke of Mantua—the Francis of *Le Roi s'amuse*, a Don Giovanni as sneaking and contemptible as the Don Giovanni of Da Ponte and Mozart is unprincipled and bold, having at least the courage of his iniquities—the melodious and reposeful "Caro nome," the trying scene with *Rigoletto*, after the abduction, and the quartet in the final *tableau*, when Gilda is made aware of the faithfulness of one whose constancy had been her dream, formed a series of genuine successes for Mdle Albani, who never received or deserved more unanimous marks of approval. Signor Gayarre found much in the character of the Duke which exhibited to advantage his impassioned style. His delivery of "La donna è mobile" may have been a little overstrained; but it was encored all the same, as was the quartet, to the effect of which Mdle Scalchi and Signor Pandolfini contributed not a little. Mdle Scalchi's Maddalena has been for some time recognised as in all respects excellent. Signor Pandolfini, so far as his first appearance allows us to judge, will prove a valuable acquisition. *Rigoletto* is no ordinary part to test the capabilities of a new dramatic singer before an audience of connoisseurs; but Signor Pandolfini, having recently earned laurels at the Paris Italian Opera, had every right to present himself with confidence. The verdict of the audience could not possibly be mistaken. It was favourable without reserve. Signor Pandolfini has a bass-baritone voice of power, compass, and telling quality, sings like one who knows his art, and acts with earnest intelligence. That here and there he is somewhat too demonstrative in his gestures, and occasionally over emphasises his vocal expression, cannot be denied. But it would be unfair to judge him by a single perform-

ance, and we prefer recording, without further remark, an unquestionable success. A word is due to Signor Sclara, a Sparafucile who left nothing to desire, either in his histrionic conception of the part of the hired assassin or in his general delivery of the music of Verdi's gloomy, but, in this particular instance, characteristic music. Signor Bevnigani was the conductor of this, one of the most striking performances of the season.

Un Ballo in Maschera was given on Monday; *Dinorah* (for the first appearance of Mdme Adelina Patti), on Tuesday; *Lohengrin*, with Mdle Albani as Elsa, and Signor Carpi as Lohengrin, on Wednesday; *The Huguenots*, on Thursday; *Don Giovanni* (with Mdme Patti as Zerlina), last night. *Lucia di Lammermoor* (with Mdle Albani and Signor Gayarre) is announced for this evening.

HIER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Un Ballo in Maschera was given for the second time on Monday night, Mdle Caroline Salla as Amelia, and Mdle Mila Rodani, as Oscar, more than confirming the favourable impression created by their *débuts*, the week before last, in the same characters. Both these ladies are decided acquisitions. In Mdle Salla Mr Mapleson has secured the aid of one who possesses all the requisites for becoming a genuine lyric tragedian, combined with the inestimable advantages of youth; in Mdle Rodani, equally young and equally promising, he has every reason to hope for not less valuable support in another line of characters, which, though less pretentious, are quite as essential to the general strength of his company. *Norma* was to be repeated on the following night, and on Thursday we had *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which the character of the heroine was assigned to that always progressing young artist, Mdle Alwina Valleria, who won and merited the warm approval of the audience, especially in the great scene of Lucia's madness (Act 3), where she displayed a vocal facility and a dramatic expression worthy all praise. The other principal characters were sustained by Signor Fancelli (Edgardo), Rots (Enrico), Rinaldini (Arturo), and Broccolini (Raimondo). The opera on Saturday night was *Il Trovatore*, about which it will suffice to say that Mdle Tietjens (in glorious voice) was the Leonora, and Signor Fancelli, Manrico—the other leading parts being represented, as on the occasion of the first performance, by Mdme Lablache and Signor Del Puente. The music of Manrico is well suited to the voice of Signor Fancelli, who was twice called for after his energetic delivery of "Di quella pira," and encored, with Mdle Tietjens, in the justly famous "Miserere." That "Il balen" should be similarly complimented, expressively as it was sung by Signor Del Puente, may be taken for granted, as also that the general performance, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, was all that could be wished.

Un Ballo in Maschera was repeated on Monday; *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with Mdle Mila Rodani as Maria, and Signor Fancelli as Tonio, was the opera on Tuesday; and *La Traviata* (second appearance of Mdme Christine Nilsson) on Thursday. *Lucrezia Borgia*, for Mdle Tietjens, Mdme Trebelli, and M. Faure (first appearance of the two last named), is announced for this evening. (See elsewhere for other particulars.)

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 17th:—

Overture, <i>Jessonda</i>	Spohr.
Andantino (F major, Op. 164)	Schubert.
Air with variations	W. T. Best.
Fantasia for the Organ (F minor)	Mozart.
Marche Religieuse	L. Niedermeyer.
Grand Chœur (A major)	Th. Salomé.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 19th:—

Organ Concerto (G major)	Handel.
Romance (F major, Op. 56)	Beethoven.
Minuetto from the First Symphony	Mendelssohn.
Offertoire for the Organ	Th. Dubois.
Prelude and Fugue (C minor)	Bach.
March for the Organ (A minor)	W. T. Best.

MADRID.—A new Italian opera has been produced at the Teatro Real, entitled *Ledia*, the music by Zubiaurre, a Spaniard. The principal characters were sustained by Signora Ferni, Signori Tamberlik and Bocolini. The composer, who conducted, was much applauded. MM. Francis Planté and Joseph Servais have given concerts at the Teatro Real. The King attended the first,

ADELINA PATTI

(From the "Times," May, 16.)

Mdme Adelina Patti made her first appearance last night, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm by an audience crowding the theatre in every part. The opera selected was Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, in her impersonation of the heroine of which she has so often earned distinction. When, in the opening scene, the forlorn, half-demented maiden crossed the stage in pursuit of her favourite goat, cheer after cheer greeted her. At the beginning, Mdme Patti appeared somewhat overcome by the exceeding warmth of her reception, but she speedily mastered this not unnatural emotion, and long before the end of the lullaby, "Si carina, dormi in pace," was in full possession of her unrivalled means. Thence to the end of the opera she sang and acted her very best. Not to enter into particulars, the famous scene in which *Dinorah* sings and dances to her shadow in the moonlight, comprising the well-known "Ombra leggera, non te n'andar," was a genuine masterpiece of vocal skill and mimetic power. Mdme Patti almost excelled herself in her brilliant delivery of this trying piece, every florid passage in which was executed with the utmost fluency, and every note, from the highest to the lowest, with a purity of intonation not to be surpassed. The audience, thoroughly roused by this wonderful display, were loud in their demonstrations of approval. An "encore" was demanded with marked unanimity; and so the last part of the air was repeated, Mdme Patti retiring amid a hurricane of applause, followed by three recalls before the curtain. The other parts were sustained by Mdme Scalchi, Signors Marini and Graziani. Signor Vianesi conducted.

(From the "Globe," May 16.)

Last night the brightest star of the operatic firmament, Adelina Patti, shone out with fullest brilliancy. The opera chosen for her *rentrée* was Meyerbeer's pastoral *Dinorah*, and never since she first essayed the character has she more completely proved herself a mistress of the vocal art and an actress of the rarest sympathetic power. At her first appearance, in the picturesque costume of a Breton peasant maiden, such a tempest of applause broke forth as it falls to the lot of few artists to elicit. She bowed her thanks again and again, visibly affected by the enthusiastic and affectionate reception accorded her by an audience which filled the large theatre from floor to ceiling, and when at length she was permitted to proceed, it was some time before she recovered full possession of her vocal powers. In the "Slumber Song" she was herself again, and the beauty of her voice was no less remarkable than the exquisite finish of her vocalisation. In the succeeding scene with Corentino her imitations of the florid passages played by the clarinet were *tours de force*, which were doubly enjoyable because of the apparent ease with which they were executed; and in the "Bell Trio," with which the first act concludes, the purity of vocal tone and the faultlessness of her intonation were alike remarkable. It is unnecessary to particularise the meritorious features of her admirable performance, but a word must be said respecting her execution of the difficult "Shadow Song." This was in all respects a specimen of the highest kind of vocal art, and was a model for vocalists to study and for musicians to admire. If we sometimes refrain from accepting operatic aspirants as "finished" artists, it is because they are unable to fulfil those artistic requirements which to Adelina Patti present no difficulties. For instance, her execution of chromatic scales in the "Shadow Song," her power of holding notes without the slightest suspicion of "tremolo," and her absolutely perfect execution of shakes and *floriture*, may be cited as specimens of really "finished" vocalisation. Art of this kind affords a standard which few can attain, but by which all may fairly be judged. The great artist who held her audience spell-bound did not arrive at her present development of vocal cultivation without long and assiduous study, and the example of her success conveys a lesson to every student. It must at the same time be admitted that she appears to be endowed by nature with a specially happy organisation, and, apart from cultivation, has a musical instinct of the rarest kind.

The same remark applies to her acting, which is so natural and spontaneous that all appearance of art is hidden. In comedy and tragedy she is equally delightful, and those who have watched her career from its commencement have noticed that there is an infinite variety in her readings of familiar parts, and that she often startles and delights her admirers by sudden and spontaneous revelations of a "grace beyond the reach of art." Last night this creative power was often manifested, and both her singing and acting merited the enthusiastic applause with which they were rewarded. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and a large number of the aristocracy were present.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette," May 16.)

The most perfect vocalist and most poetical actress of our time returned to us last night in the character of *Dinorah*, than which none is better suited for the exhibition of at least one side of her many-sided talent. It would be in vain to assert that Mdme Patti has improved since she was last among us, improvement in her case having ceased to be possible. But she was never before received with so much enthusiasm. That every place in the theatre was filled before the performance began happened as a matter of course. Every place, too, seemed to be occupied by some particularly devoted admirer of Mdme Patti, so that on appearing for the first time she met with a welcome so cordial, so pronounced, and so prolonged, that even this first favourite among the favourites of the operatic stage, accustomed as she is to ardent greetings, must have been astonished at her reception. Apparently, too, she was delighted; and she may well be pleased to find her popularity still increasing at a theatre where her abilities, her acquirements, and her manifold graces made her at once the most popular of *prime donne* when, some twelve or fourteen years ago, she came out at the Royal Italian Opera as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. She was only a child, but she was a child of genius; and the impression she then made, though less profound than the impression she now produces, was of the same character. She in those days presented sketches where at present she shows us perfect pictures. Still the same Patti, but a Patti of more power and more decision than could have belonged to the Patti of seventeen. To Mdme Patti's genius might well be applied the fable of the two knights who quarrelled as to the colour of an object which each saw from a different-coloured side. Many well-meaning persons, after seeing her as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, or as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, go about saying that she is incomparable in comedy, which is true; but that she is not and cannot be quite so good in serious works, which is false. Those who have only witnessed Mdme Patti's performance of sentimental and dramatic parts fall into a similar error from the opposite point of view; and it would be quite possible to see her in the lively part of Rosina, in the pathetic part of Linda, in the tragic part of Aida, and yet have no conception as to her ability to realise on the stage the fantastic and fairy-like personage of *Dinorah*. Meyerbeer has set this highly spiritual character to appropriately ethereal music; and there is no heroine in the whole range of opera more perfectly painted by the melodies and melodic phrases assigned to her than the pale, shadowy, moonstruck heroine of the Breton legend known to opera-goers as *Le Pardon de Plöermel*. Meyerbeer must have had a vision of Mdme Patti in composing this *Pardon de Plöermel*, or *Dinorah*, as it is called on the Italian stage. One might easily believe that the character had been conceived and the music of the character written expressly for her. Not only is the personage marvellously suited to her in a dramatic point of view, the part moreover contains passages which she alone can sing. Others, no doubt, can utter the notes correctly enough; but Mdme Patti makes every phrase at once *Dinorah's* and her own. She animates the character in the completest sense of the word, penetrating herself with the composer's spirit, and throwing her whole soul into his creation.

LYONS.—A musical competition of reed bands and vocal societies is to take place on the 20th and 21st inst.

MUSIC AT LEEDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The above is a mis-nomer—a false heading. We have no music at Leeds just at present. We can only reflect on the past, and anticipate good things in the future. But stay, is it not my duty, dear Editor, to chronicle what may possibly have an important bearing on “the music of the future” in Clothopolis, and to inform you that his Worship the Mayor of Leeds gave a magnificent banquet to the Musical Festival Committee last Friday evening at the Town Hall, and that your honoured contributor was among the favoured guests on that interesting occasion? Truly, if it was not wholly a feast of reason and a flow of soul, it was a feast of things in and out of season, and a very considerable flow of bowl. The proverbial hospitality of Yorkshire shone out most conspicuously. Never did the Mayor’s extensive table groan with choicer viands or more varied and delicious drinks, and these were specified, too, on a *menu* of original design, distinguished (as you will mark from the enclosed), if not by the purest French, at least by artistic and suitable musical emblems. The Mayors of Ripon and Wakefield, in their insignia of office, gave a municipal dignity to the banquet; eminent men of the legal and medical professions, as well as the Editors of the various Leeds papers, and a small sprinkling of local musicians (Dr Spark and Mr Broughton) all helped to make up the eighty guests who were assembled to assist the Mayor in his generous and timely welcome to the Leeds Musical Festival Committee of 1877. If the dinner was a model one, so was the toast list. To which were added, “The Mayors of Ripon and Wakefield,” smartly proposed by the Town Clerk, and “Mr Walter Austin” (composer of *The Fire King* cantata), who, said his proposer, was “the only representative composer present, i.e., of works written for the Festival”—Dr Spark having, it appears, withdrawn his offer of a concert-overture, for lack of time, &c. I must here mention that Dr Macfarren and Sir Michael Costa were both invited to the banquet, and would have attended but for indispensable engagements in town on the same evening.

The Mayor made a happy speech in proposing “Success to the Leeds Musical Festival.” His Worship observed that the two great points desired were (1) the encouragement and progress of music in its highest forms; and (2) the securing to our great local charity, the Leeds General Infirmary, a rich addition to its treasury.

Mr Thos. Marshall, the Registrar of the County Court, and chairman of the Executive Committee, replied in suitable terms. He said that as the town of Leeds possessed one of the finest halls and most famous organs in England, or perhaps in Europe, and also a superb and powerful chorus second to none, they (the Committee) had engaged to merit fair association with these local advantages, the grandest band, and also the most successful and experienced conductor of modern times—Sir Michael Costa. To these attractions would be added those of the best possible performance of ancient and modern compositions of the highest class—first-rate solo singers, &c.—But, he significantly added, there was a determination on the part of the executive not to sacrifice the general excellence of the performances, or the expected pecuniary benefit to the medical charities of the town, by paying extortionate sums to any particular “stars” who were expected by the general public to appear on the announcement of every musical festival, but whose expensive engagements but too often demanded sacrifices in more important departments, and decidedly militated against general success, musically and financially.

I may add that the chorus rehearsals are carried on with much vigour and success by Mr Broughton; and that, in addition to Handel’s *Solomon*, Mozart’s *Requiem*, Mendelssohn’s *Walpurgis Night*, and Bach’s *Magnificat*, a part of Dr Macfarren’s new oratorio has been rehearsed, the remainder being daily expected.

The orchestra in the Town Hall is fast being re-constructed; the grand organ is undergoing a complete overhauling—various repairs, cleaning, &c.; the recitals are over, and nothing is thought of (musically) in Leeds but the great event of the autumn, commencing on Wednesday, September 19th, which, notwithstanding the cry of bad trade, is expected to surpass former gatherings in almost every point. May no one be disappointed.

Leeds, May 16, 1877.

P.S.—Where *shall* we land now? Wagner is *not* coming to Leeds! One of our Committee has just returned from the Wagner

Festival at the Albert Hall, in which he says he found “plenty of room,” &c. He seems to be very ill, his language in attempting to describe to me the effect the music had upon him, is very incoherent, and occasionally painful to listen to. He tells me that he patiently bore the first half of the concert, and strove manfully with the German descriptions in the word books, but “could make nought of it.” Seeing others gradually sneaking away, he summoned up courage and followed suit, going back to his hotel and to bed with the greatest possible speed. Here in vain he strove to discover the “Liet-motive” in the selection from the *Nibelungen* and *Rhinegold*, and at last overtaxed nature was exhausted, and he fell asleep. He begs I will not press him further on the subject now, but promises to recur to it, and tell me all his impressions of that fearful night, if I will only first play to him gently and expressively, “Batti batti,” or “Salve dimora.” Poor fellow; he assured he has my deepest sympathy, and when he next comes I will play him “a tune.”

[The committee-gentleman who names “Batti batti” and “Slave dimora” in the same breath cannot fairly be expected to understand the *melos* of Richard Wagner.—E. Quett.]

THE LEAFLESS TREE.

BY PENCERDDD GWFFYN.

On the earth’s radiant mantle of varied hue,
That spring spreadeth forth to th’ enraptured view,
Yon dark leafless tree with bare skeleton arms,
Now forms a rude blot ’mid the fair virgin charms.
The sun as a bridegroom embraceth the earth,
His nuptial hymn’s chanted by birds in shrill mirth;
The forests in gay wedding garments appear,
Yet thou in the garb of grim death scowlest here.
In shaking thy vixenish hands to the sky,
The winds thou set’st moaning so dissonantly;
With hungry, gaunt fingers thou stretchest to seize
The riches which load all the neighbouring trees.
Across the blue sky thou art spread like a net,
That good should not fly through the tangled outlet;
And, spider-like, demons will lurk in thy web,
To clutch all that pass in the night’s flow and ebb.
The fairies when tripping beneath the moon’s ray,
Will shun the weird shadow that’s thrown from thy spray;
There goblins will revel in witchery’s craze,
In and out of the lines of thy tortuous maze.
The primrose unto thee now reareth its head,
And the violet deigneth its perfume to shed;
Adoration is sin to an idol’s foul shrine,
And offerings are vain on such altars as thine.
Whilst the forest resounds with its newly form’d quire,
Thy branches are dumb as an unstringed lyre;
The minstrels of day from thy scare wing their flight,
And ne’er from thy boughs sings the sweet bird of night.
The languishing lovers pass by with a sigh,
To shades that will hide them from every eye;
Th’ emotion, which courseth warm blood through each vein,
Thine image of death would its currents restrain.
The vows that are breath’d in th’ enraptured ear
Would be scatter’d by winds through thy branches so sere;
For love’s tender music in bowers will linger,
As in aisles are retained the tones of the singer.
Thou’rt like a spent voice harshly grating the ear,
Whilst youth’s sweetly carolling harmonies clear.
Cruel winter has left thee—his reign having ceased,
To be shown as the mummy at spring’s merry feast.
And is it then death? Nay, ’tis only the seeming;
For, behold! every stem with life latent is teeming;
The clos’d bud appeareth like death’s parasite,
But, unfolding, will bring hidden glories to sight.
When the blossoms, now spreading so wondrously fair,
Are drooping and fading ’neath summer’s fierce glare,
Thy bloom then will shoot with such vigour and zest,
That of all the spring tribe thou’lt be youngest and best.
Old age, like this tree, seems to cumber the ground,
His limbs, as thy branches, all wither’d are found;
Though winter upon him has fix’d the dread doom,
In the spring that’s eternal anon he will bloom,
May 14, 1877,

The Wagner Festival.

(From "Punch.")

Having been a considerable time accustomed to play the Trilogy with one finger on the accordion, I was naturally anxious to hear the same work of art performed by a band of two hundred at the Albert Hall.

Herr Richard Wagner wrote to me in his best low Bavarian:—

"Ich bin gleich nach gekommen London mit der Trompeten und Drummen, der brassen, der Winden und der Fiddelstücken. Du bist ein Musik-Kritiker. Wie viel? Leben Sie wohl.—R. W."

Then—

"Postscriptum.—Inklösen ist ein Postoffische Ordern für ein Thaler. Herren Hodge und Essex wollen Sie Trinkmönische geben. Wenn beide der Herren are at home, Sie der whole somm all-at-conce vill poketen!! Stecken Sie es in Ihre Tasche! Ich trinke to our Nex-merre-meeting! Hoch!"

To which I replied (in Saxon-Bavarian, which we both understood)—

"O mein intimer Freund, Ich see zou blowen vürst! Votz ein Thaler? Gettout!! Woran denken Sie? Das ist nicht genug. Ich weiss wie viel U're es ist! Ich take nicht der Trink-mönische ekeption wenn Ich bin drei. Wenn drei, trinke. Kumprenny! Lieben Sie wohl mein Herr von Thaler—nicht von Thaler, aber zwei, drei und az many moren Thaleren az zu li'en-to-standen! Hoch!"

Why, I couldn't even get up a torchlight procession in Orme Square with one thaler. It wouldn't run to one torch and a cab fare. So that all my schemes for worthily celebrating the grand occasion fell to the ground. I had composed a Festival Hymn, to be sung to an air of Bellini's under Wagner's vinder in Orme Square (where he is stopping with Herr Toole, who "always comes home to tea"), which ran (or would have run, if it had once got a fair start) like this,—

"Orme! Orme! Orme! sweet Orme!

Ho! Mynheer von Wagner, there's no place like Orme!"

This was set to a bed-chamber-kandlestücken "motive," and would have been simply a masterpiece; but, no matter, there's the masterpiece still on my chimney-piece. The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

Being a trifle near-sighted, and a little uncertain about Wagnerian waggeries generally (I haven't seen him for years—and the idea of offering me a thaler!), I requested a friend of mine, who has the reputation of being a very well-informed man, to ask me (in your interest) to dinner. He mistook my meaning, and came and dined with me. We were Wagnerites both—Wagnerisseriesites. My Well-Informed Man said he would tell me everything. Down to the Hall we went in a hansom. Then we got out, and, amid the cheers of the Monday populace and the courteous salutes of the A Division (Wagnerites to a man), bowing left and right, entered the *salle*.

"Der Walkiren!" exclaimed the crowd directly they saw us. We intimated to Herren Hodge and Essex that we wished to be alone. They replied that with nearly eight thousand people in the Hall this would be almost impossible. "But," they politely added, "after the opera is over you can have it entirely to yourself."

"Now," I said to my Well-Informed Man (engaged, mind, on purpose, just as a Q.C. has a solicitor below him to give him his facts), "Tell me all you know."

Oh, sir! Oh, my dear sir! Never again with you, Robin—I mean, never again with my Well-Informed Friend. A humbug, sir, a humbug!—but, to proceed.

Two ladies walked on to the platform. Immense applause. "Whom are they applauding?" I asked of Well-Informed Friend. Did he reply at once, sir? No. He referred to his programme. Why, I could have done as much. At this moment a buzz went round the house, and from box to box was mysteriously telegraphed the words "Frau Materna." "Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend suddenly, "that's Frau Materna! She was at Bayreuth."

"Which is Frau Materna?" I asked, sternly, for there were two. Is it the magnificent lady in a brilliant dress, or is it the retiring young damsel in blue?"

"Well," replied my Well-Informed Friend, deliberately, "well—it's either the stouter of the two—or the other."

And I had asked this friend to accompany me on the strength of knowing all about it! Why, sir, I had imagined that this person had been your correspondent at Bayreuth last year.

Suddenly, a burst of enthusiastic applause. I could not see whom they were applauding. I appealed to my Well-Informed Friend. "Is it Wagner?" I asked.

"Well, he replied, slowly, "I fancy it must be Wagner."

"Is he there?" I asked, authoritatively—for you see I had treated

this man, and treated him well, on the strength of his being Your Own Well-Informed Correspondent at Bayreuth.

"Well," he began, "I rather think he—!" But before the egregious humbug could commit himself to an assertion, a mysterious whisper passed round—"It is Wilhelmj!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend, suddenly waking up, "that's Wilhelmj!"

I frowned; he cowered. So we sat, I frowning, he cowering, until an enthusiastic greeting announced the appearance of Herr Wagner.

A lady near me gave a great start.

"Is that Wagner?" she exclaimed; and then added, in a tone of considerable disappointment, "Why he is quite a respectable-looking, quiet, elderly man!" And so he is—now.

My Well-Informed Man, while pretending to read the German portion of the *Tannhäuser* (the humbug!), kept losing his place (I watched him), and was always looking over other people's shoulders to see when they turned over, and what page they were at.

Still I clung to him. I had heard him talk so much of Wagner. In your interests, sir, I clung to him. I still hoped that he might be the gifted creature I had supposed.

Between the parts I took my Well-Informed Man into the lobby, pulled out my note-book and said, "Now, tell me all about it. First, I suppose you knew all these singers to speak to at Bayreuth?"

My Well-Informed Man paused for a moment, trembled, turned pale, then throwing himself on his knees, while the perspiration streamed off his agonised face, he cried, "Spare me! Oh spare me! I never was at Bayreuth!"

I suppress the rest of this painful scene. I pity that man's family. He was at once confided to the care of Policeman B flat (a great Wagnerite), and I saw no more of him.

A sadder and wiser man I returned from the *Rheingold*, that overpoweringly wonderful work. The music-hall of the future is evidently paved with good motives. I recognised the genius of the idea, and fell into the spirit of it cordially. Before it was a quarter over didn't I feel an irrepressible "drink-motive?" Later on, wasn't I powerfully moved by a "more-drink-motive?" Then by "go-away-before-the-crowden-bit-motive?" Were not the Linkmen both actuated by a "threepenny-bit-motive" when they dashed wildly off in search of a cab for yours truly? And wasn't I (still Wagnerian) impelled by a "save-my-two-and-sixpence-motive" when I didn't stop for the cab, but set off to walk? Didn't the "drink-motive" recur strongly again and often-times during the remainder of the evening, not to mention the "supper-motive" and the "cigar motive," uniting together to form one irresistible "stop-at-the-club-till-three-in-the-morning-motive."

Before retiring to rest, I dropped a line to my old friend, "*Mein Intimer Freund*, your Rhine-gold has the ring (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*) of the true genius-metal. But with such a stock of Rhine-gold, why offer me a thaler? No matter. Success to you, *Mein Herr*! The "sleep-motive" overcomes yours ever,

Posky Balfour.

TO F. C. BURNAND, ESQ.

DEAR BURNAND,—Mr Zero is expected in town daily. Wabash avenue residents are enjoying a carnival of bells. The Board of Health are after the sellers of diseased meat and stale oysters. John Dillon drew another large audience. The shops which advertise in the *Republican* are jammed full of Christmas buyers.

From this, dear Burnand, you may draw your own conclusions. My mind is made up. Hobbes (or Hobbs), of Malmesbury (or Malmsbury), says—"a state of nature is a state of war; everyone warring against everyone." Yours extremely, SIDNEY HAM.

AU PORT D'ALGER.

Layetier—Coffettier—Emballleur.	Box-maker, Trunk-maker, Packer.
Tient un assortiment des Boites et Caisses.	Keep a sortment of Boxes and Cashes.
Boites légères pour l'ajustement des dames.	Nimble Boxes for the adjusting of Ladies.
Encaisse aussi les Glaces, Meubles, Pendriles, Cristaux.	Pack up also in boxes, Ices, Household goods, Clocks, Crystal.
Emballage en toile grasse, toile cirée et toile d'emballage.	Packing in toils fat waxed and of packing.
Fait les expéditions à la douane.	Make the expeditions to the custom house.
Tient malles de tout genre et de toutes grandeur.	Keep Pack of all sorts and of all largeness.
Rue St Anne, No 16, Magnier, à Paris, A.D. 1808.	

A VOICE FROM BERLIN.

Minnie Hauk has left us. How small or how great a loss she may be for our Royal Operahouse is a question into which we cannot and will not enter now. All celebrities are exposed to the attacks of the envious, and our *prima donna* has experienced no lack of enemies, who are certainly as numerous as her admirers. Despite this, the house on Thursday presented as brilliant an appearance as on the first night of a great work, and the traffic in tickets outside the doors was as flourishing as ever it was in the old and almost forgotten days of Pauline Lucca. Minnie Hauk, indeed, did more than anyone else to fill up the void occasioned by the departure of the lady last named. She undertook most of Pauline Lucca's parts, and, within the limits of her individuality, sustained them to perfection. She is no more free from weaknesses than are other fair artists, but she possesses a great number of good qualities, which are not so soon found combined in any other singer. Her place will not be easily filled up; and the public will often have occasion to lament the fact of her leaving Berlin. She has sung in more than a dozen parts, and stamped even the smallest with well-marked character. We will mention merely her Zerline in *Don Juan* and *Fra Diavolo*, and her grand parts, such as Margarethe, Aida, Pamina, Rosine in *Il Barbiere*, Marie, Mignon, Carlo Broschi, Cherubino, &c., which are certainly to be considered first-rate performances. A grand voice of extensive compass, an admirable method, considerable dramatic talent, and a heavenly stage-presence, belong to her in the highest degree. On her last appearance as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment* she was seen at her best. Her graceful, roguish acting was full of animation and effectiveness, and her efforts were rewarded by numerous ovations. Especially successful were the pieces introduced in the first scene of the second act, namely, "Kathleen Mavourneen," so frequently mentioned of late, and another English song, "She is fooling thee" (Balfe), greatly in vogue at the present time on the other side Channel; as well as, at the conclusion of the opera, the well-known waltz, "Vien', vien', m'abbraccia." Miss Hauk's style of execution is singularly well adapted for such pieces, her exceptionally beautiful *pianissimo* forming a very important feature in them. As a matter of course, large bouquets and wreaths rained down from all sides, and, at the conclusion of the opera, Miss Hauk had to appear before the curtain five times. We hear that she may return for a short engagement in the season of 1878-9. If she does, she may be sure of being well received. Between this and then there will be many advantageous alterations in the operas in which she sings, and the general effect will then be immeasurably superior. X.

—o—

FLAMINGO ON THE CHELTENHAM PROFESSOR.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In the epistle signed "Cheltenham Professor" which you have characteristically inserted in your issue of May 12th, its author, while doing me the honour to comment upon one of my articles, employs an expression which, in the following sentence he confesses, "a man must be a simpleton to make use of," and discloses the facts that "Herr Manns' repute requires a conductor, and that it has done so 'on several occasions.'" I must decline to enter with the friends of Herr Manns into a discussion, the only effect of which would be a valuable advertisement to Herr Manns, without a corresponding increase to the credit side of the balance sheet of the *Musical World*. Besides, Herr Manns, being gentleman as well as musician, will hardly endorse the modest assertions of the West of England provincial, whose effusion can only occasion regret that the Board Schools had not been founded at a somewhat earlier period.

For, like many others of the "good-natured friends" who have become chivalrous in the cause of Herr Manns, the Professor of Cheltenham, is prepotently pragmatismal, peevishly personal, aberrantly abusive, innocently incoherent, and unequivocally ungrammatical.—Your obedient servant, FLAMINGO.

MANNHEIM.—A new comic opera, *Die Fremden*, by Herr Starke, has been produced.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated.)

Sir Michael Costa, under whose conduct, as from the first, will be held the grand celebration in honour of Handel that is soon to take place at the Crystal Palace, has been down at Sydenham in conference with Mr Grove, Mr Manns, and the other musical authorities of the Palace, inspecting arrangements and perfecting plans which will, without doubt, invest the forthcoming Handel Festival with an exceptional perfectness, such as should be the result of an organisation so remarkable as that which has been created by the joint efforts of the Crystal Palace Company and the Sacred Harmonic Society, and maintained through so many years to this particular end. Sir Michael has been unremittingly attentive to the many orchestral details, and the musical effect will no doubt be unprecedented, even when we consider the unique position of former Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace. Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdle Albani, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Cummings, Signor Foli, Herr Henschel, and Mr Santley have been already engaged. The solo organ performance will be by Mr Best, of St George's Hall, Liverpool; Mr Willing playing organ in the oratorios. The organisation, for gathering and receiving the immense chorus and band of instrumentalists, numbering 4,000 executants, practised artists, is complete. The time is anxiously expected in many a country district. Almost every county sends up trained voices, drawn from cathedral choirs and local societies, to represent it, most of them making the occasion their holiday as well as their demonstration of admiration for the mighty master. All the resources of the Sacred Harmonic Society are put into requisition, so that the band and chorus may not only be numerically, but perfect artistically. The raised seats in front of the Great Stage, where at previous festivals the representatives of corporate bodies and other distinguished visitors have sat, will be as before. The Post Office authorities are connecting special telegraphic wires to an office constructed in the galleries specially devoted to the press. There is every prospect of a magnificent celebration.

—o—

WELSH CONCERT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As it has been reported that the *miners* are to appear at the Welsh Concert at the Crystal Palace, I shall feel obliged if you will permit me to announce that the statement is incorrect. Yours truly, BRINLEY RICHARDS.

St Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington, May 14.

(For Music.)

HARK! THE HOARSE WHISPER!

Hark! the hoarse whisper o'er land and o'er sea,—
Tyrants are wakeful, the vultures are free;
Fiercely they stoop o'er the blood-glutted lands,
Peace in their voices, but death in their hands;
Honour is stagnant and lies in a fen,
Women breed craft-gods, but fail to breed men.

Stay but a moment! a vision I see!—
Britons are rousing from vile apathy,
Majesty stretches her arm o'er the main,
Tyranny struggles, but struggles in vain!
Back to his eyrie the vulture must speed—
Touch but a province, and death is the meed!

Sneer not, ye nations, though slumbering yet,
England can never her honour forget;
Sheathed is her falchion in scabbard of dun,
Soon will it flash under Liberty's sun.
God is her general! her bulwark is faith!
List to her war-cry—"Victory or Death!"

* Copyright.

H. MELVILLE.

ANTWERP.—M. Saint-Saëns' oratorio, *Le Déluge*, has been performed at the Grand-Théâtre. M. Ad. Samuel, director of the Royal Conservatory, Ghent, and Member of the Institute of Belgium, was conductor.

HAMBURG.—The fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Stadttheater was celebrated, on the 3rd inst., by a performance of Goethe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music. In compliance with the request of the manager, Sig. Pollini, Herr Krebs, of Dresden, came to Hamburg expressly to conduct the music, as he had done when the theatre was opened with the same piece fifty years ago.

ST JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his SEVENTEENTH Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 25, 1877.
FRIDAY, June 1, "
FRIDAY, June 8, "

FRIDAY, June 15, 1877.
SATURDAY, June 23, "

FOURTH RECITAL.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 25, 1877.

QUINTET, in D minor, Op. 180, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr L. RIES, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA ... *Spohr*.
DIE DAVIDSBÜNDLER, Op. 6, for pianoforte alone (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ ... *Schumann*.
SONATA, in E minor, Op. 39, for pianoforte and violoncello (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Herr FRANZ NERUDA ... *Brahms*.
FOURTEEN VARIATIONS on an Original Theme, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA ... *Beethoven*.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	For the Series.	Single Tickets.
Sofa Stalls, numbered and reserved ...	23 2 0	20 7 0
Balcony ...	1 1 0	0 3 0
Area ...		0 1 0

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prosser, & Co., 45, Cheapside; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

DEATH.

On the 8th May, at Catherington, WILLIAM ROBERT CROTCH, M.A., vicar of that place, late Fellow of New College, Oxford, only son of the late William Crotch, Mus. Doc., Oxon, in his 78th year.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

Adelina Patti.



DELINA PATTI—"little Lina," as she used to be called, when not much littler, though some years younger—has returned; and now Mr Gye's bright galaxy is three parts finished. The Southern Cross is nothing to it. Fancy! Adelina, Emma, Zaré—the other being in *nubibus*, till the vapours disperse. It saves us all the pains of traversing thousands of miles of ocean, to see what Arabella (who would have been the fourth star in the Constellation) saw during perilous voyages over and athwart the globe. Behold Mr Gye's all but Cross; and dream of the time when Arabella, who can sing just as well as she can play, shall take her position of right in the southern sky, and complete it! While Anton plays, Arabella should sing; and while Anton sings (which he can, like an angel, when it pleases him) Arabella should play. But to leave

astronomical metaphor, Adelina has come back to England. On Tuesday she appeared as the shadowy Dinorah of dear old Heine-Wagner-bitten Giacomo; and when the moon came out, shone brighter than the moonlight. There were birds of song in Shelley's time—sky-larks, "scorners of the earth," who—

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"—

sang so as to arrest the music of the spheres, and make the heavens dumb for listening. Of such as these is Adelina—whose warbling, nevertheless, no bird, though rising in its flight so high as to become, as it were, a speck irradiating melody, ever equalled, or could possibly equal. Such a glory of tone and tune as gushes from the throat of Adelina was never before heard from feathered or unfeathered biped. Shelley, the divine, apostrophised Apollo, and also Pan. But maugre his "sweet pipings," Pan would be nowhere, supposing Adelina within ear-shot; while Apollo, who vauntingly says (through Shelley's verse—he, the god, could not have said it for himself)—

"I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine"—

would have been of little more account. Adelina would have been no Marsyas to him. Apollo, not Adelina, would have been flayed alive, had the Greek-styled Phoebus dared to contest the palm with her. As for Hermes and his tortoise—to Erebus with them both! But to quit the spheres—Adelina, on Tuesday, not only came, but saw and conquered two thousand amateurs hungry for melody, sending them home transported. She was younger than ever, more beautiful than ever, more syren-like than ever. Talk of Circe, and Calypso, and Armida!—no tying to masts could resist her spell. Duke Samson could no more have competed with Adelina in the carrying of hearts than she Duke Samson in the carrying of gates.

Septimus Wind.

The Wagner Festival.

We again quote the *Times* (May 14th) with reference to the "Wagner Festival," which to-day (unhappily) comes to an end:—

"The second concert of the series, on Wednesday evening, began with a selection from the *Flying Dutchman*, with which Mr Carl Rosa, through his admirable performances at the Lyceum Theatre, has made us so well acquainted that no further description is required. This was followed by the first act of *Die Walküre*, the second drama of the *Ring des Nibelungen*—about which more hereafter. The third concert, on Saturday afternoon, drew together an audience which might have outnumbered the audiences attracted by its precursors put together. The reason of this is not far to seek. There was distinguished patronage; and this being generally expected, many—how many we dare not guess—setting the weather, which could not have been less favourable, at naught, proceeded to the Royal Albert Hall, uncertain as to how they should arrive, and still more uncertain as to how they should get away. The programme was materially altered, 'by desire,' and those who had been satisfied with one hearing of the *Tannhäuser* "Procession March" had the unexpected gratification of hearing it again. The first part was devoted to a selection from *Tannhäuser*, consisting generally of pieces—such as the overture, the March, the song addressed by Wolfram to the 'Evening Star,' &c.—which have been heard over and over again. These were listened to with the usual equanimity, and applauded, from time to time, with the accustomed warmth, by an audience whose curiosity would have been more gratified had the programme consisted entirely of excerpts from Wagner's last and, by very many degrees, greatest work—the *Ring des Nibelungen*. It was, at any rate, a mistake to place the Bayreuth music—which as Herr Edouard Hanalick says, compared with any preceding composition by Wagner, is 'like the Falls of Niagara to a glass of water'—at the end, instead of at the beginning, of the programme. After the first part attention flags; and while the most extraordinary things go on, the audience are leisurely departing. Thus many lost one of the most magnificent performances ever listened to of a truly magnificent piece of orchestral music. Under the splendid conducting of Herr Richter, the 'Ride

of the Walkyries,' which began the second part, was more than worth all that preceded it; while the exquisite singing of Mdme Materna, no less irreproachable in a dramatic than in a musical sense, imparted especial interest to the selection from this part of the Tetralogy. Admirable at the second concert as Sieglinde, she was still more admirable at the third, as Brünnhilde. Beyond saying that the 'Ride' was encircled in a storm of applause, and, in defiance of Wagner's known objection to repetitions of any passages, however striking, from his 'dramas,' played over again, we shall add nothing more just now, believing that a general comment upon the series of performances will be more to the purpose than a detailed account of each. At the fourth concert, this evening, the programme comprises the 'Huldigungsmarsch,' dedicated to King Ludwig II., of Bavaria, together with selections from *Lohengrin* and *Siegfried*. We could have wished, for reasons already suggested, that *Siegfried*, came first instead of last. Herr Wagner, who directed a great part of the performance on Saturday, was received with the same cordiality as before."

The programmes of the fourth and fifth concerts, owing to circumstances which neither Herr Wagner nor the managers of the undertaking could have foreseen, were considerably modified. Nevertheless, each contained enough from the gorgeous and magnificent "*Ring*" to delight all present. More in our next.

T. Q.

Elench.

(Continued.)



At the Bee and Bottle.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—I tell you, I have been, Admiral.
ADMIRAL STUMP (with emphasis).—You must go again to-morrow night, Professor—if only for this (sings) :—



Music in Smoke-room.



PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—They are rehearsing in smoke-room.
ADMIRAL STUMP.—Come along, we must go hear. It is beautiful (singing) :—



(Exeunt to Smoke-room singing in octaves.)



Enter Dr NOSE and Major PULLIT.



Major PULLIT.—Oh, I like that from *Die Walküre*.
Dr. NOSE.—What?
Major PULLIT (singing) :—



Dr NOSE (interrupting him) :—



Music from Smoke-room.

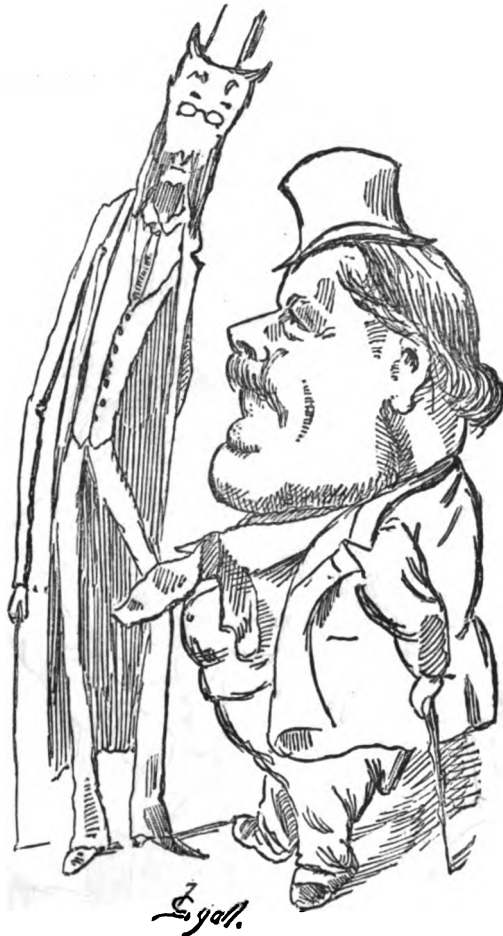


Major PULLIT.—They are rehearsing in Smoke-room. Come along, or I'll pull your nose.

Dr NOSK.—Don't.

[*Exeunt to Smoke-room.*]

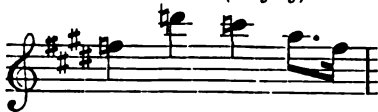
Enter Lord LONG and Mr T. DUFF SHORT, severally.



Lord LONG (*not seeing Mr SHORT*).—Demnition! That haunts me (*sings*):—



Mr T. DUFF SHORT (*not seeing Lord LONG*).—By Jove! I've spent a lot of tin for nothink. If only LONG was a member of the I O U. Never mind! I've heard Walküre. (*Singing*):—



Music in Smoke-room.



Lord LONG (*seeing SHORT*).—Demnition! There's Short. Demnition!

Mr T. DUFF SHORT (*seeing LONG*).—By Jove! There's Long. I'll have my tin.

Schluss folgt.

SIMS REEVES IN DUBLIN.

The *Dublin Evening Express* of May 5, in a notice of a concert given by Mr Sims Reeves on the night previous, speaks thus of our great English singer:—

"What though the great tenor be but *nominis umbra*, that name is a power in the land, as was made abundantly evident in the crowded attendance drawn together to the Earlsfort Terrace Rooms yesterday evening by the announcement of his visit. For our part we resolved to shun the floor, where nothing is distinctly audible, and a great deal cannot be heard at all, and last night we sought the gallery at the extreme end. We were abundantly repaid for our prudence. We can now recal Mr. Reeves's singing for many a year, but even when his noble voice had attained its zenith we were more pleased by his beauty of phrasing, the delicacy of his art, than by any *tours de force* or any ringing notes above the stave. His vocal quality is charming, his declamation faultless, his phrasing most just—never weakening but, on the contrary, enforcing the sense of the words. His intonation, too, is pure as ever; we could not detect a note out of tune (and we are somewhat sensitive in this respect) during the evening. . . . And when Sims Reeves is well, and in good sort, he is very compliant, especially in Ireland. He by no means merits the hard things (to employ no stronger term) that thoughtless people circulate so freely about his voice, his caprices—nay, his daily life. The simple truth is that he is a great musical artist, and therefore of necessity nervous and of excitable temperament; were he otherwise dull and stolid, who would go hear him? Who, indeed! Certes not we!"

The *Dublin Evening Express* is very condescending; but any body who pays attention to the senseless twaddle that has occasionally been talked about Sims Reeves (as it used to be, with equally slender foundation, about Mario, the Italian Reeves), deserves only to be laughed at for his pains. He will find no sympathy from common-sense people. Sims Reeves is Sims Reeves. Find another!

The following account of some of Mr Sims Reeves' dramatic performances is from the *Dublin Express*, of May 14th:—

"It having been announced that on Saturday night Mr Sims Reeves would appear as Henry Bertram in the opera of *Guy Mannering*, the house was crowded to an extraordinary and almost unprecedented degree. Not only were all parts filled to overflowing, but even the corridors approaching the boxes were crowded. Money was refused at the door. The pit, which was prematurely opened by a special door in Poolbeg Street to those who paid an extra sixpence, was filled by the time access was obtainable at the ordinary charge. We do not wonder at this. Sims Reeves is in every respect a great artist. To a great voice he unites in a pre-eminent degree musical and emotional sensibility. His powers as an artist seem to have so developed that to listen to him is to hear the perfection of singing. His exquisite phrasing, his perfect tune, and his thoroughly artistic rendering, in which neither words nor music are sacrificed, but both made tellingly distinct, have long since made and still keep him famous. The Dublin public have always evinced a special sensibility to great vocal artists. That Sims Reeves should have been a special favourite here is not to be wondered at; and that he is so still was proved by the audience which gathered to hear him on Saturday night. The opera of *Guy Mannering* is full of interest, both musically and as to its story; and several items were introduced as special opportunities for the greatest of tenors, which overwhelmed the audience with delight. When he appeared on the stage as Bertram, Mr Reeves was received with cheers, which were repeated over and over again. The ovation must have told upon him, and, probably, old associations too, for it soon appeared that his voice was in first-rate condition, and he sang his part with the power of earlier and the finish of later times. He looked singularly well, and his good acting and peculiarly graceful manner not a little enhanced the effect of his singing. In the

"Echo" duet with Miss Craig his tender interpretation made the house hang upon every note. The 'Pilgrim of Love,' sung by Sims Reeves must have supplied an ideal to the audience which few will forget; and, in truth, the effect of his singing was rare beyond measure. 'Tom Bowling' was given with as true expression and as great effect as anything else that he sang. Hatton's 'Good-bye, sweetheart,' even in ordinary hands can send a thrill to the heart and tears to the eyes; sung by Sims Reeves, it was something overwhelming. Contrary to what many, perhaps, anticipated, Mr Reeves came forward in the most friendly manner, and responded to the encore by 'The Minstrel Boy,' his rendering of which was a music poem. After the fall of the curtain Mr Reeves was called forward and greeted with the warmest acclamations. On leaving at the stage door he received one of those ovations so characteristic of our metropolis. As he was moving to the carriage an immense crowd blocked the way and received him with all sorts of congratulations. 'Cheers for Sims Reeves' were heartily joined in; and several individuals insisted on shaking hands with him. Some even went so far as to ask his opinion on 'Home Rule.' Mr Reeves, in response to this demonstration of Irish feeling, expressed in a straightforward way his pleasure at having met and his regret at parting from his audience. He then got into his carriage and drove off."

HERR RICHARD WAGNER, by special invitation, had audience and "Tiffin" with Her Majesty, Queen-Empress, and the Royal-Imperial family, on Thursday noonwards.

It is more than likely that one of the features of Mr Carl Rosa's next autumn season will be Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.

MDME JANAUSCHECK, the celebrated tragedian, has been staying here for a short time, *en route* for Germany.

MDLLE CHIONI is engaged by Mr Mapleson to sing the part of Lucia at Her Majesty's Theatre. We hear that Mr Mapleson has also engaged Herr Theodor Wachtel (!) If so, how about Tamberlik?

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MAN armed with an accordeon lately stopped before the suburban villa of a Parisian journalist. "Sir," he said, "give me a trifle. I will not stun you with my music, but move on at once." "Not a bit of it," replied the journalist, "Play as much as you like. I don't mind it, and it will amuse the children." "But," observed the musician, disconcerted, "I don't know how to play." "What's the good, then, of your accordeon?" enquired the Journalist. "Only to—frighten people, sir!"

THE *Journal de Musique* relates the annexed anecdote concerning the gipsy musicians of Hungary, known to the Germans as *Zigeuner*, to the Italians as *Zingari*, and to the French as *Tsigannes*. "Tell me," said Count Teleki to Boka-Karoly, one of the impetuous and original musicians in question, "who taught you to play the violin so well?"—"M. Ibranyi, your Excellency."—"Oh, indeed. Then, of course, he plays very well himself?"—"On the contrary. He does not even know how to hold a bow."—"Then how did he manage to give you lessons?"—"Oh, his system was very simple. He used to listen to me all day, and, while doing so, always had a bottle of wine before him. Whenever I made a fault he flung his tumbler at my head. He flung so many that at last I finished by playing correctly." As the reader perceives, the system, to use the gipsy violinist's own words, was "very simple," but the expense would inevitably prevent its being introduced into our Academies of Music, unless the tumblers were made of toughened glass.

MAY, as we learn from Signor Paloschi's *Annuario Musicale*, is remarkable as the month in which the following composers and musicians were born: Michael Glinka, near Smolensk, 1804; Giovanni Paisiello, Taranto, 1741; Michael William Balfe, Limerick, 1808; Richard Wagner, Leipsic, 1813; Giovanni Battista Viotti, Fontanetto, 1753; Fromental Halévy, Paris, 1799; Ignaz Moscheles, Prague, 1794; Bartolomeo Cristofori, inventor of the piano, Padua, 1655; Tommaso Traetta, Bitonto, 1727. There died in the same month, Luigi Gordigiani, Florence, 1860; Giacomo Meyerbeer, Paris, 1864; Adolfo Fungalli, Florence, 1856; Adolphe Adam, Paris, 1856; Ferdinand Paër, Paris, 1839; Nicola Zingarelli, Torre del Greco, 1837; Nicolo Piccinni, Pesay,

near Paris, 1800; Padre Stanislao Mattei, Bologna, 1825; Antonio Salieri, Vienna, 1825; D. F. E. Auber, Paris, 1871; Bonifazio Asioli, Corregio, 1832; Nicolò Paganini, Nice, 1840; Luigi Boccherini, Madrid, 1805; Joseph Haydn, Vienna, 1809; Giuditta Grisi, Robecco, 1840; Claudio Merulo, Parma, 1604; Giovanni Legrenzi, Venice, 1690; Lodovico Grossi-Viadana, Gualtieri, 1645; Ottaviano Petrucci da Fossombrone, inventor of music-printing with moveable types, 1539.

THE following operas were produced for the first time in May: *Zampa*, Hérold, Paris, 1831; *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Donizetti, Milan, 1832; *Iphigénie en Tauride*, Gluck, Paris, 1779; *Linda di Chamounir*, Donizetti, Vienna, 1842; *Messa da Requiem*, Verdi, Milan, 1874; *Gianni di Parigi*, Morlacchi, Milan, 1818; *La Gazza ladra*, Rossini, Milan, 1817; *I Giuochi d'Agriento*, Paisiello, for the inauguration of the Fenice, Venice, 1792; *Zaira*, Bellini, for the opening of the New Theatre, Parma, 1829; *Arianna*, Monteverde, for the public rejoicings on the occasion of the marriage of Francesco di Gonzaga with Margherita di Savoja, Mantua, 1608; and *I Precauzioni*, Petrella, Naples, 1851. Furthermore, on the 4th May, 1860, the bust of Mendelssohn was inaugurated at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham; on the 7th, 1876, the memorial tablet in honour of Bartolomeo Cristofori, inventor of the piano, was inaugurated in the church of Santa Croce, Florence; on the same date, 1824, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in D minor, was performed for the first time in Vienna; and Beethoven gave his last public concert at the Kärnthnerthor Theater; on the 12th, 1852, the monument to Johann Simon Mayr was inaugurated at Bergamo; on the 15th, 1872, the monument to Franz Schubert was inaugurated in Vienna; on the same date, 1875, Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* was performed for the first time in London, under the direction of the composer; on the same date, 1876, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was performed for the 600th time at the Grand-Opéra, Paris; on the 17th, 1846, there was a grand concert at the Scala, Milan, to inaugurate Cincinnato Baruzzi's bust of Rossini; on the 20th, 1874, Glinka's *Life for the Czar* was performed for the first time in Italy, at the Teatro Dal Verme; on the 25th, 1853, the bronze statue of Orlando Lasso was inaugurated at Mons; and on the 28th, 1773, Anton Schweitzer's *Alceste*, the first really German opera, was produced at Weimar.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR W. T. BEST's organ recital on the afternoon of Wednesday the 16th inst. proved one of the most interesting and instructive of the series, and was enjoyed by the numerous audience assembled in The Hall, at Primrose Hill. The following was the programme: Organ Sonata, No. 6, D minor (Mendelssohn); Andante, G major (H. Smart); Fugue in C major (The Bell Fugue) (Dr Bexfield); Organ Preludes on Chorales (Bach); Air, with variations (Best); Fugue, D major (Eberlin); Marche Religieuse (Niedermayer); Organ Concerto, D minor (Handel). It will be seen that the works of Bach and Mendelssohn constituted the backbone of the programme. Some may have thought that Bach's pieces should have been placed first in the order of the programme, as in the relation of time; but it is evident Mr Best wished to give him the place of honour. Perhaps he was fearful that incoming feet might disturb the effect of the wondrous harmonies of the great master. Certain it is that the higher the class of composition, the higher are the merits of the performer; and Mr Best is not fully heard until performing the fugues of Bach. This was felt on Wednesday, when he, with the greatest ease, conquered the difficulties of the double pedal part in the prelude on the chorale, "We all believe in God." It was a triumph of skill, not only showing how earnestly he had pursued his studies, but also the continuity of his practice. Feet are seldom used for artistic purposes; hands monopolise the agency. This need not be. The time may come when the ten toes shall be in as much requisition as when they were used by our ancestors of the woods—so graphically described by Darwin. Mendelssohn's sonata was magnificently rendered. The *andante*, with its elevated religious sentiment, made more than its customary effect. Dr Bexfield's Bell Fugue gave an opportunity of using the carillon stop. But, apart from the attractiveness of the subject, the treatment of the fugue commands admiration. Mr Best's air with variations was not only acceptable for its rendition, but also for its merits. The air is bold in character, and the variations such as could be imagined its author would revel in. Handel's concerto proved a fitting climax to this interesting recital. The next is announced for the 23rd.

MR and M^{ME} ALFRED GILBERT gave the second concert of the series they entitle "Classics of the Pianoforte," on Wednesday evening, May 9th. The instrumentalists were Herr Straus (violin), Signor Pezza (violoncello), and Mr Alfred Gilbert (pianoforte); and the vocalists, M^{ME} Gilbert, Miss Palmer, and Signor Bonetti. Mozart's trio in G, a *chaconne* by Handel, the slow movement from Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat (pianoforte and violoncello), and Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo*, were the instrumental pieces. The vocal music was selected from Mendelssohn, Schumann, Weber, Faure, Balfe, and J. W. Davison. Mr Charles E. Stephens accompanied.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—At the thirteenth *soirée musicale* on Wednesday, the 2nd inst., several young members made their first appearance. Among the most successful was M^{lle} Eugénie Pachette, who won much applause in songs by Dr Verrinder and Arthur Sullivan, accompanied on the harmonium by Dr Verrinder. Another *débutant* was Emil Frank. M^{ME} Schubert, Miss E. Clare, Miss Woodcock, M^{ME} Elma, Miss Mary Egmont, and Herr Hugo (vocalists), and Herr Hause, Miss Ottley, Miss Charlotte May, M^{lle} Meyers, Miss Ogden, and Herr Schubert (instrumentalists), all members, took part in the entertainment. Dr Verrinder and Herr Schubert conducted. The fourteenth *soirée* is announced for Wednesday, 13th June.

MISS PURDY's morning concert was given at St George's Hall, on Wednesday, May 9. M^{lle} Ida Corani, Mrs Osgood, M^{ME} Marie Roze, Miss Alice Fairman, M^{ME} Zoboli, Drummond, Shakespeare, Federici, and Trelawny Cobham were the vocalists, and Signor Tito Mattei, solo pianist. Miss Purdy, who has just returned from Italy, sustained her reputation as one of the most rising contralto singers of the day in the cavatina from Pacini's *Saffo*, "Ah con lui mi fu rapita," the cordial applause and recall after which being justly merited. Miss Purdy's other solo was a new song entitled "Earl March's Daughter," composed expressed for her by the Cavaliere Biletta, her rendering of which was no less admirable and no less unanimously appreciated. In addition to these Miss Purdy took part in concerted pieces from Verdi's operas. Mr Shakespeare, who was in excellent voice was twice called forward after an air from Weber's *Euryanthe*. Signor Tito Mattei was compelled to repeat his fantasia on "Home, sweet home." The vocal music was accompanied by M^{ME} Visetti, Bisaccia, H. Parker, and Ganz.

A CONCERT was given in aid of the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, at the rooms in Soho Square, on Tuesday evening, May 15. Miss Amy Matthews, Messrs Scarsbrook, Thurley Beale, and Suchet Champion assisted. Mr Scarsbrook played Bach's Gavotte in D, and two compositions of his own. Miss Matthews gave with taste and expression Macfarren's "Beating of my own heart," and Blumenthal's "Love, the pilgrim." Mr Beale contributed songs by H. Parker and Scarsbrook; Mr Champion gave "My lady sleeps" (Ignace Gibsone), and his own "Mignonette," and he was encored in both.

M^{LE} IDA HENRY gave her annual concert in the new concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, May 15, assisted by M^{lle} Redeker, M^{ME} Paul Viardot, Zerbini, and Daubert. M^{lle} Henry played, with M. Viardot, Bach's Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin; Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor; a Quartet by Schumann, with M^{ME} Viardot, Zerbini, and Daubert; solos by Scharwenka, Grieg, and Chopin, and, with M. Daubert, the last-named master's "Introduction and Polonaise Brillante," for pianoforte and violoncello. She had thus ample opportunity of exhibiting her talent, and was rewarded by the marked approbation of her patrons. She was "re-called" after each solo. M. Paul Viardot, in Variations on an air by Léonard, was unanimously applauded, and, being encored, repeated the whole. There was a full attendance.

MR ALFRED BURNETT's concert at Blackheath took place on Wednesday evening, May 9. The singers were Misses Elena Norton and Orridge. The first, a "daughter of Erin," distinguished herself in the great *scena* from *Der Freyschütz*, and the ballad, "He does not love me," from her own comic opera, *The Rose and the Ring*. Miss Orridge was quite "at home" in the contralto air from *Dinorah*, and in Spohr's "Bird and the Maiden" (clarinet *obbligato*, Mr Lazarus). Messrs Burnett and Edward Howell played solos and duets for violin and violoncello, and Mr Lazarus a fantasia on airs from Professor Bergson's *Louise di Montford*. Mozart's Quintet for clarinet, two violins, and violoncello, and Mendelssohn's Stringed Quartet in D major (Messrs Burnett, F. J. Amor, C. Doyle, and E. Howell) were also given, as well as a solo on the pianoforte by Mr G. F. Geaussen.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*, were given at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society on Tuesday evening, May 2, under the direction of Mr Done. The principal artists were Miss Julia Wigan (soprano), Mr Charles Fredericks (tenor), and Mr Goodhead (bass). Miss Julia Wigan, a pupil of M^{ME} Sainton-Dolby's, although new to Worcester, "created"—says Berrow's *Worcester Journal*—"a highly favourable impression. She possesses a soprano voice clear and equal throughout its extensive range, combined with a graceful and easy method and admirable facility of execution. It is therefore scarcely necessary to add that the whole of the music allotted to her, both in the *Lauda Sion* and the oratorio, was very artistically rendered. Especial mention may perhaps be made of "The marvellous work" and "With verdure clad" in the oratorio; these were given with charming delicacy and refinement, the former being repeated in response to an unmistakable encore."

WINDSOR.—The Windsor and Eton Choral Society gave their last concert of the season in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, May 14th. Crotch's oratorio, *Palestine*, was given under the direction of Sir George Elvey, Mus. Doc. The vocalists were Misses Ada Paterson, Knowles, Emma Christian, Messrs Mellor and Thurley Beale. Leader, Mr J. S. Liddle, Mus. Bac.; harmonium, Mr S. Smith.

SLOUGH.—A miscellaneous concert was given in the Literary Institution on Friday last, by Mr O. Christian, assisted by the Brousil family, Miss Annie Sinclair, and Mr J. Mellor. The ballads sung by Miss Sinclair were well received, and Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," sung by Miss Sinclair, Mr Mellor, and Mr Christian, met with a hearty encore, as did also a violin solo, "The bird on the tree," played by M^{lle} Bertha Brousil. Mr Christian was successful in "She wore a wreath of roses," and Mr Mellor in Sir S. Bennett's "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him." Messrs A. Joll and W. Summers conducted.

EXETER.—The Oratorio Society gave *Joshua* in the Victoria Hall on May 10th. The hall was filled with an audience which applauded "not wisely, but too well." M^{ME} Enriquez sang the music of Othniel. The capabilities of M^{ME} Enriquez in oratorio are well known, and her singing in *Joshua* will not detract from her reputation. In the declamatory air, "But who is he?" in the love passages which conclude the first part, and in "Now give the army breath," M^{ME} Enriquez was perfect. The soprano music was entrusted to Miss Emily Spiller, the tenor to Mr Henry Guy.

BIRMINGHAM.—The concert given by the members of the Edgbaston Amateur Musical Union, in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, May 10th, furnished—says the *Daily Post*—a triumphant refutation of those scoffers who are given to deride the merits and uses of amateur organisation in musical matters. Alike as to musical results and philanthropic purpose, the concert was most creditable to all concerned, and to none more than to the estimable and accomplished musician who has for so many years laboured, with such assiduity and disinterestedness, to guide the aims and promote the efficiency of the executive members of the society. In addition to the members of the society's band, numbering, with some professional recruits, about seventy performers, under the direction of the society's honorary conductor, Mr C. J. Duchemin; there were, as vocalists, M^{ME}s Rose Hersee and Enriquez, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Lansmere. Mr C. J. Duchemin was solo pianist, and Mr Winn, accompanist. M^{ME} Hersee was especially successful in the "Laughing Song" from *Manon Lescaut*, and had to repeat the last verse. M^{lle} Enriquez was encored in a ballad by M^{ME} Dolby, and Mr Vernon Rigby received hearty applause for Blumenthal's "The Message," and a "double encore" after "The Thorn," when he gave "La Donna è Mobile." The orchestral performances were creditable and effective, especially that of the delightful little symphony by Mozart (No. 12). The novelty of the evening was the new *caprice à la gavotta*, by Mr Duchemin. The themes are at once quaint, characteristic, and tuneful, and the composer has caught the rhythmical forms of the old gavotte, with much of its courtly spirit and antique grace. The solo playing of Mr Duchemin was as usual marked by breadth, force, and expressiveness; and his conducting was not less satisfactory.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM VIENNA PAPER.

"ANNA AGRIKOL, sick nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastry, desserts, and delicacies."

TOULOUSE.—The editors of, and principal writers on, the local papers, forgetting for the moment their political differences, joined one another in offering M. Faure a "punch d'honneur" during the celebrated French barytone's recent visit.

ROSSINI AND WAGNER.*

In the singular piece of criticism devoted by Wagner to the memory of Auber, and more especially to the vindication of *La Muette de Portici*, we have two or three times come across the name of Rossini, and had occasion to remark the off-hand fashion in which the author of *Tannhäuser* summoned before his judgment-seat the minstrel of *Guillaume Tell*. It struck me that those readers who were at all interested in the short study published in our two preceding numbers might, perhaps, like to penetrate still further into Wagner's opinion of Rossini.† I tackled courageously, therefore, the nine thick volumes of the *Gesammelte Schriften*—for Wagner has written nearly as many books as scores. I turned over the leaves, noting an outburst of petulance here and there, and holding my pen in readiness whenever I met the illustrious name for which I was watching. But, though Wagner has rarely lost an opportunity of having a thrust at Rossini, he has never, that I am aware, written a study *ex professo* of *Guillaume Tell*. For my part, I am extremely sorry for this. I own that I should have liked very much to read the reasons for the opinion entertained by the Pontiff of Bayreuth of a score which I place far above all contemporary operas not excepting *Les Huguenots*: the Blessing of the Daggers shakes me doubtless more violently than the oath of the Rutli, but it moves me much less profoundly. Yet though, while beating about Wagner's prose, I did not start the game I was seeking, I did not return quite empty handed. In the eighth volume of the *Gesammelte Schriften*, under the rubric, "Censures," and the special title, "My Reminiscences of Rossini," we find a page which deserves to pass down to posterity.

Concerning the genius of the Pesaro master there is nothing particular. Wagner wraps himself up in general phraseology which cannot well compromise him. He is contented with saying that the true significance of the part played by Rossini in contemporary music will not be determined with precision till the day when some one shall write the history of art in the nineteenth century, a remark which applies to every other composer, including Wagner himself. He adds, it is true, that the place occupied by Rossini in this history will be a prominent one (*nicht gering*), and that the author of *Guillaume Tell* is the expression of his own time, as Palestrina, Bach, and Mozart were the epitomes of theirs. Only, and it is here that we again recognise the familiar snarl, only the artistic tendencies of Rossini's epoch ought to be judged as Rossini himself judged them; that is to say, that they were grossly sensual, and that it is impossible to discover a noble or generous aspiration in them. It is not, however, in this somewhat cavalier estimate that the chief interest of Wagner's article lies. All its flavour is concentrated in his account of the interview he had with Rossini, in the year of grace, 1860, when we see him submit to the pumping process, which Auber again tried so successfully on him. It will be recollected that at this time Wagner gave at the Italiens three concerts which provoked warm polemical discussions in the Parisian press. It was the prelude to the Homeric combats in which the Patrocli and Achilles of the feuilleton were to engage somewhat later over the body of the unfortunate *Tannhäuser*, dragged three times round the stage of the Grand Opera:—

"Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros."

Every day there were fresh skirmishes, the principal part in them being borne by the literary periodicals. As Rossini's wit was acknowledged to be extremely fertile, people were fond of attributing to the composer most of the shafts barbed by the sarcasm of the smaller papers. Things went on at such a rate that, one fine day, the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin felt bound to protest against these *mauvaises blagues*, the paternity of which was so liberally attributed to him. "He was not entitled," he wrote, "to pronounce an opinion on M. Wagner, for he was not acquainted with his music, never having heard anything of his except a march, performed at Baden, and that, by the way, had pleased him exceedingly. Besides, he knew too well the respect due to artists who endeavour to extend the limits of their art, to indulge in bad jokes concerning them." Very agreeably surprised by this unexpected protestation, which, perhaps, was nothing more than another "bit of chaff" (*blague*), Wagner resolved to call on Rossini and thank him for his gracious intervention. He was, as

may well be imagined, admitted to a private audience, and received with all the consideration due to his wounded pride. After verbally renewing his protestations and assuring his visitor that he had never uttered the witticisms put into circulation, Rossini quickly took the visitor's measure, and saw clearly that he could risk anything with a man possessing so tenacious and robust a faith in himself. Striking himself thrice on the breast, and bowing his forehead in the dust, the clever mystifier recited at length his "Confiteor," and murmured, with a contrite air, his "Pater, peccavi." But we will let Wagner himself speak. Very fortunately for us he has not preserved the secrets of the confessional. "After a few preliminaries," says Wagner, "Rossini resolved to trace for me in concise terms a characteristic account of his career, and confide to me his opinion of himself, an opinion which he had until then kept secret. He really believed, he observed, that he would have become somebody (*es hätte aus ihm das Rechte werden können*) had he been fortunate enough to be born and educated in Germany. '*J'avais de la facilité*,' he said, '*et peut-être j'aurais pu arriver à quelque chose*'" ('I possessed facility, and might have done something'). But, he added, in his time, Italy was no longer the place where the reform of operatic music could be attempted or carried out. All elevated tendencies were violently suppressed there, the Italian people having only one object: to succeed some day or other in leading a life worthy the country of Cognac. It was amid such surroundings that Rossini grew up, and this was the singular ideal which he unconsciously adopted. Besides, the commencement of his career had been a wretched one, and he had been put to all kind of shifts merely to live. Afterwards, when his circumstances were somewhat easier, he might, it is true, have modified his point of view, but it was too late! To do so he should have required to exert a degree of force and energy of which he did not feel capable."

After a confession made with such Christian humility, is it not true that nothing was wanting save a good act of contrition? Let the reader be of good cheer; he will not have long to wait for it. On the day in question, Rossini was in too good a humour to refuse so supreme a satisfaction to the master of Bayreuth. Listen, and recollect that it is the author of *Guillaume Tell* who is speaking: "Thus," he said, with his most expressive smile, "despite the indulgence with which men of serious minds have been kind enough to judge me, I in no way deceive myself, and I HAVE NOT THE PRETENSION TO BE INCLUDED AMONG THE NUMBER OF GOOD MUSICIANS." Then, perceiving the effect produced by this avowal, so free from artifice, Rossini slowly uttered the following words, which Wagner must have found delicious as he smacked his tongue over them: "*Ce que je ne puis tolérer pourtant, c'est qu'on me rabaisse à ce point de me ranger parmi les sots qui plaisantent un idéal plus élevé que le mien*." ("What, however, I cannot bear is that people should degrade me to such a point as to rank me with the fools who ridicule an ideal higher than my own.")

We can see Wagner bridling up and puffing himself out with importance, while his roguish interlocutor was laughing in his sleeve at his visitor's pride and simple vanity. In the narrative we have quoted, Wagner is positively unable to say enough of the character of a master who estimates his own value with so much modesty and clear-sightedness. In truth, we do not know which to admire the more, the audacity of Rossini in venturing upon jokes of such formidable proportions, or Wagner's credulity in entering and carrying them to his account with the gravity of an old city clerk.

VICTOR WILDER.

(Lines for Music.)*

Last night I sang in a palace hall,
And they gave me royal greeting;
I looked around on the people all,
Bright smiles and glances meeting.
But I thought not of king, so grand,
So grand,
Or if smiles were many or few;
Though my voice should have rung
thro' all the land,
I was singing only to you!

To-night you are far o'er the waters
wide,
And the crowded hall is dreary,
Each ebbing and flowing of ocean's
tide
Will leave me more a-weary.
But you cannot wander so far, so far,
That my heart will not be true;
And tho' stand we apart, as star
from star,
I shall always sing to you!

M. A. W.

* Copyright.

* French in Wagner's original account.

* From *La Ménestrel*.

† See *Musical World*, pp. 219, 281, 284, 312.

WAIFS.

Mdme Rudersdorff lately gave a grand concert at Union Hall, Boston, U.S.

Pietro Cominazzi, the well-known critic of *La Fama*, died recently at Milan.

Mr Sims Reeves has been in Ireland, showing the inhabitants, "Bedad!" how to sing.

La Marjolaine was played at the Théâtre de la Renaissance for the 100th time on the 13th inst.

A new tenor, Mr Ashley Foster, is shortly to make his first appearance under the tutelage of Mr G. W. Martin.

The Cross of the Leopold Order has been conferred on M. Charles Mahillon, founder of the manufactory of instruments in Brussels.

Herr Ignaz Brüll's new opera, *Der Landfriede*, with words by Mosenthal, has been accepted at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabder* was recently performed at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, Mdle Marie Brandt sustaining the part of Leah.

Mr Charles Lyall, the admirable lyric comedian, has returned to London, and will remain till August, when the provincial tour of Mr Carl Rosa begins again.

M. Maton has been engaged for two years at the Théâtre-Lyrique, with the title of Director of the Music. His duties will be similar to those performed some ten years ago at the Grand Opera, by M. Gevaert.

Mr Carl Rosa was present at the second of the Wagner concerts on Wednesday night week. He must have enjoyed an excellent opportunity of weighing the difference between a transcendent genius and a transcendent prestidigitateur.

The success of the Hungarian *prima donna*, Mdle Etelka Gerster, has been something unusual. Munificent offers come from all sides. Signor Gardini, her manager, however, determined not to lose so valuable a star, to put an end to competition, will—shortly marry her.

On the re-opening of the Paris Opéra-Comique in November, the following important pieces will be added to the score of M. Gounod's *Cinq-Mars*: a grand overture; an air for De Thou; an air for Marie de Gonzague; and a grand dramatic *finale*, interpolated in the hunting music of the third act.

There will not be time to get up at the Théâtre-Lyrique before the close of the season all the works which were to be produced there. The management restricts itself to Salomon's *Aumônier du Régiment*, Wekerlin's *Après Fontenoy*, and *La Promise*, of Decourcelle. In the last, Mdle Girard has the chief part.

Mr Franz Rummel, the pianist who made his *début* at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of April 7, intends remaining in London during the season. Mr Rummel is one of the professors at the Conservatoire of Music, Brussels, and nephew of Mr Joseph Rummel, of London, the well-known composer.

Signor Gariboldi, the flautist and composer, has been created a knight of the Italian Order of the Crown; Signor Delle Sedie has been decorated with the cross of the Italian Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus; and MM. Planté and Joseph Servais have been named members of the Spanish order of Charles III. [Servais 'em right.—T. Q.]

The first two scenes have been painted for *L'Africaine* at the Grand Opera. The mounting of the work is being actively pushed forward, but, despite all the diligence employed, the first performance can hardly take place before the end of the present year. The part of Sélika will be sustained by Mdle Kraus, and that of Néluko by M. Lasalle. Previously to Meyerbeer's opera, however, *La Muette de Portici*, the scenery for which is nearly ready, will be performed at the beginning of the winter season. With *L'Africaine* and *La Muette*, the repertory of the Grand Opera will be re-constituted as it was before the destruction, by fire, of the old house.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 26, will be performed
GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST." (The whole of the scenery designed and painted by Mr W. Telbin). Faust, Signor Giliand; Mephistopheles, M. Faure; Valentin, Signor del Puente; Wagner, Signor Franceschi; Siebel, Mdlle Macvitt; Martha, Mdlle Lablache; and Margherita, Mdlle Christine Nilsson. Director of the Music and Conductor.—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Next Week.—Extra Night.—Second performance of "Robert le Diable."

On MONDAY next, May 28, will be repeated MEYERBEER'S Grand Romantic Opera, "ROBERT LE DIABLE." (The scenery by Messrs Grieve & Son and Messrs Fox). Roberto, Signor Fancelli (his second appearance in that character); Bertramo, Signor Foli; Ramboldo, Signor Rinaldini; Alberto, M. Gonnet; Araldo, Signor Grassi; Un Prêtre, Signor Brocolini; Elena, Mdlle Katti Lanner; Isabella, Mdlle Alwina Valleria; and Alice, Mdlle Caroline Balla (her first appearance in that character).

On TUESDAY next, May 29, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOORE." Edgardo, Signor Giliand; Enrico Aston, Signor Rota; Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Raimondo, Signor Brocolini; Normanno, Signor Fallar; Alise, Mdlle Filomena; and Lucia, Mdlle Emilia Chiomi (her first appearance).

Extra Night.

On THURSDAY next, May 31 (for the second time this Season), "FAUST." (Cast as above.)

On SATURDAY, June 2, "ROBERT LE DIABLE." (See above.)
The doors will open at Eight; the Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 26, will be performed
"DON GIOVANNI." Meedames Adeline Patti (her fourth appearance this Season).

Next Week there will be Five Performances.

On MONDAY next, May 28 (second time this Season), "LOHENGRIN." Meedames Albani and D'Angeri.

On TUESDAY next, May 29 (first time this Season), "L'ETOILE DU NORD." Mdlle Adeline Patti.

On WEDNESDAY next, May 30, no performance.

On THURSDAY next, May 31 (in lieu of the Subscription for Tuesday, July 31), "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Meedames Albani, Synnerberg (her first appearance on any stage); Signori Ordinas (his first appearance in England).

On FRIDAY next, June 1, "IL TROVATORE." Lionora, Mdlle Adeline Patti. The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

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MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON has the honour to announce

that she will give a GRAND MORNING CONCERT (under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN; Her Royal Highness Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of Lorne; Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of EDINBURGH; Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK), in aid of the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses (founded by the Lady Augusta Stanley), at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY morning, June 6, 1877, to commence at Three o'clock. Mdlle Christine Nilsson has the gratification to announce that she will be assisted by the following distinguished Artists: Mdlle Trebelli-Bettini (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Mdlle Badia; Mr Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, Signor Fraschetti, and M. Faure (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.). The London Concert Glee Union, under the direction of Mr F. Walker. Violin.—Mdlle Pommereuil. Pianoforte.—Mdlle Cognetti. Conductor.—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Sofa Stalls, One Guinea. Stalls, Half-a-Guinea. Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Gallery and Area Seats, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained at Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., 301, Regent Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Lacon & Oller, 168, New Bond Street; Keith Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly.

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will take place on THURSDAY, June 14, at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place (Mortimer Street Entrance), on which occasion he will be assisted by most eminent Artists. Tickets, One Guinea; 10s. 6d.; and 5s., to be had of Herr LEHMEYER, 7, Store Street, Bedford Square.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

MR W. T. BEST will give the next RECITAL on the GREAT ORGAN, at "THE HALL," Primrose Hill Road, Regent's Park, on WEDNESDAY next, May 30, at Four o'clock. Carriages at 5.30. Programme: Toccata and Fugue, C major (Bach); Larghetto, from the Clarinet Quintet (Mozart); Organ Concerto, F major (Handel); Gavottes (Gluck); Prelude and Fugue (G. F. Hattton); Fourth Organ Sonata (Mendelssohn); Andante (Smart); Finale, E major (Best). Vouchers of admission, 3s. each; at Austin's, Piccadilly, and the principal Concert Agents. These Recitals (by permission) will take place each Wednesday during the Season.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. Eleventh Season, 1877. The next Meeting for Vocal and Instrumental Practice takes place on **WEDNESDAY, May 30.** The **FOURTEENTH SOIRÉE MUSICALE** on **WEDNESDAY, June 13.** The Concerts and Soirées of the Society afford excellent opportunities to young rising Artists to make their *début* and for Composers to have their works introduced. Full Prospectus on application to **H. G. HOFFER, Hon. Sec.** 244, Regent Street, W.

MR WILBYE COOPER begs to announce **THREE** CONCERTS, at **LANGHAM HALL, WEDNESDAY Evenings, May 23, and June 13, at Eight, and SATURDAY Afternoon, July 7, at Three,** under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady John Manners, Sir R. W. Carden, Sir Albert and Lady Woods, the Hon. G. O. Talbot, Captain Hutton, Captain Heathorn, R.A., Captain J. O. A. Lewis, Edward Bullen, Esq., Dr Llewellyn Thomas; Mrs Blakeway, &c. Artists—Misses Marian Lynton, Janet Clayton, Gertrude Lawes, Siedle, Ellen Horne, Edith Wrenn, Palmer, Madeline Cronin, and Mmes Barri and Tonneller; Messrs Arthur Hooper, Dudley Thomas, Henry Pope, Stanley Smith, Gerard Henry, Michael Watson, Alfred Gilbert, F. H. Coombs, Barri, Vascetti, and Richard Blagrove. Tickets, 5s. and 3s.; at 19, Great Portland Street; and Lonsdale's, 36, Old Bond Street.

MIDDLE VICTORIA BUNSEN begs to announce that her **ANNUAL CONCERT** will take place (by kind permission), at the residence of Captain and Mrs Coester, 137, HARLEY STREET, Cavendish Square, on **MONDAY Morning, June 18.** Full particulars will be duly announced. Address, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR W. COURTNEY will sing **WILFORD MORGAN's** popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the **BYRE ARMS, St John's Wood, on May 31.**

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BALFE'S NEW TRIO in A, Played by **MARIE KRBS,** JOACHIM, and PIATTI, at the Saturday Popular Concerts, will shortly be published. **STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co., 84, New Bond Street.**

MR EMILE BERGER will arrive in London on the 1st June. Address, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MR FRANZ RUMMEL, Professor of the Pianoforte at the Conservatoire, Brussels, begs to announce that he has arrived in Town for the Season. Letters may be addressed to 43, Patahall Road, N.W.; or to the care of Messrs SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.

MR REMENYI, Solo Violinist to His Imperial and Royal Majesty of Austro-Hungary, begs to announce that he will arrive in Town for the Season on the 20th inst. All communications to be addressed to **Mr E. MAURIN, 18, Arundel Street, Coventry Street, W.**

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LYON & HALL,

WARWICK MANSION.

AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA BY AUBER.*

The Royal Library of Brussels, lately enriched by an original score of Berton's, has just made an acquisition full of interest for the lyric stage. This acquisition is a small quarto manuscript, richly bound in red morocco, and bearing the title: "*Jean de Chimay*, a comic opera in three acts, words by M. Lemerrier, music by M. Auber. Placed on the stage by the Chevalier de Melfort, and performed for the first time, at the Chimay Theatre, on the 15th November, 1812." None of Auber's biographers speak of this work, or, at least, none of them refer to it by its title. All we find is the following mention of it introduced subsequently in the *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*: "The desire of working for the stage had already induced Auber to re-set the old comic opera, entitled *Julie*, with an accompaniment of two violins, two tenors, a violoncello, and a double-bass. This production, which contained several charming numbers, was performed at a private theatre in Paris, and greatly applauded. A short time afterwards Auber wrote for the little theatre of M. de Caraman, Prince de Chimay, another opera for full band. He subsequently took several of the pieces in it for some of his other works." The opera in question, the title of which was unknown, was *Jean de Chimay*.

The copy of the book on which Auber first tried his strength is preceded by a summarised history of Chimay and an account of the historical fact which furnished the subject of the story. The hero is a certain Jean de Croy, Count of Chimay, treacherously seized and kept a prisoner by one of his neighbours, the Marquis de Couvin, who reported he was dead, and wanted to marry the Countess de Chimay, whom he endeavoured to persuade that she was a widow. A herdsman discovered that Jean de Chimay was confined in a subterranean dungeon of the Château de Couvin. He informed the Countess of his discovery, and the lady, putting herself at the head of her vassals, went and set the captive free.

The book was written by Népomucène Lemerrier—a literary celebrity of the day—the author of *Agamemnon*, *Ophie*, and the *Lévi d'Ephraïm*. He conceived the plot during a season he spent at the Prince's seat in company with Auber and Cherubini. The selection of the local tradition which formed the subject was a graceful act towards the master and the mistress of the house, a mark of gratitude for their generous and delicate hospitality. It was agreed that the projected opera should be brought out at the Chimay Theatre, and that any idea of producing it elsewhere should not be entertained. Auber eagerly seized this opportunity of paying a tribute of thanks to the Princess de Chimay, the amiable and charming lady of whom he said: "When she entered a drawing-room she created day and night; day for herself and night for the others."

Lemerrier and Auber finished their task by the beginning of the summer of 1812. *Jean de Chimay* was ready for rehearsal when the Château of Chimay received its usual guests. The author and the composer set about teaching the amateurs to whom the various parts were entrusted. What was the cast? We have been supplied with no information on this head. We only know that the principal part, that of the Comtesse de Chimay, was sustained by Mad. Pauline Duchambge. There were eight leading characters, together with choristers, supernumeraries, and dancers; for the stage business was complicated by a ballet. Mad. Pauline Duchambge, the *prima donna* of the Chimay opera, was for a long time a popular composer of romances. Born at Martinique, in 1778, she married, when very young, Baron Duchambge, against whom she shortly afterwards brought an action for divorce, which she gained. Being left with a very modest income, she found herself compelled to seek a livelihood in the art she had cultivated as an amateur. Aided by the friendship of the Princess de Chimay, she took piano lessons from Dussek, and under Cherubini lessons in composition, which she continued under Auber. She published three hundred romances.

The Prince de Chimay was determined that nothing should be neglected to get up Auber's opera with all the magnificence the resources of the Chimay Theatre would allow. He sent for Cicci from Paris to paint the scenes, three in number, one for each act. There are water-colour sketches of them, not badly executed, bound up with the copy of *Jean de Chimay*. They represent: 1. A view of the Château and the town of Corvin; 2. The interior of the subterranean vault in which the Count de

Chimay was kept a prisoner; 3. The grand hall in the Château de Chimay. As the action is given with each sketch, we see what were the costumes. The women were dressed in the style of the Empire, and the men as knights of those conventional Middle Ages, specimens of which we find in the groups surmounting the clocks of sixty years ago. According to the custom of the period the pieces of music were not numerous, though the book was long. The first act contained an introductory chorus, a romance, an air, and a finale; the second act, some couplets, an air, and a trio; and the third act, a concerted piece, a duet, a romance, and some couplets worked into a final chorus. The share allotted by the poet to his collaborator would be considered now-a-days rather scant; but music did not then play, as a rule, a more important part in comic opera. To the numbers mentioned, we must add an overture and symphonic fragments in several scenes.

It is probable that the pains taken in putting *Jean de Chimay* on the stage obliged the Prince de Chimay to extend his stay in the country longer than usual, for the first performance did not come off before the 15th November. Nothing is said about the effect produced, but it was undoubtedly great. The annals of the Chimay Theatre boast of no more important event. Was there, on the return of the Princess to Paris, a performance of Auber's opera in her drawing-room as there had been one of Cherubini's *Mass* for three Voices, which, also, like the opera, had been composed at Chimay? It is probable that such was the case, and we may be allowed to suppose that it was to the favourable judgment pronounced by a picked audience that Auber was indebted for the good fortune of seeing the doors of the Théâtre Feydeau at length thrown open to him, and having *Le Séjour Militaire*, the first opera he wrote for the real public, played at that establishment a few months afterwards.

Anyone wishing to publish the complete works of Népomucène Lemerrier, would have to include among them the book of *Jean de Chimay*, the existence of which has been ignored by that author's biographers. As for Auber's score, which would be much more interesting, the original manuscript would, no doubt, be found in the archives of the Château de Chimay. The curator of the valuable musical library at the Paris Conservatory might, we feel sure, obtain permission to have a copy made, to be placed at the head of the celebrated composer's works.

BANQUET TO HERR WAGNER.

(From the "Daily News," May 23.)

Richard Wagner celebrated yesterday his sixty-fourth birthday, the composer having been born at Leipsic on the 22nd of May, 1813. In honour of the occasion the London Liederkrantz gave a banquet in the beautiful hall of the Cannon Street Hotel, about 300 persons—mostly German residents in London—taking part. Some ladies were also present in the gallery, and among them were the composer's wife and Mme Materna-Brynhild. The banquet was a pleasant affair, and there were speeches and singing by members of the Liederkrantz. Herr Wagner made his appearance about half-past seven. The composer in an admirable speech expressed gratification at his reception at the Royal Albert Hall, and by the members of the society of which he was the guest. He, who had been so little accustomed to public festivals, could rejoice in the sympathy shown him in England, and renew for a moment the glorious feelings of the past. He, who had spent so many of his years in seclusion, had come forth again into the great world, and could hardly find words to express his joy at finding such sympathy and love. He had quitted his hermit-like seclusion for a far distant world, only to find how the work he had been doing had influenced the minds of people to an extent of which he had never dreamt. It was a great joy to find what he had created taking root, flourishing, and living in the hearts of men. In conclusion, he said, there are hours in the lives of men which console them for years of labour, opposition, and suffering; and he could only thank the English musical world and the members of the London Liederkrantz for encouraging him to believe that he had not lived in vain, and that his creations might survive in musical history. Several toasts having been given, Dr Harrack spoke of the significance of the day to the German musical world, and concluded his address by presenting to the composer, in the name of the Liederkrantz, a volume of copies of the frescoes of Michael Angelo, which, the society were informed, had been greatly admired by the master during his recent sojourn in Italy. On the 22nd of May five years ago the foundation stone of the Nibelungen Theatre at Bayreuth was laid.

* From the *Indépendance Belge*.

(From "Punch.")

The Shoulder-cold ;**OR, THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS'S RING !***(As cleverly managed by Mr Alfred Forman, and familiar by this time to all Wagnerites.)***DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

Marihann }
 Lisajane } *The three Kitchenmaidens.*
 Mytilda }
 Pleesmannex (a Nibbeling).
 Master } *Belgravians.*
 Missis }

ARGUMENT.

The idea is very simple. The three Kitchenmaidens guard the Shoulder-cold. They are taken unawares by Pleesmannex (a Nibbeling), who disappears with the Shoulder-cold. We will not anticipate the dénouement.

The Scene represents the interior of a House from the Cellar to the Drawing-rooms on the first-floor. The windows are at the back, looking out on the Squares of Belgravia.

The three Kitchenmaidens (Marihann, Lisajane, and Mytilda), with brooms and dusters, are seen gliding about on the Drawing-room floor, ascending ladders to clean the upper panes of the windows, descending to break the china ornaments on the tables, and mounting again on chairs and sofas to dust the Pictures, as with their crinolines they gracefully sweep the articles of vertu off the brackets.

Marihann has poised herself on the fifth rung of a light ladder, which rests against the mantelpiece, where stands a magnificent Clock under a glass shade.

MARIHANN.— Waggala ! Waggala !
 Waggala dusta.
 Over the crockery.
 Waggaladusta !
 Waggala ! Wiggala ! Waya !

LISAJANE (voice from the upper panes).—
 Who's on the carpet, Mytilda !

MYTILDA.— I off the ladder,
 Lisajane, falling
 Chipping the china.
 (The Three laugh.)
 Ha ! ha ! ha !

(Lisajane dives down from the ladder, and laughingly attempts to catch Mytilda, who throws over a writing-table, scattering the pens, ink, paper, and other articles on the carpet, and so evades her pursuer. The Three seek playfully to catch one another. This is musically illustrated by the "Crockery Motive" in the Orchestra.)

MYTILDA (thumping the Grand Piano).—
 Waggala ! Waggala !
 Workingless Sisters.

MARIHANN (tumbling off the Ladder).—
 The Clock I have crushed,
 Cracking the Clock-case,
 To crumbling crystals !

LISAJANE.— Let us say 'twas the cat.
 (The three laugh.)
 Ha ! ha ! ha !

(With merry cries they run away from each other, upsetting everything. Meanwhile, Pleesmannex appears gradually from the Cellar, and so into the Kitchen. This is musically illustrated by the "Cold Mutton Motive.")

PLEESMANNEX.— Ho there ! you Noddies !
 How neatly I nab you !
 Am I not hungering ?
 Come, Kitchenmaidens !
 [At the sound of his voice they cease their play,

MARIHANN.— See there the Blue Man !

LISAJANE.— Our play will he join in ?

MYTILDA.— Blaze bright his buttons !

ALL THREE.— What would'st thou, below ?

PLEESMANNEX (with an amorous glance in his eye).—
 How sweet and how seducious !
 On you I have my eye !
 Come, and I'll kiss yer !

MARIHANN.— Now I laugh at fear.
 The foe is in love !

(They laugh.)

Ha ! ha ! ha !

(Pleesmannex, incited by their merriment, mounts the kitchen table, and ascends through an open space in the ceiling, left there by a gas-man, and steps on to the Dining-room floor, thence, by similar means, he attempts to climb to the Drawing-room.)

MARIHANN (tickling him with her broom, but keeping him at a distance).—
 Bobby, you bungler !
 Buss you the broomstick !
 [He seizes the broom, and she escapes up a ladder.

MYTILDA (stooping suddenly down, and leaning over the opening in the floor, so as to blind his eyes with a duster).—

Ducky, I'm drooping
 Down to you drowally,
 Blinding with blinkers.
 Ain't it galopshus ?

(He turns sharply, grasps the duster, but is taken with a violent fit of sneezing, and so Mytilda escapes, mockingly.)

PLEESMANNEX.— Atishoo ! Atishoo ! Atishoo !
 How the dashed dry dust
 Nebulous Nothing
 Nettled my Nasal
 Nostrils, you Noodles !
 Atishoo ! Atishoo ! Atishoo !

LISAJANE (taking his hat off, and about to carry it away).—
 Ah ! now, thou hatless man !
 Catch me to kiss me ?

(He darts at her suddenly, and seizes her apron as she kneels over the aperture. She turns to fly ; he clings to her apron, and so is dragged up into the Drawing-room. She undoes the strings ; he falls heavily on the floor, but scrambles up on his hands and knees. The three Kitchenmaidens get up ladders, and behind chairs and sofas, mockingly.)

PLEESMANNEX (with shrieking voice).—
 Woa, there ! Woa !
 Woa ! Pull up !
 You giggling, gabbling Girls there !
 Give over your goading and gambols !
 Gang of unmannerly maidens,
 Have ye no heart !
 Ye workingless Idleuns !
 Nimble Nid-Noddies !
 ALL THREE (gracefully dancing round a settee together).—
 Waggala ! Waggala !
 Waggala dusta !

(A bright light shines below, between the Kitchen and the Cellar. This is illustrated by the "Bull's-Eye Motive.")

LISAJANE (pointing below to where suddenly the bright light has discovered the Larder-door).—

Skirting the Scullery,
 I see cold mutton-minced
 Left leg or shrunk shoulder
 Sent from the table
 Of Master and Missis.

PLEESMANNEX.— Mutton for my Mouth !
 Masterless Ideluns !
 Give me, ye scatterbrains,
 Shining cold shoulder !
 MYTILDA.— I, Underkitchen Maid,
 Put the cold mutton
 Into the larder.

Where lies the key ?

MARIHANN.— I fill the Cooky's place,
 Plain, but particular.
 Guarding the mutton,
 I keep the key.

PLEESMANNEX (with eyes fixed on the Larder-door, through which is now visible, by the aid of the bull's-eye light shining from his belt, the cold Shoulder reposing in cold, still silence).—

Ho ! there, Shy Shufflers !
 Shelved is the Shoulder.
 I am the Ungerer,
 Unawares Nibbeling.

(Fearfully loud.)

Laugh as you like,
 The Nibbelung is nearing to Nibble !

(With a wild cry of intense appetite he dives down into the Kitchen, and with fearful force bangs open the Larder-door, seizes the cold Shoulder, extinguishes his bull's-eye, and, swiftly disappearing into the darkness, boldly ascends the "airy steps" to the pavement above. The light breaks suddenly in on all sides. Bells clang, knockers sound, wrangling

of Cabman and Fare heard outside, Master and Missis have come back, unexpectedly, to sup on the cold shoulder of mutton)

THE RING OF THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS IS HEARD.

Thunder—Lightning—Storm.

KITCHENMAIDENS (*flying in different directions, and screaming*).—

Waggala! Waggala!

Workingless Ideluns!

What will the Missis say?

What will the Master say?

"Take a month's notice,

Wageless ones, Ideluns!"

Woe! Woe!

Woe! Woe!

(*They descend and ascend in confusion. From the very farthest end of the Square is heard the sound of Pleesmann's laughing, with his mouth full. The Master and Missis appear; their faces are filled with black looks, and the Kitchenmaidens tremble before them in the passage, and then go downwards. Presently, the Master and Missis ascend, illustrated by "Lullaby Motive." Dark night sets in, and all is quiet.*)

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Clare College Lodge, May 11, 1877.

The Syndicate appointed March 23, 1877, "to consider whether any, and, if any, what change should be made in the musical examinations of the University and in the requirements for musical degrees, and to report thereon to the Senate before the end of next Michaelmas term," leg leave to make a first report to the Senate as follows:—

A. The Syndicate observe that under the existing regulations for obtaining a degree in music no provision is made for testing the literary and scientific qualifications of the candidates. They think it undesirable that a University degree in music should be obtainable by persons of whose general culture the University has received no evidence. They therefore recommend:—

That no candidate be admitted to the examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. unless

- (a) he have past parts I. and II. of the previous examination;
- or (b) produce evidence of having satisfied the examiners in one of the "senior local examinations" of the University*
 - in English grammar and arithmetic;
 - in two at least of the subjects in section B (English History, Geography, a work of some standard English writer, and political economy), and in the English essay;
 - in one of the subjects of sections C and D (*viz.*, Latin, Greek, French, or German); and in section E (Euclid and Algebra);

or (c) produce a certificate of having satisfied the examiners in one of the "higher local examinations" of the University;

or (d) produce the certificate of the "Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board."

Having regard to the case of candidates who have already applied for examination under the existing regulations, and whose age or professional pursuits may make the production of the above certificates a matter of difficulty, the Syndicate recommend that the above certificates, &c., be not required in the case of candidates who present themselves for examination before the end of the Easter term, 1879, being at the time of such examination over thirty years of age.

B. With regard to the examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. the Syndicate recommend:—

That the examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. consist of three parts:—

(1) A preliminary examination in

- (a) Acoustics,
- (b) Harmony,
- (c) Counterpoint.

(2) The exercise.

(3) A more advanced examination in musical science;

and that no person be accepted as a candidate for the second or third part of the examination until he has qualified in the previous part, or parts.

C. The Syndicate recommend that a Board of Musical Studies be appointed, the duties of which shall be to arrange, subject to the approval of the Senate, the details of the above and other

University examinations in music, to consult together from time to time on all matters relating to the actual state of musical studies and examinations in the University, and to prepare, whenever it appears to them desirable, and lay before the Vice-Chancellor, a report to be by him published to the University. That such board shall consist of the Professor of Music and six other persons nominated by the Council and elected by the Senate, of whom three at least shall be members of the Senate or Doctors of Music of the University. Of these six two shall retire annually on the 20th day of November in every year (commencing with Nov. 20, 1878), and their places be supplied by election at the next ensuing congregation.

D. The musical examinations of the University are at present conducted by the Professor only. The Syndicate recommend:—

(1) That the examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Music be conducted by the Professor, assisted by two or more examiners nominated annually by the Board of Musical Studies (or, if there be no such board, by the Council), and elected by the Senate, of whom one at least shall be a member of the Senate or a Mus. Doc. of the University; and that each examiner so appointed receive from the University chest the sum of ten pounds for each part of these examinations, in which he is engaged.

(2) That the examinations for the degree of Doctor of Music be conducted by the Professor, assisted by two or more examiners nominated annually by the Board of Musical Studies (or, if there be no such board, by the Council), and elected by the Senate, of whom one at least shall be a member of the Senate, or a Mus. Doc. of the University.

E. The Syndicate recommend that the regulations contained in parts A, B, and D of this report be applicable to the next examination for musical degrees held by the University, and that the dates of such examination together with the Schedule of Subjects be announced by the Board of Musical Studies (or, if there be no such board, by the Professor of Music) before the end of next Michaelmas term.

F. The Syndicate recommend that in lieu of the fee of £8 paid to the University chest at the time of taking the degree of Mus. Bac., each candidate on presenting himself for the first part of the examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. pay to the registry the fee of £3 3s., and the same on presenting himself for the final part of the examination, and that on presenting himself for the degree he pay to the University chest the sum of £5.

G. The Syndicate have had under their consideration the fact that beyond the lectures of the Professor, the University gives at present no encouragement whatever to the study of music as a science. They are of opinion that it is undesirable that this faculty should continue to occupy such a comparatively nominal position in the academic system, and they think that if the examinations recommended in part B of this report should be approved by the Senate, a favourable opportunity would be afforded of recognising this study to the extent of admitting it as the subject of an additional special examination for the ordinary B.A. degree. They therefore recommend that

A student who has passed the previous and the general examinations, and is in his ninth term of residence at least, having previously kept eight terms, shall on passing the preliminary examination in acoustics, harmony, and counterpoint prescribed in section B (1) be entitled, when he has kept nine terms, to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

E. Atkinson (Vice-Chancellor), S. G. Phear, G. A. Macfarren [with the exception of the words, "a member of the Senate or," in section D paragraphs (1) and (2)], E. W. Blore, Sedley Taylor, Coutts Trotter, Gerard F. Cobb, A. W. Spratt, J. W. Cartmell, R. Pendlebury.

The Vice-Chancellor invites the attendance of members of the Senate in the Arts School on Saturday next, May 19, at 2 p.m., for the discussion of the above report.

HAMBURG.—On the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of the Stadttheater, the Committee presented the manager, Herr Pollini, with a vase of antique form, on a silver pedestal. Herr Pollini spares neither pains nor expense to render the Stadttheatre one of the first in Germany. In addition to his already strong company, he has engaged Mme Wilt, of Vienna; Mme Peschka-Leutner, of Leipzig; Herr Franz Diener, of Cologne; and Herr Landau. Mme Wilt receives 45,000 marks for the season.

* Students above the age of eighteen may be admitted by the Local Examinations Syndicate to the senior local examinations under the power given by Grace of June 8, 1865 (see Ordinances, p. 207).

Warr Wall.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The subjoined copy of a letter which I have this day sent to Mr H. Wall will explain itself. I shall be glad if you will insert it in your next issue, and trust that the musical profession will soon unite to take the necessary steps for the purpose of annihilating an Act which is not only provokingly mischievous, but supremely ridiculous.—Yours faithfully, WM. SPARK.

Whit-Tuesday, 1877.

SIR,—To my intense surprise, I have received from you this morning a letter bearing the heading—

Authors', Composers', and Artists'

Copyright and Performing Right Protection Office,

8, Colebrooke Row, Islington, N.

dated "London, May 19th, 1877," demanding payment on or before Tuesday next, the 22nd inst. (the very day on which I receive your letter) of the sum of £2, the amount of statutory penalty incurred by me for the performance of the song entitled "Eily Mavourneen" at St Simon's Schools, Leeds, on the 8th of March last; "and you further add that, unless the money be paid on or before this day" (the day on which I receive this letter), "the matter will be placed without further notice in the hands of the solicitors, with instructions to issue legal process against me in respect thereof." Now, sir, my answer to this gross attempt at extortion is—(1) That the performance of the song "Eily Mavourneen" by the tenor singer engaged by me for the occasion referred to was given at a *gratuitous* lecture on "The Vocal Music of the Victorian Era," delivered by me at the request of my friend the vicar (the Rev. T. Whitby, M.A.), on behalf of some society in connection with his parish in Leeds. (2) I know nothing of you or your agency for restrictions placed upon this or any other piece; and being constantly engaged in public performances, conducting concerts, or giving organ recitals, thereby introducing numberless songs and pieces, I, as well as those situated in a similar way, cannot possibly continue our efforts for the advancement of a knowledge of music with any such oppressive and humiliating conditions. (3) If, after this statement, and under the circumstances, you proceed further in the demand of this iniquitous tax, so destructive to the freedom of musical education in England, and so adverse to the equitable principles of our general law, I have only to say that I will resist the payment to the last, even to the distraining upon my property, and will fight the case inch by inch in the courts, until every judge, every legislator, and every musician in our land is made acquainted with a law so infamous and so unjust.—Yours faithfully, WM. SPARK.

Springfield Villa, Leeds, May 22, 1877.

[Wall must have been offended at the alliteration in the title of the lecture. If, instead of "Vocal Music of the Victorian Era," it had been *Vocal Music of the Victorian Era*, or *Vocal Music of the Victorian Era*, he would probably not have been offended. The fault, however, is that of Sir Julius Benedict. Why does he write such charming songs?—D. P.]

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Will you be so kind as to give me the name and address of the author of "Lines for Music," signed "M. A. W.," which appeared in your last issue.—Yours faithfully,

2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY.
May 24, 1877.

It has been attributed to Dr Wines.—D. P.

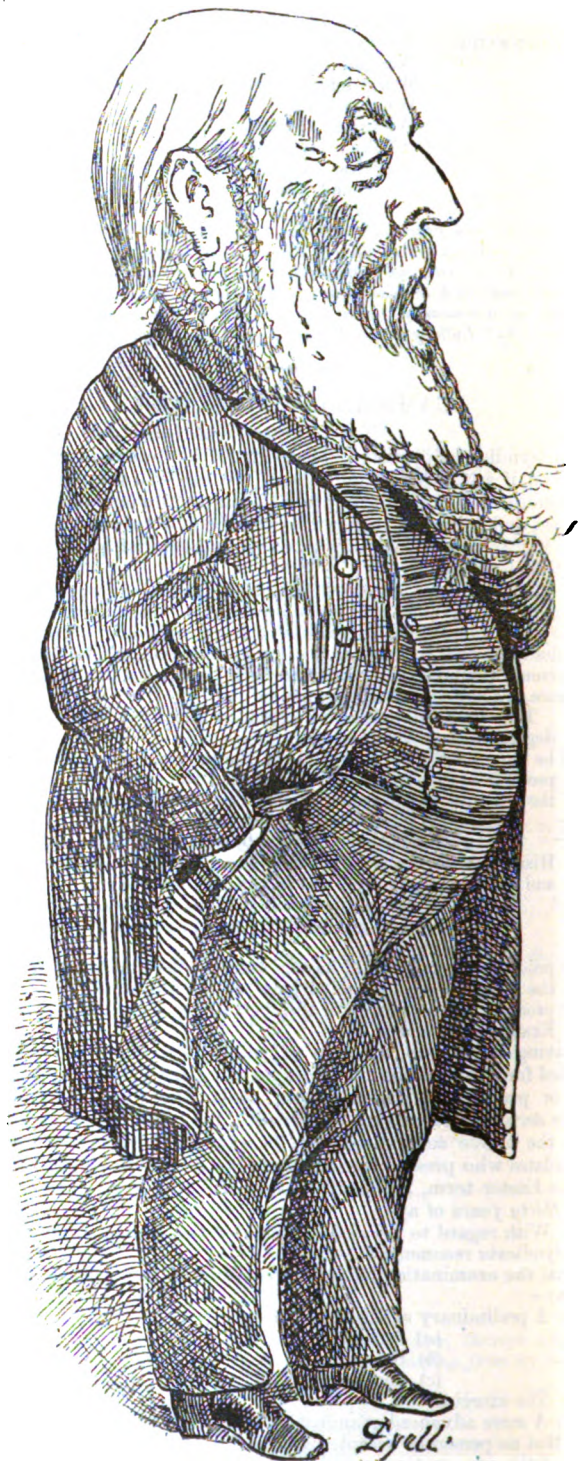
ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recital by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 24th:—

Grand March (E flat major)	II. Smart.
Andante con Variazioni, from the Serenade for Flute, Violin, and Viola	Beethoven.
Toccata and Fugue (C major)	Bach.
Pastorale	Kullak.
Andante (D major)	E. Silas.
Overture, Guillaume Tell	Rossini.

Five Hundred and Ninety-ninth Concert.



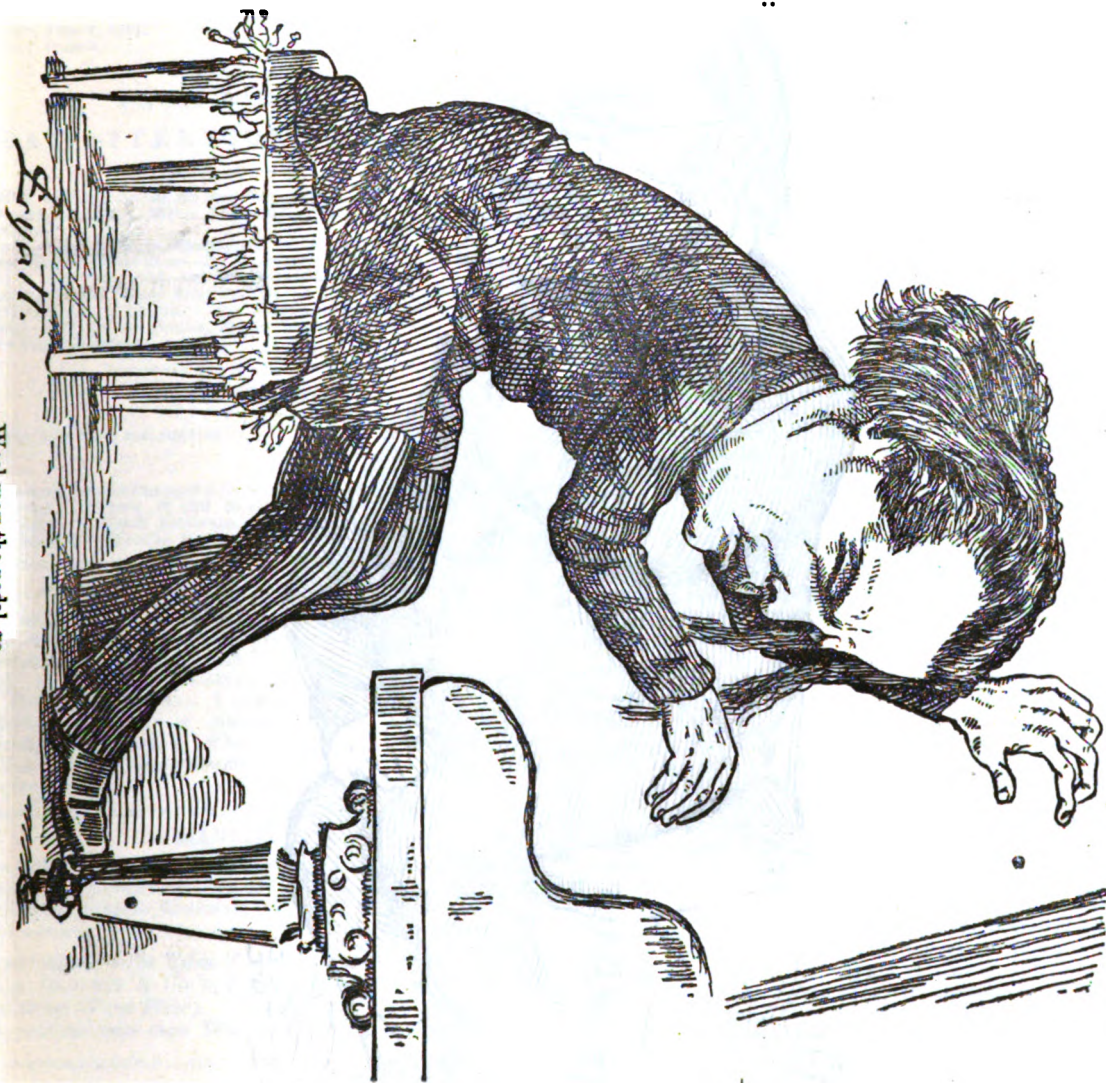
INTELLIGENT DIRECTOR (*musing*).—Shall I engage him for the 600th concert? No. I'll wait till the 1,000th. He won't do just now for the Pops. Or rather he *would* do for them. That won't do for me. Or rather it *would* do for me. I was going to offer him four thousand. Rosa says he gave him eight thousand. Hum! I'll ask H. Broadwood and Sir Julius. (INTELLIGENT DIRECTOR *pats back his pocket-book, and exit in brown study.*)

For Miss Ultra.

Dedicated to Arabella Goddard.

Greater Gape (invisible):
—Oh!

Gumbo.—Gollowalla!



Lesser Gape (invisible):
—Ah!

Gumbo.—Wogafoga!

Weel may the pedal go,
The pedal go,
The pedal go,
Weel may the pedal go. (Old Scotch tune.)

At the Royal Albert Hall.

Tuesday, May 22—aged 64.

Hoch !



Walhallwahnfriedmotiv.

ST JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his SEVENTEENTH Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, June 1, 1877.
FRIDAY, June 8, ..

FRIDAY, June 15, 1877.
SATURDAY, June 23, ..

FIFTH RECITAL.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 1, 1877.

GRAND TRIO, in E flat, Op. 40, for pianoforte, violin, and horn
—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdsme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Mr
WEDTLAND Brahms.
SONATA, in G minor, "Didona abbandonata"—"Scena Tragica,"
for pianoforte alone (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ... .. Clementi.
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 105, for pianoforte and violin—Mr
CHARLES HALLÉ and Mdsme NORMAN-NERUDA... .. Schumann.
GRAND TRIO, in D, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and
violinello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdsme NORMAN-NERUDA,
and Herr FRANK NERUDA Beethoven.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	For the Series.	Single Tickets.
Sofa Stalls, numbered and reserved ...	23 2 0	20 7 0
Balcony	1 1 0	0 3 0
Area	0 1 0

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B.—The actual delinquent is Dr Whiskeya, who wrote the symphony called "Horn," and married the niece of Farmer Hay, while (under the name of "Phob") joining Perry of Worcester, Appleford of Hereford, Button of Birmingham, Holmes of Hallow, Evans of Evesham, Pidcock of Peterborough, Lockett of Loughborough, Mellor of Malmesbury, and Admiral Wink, in the compilation of *A Book of Wheels*, published for the "Deaf tone-poets of Tewksbury," about seventy fortnights ago. Ham was the musical overseer.

MARRIAGE.

On the 24th, at St. Mark's, Regent's Park, by the Rev. J. W. Morris (Cantab), ALFRED ASLETT to EMMA MARY, only daughter of the late Edward Francis Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A. No cards.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877.

The Wagner Festival.

FOR an account of the last concert of the Wagner Festival we have again recourse to the *Times*:—

In spite of disappointments, attributable to the indisposition from time to time of leading singers, the "Wagner Festival" came virtually to an end on Saturday afternoon, with what, if we may judge by the

audience thronging Albert Hall, and the indiscriminate applause bestowed upon piece after piece, was the most successful concert of the series. The programme contained the Grand March for the opening of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, a selection from *Die Meistersinger*, another from *Tristan und Isolde*, and yet another from *Götterdämmerung*, the concluding drama of the *Tetralogy*. The whole of the first part was directed by Herr Wagner himself, the master then yielding up the conductor's stick to his admirable lieutenant, Herr Richter, whose appearance on the platform was unanimously hailed both by the audience and the orchestral performers. As the music assigned to the care of this acknowledged chief of German orchestral leaders formed part of the Bayreuth programme, with the preliminary rehearsals for which Herr Richter had as much to do as the composer of the *Nibelungen* himself, this recognition was neither more nor less than a just tribute to distinguished ability. In so far as regards the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, our public had been already made familiar with the grandiose and, perhaps, super-elaborated overture, with the instrumental prelude to Act 3, and—especially through its frequent and exquisite performance on the violin by Herr Wilhelmj—with the love-song, "Morgenlich leuchtend in rosigem Schein," addressed to Eva on the festival morning of St John's Day. We are, therefore, not called upon to say anything about the fragments culled from the Munich opera, except that the overture, finely rendered as it undoubtedly was, made less impression than the prelude to Act 3, the final chord of which, as the curtain is lifted, discovers Hans Sachs, the inspired poet-cobbler, in solitary meditation; and that the *Meisterlied* of Walther von Stolzing, though given with much expression, would have been more effective had the singer been completely in possession of his vocal means. The most interesting part of Saturday's programme was the selection from the second act of *Tristan und Isolde*, which the large majority of Herr Wagner's disciples, encouraged, as is generally believed, by the opinion of the master, regard as his superlative effort, the *ultima thule* of his aspirations. Some, nevertheless, who have carefully studied the work may not exactly be of that persuasion; and we cannot accuse them fairly of misappreciation when they insist that any one of the four parts which compose the *Tetralogy* of the *Ring des Nibelungen* is, for boldness of conception and originality of treatment, superior to either *Tristan* or *Die Meistersinger*. That—be it said with deference—extraordinary as are the merits of the former, is our own impression. To accept Wagner, under any circumstances, as a comic writer would demand an unlimited degree of faith in the "absolute." Take, for example, those passages in the overture to the *Meistersinger* representing a "clandestine declaration," and the chattering of the "Meistersingers' apprentices" as proofs of his idiosyncratic deficiency in this respect. The first aims at a quasi-sentimental humour, the second at humour unrestrained. Neither hits the mark; and the reason is not far to seek. When Wagner attempts this sort of thing it is against the grain, or, as some old French writer would express it—*il caresse son chat à rebrousse poil* (allowing "chat" to stand for "Muse"). That Herr Wagner can be grimly humorous, his powerfully characteristic delineation of Mime, the ill-treated brother of Alberich, chief among Nibelungs, whether in *Das Rheingold* or in *Siegfried*, emphatically shows; but he cannot be comic like Rossini in one style, Auber in another, or even Mozart in another (witness *Die Zauberflöte*)—to say nothing of Haydn, in his *rondos*, or of Beethoven and Mendelssohn in many of their *scherzos*, &c. The humour exhibited in *Die Meistersinger* is laboured, not spontaneous. On the other hand, while we cannot but feel that in *Tristan und Isolde*, absorbed with his subject, Herr Wagner in his enthusiasm, has striven to make too much of it, he soars high into the regions of poetry, and both as lyricist and dramatist prefers claims that are undeniable. In his interesting volume, "Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future," Dr. Francis Hueffer, one of the earliest and most zealous exponents of the Wagnerian system among us, speaking of *Tristan*, says that here Wagner "wrote with the full concentrated power of his inspiration, freed at last from the fetters of conventional operatic forms, with which he has broken definitely and irrevocably." Admitting so much, it must also be conceded that Wagner, who never produced any remarkable specimens of what Dr Hueffer, after him, styles "conventional operatic forms," did well to rid himself of their "fetters" and write freely, according to the impulse from within. Never having made himself familiar with "the artificial canals of *aria cavatina*," &c. (to say nothing of what the Italians designate "*cabaletta*"), he was wise in not attempting to compete with those who have. The talk about relative positions of music and poetry in Wagner and Sophocles is pure moonshine; for nobody knows, or ever can know, what position music held with regard to tragedy among the Greeks. Leave Wagner to himself; take Wagner for what he is; and enough remains entitling him to be regarded as

a man of wonderful intellectual power—a man who, having a great deal to tell us, tells it in such a way as to enforce serious consideration. A more convincing illustration of this, apart from certain passages in the *Ring des Nibelungen*, could not be cited than the marvellous duet which, on Saturday, was the chief feature of the selection from *Tristan und Isolde*, wherein the lovers echo one another, phrase after phrase, as if what one said was precisely what the other would have said had their positions been reversed. Here the melody never ceases, the orchestra playing a most eloquent part throughout—involving it may be, but always in perfect keeping with the sentiment to be expressed. Although Herr Unger was still so indisposed as to be prevented from taking part in the *Götterdämmerung* selection which followed, he did his best; while the singing of Mme Materna was so touchingly expressive and artistically faultless that the duet, long spun out as it unquestionably is, created an extraordinary sensation, the "encore" being too unanimous even for Herr Wagner to resist. As the last few bars died away "pianissimo," little doubt could have remained that, not only many scenes in the operas of Herr Wagner, despite his own reiterated protests, may be separated from the dramatic context without material loss, but that in this particular case the absence of scenic accessories is rather a gain than otherwise. As occurring in the opera, the situation is one scarcely to be tolerated on the boards of an English theatre, but presented as at the Royal Albert Hall, by *Tristan und Isolde*, book in hand—overlooking certain specifications in the printed libretto, which like the premonitory utterances of the watchful Brangäne (the Bragwaïne of our *Mort d'Arthur*), might as well be omitted—the supreme beauty of the music told its own story, and was appreciated on its own account. In the selection from *Götterdämmerung*, which brought the concert to an end, there was no Siegfried; but the grandly impressive Funeral March, with the splendid singing and declamation of Mme Materna, as Brünnhilde, offered sufficient compensation.

Extra concerts are announced for Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening next—at one, if not at both, of which it is hoped that the promised selection from *Siegfried*, including the fresh and charming music of the forest scene, where the hero of the *Nibelungen* is initiated in the language of birds, and taught the way to the dormant Brünnhilde's fire-encircled prison, will be introduced. These may possibly give occasion for some further remarks on the so-called "Wagner Festival," and on the influence it has exercised with respect to a promotion of Wagner's art-theories among us.—

Next week, after the two extra concerts (with the addition of *Siegfried*), we shall have some general remarks to offer.

F. F.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At the sixth concert of the Mozart and Beethoven Society, May 16th, there was a very large audience. The first part included Beethoven's grand trio, Op. 97 (Herrn Laistner, Booth, and Schuberth), his Polonaise in C major (Miss Lillie Albrecht—recalled), and Trio in C minor (Herrn Hause, Otto Booth, and Schuberth). The vocal compositions comprised Mozart's "Mentri li lascio, O figlia," and "In diesen heiligen Hallen" (Mr Pyatt). Mme Augusta Roche gave three Scotch songs with pianoforte, violin, and violoncello accompaniment by Beethoven. The second part was miscellaneous, the instrumental performers being Mme Sievers (harmonium), Mr Chapman (flute), Herr Booth (violin), Herr Laistner (pianoforte), and Herr Schuberth (violoncello). The other vocalists were Mdle Kellini, who was "recalled" after "Ah fors'è lui;" Mdle Alma, who sang Proch's "Forget me not" (flute *obbligato*, Mr Chapman), and Mme Roche. Herr Schuberth conducted.

EXETER HALL.—Mr John Child, our youngest tenor, for he is scarcely emancipated from his "teens," gave a concert on Wednesday evening, the 23rd inst., at this old established musical quarters, assisted by Miss Banks, Mme Clara Suter, Miss Emily Mott, Messrs Lewis Thomas, A. Caink, W. Henry Thomas, and Frank Lewis. The concert was well attended, and the audience gave every encouragement to the youthful artist, now known to many by his family connections, and who, if we mistake not, will soon be more widely known in the artistic career for which he has so many elements necessary to success.

PROVINCIAL.

BLACKBURN.—On May 17 the St Cecilia Society gave Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, with full band and chorus, under Mr Bentley, B.M. The solo vocalists were Misses Carina and Edith Clelland.

MUSIC AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The University Musical Society has lately given signs of unabated vitality. At a chamber concert on May 18, two works by living composers were performed: Sonata for pianoforte and violin (MS.), by Mr C. Villiers Stanford, conductor of the society, and the second set of Liebeslieder valse, Op. 65, by Johannes Brahms, a work, in our opinion, infinitely superior to the first collection, both as regards the musical development of the single pieces, and their combination in an organic whole. This first performance of the Easter term in a manner foreshadowed a more important event, viz., the Full Choral and Orchestral Concert, which took place last Tuesday. The programme deserves quoting in full:

Prelude to *Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg* (Wagner); Rhapsody for alto solo and male chorus, Op. 53 (Brahms); 46th Psalm for soli, chorus, and orchestra (C. Villiers Stanford); D minor Symphony (Schumann).

Of the first and last-named works it will suffice to say that they received at the hands of Mr Stanford and his band a spirited, if not quite sufficiently refined, performance, the brass, especially in Wagner's brilliant overture, being not always treated with the discretion on which the master himself insists most strenuously. Brahms' "Rhapsody" to words by Goethe is an effective piece of declamation well in keeping with the sombre spirit of the poetry. The first two stanzas are treated in the manner of a recitativo *obbligato*, as modified by Wagner and other modern composers. With the last verse, expressive of hope and resignation, a more melodious strain commences, and here the chorus of male voices is effectively introduced. The alto solo-part was exquisitely rendered by that sweet and sweet-voiced maiden, Mdle Redeker. To so elaborate and so extensive a piece of music as Mr Stanford's Psalm we cannot do full justice within the limited space allotted to us. Suffice it to say that its reception was decidedly favourable, the applause being especially cordial after the second movement—"The rivers of the flood," a vocal quartet, the solo parts of which were well sung by Mdles Friedländer and Redeker, and two accomplished amateurs, the Rev. L. Borissow and Mr G. F. Cobb. Another member of the society, the Rev. W. Jekyll, gave the baritone solo, "O come hither." At a first hearing we found the first chorus, "Allegro maestoso," with a short orchestral introduction preceding it, most to our liking; while the second chorus, "Allegro con fuoco," seemed somewhat boisterous. But the whole work betrays the accomplished musicianship of its composer. Mr Villiers Stanford conducted throughout the concert.

Wagner Festival.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, MAY, 1877.

To August Wilhelmj.

SIR,—The members of the orchestra of the Wagner Festival cannot separate without expressing to you their admiration of your great abilities as a violinist and a musician. They are assured that to you they are largely indebted for the opportunity that has been afforded them of assisting in the interpretation of the works of the great master, under his own immediate superintendence. For these reasons, and for the great assistance you have rendered in the arrangements for the Festival, and especially as leader of the orchestra, they beg your acceptance of a violin bow, as a mark of their respect, and as a memento of one of the most important events in the musical history of this country.

Signed on behalf of the orchestra:—Hermann Franke, Carl Deichmann, Hugo Daubert, Richard Blagrove, Edwin Ould, C. Thomas, Charles Harper, John Hedley (Secretary).

AMONG recent visitors to Paris is Herr Jauner, manager of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna; Signor Merelli, *impresario* of Italian opera at the same theatre; Signor Faccio, conductor at the Scala, Milan; Doctor Filippo Fillipi, of the *Perseveranza*; and the manager of the Teatro Reggio, Turin.

(From "Punch.")

Diary of my ride to Khiva.

(Continued, and forwarded by Private Wire.)

To-Day.—Have been unwell for a day or two on the road to Khiva, but am now quite re-khiva'd. (Pun duly patented and registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.) Just met a Roumaniac coming from Roumania. They are all Roumaniacs in Roumania. Asked him if he had heard any war reports. He replied, "O son of many distinguished parents, O very much over-fed and polished one, I haven't." He went on to add that only the reports he had heard were of guns in the distance.

Met several people going the other way, all dressed in different costumes, some with beards, some with no beards, some with moustachios, some with no moustachios, some with bald heads, some with full flowing wigs, some with long noses and green spectacles, others with short noses and blue spectacles, and so on. Soon found out (on their removing their false noses, beards, &c.) that they were Russian Spies in disguise. They went through a short gymnastic entertainment and left early. If Mr Chatterton wants some *Vokeski* amusements for his next Christmas Pantomime, he'd better give me *carte blanche* to engage this Band of Russian Spies. It would be a highly spiced entertainment. (Pun patented and protected by Vic. V. cap. 6.)

Day after.—Met a Fair Circassian. Addressed her with "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" in her own native tongue. Struck me—the idea struck me, not the Fair Circassian—that she would do for the *Princess Olinka* in *Mazeppa*. Engaged her. The only question is now, can I play *Mazeppa* with my present lot? And do I want a licence? What will the Lord Chamberlain say? My *corps* consists of self (as *Mazeppa*), Sleigh-driver, and his Boy. Fair Circassian, and the Circus Horse. The Donkey could be got up as a Wolf, and could be taught to pursue me. The Pig is a difficulty; but being already so remarkably clever, I fancy that with a very little more arithmetical training with tickets and passes, he might become an invaluable check-taker, or better still, an acting-manager for the front of the house; and this would not only save a salary, but also be an attraction if properly announced in the bills, thus—"Money taken at the doors by the Learned Pig. All applications on business connected with the management must be made to the Pig!" And in these times when anything from the East creates an excitement, I could advertise him as, "Hog, the Ex-King of Bason!" But these are day-dreams. On to Khiva! Haven't seen the Oxus lately, from which circumstance I gather that the Sleigh-driver has got the Circus Horse to go straight for once.

Next Day.—Met a few small Boys. Engaged them. New idea—advertise myself and company as "Dr Larx and His Little Men!" Agent in advance much wanted. Pig no good. If he went on alone he might get into difficulties with the wolves. He'd be safe from the nomad tribes *en route*, as their religious tenets are generally anti-pig, and on this one point they are a Pig-culinar, not a Pig-culinary people. This is what I say when I'm *crackling* a joke with a friend. The Sleigh-driver has begun to learn English. How will this end? Wish I had a book of *Mazeppa*. Quite forgot to bring one with me. Shall have to make it up from memory. I remember the funny man in it—*Drolinski*. Weather cold. My frigidometer down to Zero-under-line. Very low note. I write this before going to bed. Think I hear wolves. No! . . . Only the Pig snoring. Wish I could think of a good name for the Pig in the handbills. A German name always looks artistic, and Herr von Gruntz wouldn't be bad. I'll ask him when he wakes, and get him to spell it out on the Alphabet. If he doesn't like it, he shan't have it. What a pet this Pig is! I'm spoiling him, I'm afraid. Oft on a stilly night, when his head is aching after his day's mental strain of the performance—for he is a litter-ary Pig, bless him!—I sit by his little couch, and sing him to sleep, the Sleigh-driver playing on the *banjoski* (a Tartar instrument with one string and a half and two screws at the top, played with the thumb of the left hand), with the air, "*Hush-a-bye, Bacon!*" from my exquisite Russian adaptation of the celebrated *Triumvirate*, which will be published (shortly) at St Petersburg under the title of "*Cozus and Bozus on the Oxus*." So runs the world away! Good night! . . . Jumped out of bed again just to jot down this idea. Shall call my Sleigh-driver, Herr Wagner. Perhaps it will frighten the wolves.

To-morrow.—Thought it would never come. Am writing, while driving in the sleigh-caravan, the first act of *Mazeppa*. Pig hard at his studies. Stopped for *lunchski* with Fair Circassian at *Kissenuff*. She has got an appetite. Played three games at Cribbage with Pig. Pig backed by Fair Circassian (who said I cheated) and Sleigh-driver. Lost twenty roubles. Fair Circassian insisted on being paid on the spot. Row. No more Cribbage. Pig ungrateful, and knows too much. Sleigh-driver's Boy sharp, though. I was

just on the point of handing over the coin, for one cannot keep a Lady waiting, when the Boy rushes in, his hair standing on end, his face pale, his dress disordered, crying out, "Wolves!"

In a second I was master of the situation. My purse went back again into my pocket. Horse harnessed. Donkey put on tandem fashion. Circassian jumped in. Pig anywhere. Little Boys stowed under the apron. Sleigh-driver (a very nervous man wrapped up in thick capes), on to his box. Crack goes the whip. Sleigh-driver's Boy up behind. Bells jingle. Away! Away! Wolves after us in full cry!! Imagine the horror of the situation!! More in my next, if I live to tell the tale!! The next halting-place is *Gladitzova*. Wish we were there. Again we are urging on our wild career. There must be at least a thousand wolves behind us. I telegraph this to you—perhaps for the last time. Please send out cheque by messenger, it may keep the wolf from the carriage-door. Snow falling, wolves howling, thunder, lightning, lights down, hats off in front, music!! . . . Ha! they come!!

(To be continued by Private Wire, in my next, if possible.)

SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We have heard that the International Mozart Foundation Committee will organise a grand musical festival in the second half of July next, in the native town of our immortal master, provided that political events do not prevent their so doing.

For years, and especially since the *Schienenstrang* has facilitated communication with the mountainous districts, Salzburg, so lavishly dowered by Nature with the most lovely scenery, Salzburg, the magnificent Alpine town, has been the rendezvous of tourists, and has most worthily donned a festive dress on more than one occasion. We will mention only the Artists' Festival, held in 1862, the Congress of Jurisconsults, &c.

The programme proposed for the Festival will be framed so as to afford scope for social amusements as well as due musical enjoyment, as will be seen from what follows.

The duration of the Festival is, for the present, fixed at three days. There will be two Evening Concerts and a *Matinée* in the Aula Academica; two cosy Social Evenings, with a Regatta on the Leopoldskroner Lake, illuminated for the occasion; a banquet; an Artists' Excursion to the Lichtenstein-Klamm; a burlesque operatic performance in the Imperial Theatre by Viennese artists, who have already kindly consented to give their services; and, lastly, a Park Festival in the Curgarden.

Herr Dessoff, Court Chapellmaster, has most kindly undertaken to direct the concerts, and nearly all the members of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, have with equal kindness promised their co-operation. The Central Festival Committee are exerting themselves most strenuously to secure the services of prominent artists as soloists.

It is proposed to render this Musical Festival permanent in Salzburg, thus affording all composers and musical artists a common point of meeting in the town of Mozart.

During the three days there will be a special tariff, already settled with the hotel proprietors, for apartments, service, and conveyances. Thanks to the exertions of the International Mozart Foundation Committee, a locality has been found where the Elite Concerts, to be given on the occasion, may worthily be held. In compliance with the request made by the Committee, the government authorities readily placed at their disposition the Aula Academica of the old University, a hall which for size and beauty is surpassed by no other in the place. Apart from all considerations of its proportions, so well calculated for the object in view, and of its excellent acoustic qualities, what renders it especially appropriate for these concerts is the fact that the name of Mozart is intimately connected with it.

In the Aula Academica, built, as we know, in 1631, during the life of Archbishop Paris Lodron, the celebrated rector of the University, Alphons, erected in 1660, an academical theatre, in which, at the end of each scholastic year, sacred plays were performed by the students. It was under Archbishop Sigismund Schrattenbach that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, when only five and a half, played twice in the Aula, namely, on the 1st and the 3rd of September, 1761, in the singing-comedy, *Sigismundus Hungaria Rex*, by the Benedictine Father Marianus Wimmer, with music by Eberlin.

It is, then, in this building, which presents to-day the same appearance as formerly, and which has been preserved with anxious care, that the music-loving crowds at the Festival will assemble for the purpose of listening to the strains of Beethoven, Cherubini, Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, R. Wagner, Goldmark, &c.

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Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

CAROLINE SALLA'S ALICE.

Mdlle Caroline Salla was so obviously suffering from the weather of our "bounteous May" that she could not do justice to herself as a vocalist; but, apart from this, her Alice gave entire satisfaction. We have rarely witnessed a more attractive representation of the character. Always interesting, and always acting up to the full requirements of the part, without going beyond them, she gave us an Alice *sans reproche*—one marked by as much bright intelligence from first to last as distinguished by power when meeting the demand for *tours de force*. The trying scene at the Cross was especially well done. More natural and touching acting could not be desired. For the reason named above we shall not pass judgment upon Mdlle Salla's rendering of the music further than to say that, wherever only a moderate demand was made upon her strength she proved fully equal to the occasion, and that she everywhere presented the unmistakable signs of an accomplished singer. It may be stated here that the unaccompanied trio for Alice, Robert, and Bertram was admirably sung, and made the success of the evening.—*Daily Telegraph*.

CARISSIMI AND STRADELLA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In this age of musical activity and enthusiasm, and when enterprising publishers are beginning to find their account in disinterring some of the buried treasures of the past, now that "classical" music has (fortunately for our prospects of musical progress) become the fashion, your readers may perhaps excuse me if I direct their attention to a few more composers of ability and genius still neglected—presumably because unknown.

Occupying a very prominent position among such we find the names of two great Italian composers, who in their day enjoyed almost a European reputation. Giacomo Carissimi was born at Padua in 1586—some say 1590—and died at Rome, 1678. He composed several oratorios, cantatas, church services, and smaller pieces. His style was more highly esteemed than that of almost any of his contemporaries. There is a well-known anecdote related of him that, being on one occasion complimented upon the easy, natural flow of some of his melodies, he replied: "Ah! but with what difficulty is this ease acquired." Almost the only piece of Carissimi's compositions that we know anything of in this country is his sacred cantata, *Jonah*, and that only within these three or four years, thanks to the enterprise and good taste of Mr Henry Lealie, to whom we are indebted for its revival and re-publication. Compared, indeed, with Handel (who, however, had the good taste to borrow largely from Carissimi, as well as from Urio, G. Porta, &c.) his style may seem stiff and hard occasionally, but we must remember that he preceded nearly all those whom we now call the greatest composers, viz., Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c., and must consequently be looked upon as a pioneer of musical progress—great indeed himself, but the precursor of something greater still; and it is to be hoped that some of our many energetic publishers will give us more of his works in a cheap form. His younger contemporary, Alessandro Stradella, was born at Naples about 1645, and is now best known as having written an oratorio, *San Giovanni*, and a few elegant madrigals and cantatas. His tragical story is well known to students of musical biography. That he was an excellent singer and had a fine person; how he became acquainted with the beautiful Hortensia, the wife or mistress of an Italian marquis; how this nobleman hired braves to assassinate him, one of whom, after

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S LUCIA.

Lucia di Lammermoor was given, with Mdlle Nilsson in the title rôle. On this occasion the Swedish *prima donna* resumed her once favourite and familiar part after, for some reason not explained, neglecting it during three seasons. The Lucia to which she accustomed us in the earlier years of her career had not, however, been forgotten, nor was its withdrawal for a time likely to abate the interest with which opera-goers always regarded it. There was a full house consequently, and Mdlle Nilsson's efforts met with appreciation nothing short of enthusiastic. Her Lucia had not changed, save, perhaps, that the artist's increased dramatic experience and culture enable her now to present a more finished and powerful embodiment of the character. This was apparent above all in the scene of the contract, where the intensity of the situation permitted the best effect. Here Mdlle Nilsson was a great actress not less than a great singer, the two arts uniting in her to make a whole with which only hypercriticism could find fault. Of the manner in which the *prima donna* sang music for the most part familiarised by her in our concert-rooms, there can be no need to speak. Enough that, stimulated by applause and in possession of full means, Mdlle Nilsson acquitted herself in a manner that recalled the highest triumphs associated with her name. It would be superfluous to give details of the favour with which the lady's efforts were received. Nothing can be easier as a task for the imagination, which need not dread an exaggeration of the facts.—*Daily Telegraph*.

LIEGE.—The third of the Musical Festivals decreed by government will take place on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 10th, and 11th of June. As it will coincide with the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Conservatory, the municipal authorities are organising a series of public rejoicings, attended by the King, Queen, Count and Countess of Flanders. There will be international rifle matches open to Belgian civic guards and foreign volunteers; a grand review of regular troops and civic guards; regattas on the Meuse; illuminations; dramatic performances; fireworks; concerts; balls; grand dinners; a vocal competition, open to choral societies of all countries; and a patriotic cantata, by M. J. Michel, a young musician, native of the town. The first programme comprises Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; "Hymne à la Patrie," for chorus and orchestra, by J. B. Rongé (local); chorus and air from Gluck's *Orphée*; *Cain*, a scena for solo, chorus, and orchestra, by M. Théodore Radoux, Director of the Conservatory; and the first part of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The second includes the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*; an air from *Oberon*; Beethoven's Violin Concerto; an air from *Stratonice* (Méhul); the oratorio, *L'Escout*, Part II., by M. Pierre Benoit, director of the Antwerp Conservatory; "Les Emigrants Irlandais," by M. Gevaert; "L'Été" and "Le Clair de la Lune," choruses by the late M. Etienne Soubre, former director of the Conservatory; the principal piece from the second act of Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*; air from *Fidelio*; and the final chorus from *Elijah*. The solo instrumentalist is to be Joseph Joachim. The chorus will number 800, the orchestra 150, with Théodore Radoux as conductor.

listening to his fine singing, relented, and warned him of his danger, by that means enabling the lovers to escape for the time; and how, ultimately, they were followed by other emissaries of the revengeful marquis to Genoa, where, in 1679, they were stabbed in each other's arms—all this, I say, is matter of history. Apart entirely from the romantic interest attaching to his unhappy fate, there can be little doubt that we might profit not a little by perusing Stradella's graceful and expressive music. Our own glorious Purcell, too, I may mention (whose works, too long neglected, are now beginning to excite the interest they merit) was in some measure a contemporary of the great man I speak of, having been born in 1658, and would consequently have about attained his majority at the time Stradella was murdered. Here I must pause for the present, but, should I succeed in drawing the attention of the musical public to the great merit of such composers, I shall consider myself rewarded.

D. BAPTIE.

To J. C. Burward, Esq.

MY SINGULAR GOOD SCRIBE.—The most curious possession that comes to man in this world is woman's heart—when it is not hard. Dr Holland overlooks the tender care with which a man handles a meerschaum pipe just beginning to have a bilious look around the base of the bowl. Another man thinks he knows how to make hens lay, and communicates the process to agricultural papers. It's in the food, say idiots. When will the nobility of hens be understood? Hens are not machines. They are reasoning, thinking beings. If there is one sight more impressive than another, it is a hen thinking. If you want to make a hen lay, get on her best side. Work on her feelings. This can be done by studying her nature and learning her tastes. This accomplished, go to work to show her that you are her friend, and not a grasping, grinding leech, with no higher ambition than worming eggs out of her. When a hen sees that you love and respect her, that you are truly her friend, that you are in active sympathy with her reachings out for the Indefinable in nature, she will just turn her toes in, tighten her jaws, and fairly fill the entire atmosphere with eggs. Yours,

Purple Plover.

NILSSON.

The Swedish Nightingale opens its Mouth. — Great Excitement of Chicago. — The Ovation at the Opera-house.

(By Atlantic and Submarine Telegraph, September 4, 1766. *)



Less than ten years ago it was announced that a "young Swedish girl, Christina Nilsson, has been sent to Paris by the Duchess of Ossgothland, to be educated at her expense as a singer, in consequence of the great beauty of her voice." That young Swedish girl, developed into a peach-formed woman, is the song queen of the period—the ruling musical sensation—legitimate successor of Jenny Lind. Differing from that vocalist in style and scope, deriving more of her success from personal and histrionic attractions, Nilsson has even exceeded her in people and piles.

In Chicago the general American rule is exaggerated. Place yourself at entrance of Crosby's Opera-house, and see the *élite* of Chicago surging up broad stairway, and defiling past patient Pollard, taker of tickets.

"Everybody is here," was the general exclamation; and all who could arrange it attended the first Nilsson concert. Grades of youth and age, beauty and ugliness, partook of the musical feast. Many "old stagers" were there, and also many sweet creatures, whose *entrée* into society will create a sensation one day.

It was absolutely startling to observe the variety of costumes and impossible tints classed under the general name of new colours. There was the Nile green, and half a dozen shades between this and the Metternich; transition from pink through different shades of crimson scarlet, wine colour, and garnet, a dozen varieties; orange, corn colour, lemon, and new, with faint suggestion of peach blossoms; violets, manves, pearl and steel greys, cuir (queer?), and browns, blues and drabs, until the eye rested with relief on black worn with grace.

The toilets were a compliment to this sweet-voiced song queen. Chicago's fairest and most exclusive went to the concert. Not as to the theatre, not as to receptions, did haughtiest dames come to this Swedish girl, who, of obscure origin, wins the homage of the proudest. Wear the costliest robes, fair ladies; exult in pride of station or

birth. Christine Nilsson has a heritage heaven-sent. Your banks may break, your factories burn; but her possessions are intact—her voice is her fortune.

Nor must one censure ladies, who, preparing elaborate toilets, lost the first part. Their careful toilettes were the proudest tributes they could bring to lay at the feet of the conqueror. One young lady, elaborately dressed, who sat in the dress circle, just near the front, explained that it was wicked not to wear the best at such a time. "For," she remarked, "you cannot wear anything too *iself* when you are to hear sweet music." Another lady, well known in society as a charming woman, of exquisite taste in toilette, blessed with wealth, deficient in brains, a little blonde, sat languidly, seemingly delighted with everything she heard, now and then suppressing a yawn behind costly fan or dainty *mouchoir*. She was one of those who would rather be "out of the world than out of fashion," and admired accordingly. She horrified a celebrated professional by asking for "Captain Jinks"; but the skilful musician was unfamiliar with this melody. So goes the world!

The toilettes of Mdlle Nilsson were flawless. Costly silks, rare old lace, priceless gems; but dearer and sweeter than all, the rippling melody of her wondrous voice.

"Divine Nilsson!" more than one enthusiastic music-lover uttered. But it all came to an end, as the pleasantest events invariably must. And then, on through the cold and darkness of the night, the Nilsson audience went to their homes delighted with all they had heard, but looking forward the more eagerly to the opportunities left them of again hearing the Swedish Nightingale.

WAIFS.

MM. Servais and F. Planté have returned from Madrid.

Miss Kellogg intends introducing *Paul et Virginie* to America.

Signora Maria Palmieri will shortly return to Italy from America.

The seventh performance of *Le Roi de Lahore* brought 19,123 francs.

Mdlle Alma Fohström, a fair Finn, is creating an impression at St Petersburg.

Pepita, an opera by M. L. L. Delahaye is in preparation at the Salle Favart.

Mad. Friedrich-Materna contemplates quitting the German for the Italian lyric stage.

Mrs Charles Eley has resumed her "receptions" at her residence in the Finchley Road.

Sig. Borioli, manager of the San Carlo, Naples intends producing *Lohengrin* next season.

A portrait of Mdl'e Lucca, by Herr O. Begas, of Berlin, was recently sold by auction.

A biography of the late Signor Petrella, by Signor G. Carotti, editor of *Il Pirata*, is published at Turin.

M. Eeudier has asked the French Government for a grant of 200,000 francs in aid of the Théâtre Italien, Paris.

A performance of Liszt's oratorio, *Christus*, announced at the Berlin Singacademie, was expressly forbidden by the composer.

Mdlle Alexandrina Kroutoff has been engaged by Signor Ferri for St Petersburg and Moscow, and Mdlle Ada Adini for Monte Video.

Offenbach's *Madame L'Archiduc* has been performed at the Bouffes Parisiens with Mme Théo in the part originally filled by Mdlle Jadic.

The Exhibition building at Philadelphia is to be preserved, and a space capable of containing 2,500 executants and 8,000 listeners set aside for concerts.

M. Paul Ferrier is engaged on the libretto of a four-act-opera, the music by M. Henri Maréchal. The subject from F. Mistral's poem, *Calendal*, is written in the Provence dialect.

When an American father discovers that his razors have been used by his boy for the purpose of sharpening a slate pencil, his faith that he is to be the father of a President is temporarily eclipsed by anxiety to find the boy and a stout piece of lath.

A young gentleman wondering how a lady could make herself ridiculous by the vagaries of fashion, the wind catching him by the shirt collar on which his hat rested, he was obliged to grasp a telegraph pole to prevent his being wafted over a roof.

Previously to M. Ch. Lecocq's last opera, *La Marjolaine*, the greatest pecuniary success at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris, was his *Petite Marie*, the first hundred performances bringing in 365,000 francs. For the same number *La Marjolaine* brought in 369,000. (*Fi donc!*)

* Delayed in transmission.

* Was that a part of her costume?—F. C. B.—D.

Of all those present at the opening of the Stadttheater, Hamburg, fifty years ago, only two, Herr Krebs, the Dresden *Capellmeister*, and Herr Gloy, an actor, are living. Herr Krebs conducted the orchestra at the opening of the theatre, and at the fiftieth anniversary, a short time since.

In the performance of *Alceste*, with Mr Gadsby's excellent music, at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 19th inst., Mr Arthur Matthison impersonated the character of Admetus, a part in which musical knowledge is absolutely necessary. It was not the first time this gentleman had undertaken the onerous duty; but, as on this occasion he had only two hours for preparation, he must be congratulated upon his success.

Mad. Esipoff's Pianoforte Recitals at Union Hall, Boston, began on the 8th inst. with a programme devoted to Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Gluck, Hummel, Rameau, Field, Boccherini, and Scarlatti. On the 9th, the composers were Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn; on the 10th, Chopin reigned supreme; on the 11th, the programme consisted of studies by Chopin, Moscheles, Thalberg, Scarlatti, Hummel, Henselt, and Liszt; and the 12th included pieces by Bach, Hässler, Mozart, Schubert, Liszt, Brahms, Leschetizky, Tschaiakowsky, and Heller.

GREGORIAN PSALMODY.—The fifth anniversary festival service of the London Gregorian Choral Association was celebrated on Thursday, May 17th, at St Paul's Cathedral. The increasing strength of the society may be gathered from the fact that between a thousand and eleven hundred choristers took part in the processional hymn, "Celestis Urbs Jerusalem," with which the service commenced. The effect was imposing. The congregation took part in the alternate verses of the psalms, responses, and metrical hymns. The anthem, "Fear not, O Land," was by Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., Oxon., honorary organist of the society.

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SIGNOR and the MDLLES BADIA have arrived in London for the Season. All communications for public or private Concerts, &c., to be addressed to 47, Upper Baker Street, Regent's Park; or to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR ALFRED JAEEL will arrive in London on June 7. All letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs ERARD, 18, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

MR CHARLES HARPER, Principal and Solo Horn, having seceded from the Royal Italian Opera, begs to inform his friends and the public that he is now at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, &c., either in town or country. Address—3, Liddington Place, Harrington Square, London, N.W.

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), of the Wilhelmj Concert Party, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, &c. Address, care of Messrs HODGE & ESSEX, 6 and 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MISS ELENA NORTON, Soprano Vocalist (composer of "The Rose and the Ring"), is open for ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c., &c. Address, care of DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or to Mr D'Oyley Carte, 20, Charing Cross.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME ERNST (Soprano) requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR CHARLES ABERCROMBIE (Tenor), of St James's Hall and the Royal Aquarium Concerts, Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's, requests that all applications for Terms and ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio, Opera, or Concert, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY (his Agent and Business Manager), care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, S.W.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE (of the Crystal Palace and Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, &c., &c.), having Returned from Abroad, can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Opera, or Oratorio. All Communications to be addressed to his Agent, Mr R. D'OYLEY CARTE, 20, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.

MDME MARIE BELVAL begs that all Communications be addressed to her at 7, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MDME LOUISE GAGE (Contralto) is open to ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, Mdme LOUISE GAGE, No. 17, Holland Road, Kensington, W., or care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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VOL. 55.—No. 22.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1877.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Third performance of "Robert le Diable."

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 2, will be performed
MEYERBEER'S Grand Romantic Opera, "ROBERT LE DIABLE."
(The scenery by Messrs Grieve & Son and Messrs Fox). Roberto, Signor Pancelli; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Ramboldo, Signor Rinaldini; Alberto, M. Gonnét; Araldo, Signor Grassi; Un Prêtre, Signor Brocolini; Elena, Mme Katti Lanner; Isabella, Mdle Alwina Valleria; and Alice, Mdle Caroline Salla. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. Notice—On the above occasion the doors will open at Half-past Seven, and the Opera commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Next Week there will be Five Performances.—Extra Night.

On MONDAY next, June 4, GOUNOD's Opera, "FAUST." (The whole of the scenery designed and painted by Mr W. Telbin.) Faust, Signor Gillandi; Mephistophiles, M. Faure; Valentin, Signor del Puente; Wagner, Signor Franceschi; Siebel, Mdle Macvitz; Martha, Mme Lablache; and Margherita, Mme Christine Nilsson.

On TUESDAY next, June 5 (for the first time this season), VERDI's Opera, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Talbo (his first appearance); Rigoletto, Signor Galassi (his first appearance this season); Sparafucile, Signor Brocolini; Montecarlo, M. Gonnét; Marullo, Signor Zoboli; Borsa, Signor Rinaldini; Ceprano, Signor Faller; Ucciere, Signor Grassi; La Contessa, Mdle Filomena; Maddalena, Mme Trebelli-Bettini; Giovanni, Mdle Robiati; and Gilda, Mdle Alwina Valleria.

Extra Night.

On THURSDAY next, June 7, DONIZETTI's Opera, "LUOLA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Pancelli; Enrico Aston, Signor Rota; and Lucia, Mdle Emilia Chiomi (her second appearance).

Extra Night.

On FRIDAY next, June 8, a favourite opera, in which Mme Christine Nilsson and M. Faure will appear.

On SATURDAY next, June 9 (for the last time this season), VERDI's Opera, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Riccardò, Signor Pancelli; Renato, Signor Rota; Oscar, Mdle Milla Rodani; Ulrica, Mme Lablache; and Amalia, Mdle Caroline Salla (her seventh appearance).

The doors will open at Eight; the Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock (except on the occasion mentioned above).

Stalls, 25s.; Dress Circle, 15s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d.; Other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Places may be obtained of Mr Bailey, at the Box-Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the portico of the Opera-house, Haymarket, which is open daily from Ten till Five.

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The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at this INSTITUTION, (in the new Concert-room), on SATURDAY Evening, the 9th inst., at Eight o'clock, when (by desire) Mr HENRY SMART's Cantata, "THE FISHERMAIDENS," will be repeated. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN. Tickets, which may be purchased at the doors, Balcony, 2s. 6d.; and Stalls, 5s. each.

The next ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY Evening, the 20th inst., instead of the 27th. Tickets already issued for the 27th, will be available on the 20th.

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HANDEL's Oratorio, "HERCULES," ST JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY Evening next, June 8, at Eight o'clock. *Dramatis personæ*—Mrs Osgood, Miss Robertson, Mme Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Patey, and Mr Santley, Members of the Guild of Amateur Musicians, and Members of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir as Chorus. Band of eminent Professors. Organ—Mr John O. Ward. Pianoforte—Mr J. G. Calcott. Conductor—Mr Henry Leslie. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 2s., at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, and all Libraries and Music Publishers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 2, will be performed
"FRA DIAVOLO." Mdles Zaré Thalberg and Ghioffi. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Next Week there will be Six Performances.

On MONDAY next, June 4 (first time this season), "AIDA." Mme Adeline Patti.

On TUESDAY next, June 5 (first time this season), "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI." Medames Albani and Synnerberg.

On WEDNESDAY next, June 6, "LES HUGUENOTS." Mdmes D'Angeri and Marimon.

On THURSDAY next, June 7, "GUGLIELMO TELL."

On FRIDAY next, June 8, "I PURITANI." Elvira, Mdle Albani.

On SATURDAY next, June 9 (second time this season), "L'ETOILE DU NORD." Caterina, Mdme Adeline Patti.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—RUBINSTEIN CONCERT.

MONDAY, June 4, at Three o'clock. Rubinstein's last appearance in England this season. The programme will consist of: Symphonie Dramatique, No. 4, in D minor (Rubinstein), first time of performance at the Crystal Palace; Duet for soprano and baritone, from the opera of *The Macabees* (Rubinstein), first time of performance in England; Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, No. 4, in G (Beethoven) (Pianist—Herr Anton Rubinstein); Vocal pieces by different composers; Solos for pianoforte, by Schubert, Chopin, or other celebrated composers (Pianist—Herr Anton Rubinstein); Ballet Music, from *Feramosa* (Rubinstein). Vocalists—Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Henschel. Herr Anton Rubinstein will conduct his own compositions. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANN. Admission to Concert-room, One Shilling; or by Reserved Seat tickets, now on sale, price 5s., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d., at the Ticket-office.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

FRIDAY, June 22	GRAND FULL REHEARSAL.
MONDAY, June 25	MESSIAH.
WEDNESDAY, June 27	SELECTION.
FRIDAY, June 29	ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Principal Vocalists:

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and

Mdme ALBANI.

Mdme LEMMENS-SHERINGTON

and

Mdme EDITH WYNNE.

Mdme PATEY.

Mr VERNON RIGBY.

Mr EDWARD LLOYD.

Mr CUMMINGS.

Signor FOLI.

Herr HENSCHHEL.

Mr SANTLEY.

Solo Organ—Mr Best. Organist—Mr Willing.
Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Sets of Tickets for the Festival may be had at the Crystal Palace and at Exeter Hall.
Prices of Sets (including admission): Central Area, Three Guineas and Two and a Half Guineas; Galleries, Two and a Half Guineas and Two Guineas.
Tickets for the Rehearsal Day: Stalls (exclusive of admission), 7s. 6d. and 5s. Admission Tickets, Half-a-Crown.
Single Stall Tickets may now be had, 25s., One Guinea, and 15s.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.
Conductors—Dr WYLD and Mr GANZ. The LAST CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY next, June 9, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include: Schubert's Symphony in C major; Beethoven's Overture to *Leonore* (No. 3); Raff's Concerto, in B minor, for violin; and Dr Hiller's Concertstück, for piano; Beethoven's Duet on *Manfred* for two pianos. Pianists—Mr Alfred Jaell and Mdle Dehblmont. Violin—Herr Auer. Vocalist—Mdme Sadler Grunn (from the Wagner Concerts). Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony (front row), 7s.; Balcony, 2s. Admission, One Shilling. At Austin's, Chappell's, and the Ticket Office, St George's Hall.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON.**WEDNESDAY NEXT.**

WESTMINSTER TRAINING SCHOOL and HOME for NURSES (founded by the Lady Augusta Stanley). **MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON** has the honour to announce that she will give a **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** (under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN; Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of LORNE; Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of EDINBURGH; and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TEOK), in Aid of the above Institution, at **ST JAMES'S HALL**, on **WEDNESDAY Morning, June 6**, to commence at Three o'clock. **MDME Christine Nilsson** has the gratification to announce that she will be assisted by the following distinguished Artists: **MDlle Badia**, **MDme Trebelli** (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), **Mr Sims Reeves**, **Signor Foli**, **Signor Fraschetti**, and **M. Faure** (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.). The London Concert Glee Union, under the direction of **Mr F. Walker**. Violin—**MDlle Pommereul**. Pianoforte—**MDlle Cognetti**. Conductor—**Sir JULIUS BENEDICT** (by desire). Part I.—Madrigal, "This pleasant month (Beale), the London Concert Glee Union; Aria, "O tu Palermo," *Vespres Siciliana* (Verdi), **Signor Franceschi**; *Malanera*, *Carmen* (Bizet), **MDme Trebelli**; Sacred Song, "Bestrong to hope" (G. Fox), **Signor Foli**; Recit. and Aria, "O loss of sight," and "Total Eolipse," from *Samson* (Handel), **Mr Sims Reeves**; Ballade et Polonaise, violin (Vieuxtemps), **MDme Pommereul**; Air (by desire), "From mighty king," *Judas Maccabeus* (Handel), **MDme Christine Nilsson**; (a), *Berceuse*, pianoforte (Chopin), (b), *Tarantella*, "Naples" (Liszt), **MDlle Cognetti**; Duet, "Crucifix," Poésie de Victor Hugo (Faure), **MDme Christine Nilsson** and **M. Faure**. Part II.—Part-song, "Slumber, dearest" (Mendelssohn), the London Concert Glee Union; Duo, "Glorio d'orrore," *Semiramide* (Rossini), **MDme Christine Nilsson** and **MDme Trebelli**; Ballad, "Stars of the summer night" (Berthold Tours), **Mr Sims Reeves**; Duo, "Un gentil a vago fior" (Luigi Badia), **MDlle Badia**, accompanied by the composer; Romance, "Mais on revient toujours," *Jocunde* (Nicolo), **M. Faure**; (a), Nocturne, violin (Chopin), (b), *Tambourin*, Delain, **MDlle Pommereul**; Song, "I fear no foe" (Paisiuti), **Signor Foli**; Valse de Bluets, (Coen), **MDme Christine Nilsson**. Sofa Stalls, One Guinea; Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Gallery and Area Seats, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained at Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Lacon & Ollier, 168, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly.

TUESDAY NEXT.

MISS MARION BEARD'S HARP CONCERT will take place at the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, **TUESDAY EVENING, June 6**. Vocalists—**MDmes Sterling**, **Zimerl**, and **Herr Arnim von Boehme**. Instrumentalists: Piano—**Signori Mitterl** and **Mariolo**; Violin—**Herr Franke**; Violoncello—**Herr Liebe**; Harp—**Herr Oberthür**, **Mrs Frost**, **Miss Trust**, **Miss Lowe**, and **Miss Marion Beard** (pupil of **Herr Oberthür**). Conductors—**Signor ARDITI** and **Mr Cowen**. Tickets at the Academy, Hanover Square.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

MISS ALICE FAIRMAN'S MORNING CONCERT takes place, at 26, **ASHLEY PLACE**, Victoria Street (by kind permission). **WEDNESDAY, June 6**. **MDmes Lemmens-Sherrington**, **Osgood**, **Purdy**, and **Fairman**; **Messrs G. Perren**, **H. Guy**, and **Federici**. Pianoforte—**Miss J. Lawrence** and **Mr Ganz**. Violin—**Mr Louis Reis**. Conductors—**Messrs GANZ**, **N. H. THOMAS**, **H. PARKER**, and **MARLOIS**. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; at **Messrs Schott & Co.**, 159, Regent Street; or of **Miss ALICE FAIRMAN**, 18, St Peter's Square, Hammersmith.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

MR W. T. BEST will give the next **RECITAL** on the **GREAT ORGAN**, at "THE HALL," Primrose Hill Road, Regent's Park, on **WEDNESDAY next, June 6**, at Four o'clock. Carriages at 5.30. Programme: *Musette* (Handel); *Andante*, in D major (Haydn); *Fantasia and Fugue*, in G minor (Bach); *Fifth Organ Sonata* (Mendelssohn); *Andante*, in F major (Weeley); *Allegro Marziale* (Beet); *Andante con Variazioni* (Beethoven); *Concertstück* (Töpfer). Vouchers of admission, 3s. each; at **Austin's**, **Piccadilly**, and the principal Concert Agents. These Recitals (by permission) will take place each Wednesday during the Season.

THURSDAY NEXT.

MISS FLORENCE SANDERS' (pupil of **Mr W. H. Holmes**) **EVENING CONCERT**, at the **LANGHAM HALL**, Great Portland Street, on **THURSDAY, June 7**, commence at Eight o'clock. Artists: **Miss May Davies**, **Miss Annie Butterworth**, **Miss M. J. Williams**; **Mr Stedman**, **Mr Frank Holmes**, and **Mr Wadmore**. Solo Pianoforte—**Miss Florence Sanders**. Conductor—**Mr ALFRED GILBERT**.

MONDAY, JUNE 11.

MR KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at the **FLORAL HALL**, on **MONDAY, June 11**. **MDme Adelina Patti**, **MDlle Zaré Thalberg**, **MDlle Albani**; the most eminent artists, and the Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. Violin—**Herr Wilhelmj**. Solo Pianoforte—**Mr Kuhe**. Conductors—**MM. VIANESI**, **BEVIGNANI**, **F. H. COWEN**, **W. GANZ**, and **Sir JULIUS BENEDICT**.

MR GERARD COVENTRY has the honour to announce his **GRAND MORNING CONCERT**, at **LANGHAM HALL**, Great Portland Street, on **WEDNESDAY, June 13**, at Three o'clock precisely. Artists: **MDme Edna Hall**, **MDlle Helena Arnim**, **MDme Louise Gage**, and **MDme Fanchita Barri**; **Mr Gerard Coventry**, **Mr Bernard Lane**, **Mr Edwin Holland**, **Signor Foretti**, and **Mr Cecil Tovey**. Pianoforte—**Miss H. Frytherah**. Harp—**Mr Frederick Chatterton**. Conductors—**Signor ZUCCARDI** and **Herr LEHMEYER**. Tickets: Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; may be obtained of **Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street; **Messrs Hutchings & Romer**, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street; and at the Hall.

SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, FINSBURY.

MR MONCURE D. CONWAY will deliver a Discourse, at **SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, Finsbury**, on **SUNDAY Morning, the 3rd inst.**, at 11.15. Subject, "THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—A **GRAND CONCERT**, in aid of **ST JAMES'S HOME FOR FEMALE INEBRIATES**, will be given on **WEDNESDAY Evening, June 6**, at Eight o'clock, under distinguished patronage. Admission, One Shilling; Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; to be obtained of **Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—**MR HENRY LESLIE's** new Part Song for Male voices, "THE REJECTED LOVER" (Cramer & Co.), will be performed at the Concert for **St James's Home**, on **Wednesday, June 6**.

MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—**MRS OLIPPINGDALE** will play "AUF FLUGELN DES GESANGES" (Heller), **MEYERSON's** "SPINNLED," and "FRUHLINGSBLIED," at the Concert for **St James's Home**, on **Wednesday, June 6**.

MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—**MDlle DE FOMBLANQUE** will sing "BROKEN VOWS," "CALLER HERRIN," and join **Mr and Mrs OLIPPINGDALE** in **LESLE's** Trio, "MEMORY," at the Concert for **St James's Home**, on **Wednesday, June 6**.

MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—**MISS ANNIE WARD** and **Mr JOHN C. WARD** will play a **Grand Duo** Brilliant, for Piano and Concertina, at the Concert for **St James's Home**, on **Wednesday, June 6**.

MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—The **Glee**, **Madrigals**, and **Part Songs** will be sung by **Members of Mr HENRY LESLIE's CHOIR** (by special permission), at the Concert for **St James's Home**, on **Wednesday, June 6**.

MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.—**MR F. A. BRIDGE** will sing the "SCENA," from *Zampa*, and "JACK AND I," at the Concert for **St James's Home**, on **Wednesday, June 6**.

ST GEORGE'S HALL.

HERR LEHMEYER's next **CLASSICAL CONCERT** will take place on **THURSDAY, June 14**, at **ST GEORGE'S HALL**, Langham Place (Mortimer Street Entrance), on which occasion he will be assisted by most eminent Artists. Tickets, One Guinea; 10s. 6d.; and 5s., to be had of **Herr LEHMEYER**, 7, Store Street, Bedford Square.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—**Sir JULIUS BENEDICT**. Founder and Director—**Herr SCHUBERTH**. Eleventh Season, 1877. The **FOURTEENTH SOIREE MUSICALE** will take place on **WEDNESDAY, June 13**. The Concerts and Soirees of the Society afford excellent opportunities to young rising Artists to make their *début* and for Composers to have their works introduced. Full Prospectus on application to **H. G. HOFFER**, Hon. Sec. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR WILBYE COOPER begs to announce **TWO CONCERTS**, at **LANGHAM HALL**, **WEDNESDAY Evenings, June 13**, at Eight, and **SATURDAY Afternoon, July 7**, at Three, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady John Manners, **Sir R. W. Carden**, **Sir Albert** and **Lady Woods**, the Hon. G. O. Talbot, Captain Hutton, Captain Heathorn, R.A., Captain J. C. A. Lewis, Edward Bullen, Esq., Dr Llewellyn Thomas; **Mrs Blakeway**, &c. Artists—**Misses Marian Lynton**, **Janet Clayton**, **Gertrude Lawes**, **Siedle**, **Ellen Horne**, **Edith Wrenn**, **Palmer**, **Madelina Cronin**, and **MDmes Barri** and **Tonneller**; **Messrs Arthur Hooper**, **Dudley Thomas**, **Henry Pope**, **Stanley Smith**, **Gerard Henry**, **Michael Watson**, **Alfred Gilbert**, **F. H. COWEN**, **Barri**, **Vaschetti**, and **Richard Biagrove**. Tickets, 5s. and 3s.; at 19, Great Portland Street; and **Lonsdale's**, 26, Old Bond Street.

MDlle VICTORIA BUNSEN begs to announce that her **ANNUAL CONCERT** will take place (by kind permission), at the residence of **Captain and Mrs Coster**, 137, **HARLEY STREET**, Cavendish Square, on **MONDAY Morning, June 18**. Full particulars will be duly announced. Address, care of **Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

UNDER ROYAL AND DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

MDME SIDNEY PRATTEN has the honour to announce that her **GUITAR RECITAL** will take place on **THURSDAY, June 21**, when she will play **Giuliani's Duo Concertante**, Op. 84 (lute and guitar); **Paganini's Carnival**, with **Bottesini's Introduction**; Selections from the celebrated writers for the guitar, **Legnani**, **Leonard Schulz**, and **Sor**; some of her latest compositions, *True Love*, *Elfin's Revels*, &c., &c. Further particulars at her residence, 22a, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

ALEXANDRA MUSICAL BOX (Title Protected and Registered). Ornamental wood case, machine made, with the following 13 popular Melodies and Tunes:—Safe in the Arms of Jesus—Jesus of Nazareth passeth by—Sicilian Mariners' Hymn—Lo, He Comes with Clouds—Home, Sweet Home—The Minstrel Boy—Auld Lang Syne—The Keel Row—My Little Bunch of Roses—Tommy, make room for your Uncle—Fair Shines the Moon to-night—Silver Threads among the Gold—The Union Jack of Old England. Forwarded, securely packed and carriage paid, to any address on receipt of a Post-office Order, value 3s. 8d., payable at General Post-office to **JOHN LEWIS & Co.**, 122, Wick Road, Hackney, N.E.

BALFE'S NEW TRIO in A, Played by **MARIE KREBS**, **JOACHIM**, and **PIATTI**, at the Saturday Popular Concerts, will shortly be published. **STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co.**, 84, New Bond Street.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE *versus* ART.

About twelve months ago Professor Blackie attended a concert given by the Edinburgh University Musical Society, and was moved through what he heard thereof to go home and write a letter to the *Scotsman*. Whether the famous champion of things North British had ever before listened to the singing of his young countrymen we cannot say, but his astonishment at the character of their programme appears to have been great, and not unmixed with indignation. The Professor could hardly believe in the possibility of such a representative Scottish body entirely ignoring Scottish music. Yet there was the evidence of his own senses. From beginning to end of the evening not a skreel of the bagpipes or a phrase of Caledonian melody interrupted the procession of foreign airs. Wroth was the Professor in consequence, and boldly did he liken himself to Paul at Athens, filled with anger at seeing a whole city given up to idolatry. But he went further, and looked about for the cause of such a decline in national taste and patriotic feeling, discovering it, as he thought, at the West-end of the town. "I have no doubt," wrote the Professor, "the Scottish people and the Edinburgh West-enders are the offenders, who may fancy it a piece of gentility to prink themselves with all sorts of wretched foreign affectations, instead of growing stoutly out of their own root, and spreading forth the luxuriant leafage of native song. If these are the notions which are indulged in by young ladies and gentlemen of the present generation, I am heartily sorry for them. The constant flirtation with foreign ariettes, wedded to no words of popular power or significance, may, indeed, amuse the ear, and fill a vacant hour innocently, but it can do nothing to inspire noble sentiments, or to form a manly character." In another part of his communication the disgusted Professor lifted up his voice still higher against "West-endism"—a diseased state of opinion prevalent in the upper and middle classes, and equivalent to the "stunkeyism" of Carlyle and the "snobbishness" of Thackeray. One outcome of this, said Mr Blackie, is "the notion that the Scotch language, and everything Scotch, means vulgarity; and that English, with a little dabbling in French and German and Italian accomplishments, means gentility." The Professor did not waste words over what he styled this "hollow imagination," merely remarking, "There is no vulgarity greater than the would-be genteel; few things more contemptible than that feebleness of character which, for want of a proper self-esteem, instead of working its peculiar vein of native excellence, goes pretentiously about to prink itself all over with what does not belong to it, like the jackdaw with the peacock's feathers."

A year has passed since Professor Blackie thus wrote, but "West-endism" continues to pervade the musical world of Edinburgh, and a recent concert given by the University Society has again called for public reproof. By this time, however, the Professor has got used to the phenomenon, and writes about it with more calmness, besides being gracious enough to say that an æsthetic training, even in music, may be good for the "somewhat hard and square youth of Scotland." Nevertheless, Mr Blackie is not content. Referring to the concert, he observes, "I felt all the time as a student of optics would feel if, on a brilliant spectrum being projected on the wall, there should have occurred an absolute eclipse of one of the well-known primary colours. A solar spectrum without the red seems to my mind an exact counterpart to a concert of Scottish students in the Scottish metropolis without a single touch of native Scottish melody." Here was a phenomenon demanding grave investigation rather than abusive rhetoric, and the Professor tabulates no fewer than twelve questions with a view to the discovery of its exact origin and nature. These he addresses to the leaders of the University Musical Society, who are asked to say whether they think, first, that national feelings and traditions are unworthy of consideration by musicians; secondly, that Scottish music is so worthless, insignificant, and vile that it ought to be disowned; thirdly, that it cannot be adapted to the laws of harmony; fourthly, that it is so subtle and delicate that no academical throats are equal to it; fifthly, that the words of Scottish songs are too coarse for moral and proper young men; sixthly, that the words of songs should not be understood; seventhly, that the University of Edinburgh is not so much Scotch as cosmopolitan; eighthly, that the ears of Scottish students are familiar enough with Scottish melodies; ninthly, that novelty is the main thing to be considered; tenthly, are they trained by foreign artists who prefer to teach their own music? eleventhly, is Scottish music rejected because not genteel?; lastly, do they think

that the existence of Scotland as Scotland is a national evil, and that the sooner that Scotch music, and everything Scotch, is stamped out of the working machinery of the British world so much the better? Having propounded these queries, the Professor adds, "I have written this in an articulate form because I hope I may receive an articulate answer or none at all. What I got last year when I made the same complaint was merely dust in the eyes and a stab in the dark, from which, of course, no clearness could come." It is no duty of ours to step between Professor Blackie and the Edinburgh students, some of whom, indeed, have already given an "articulate answer" to the whole dozen questions. But the matter is one capable of general application, and provocative of general interest. It presents an example of a phase in musical progress through which most countries passed so long ago that the time of its occurrence is a part of antiquity. In point of fact, what is now going on in Scotland with regard to things musical bears some analogy to the early processes which created the coral islands of the South Sea. Other nations have their heads above water, and are rich in fruits and flowers, while Scotland is still submerged. And Professor Blackie's mistake is in looking for fruits and flowers where none can grow, instead of waiting until the substructure tops the waves. That substructure the Edinburgh students, by the very course the Professor condemns, are helping to build up; for not only in this case, but in all others of similar development, what are the facts? The national melodies of a people, however much, as being the spontaneous utterance of popular feeling, they may enter into the national life, are not art, but rather the materials upon which it is the province of art to work. They are like the suggestions presented by nature to the painter, to be by him wrought up into pictures, the glory of which is that they are not reproductions, but creations. Professor Blackie, in his intense love of everything Scotch, fails to make this distinction. Because his country possesses nothing higher in music than her people's songs, he would have them regarded as works of art, and placed side by side with the masterpieces of more favoured lands—"Jock o' Hazeldean" elbowing the *Hebrides* overture, and "Scots wha hae" treading on the heels of the *Walpurgis Night*. The Edinburgh students, on the other hand, recognise that these two classes are widely apart, and cannot be brought together without an almost absurd incongruity. Their aim, as men bent upon the culture of artistic music, lies far above popular songs, out of which, for the particular purpose in view, no help can come. It by no means follows that the people's music should be ignored. There is a place for it in the very heart of the nation, where it abides, guarded by fond memories and tender associations. Never, we may be sure, will "Should auld acquaintance" cease to rouse the best feelings of human nature, or "Scots wha hae" fail to kindle a patriotic fire. But considerations like these no more detract from the superior claims of artistic music for purposes of culture than the blossom of a hedge-briar can compare with the rose-grower's latest marvel.

We have already spoken of national melodies as the materials provided, in a manner, by Nature for the use of the artistic musician, who finds in them a wealth of suggestion such as lies to hand nowhere else. It may now be pointed out that the greatest masters have availed themselves of these resources in all lands and at all epochs of musical history. Not only so, but the artistic music of a country is generally influenced by its popular tunes according to the measure of progress in art which the nation has made. In the earlier stages it embodies forms and characteristics common to the schools; whereas, later, it takes to itself all that can be found of distinctiveness and originality. Nay, such is the charm of national music for composers of genius, that it often attracts them beyond the frontier of their own land. Beethoven was neither Hungarian nor Russian, yet he adopted the themes of both nations; Schubert revelled in Magyar melodies; Schumann, and even Spohr, put on the Spanish dress; Flotow built an opera upon an Irish tune; while Auber dreamed of Naples, and Rossini went to Switzerland, for the materials of their respective masterpieces. As regards the national music of Scotland, it may comfort Professor Blackie to know that none other—the Hungarian perhaps excepted—has found more favour with composers of eminence. In Mendelssohn's A minor symphony we have it directly imitated; it is reflected in his *Hebrides* overture and Gade's "Im Hochland"; Schubert infused a Scottish element

into some of his dances; and Schumann set Scottish verses with a strong flavour of the national style. In all this there is no cause for surprise. The people's melody of Scotland has a character of its own, not only on account of construction, but because of a tenderness and natural beauty such as might alone gain the supreme flattery of imitation. But should Scotland ever become a musical country, in the sense of producing great composers, homage to its "native wood-notes wild" will take a thousand graceful forms. At present all is barren, and—to use the words of an Edinburgh *alumnus*—"Scotland possesses the unenviable distinction of being the only country in Christendom which has not given birth to a single musical composer." If, however, its youth be encouraged to cultivate the art, not by singing "John Anderson my Jo," but by studying acknowledged masterpieces, better days may come. Should that result follow, Scottish composers will find in their rich store of native song a wealth greater than the treasures of Aladdin's cave; and the classical music of Scotland may, more than that of any other country, be built upon a purely national foundation. Professor Blackie is not likely to witness this perfect spectrum, for a national art is slow of growth; but he can help it on by striving to promote those forms of musical education which lie beyond, and far above, the modest level of people's tunes.

Chasrus Egg.

SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Amateurs of music who intend spending their summer holiday abroad may be pleased to learn that a festival of more than ordinary interest is being set on foot by the Committee of the "Internationale Mozartstiftung" (International Mozart Foundation), to be held during the last two weeks of July next. It may easily be guessed that the musical part of the festival will be in special honour of the illustrious composer, who was born at Salzburg on the 27th of January, 1756, and that each programme will contain selections from his vocal and instrumental works. The concerts, by permission of the Government authorities, are to be given at the "Aula Academica," in the theatre belonging to which, more than two centuries ago, sacred and secular plays used to be represented by the students. At one of these, when less than six years old, it is on record that Mozart himself assisted. Thus a particular interest is attached to the building. Herr Dessoff, from Vienna, has undertaken the post of musical director, and many of the most distinguished artists belonging to the orchestra of the Imperial Operahouse have volunteered their aid. The festival, which is to last three days, offers other attractions besides the evening and morning concerts in the Aula, the character of which the Alpine town itself, and its enchanting vicinities, so beloved of tourists, will readily be anticipated. It is in contemplation to make this Salzburg festival permanent, and thus afford a periodical place of meeting in Mozart's birthplace for all musicians and amateurs who hold his memory in affection.—*Times*.

To a Man of Genius.

Thou who didst earn a more than deathly fame
By leaving out a letter from thy name,
Or interweaving one ('tis all the same),
Tell me, O tell! what is thy little game.
That France and England will be one I guess,
But must an ignorance of the *Uhy* profess.
Yet we must own it matters little less
Than 't matter'd when my son thou didst confess.
O man of genius! I can see thee now,
As though there were no wrinkle on thy brow,
Or myrtle, that full oft adorns the cow,
If not the little dog that says "Bow-wow."
Tell me, thou man of genius, how's your calf,
That tended once with care thy better half,
While humming to thee tunes by dear old Balf',
And (*bad rhyme*) strove her best to make thee laugh.

Yours always very truly,
Bayreuth—opposite Theatre.

Simon Hall.

HANOVER.—Mdlle Marianne Brandt, of Berlin, has appeared in *Le Prophète*, *Il Trovatore*, *Fidelio*, and *Lohengrin*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.



The last concert this season of the Sacred Harmonic Society was given at Exeter Hall yesterday evening week, when Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie* were performed. In the former Mdlle Sinico re-appeared after her recent indisposition, and was warmly welcomed. Sir Michael Costa conducted, and the forty-fifth season ended satisfactorily. We have some remarks to make about the series of performances just concluded, and also about the Sacred Harmonic Society generally, which must be postponed until a convenient occasion.

NEW ORGAN.

(Communicated.)

Messrs Bishop & Son, one of our oldest firms of organ builders, have completed a fine instrument for St Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide. The following is a list of stops and appliances:—

GREAT ORGAN.—(Compass CC to G, 56 notes).—Double open diapason, metal, 16 feet, 56 pipes; open diapason, metal, 8 feet, 56; viola, metal, 8 feet, 56; clarabella, wood, 8 feet, 56; principal metal, 4 feet, 56 pipes; harmonic flute, metal, 4 feet, 56; quint flute (*lieblich*), metal, 2½ feet, 56; fifteenth, metal, 2 feet, 56; sesquialtera, 3 ranks, metal, various, 158; trumpet, metal, 8 feet, 56.

SWELL ORGAN.—(Compass CC to G, 56 notes).—*Lieblich* bourdon, wood, 16 feet, 56 pipes; rohr flute, metal and wood, 8 feet, 56; open diapason, metal, 8 feet, 56; principal, metal, 4 feet, 56; fifteenth, metal, 2 feet, 56; mixture, 3 ranks, metal, various, 168; oboe, metal, 8 feet, 56; cornopean, metal, 8 feet, 56; clarion, 4 feet, 56.

CHOIR ORGAN.—(Compass CC to G).—Dulciana, metal, 8 feet, 56 pipes; viol di gamba C, (grooved) metal, 8 feet, 44; gedact, wood and metal, 8 feet, 56; suabe flute, wood, 4 feet, 56; salicet, metal, 4 feet, 56; harmonic piccolo, metal, 2 feet, 56; clarionet, metal, 8 feet, 56.

PEDAL ORGAN.—Open diapason, wood, 16 feet, 30 pipes; bourdon, wood, 16 feet, 30; violoncello, metal and wood, 8 feet, 30; spare.

COUPLERS.—Swell to pedals; great to pedals; choir to pedals; swell to great; swell to choir; 3 composition pedals to great; composition pedals to swell.

The interior metal pipes are of substantial "spotted metal," those in front being of zinc and decorated tastefully in gold and colours. The wooden pipes and mechanism throughout are varnished. The console is reversed and placed in the choir. The organ possesses some fine solo stops. Among the more noticeable are: the viola; the clarabella, invented by J. C. Bishop; the harmonic flute; the quint flute, supplying the place of a twelfth; the oboe; the cornopean; the viol di gamba; and the clarionet. The collective merits of the instrument are in proportion to the value of its several parts. The full organ produces a volume of happily balanced tone, each varied stop supplying its exact tribute to the whole. Messrs Bishop may be congratulated on turning out such a piece of sound workmanship. F. L.

MUNICH.—Verdi's *Atida*, with Mdlle Wekerlin as the heroine, has been performed at the Theatre Royal with great success.

WEIMAR.—At a party recently given by Princess Gortschakoff (dowager Baroness von Mayendorff), Herr Otto Lehfeld recited Count Tolstoy's poem, *Der blinder Singer*, with illustrative music by Liszt, who was himself the accompanist. The Grand Ducal Court, and leading members of the aristocracy, were present.

BERLIN.—Herr Reismann's "secular oratorio," *Wittekind*, has been given at the Garrison Church for the benefit of the Augusta Hospital. The singers were Mdlle Beymel; Herren Beck and Müller, of the Royal Opera; and Herr Prehn, of the Cathedral. The orchestra comprised members of the Berliner Sinfonie-Capelle.

(From "Punch.")

Diary of my ride to Khiva.

An awful time of it with Wolves—A wonderful escape. (Communicated by Private Wire.)

I breathe again. ("Let me breathe again!" Words by your own R.R., music by Dr Sullivan. Shortly.) . . . Such a day we've been having! But safe at last, and I stop to telegraph the good news to you, which you will receive as usual by Private Wire. (By the way news arrived here that you've had a picture of me riding on a pig to Khiva. No, sir, I am not in the habit of riding piggy-back).*

In the following account, *I have not trusted to my imagination*, but have referred to my diary, which, despite all difficulties and dangers insuperable to less hardy Norsemens than myself, I was able to keep, during the terrible hours of the past eventful Monday ("Black Monday"—Old Russian style—no connection with any other kalendar).

5.30 a.m.—Sleigh-driver wrapped up in thick capes—five of them—on the box. Sleigh-driver's boy up behind, with buns to feed the wolves. This was a happy idea of mine, based upon early reminiscences of what the animals at the Zoological Gardens used to like. I never yet knew a wolf, or a bear, refuse a bun. Boy has orders to be economical with buns, and *be sure to throw them to the wolves*. The hood being pulled over us in the carriage, I cannot keep my eye on the Boy. But, in so perilous a situation as this, I hope he is to be trusted. But buns will be buns, and boys will be boys. . . .

5.45.—Wolves heard in the distance. Roaring and hooting like one of Herr Wagner's *Walkyrie* laughs. Fair Circassian in fits. Took out scissors and cut her hair. Beat her hands. Asked her riddles. No answer. She is insensible! *O Ciel!* how will this end? . . . We are full inside, but not all right. Horse galloping. Donkey, harnessed tandem-fashion, galloping too. Sleigh-driver cracking his whip. Pig in the boot squeaking deliriously, and gasping for breath. What's in the wind now? . . . More howling from wolves. Five little boys, engaged to do the acrobat business, huddled up at the bottom of the carriage in a confused heap, so that I cannot distinguish one from another. All crying, and saying, in the Tartar dialect, that they'll tell their mother. What a fearful scene! . . .

6.—Thick fog. Snow everywhere. Frigidometer down to *minus* ten below double zero. My luxuriant moustaches and beard are all icicles!! I should be worth my weight in gold (wouldn't I feed up, and take no exercise to be weighed on such an occasion!) as a model for Old Father Christmas on a cake. Fair Circassian woke up. To cheer her, told her the story of *Little Red Riding Hood* and the *Wolf* pretending to be her grandmother. Fair Circassian in hysterics. I communicate with Boy in the rumble through a small hole. "Are you throwing buns to the wolves?" Boy's answer inaudible. Question repeated. Answer again inaudible. On looking through the hole at him, I see that he is *trying to speak with his mouth full*.

6.15.—Fearful roaring. Wolves on our track. *No buns!!* Crossed a river. The *Orus*, I fancy. Sleigh-driver says I hired this trap from his master at St Petersburg for half-a-crown an hour, and a shilling for the driver (himself), and that I haven't given him anything yet. Fancy choosing such a moment to ask for payment! Promise him roubles, *to any amount*, when we get to *Gladitzova*—the nearest posting town. Three bells: served out rations of *wickaki* all round. None to the Boy behind with the bun-box.

7.—For three-quarters of an hour we've been pursued. A lull at last. Donkey stopped. Fair Circassian wide awake. Says I haven't paid her for the last game of cribbage. Told her it was she who cheated: called her the Unfair Circassian. Wolves heard. Again we urge on our wild career.

8.—Everybody's hair turning white with fright. All except the sleigh-driver, who has his hat on. The little boys will be old men before the day is out. The wolves nearing us. Nearer—nearer—nearer. . . .

Through the hole at the back I implore the Boy, "Hav'n't you got one bun left?" No! O greediness, where are thy charms? He has eaten them all himself. Imagine the horror of the situation!

11.—Sun beginning to shine through mist. Just light enough to see a notice-board at the side of the road, "beware of the wolves!" Near it is a mile-stone with, I think, "to Khiva" on it . . . Wolves nearer and nearer. Boys crying. Circassian delirious and kicking. Served out *wickaki* to everyone except the Sleigh-driver, the Boy with the bun-box, and the Unfair Circassian. Played an extract from the *Götterdämmerung* on the mechanical piano, accompanied with shrieks from the Pig in the boot. Through my telescope I see

the effect on the wolves. For a few moments they are puzzled. Oh, if I only had a music score of the entire work to throw out to them! The mechanical piano is out of order. Under pressure the chords snap. It falls in the snow. Onward! Speed onward, brave Sleigh-driver! We may yet escape!

One o'clock.—Time for *lunchski*. Preparations . . . Suddenly wolves appear within a mile of us . . . No *lunchski*. . . . Horrid thought! One o'clock must be the hour of the wolves' *lunchski*. . . . Can the horse do it? . . . The wolves! the wolves! . . . Send cheque at once . . . this is my last appeal . . . forward it by my friend . . . if we can only give wolves a check. . . .

(*Hurried Diary*).—Boy's hair, in rumble, quite white. Little Acrobat Boys twisted up in knots with sheer fear. Hair quite white. Unfair Circassian swears, despairingly, that she will never accuse me again of cheating at cribbage, and says it was the Sleigh-driver who put her up to it. I make her sign this declaration, in the belief that she is at her last gasp, on the back of an envelope. Wolves nearer—within half a mile. I dare use the telescope no longer, it brings the wolves too near. . . .

What shall be our next course? . . . Ha! . . . The old story occurs to me—the Russian father and mother who threw over their children to stay the wolves. . . . I've thrown over lots of people in my time, but never children. . . . But necessity is the mother of invention. . . . Wolves within a quarter of a mile. . . . They have stopped to eat the mechanical piano, which fell off some time ago. Through my telescope I see them tearing it to bits. There it goes—octaves, wires, key of G, chord of C. . . . Two wolves are fighting for the overture of *Semiramide* (which was in a small barrel by itself, with little prickly nails sticking out all over it), and an old wolf is hard on to the mechanical drum-trumpet and cymbal accompaniment in the *finale* of act two of the *Huguenots*. . . . Throw out more boxes of tunes—the march from *Norma*, the awful "*Guerra, Guerra!*" chorus from the same, a box with two tunes, "*Suoni la tromba*" and "*La cicaladem*." . . . Then my big box of the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*, with imitation of full orchestral accompaniment, including thunder, lightning, and the owl's hooting apparatus—also my second tenor box with *vox humana* contrivance for the voice part and chorus in the Rataplan of the *Huguenots*, and the march from the *Prophète*. . . . They have taken the tunes, but this gives us time! Besides, music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. If I only had something plaintive and melodious. . . . Where's my box with "*Looking Back*" in it? . . . We are gaining upon them. . . .

(To be continued.)

TO DAN GODFREY, ESQ.

(From our correspondent at Vienna.)



Ettrah.

The members of the Musikerverein have sent a memorial to the Minister of War, representing that much distress is now prevalent in this capital among musicians, who have great difficulty in earning a livelihood, and that this difficulty is increased by their having to compete with members of the army bands, who play for prices at which their civil brethren in the profession would starve. The Minister is asked to put a stop to such a state of things, the matter being a question of life and death to the petitioners. Quilt (P.D.)

BEAUTY THAT DOES NOT FADE.*

O do not say that woman's beauty
Vanishes when youth is past,
A life well-spent in wholesome duty
Charms beholders to the last.

I do not care for chiseled faces,
Snow white skin, or faultless brow,
Without expression, void of graces,
Never changing, then or now.

* Copyright.

Give me a woman's face that borrows
Light and life from soul within,
Reflecting all our joys and sorrows,
Charming, fresh, and free from sin.

Let men who sneer at beauty fading,
View themselves with others' eyes,
For traits of vice are more degrading
Than lines of care they so despise.

M. A. B

* How could he have heard this? There is some mystery here. But we will fathom it, or perish in the attempt.—Ed.

* Very strange! Putting aside our doubts and misgivings, we must, in the name of humanity, see what we can do for him. There yet may be time (if he is in peril) to get up a subscription and save him.—Ed.

PUFFING A "CREED."
(From the "Liverpool Porcupine.")



The prizes awarded to amateur efforts in musical composition are not very often heard beyond the range of those private circles for whose benefit they are designed; and it is pretty well understood that they are, as a rule, worth no more than the expressions of satisfaction with which the objects of Mrs Primrose's bounty were wont to drink that lady's home-made wines. The truth is that not only is life short while art is long, but the faculty of composing good church music demands not merely genius, but the patient and undivided study of a lifetime. Hence, perhaps, it is that common-sense people, who would object to go to a dance at the Wellington-rooms in a coat made by an amateur tailor, or would take alarm at the thought of travelling to Euston by a train in charge of an amateur engine-driver, are—if so fortunate as not to be compelled to hear and judge for themselves—generally content with the assurance of friends that the musical knowledge of Mr P. or Mrs J. is such that Rossini did well to abandon composition and that Wagner didn't obtain a subsidy for more tetralogies. In the matter of "amateur acting" we have been long aware that so long as Mr F. or Miss H. are spared to our select and private theatricals, the continued presence of Roscius, Salvini, and Rachel on the boards is somewhat of an outrage.

Let us approach the *bête noire* of theologians, the Athanasian Creed, which we are to sing through the medium of Mr J. B. Cooper's musical and soft-winded accents.* In the course of an extraordinary article in Monday's issue of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, in which the lofty art of puffing has never been excelled, the public is recipient of much information. We read:—

"If the Athanasian Creed is to be said or sung, by all means let it be sung, since in things which are sung the words are less distinctly understood than in things which are said."

Are we awake? Musical intonation, especially in large ecclesiastical buildings, has been credited with some claims for the very purpose here deprecated. But to continue:—

"Hitherto it has usually been sung to Tallis's setting, which is, if possible, more monotonous than a droning reading of the words; and the lack of a melodious and well-harmonised arrangement has struck the veteran choirmaster so forcibly that he set to work and produced a very acceptable one."

To make the Athanasian Creed "acceptable" to a large section of the community has been found a tough job. Nothing, however, is impossible;† and we are here presented with the interesting *tableau* of a veteran choirmaster and composer, one cool evening, producing the desired "acceptable."

We are told that the Gregorian Plain Chant, to which the Creed has been allied for some centuries, is "monotonous." But those who have any theoretical knowledge of music are acquainted with one of its first requirements—viz., to impart variety of treatment to a given theme. It need hardly be mentioned that all "recitation," as in the psalms and creeds, is properly sung to a common note, with some slight inflections, to which appropriate colour can be given by the organ and a varied distribution of the choral forces.

In the last paragraph language evidently fails in its object:—

"Not to attempt any technical description of this really beautiful achievement in church music, we may say that in the comparative breadth and delicacy of different passages, as well as in a simple dignity frequently relieved by unexpected harmonies, it remarkably excels."

The music may be very briefly dismissed as a series of notes, in ordinary chant form, to which a few additional bars in another key, as alternative, afford but scant relief. We never met with a similar composition containing so many offences against the

natural accent of words and accompanying music. The different verses, too, on opposite sides of the page not being numbered, must give singers an unnecessary amount of trouble.

P.S.—

There was an old Liverpool Porcupine,
Who said to some fools, "if for work you pine,
"Just each take a quill,
"And my sheet with trash fill;
"I'm a foolish and drivelling old Porcupine."

HEINRICH MARSCHNER.

(From our Correspondent at Hanover.)

The Marschner Monument is to be solemnly unveiled on the 11th inst. The procession will be marshalled in the following order:—Committee; Magistrates and Municipality; Members of the Theatre Royal, Actors, Singers, and Musicians; united *Liedertafeln*; Members of the Artists' Association. On the arrival of the procession in the large square before the Theatre Royal, proceedings are to commence with Mendelssohn's "*Festgesang an die Künstler*." Herr Köhler will then make a speech referring to the great event of the day, followed by the act of unveiling. Marschner's chorus, "*Liedesfreiheit*," will be sung, and the monument formally accepted for the town by the *Stadtdirector*. The ceremony closes with a "*Schlussgesang*," by C. L. Fischer, director of the musical department. In the evening, there will be a performance of Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin*. A convivial party (*Festcommers*), by the united *Liedertafeln*, in the large hall of the Odéon, is to bring the whole to an end. *Anufiel! Curck.*

Chopin.

(From the "Twickenham Teasar.")*

We fear we must confess to a sense of weary exertion in reading this book. We have met with the same work before, as an American publication (Philadelphia, published by Leupoldt, 1863), but we must say that the present—a reprint of the American one—is far superior to it in every way. We cannot but admire the "classical tone" of the colour of the binding which characterises Mr Reeves' series of musical publications, and which renders them elegant additions to the drawing room table. We should like to say as much for the inside as for the outside of the one under notice, but we can scarcely do so. Whatever be the original of Liszt's, we do not like the "high falutin'" translation. One needs only to read the translator's dedication and preface to discover this. How is this? Is expressive and terse Anglo-Saxon utterly decayed on the other side of the Atlantic, or have we here only the eccentric diction of an individual whose style is foreign to the normal national spirit? Alas! we fear that the fearfully piled-up agony of psychological rhodomontade, as we see it here, is nationally peculiar to a country which revels in extremes and enthusiasms of every nature. Then as to the subject, or rather hero, of the dedication—it is to one Jan Pychowski. It well points our remarks when we find all the attributes and qualities, which even a Chopin himself could scarcely have possessed in so distinguished a fulness, credited to this man as a great musician and artist. Pychowski! a name in musical history to which we are yet a stranger. The complimentary epithets on this individual are almost inexhaustible. The same evidence is found in the preface; it is replete with exaggerated adjectives, and full of bathos, verbosity, and capillary distinctions. Chopin's style is described as being "most ethereal, subtle, and delicate;" his compositions as being full of "individual and national idiosyncracies of psychological interest" (pages 11 and 12). How are we to judge, therefore, whether this "Life" be really Liszt's, or merely an American paraphrase? The same vitiated style appears throughout, so that in the book itself we are obliged to accredit Liszt with absurdities as great as are perpetrated by the translator. We sigh for a grain of Cobbett's

* "Athanasian Creed." Arranged by J. B. Cooper.

† Except nothing.—D. P.

* *The Life of Chopin.* By Franz Liszt, translated from the French by M. Walker Cook. (London: W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.)

English and common sense. We may learn here how to destroy the capability of expressing distinct ideas in English; see the following specimen. Speaking of the Hungarians, the translator makes Liszt refer to their genius in respect of personal adornment, &c. "To know how to take off, to put on, to *manœuvre* the cap with all possible grace, constituting almost an art" (page 40). The italics are ours; to talk of how to "*manœuvre* the cap!" Another instance—we are told of a certain class of nobles who are "too poor indeed to take part in the fête, yet only excluded from it *by their own volition*" (page 43). We always understood the word "volition" to express not a mental state, but an act—i.e., the power of motion—but here the power of motion is negated by the performance of volition! Again, all the characters of classical and mythical history are paraded in illustration, as if they were the stage properties of a literary showman (see pages 28, &c.).

The opening chapter of the work reads as if we are commencing a treatise on necromancy by a professional wizard, since Liszt speaks of the "manifold forms of art" as being "but different incantations, charged with electricity from the soul of the artist" (page 18), an expression which is quite Mephistophelian! This may explain the source of the "blazing torch of his (Liszt's) own genius" (*vide* translator in preface), for his "incantations" have hitherto proved very unacceptable to English ears. Quite on a par is Liszt's definition of genius as being "the creative power of artistic intuition" when "first invoked within the *magic circle*" (page 18).

Now, what does Liszt tell us of Chopin? Not much indeed. Large portions of the book are taken up with descriptions of national customs of which Chopin's music is claimed to be the poetical embodiment. To serve this purpose, Chopin only appears as a mythical idea impersonating the abstract traditions of history which are otherwise impossible of expression. It is only after 142 pages that we learn for the first time that he was born to a conscious existence and became a living entity. The date of his birth, however, is unknown, and the absence of even this trivial knowledge is turned into a "presentiment" of his mysterious after-age and future (page 143). Liszt's worship and adoration of art, and its expression in Chopin, seems to cover the whole universe of known philosophy, and hence he is so lost in its contemplation that he seems to forget the central figure of whom he is writing the "Life." A few intercalated particulars of journeys and some half-a-dozen historic dates are about all we get to know of the man Chopin. Liszt's book really divides into two portions—the subjective and mythical, and the objective, the latter of which includes all we are told of Chopin's life and personality mixed up with subjective and legendary comments. Chopin only wrote for the piano; he was proof, says Liszt, to "the temptation of the *singing* of the bow, the liquid sweetness of the flute, or the deafening swells of the trumpet" (page 20); all of which merely means that he wrote nothing for the orchestra. Liszt amplifies this text by going on to exclaim, "What strong conviction! What intuitive penetration! What confident perception!"—he exclaims—"must have moved Chopin in thus making sole choice of the piano as the vehicle of his harmonies." Certainly it is the mighty power of a strong conviction by which a man becomes absorbed in selecting and pursuing one end and aim, and his success in all such cases is commensurate to the value of the principles he has fixed upon. It was thus—admitting the "conviction," but not the far-reaching prophetic "penetration" assigned—that Chopin chose the piano, but Liszt, in order to support his hypothesis of Chopin's prophetic penetration, assumes the piano to have been a poor unknown instrument, unconscious of its powers, until awakened by the genius and touch of Chopin's nature. This is not true, nor did Chopin discover its powers. Beethoven, long before, did that, let alone the "intuitive penetration" as to its future which must have animated a Bach, a Mozart, or a Schubert. The earlier contemporaries of Chopin who were glorifying the same instrument and studying its powers were neither few nor poor in talent. It was an age of piano developments, and Chopin was but one of a general consensus of influence which was operating in such men as Mendelssohn and Schumann. This is a case in point of that fevered diction by which Liszt ascribes such a breadth of genius to Chopin throughout the book, and which is gratuitously unjust to the other great masters of musical art. Liszt has one idea—that idea he expresses in an utterly unhistorical Chopin, one which he creates from the

fecundity of his imagination and ascribes to one Frederic Chopin. We owe much to Chopin for his key-board discoveries—to speak un sentimentally—and his was a genius in which "boldness was justified" (page 23); but not to him, as is hinted (*ibid*), is the whole of the credit to be given for the discovery of the marvellous powers which have been found in, and extracted from, the piano. In Liszt's description of Chopin's Funeral March there is much we can endorse, but not to the full lengths to which he goes. He destroys the very aptness of his description by stringing furiously eloquent appeals to Cassandra, to Priam, &c., as representing nothing equal to the impassioned expression of those bars of music. Liszt gives a fearfully long and prolix description of Polish dances—he enters into their quasi-philosophical aspect. We find a "religious robe" (Kontusz, page 39) associated with the national dance of the "Polonaise"; he mingles prelates and priests with these national displays and customs (pages 46 and 54). To find all that Liszt does in the national expression of Chopin's music is to need no history. Tradition and custom are therein more indelibly imprinted than can otherwise be portrayed. Language, painting, Moabite stones, and even the tablets of Esarhaddon fail to give man that psychological insight into ages and feelings which a few bars of Chopin's music are capable of doing. Wonderful metempsychosis! grotesque hyperbole! When a musician writes of a musician we expect a musical work; but here we have a semi-philosophical work by one who has learnt in the cloister the parrot phrases and current *patois* of psychological science, and, by an abuse of language, terms, and ideas, makes the subject of his sketch fit into all the apertures and orifices of a foregone set of ideas.

Having thus censured, let us extol what we can. Some parts—for instance, the latter portion of chapter six—gives us much real insight into Chopin's character. At page 84 we come across some hints and observations as to how to play Chopin's music; these are good. The description of Chopin's last visit to London, too, is mournfully picturesque. Omitting the dross, there are, we suppose, all the particulars here that can be known of Chopin's meagre life. Those then who wish to know what is and can be said of that great creative artist will find much to enlighten them in this work. Amidst plenty of gold we must put up with the alloy, for the greater portion of which, we doubt not, the translator is responsible. The publishers have done well in not giving the full name on the title page, as in the American edition. The difference, perhaps, elucidates the absurdities we have pointed out.

[Mr Lavender Pitt wrote an *Essay on Chopin*, which John Simon (because of "the Dutch Verhulst") called "The Yellow Book."

Otto Reart.

—o—
To F. E. Burnard, Esq.

SIR,—One or two choir flirts will do more towards making a revival fail than ten old spear-tailed devils.—Yours truly,
Septimus Widd.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recital by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 31st:—

Organ Concerto (F major)	Handel.
Andantino from the Symphony "The Power of Sound"	Spohr.
Allegro con brio (E major)	W. T. Best.
Sabbath Song (Le Chant du Dimanche)	Meyerbeer.
Prelude and Fugue (E minor)	Bach.
Overture, <i>Oberon</i>	Weber.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 2nd:—

Organ Sonata (No. 5, D major)	Mendelssohn.
Intermezzo, "In the Elysian Fields," from the opera of <i>Orfeo</i>	Gluck.
Fugue for the Organ (The Bell Fugue)	W. R. Bezfild.
Air, "If guiltless blood," <i>Susanna</i>	Handel.
Marche Religieuse	L. Niedermeyer.
Overture (D major, Op. 60)	Romberg.

GRANADA.—The Italian operatic company lately playing at Seville will give a series of performances here.

ST JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his SEVENTEENTH Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, June 8; FRIDAY, June 15; SATURDAY, June 23.

SIXTH RECITAL.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 8, 1877.

Programme.

QUINTET, in F minor, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr L. RIES, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA ... *Brahms.*
 FANTASIA, in C, Op. 17, for pianoforte (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ ... *Schumann.*
 SOLO, Adagio from 9th Concerto, for violin—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA ... *Spoth.*
 GRAND TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA ... *Beethoven.*

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DEATH.

On the 28th inst., at 228, Piccadilly, after great suffering, CHARLOTTE NAYLOR, daughter of the late Mrs Pittman, of New Ormond Street.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1877.

ART versus SCIENCE.

HOW often shall we be compelled to remind some of the most intelligent and widely cultured of our friends that art is one thing, science another?—that music, being an art, has no more pretensions to be regarded as a science than painting or poetry? Read the subjoined news from Cambridge, and answer—O Pomponatius Achilles Ptolomy!

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Saturday, May 19.—On the report of the musical examinations Syndicate (*Reporter*, p. 436), the Vice-Chancellor was sorry to say that the Professor of Music dissented from one small part of the report. He had asked the Professor to be so good as to state his reasons, and he had received from him the following letter:—

"7 Hamilton Terrace, London, N. W.

"MY DEAR MR VICE-CHANCELLOR,—Not in the hope of changing the views of the gentlemen I have met on the Syndicate, but to justify my dissent from one expression in the report, I must trouble you with my reasons, which are the result of many years' reflection and of frequent consultation with musicians. I venture to wish for the

omission of the words, 'a member of the Senate or,' because I am firmly convinced that it is more than desirable, it is necessary, for the honour of the University and the welfare of music, for every person who officiates in the musical examinations to be a musician of proved competency. The words, against which I offer a protest, open the possibility, however improbable, of the appointment as examiner of some Physicist, or other man of extraneous learning, to be subject to whose inquisition would be painful to any one whose life and best energies had been devoted to the widely comprehensive study of music. The distinctions between non-professional and professional followers of an art are very fine, but most obvious; no book learning, but the constant habit of producing, can alone make an artist, and the constant habit of tuition can alone make a teacher. This is because the daily observing of faults in others sharpens perception of right and wrong, and the daily working of art problems is the sole experience of the means of avoiding error. As little would I trust the life of a friend to a physician whose knowledge was acquired wholly outside the medical profession, as I would a score to an examiner whose musicianship was not his all-absorbing occupation. The case is different certainly in theology, and perhaps in law, where the subject is finite and changeless, from what it is in those studies which are constantly enriched by additions whose truth can but be tested by the continual habit of practical application. To enlarge upon the uses of other institutions than Cambridge might be personal, and would thus be untimely and far from my purpose; but I am bound to state the deep-rooted belief that, to make the Cambridge musical degrees most highly respected, musicians must be assured against the participation of amateurs in the investigating of their professional pretensions. My sincerity may I trust serve as apology, if need be, for any warmth of expression in the above, which I must ask you, if you please, to submit to the Council together with the Syndicate's report.—I am, my dear Mr Vice-Chancellor, faithfully yours,

G. A. MACFARREN.

"The Rev. the Vice-Chancellor."

In commenting on the foregoing, Mr Sedley Taylor made the subjoined remarks:—

"Musical degrees conferred without residence were an anomaly which might advantageously be got rid of altogether; but, if they were to be retained, additional requirements such as those recommended by the Syndicate ought to be adopted without delay. It was most desirable to insist on a preliminary educational test. If the present regulations continued in force there might soon be a class of graduates inferior in general culture to persons who had simply passed the University Local Examinations. In fact, however, the imposition of some such test was no longer a matter of option. Other Universities which conferred musical degrees, such as Oxford, Dublin, and London, had already determined to require a literary qualification, and Cambridge must either take a similar step or prepare to welcome all the worst educated candidates who would be deterred from applying elsewhere by the preliminary tests there exacted. This was no theoretical apprehension: an unprecedentedly large number of applications for the next examination had already been received by the Professor of Music, in great part, doubtless, from aspirants who were anxious to get into the only port still free from blockade, and avoid unpleasant overhauling of a dubious cargo. To stop an ugly rush of this kind the University must adopt measures in the direction of the Syndicate's Report. He felt very strongly the advisability of introducing the Acoustics of Music into the examination for the Mus. Bac. degree. The term 'theory of music' was a misleading misnomer. Such subjects as harmony, counterpoint, fugue, &c., commonly embraced by it, were mere classifications of chords and progressions. Acoustics was alone entitled to be called a 'theory' of music, as supplying an immovable basis in laws of Nature on which to rear a superstructure of Art. The essential elements of music, pitch, quality, concord and discord, were absolutely controlled by ascertained laws of great beauty and simplicity, which are capable, too, of fairly complete popular exposition. A knowledge of these laws would not be without direct value to the practical executant, from the careful attention to minute shades of pitch which his use of acoustical instruments, such as the monochord and the resonator, would necessarily entail. But to the teacher of music the benefit would be far more decisive. No branch of education probably was more completely under the sway of unreasoning routine and traditional dogmatism. An acquaintance with the laws of sound would make clear in the teacher's mind what was too often extremely obscure, viz., the distinction between consequences flowing directly from immutable physical laws and mere conventional rules possessing no sanction save that of established usage. In this and in other ways, a knowledge of acoustics would render the teaching of music more intelligent and educationally valuable, and would tend also to emancipate the subject from arbitrary restrictions with which it was still

encumbered. On these grounds he cordially supported the introduction of a branch of study on which he felt justified in speaking with some confidence. He would next refer to the proposal put forward in Professor Macfarren's letter. Its opening statement, that the examiners in music ought to be 'musicians of proved competency,' would, taking those words in their usual sense, be open to no other criticism than this, that a Cambridge Board of Studies, or the Council of the Senate, could be safely depended upon to make no appointment in which this condition was not fulfilled. But it was clear from the latter part of the letter that by these words Professor Macfarren meant members of the musical profession, and that what he desired was to bar the possibility of any person other than a professional musician being appointed to examine in music. The difficulty of defining a professional musician with the precision necessary for the purposes of a formal University regulation would alone go far to render such a proposal inadmissible. Moreover, it would be inconsistent with the usage of the University, which had not required that examiners in other branches should have any professional connection with them. The examiners in the two great triposes were not necessarily persons who gained their living by teaching mathematics or classics, and such a restriction would be obviously disadvantageous and have no chance of adoption. It was not the business of the University to issue licences to professional practitioners in music, but to attest the possession of a sound independent knowledge of the subject. The Senate would therefore do wisely to take a less restricted view than that advocated by the Professor of Music. As a step towards a juster recognition of the study of music as an independent branch of liberal education he warmly supported the proposal to allow that subject to count as one of the portals to an ordinary B.A. degree."

Another distinguished member of the Senate, Mr Gerard F. Cobb, supported Mr Sedley Taylor in his main argument, with which Mr Cobb thoroughly agreed.

"He (Mr Cobb) was sorry he could not endorse the exception taken by Professor Macfarren to the Report. He ventured to think, however, that the Professor's letter was the result partly of his less intimate acquaintance with the rules and precedents of our academic system, and partly of his regarding the proposed changes in the sole light of their bearing on extraneous candidates for degrees. He seemed, in fact, to have written far more as the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, than as the Head of the University Faculty. The excision of the words to which the Professor took exception would of course be technically insufficient to meet his views, for the Senate would still be free to appoint none but its own members to examine. It was against all precedent to stipulate for 'proved competency' in examiners; the ordinary method of their appointment was the guarantee for this, and the body which had been fortunate enough to secure the services of so competent a Professor would be the last to neutralise their choice by giving him incompetent colleagues. On the other hand, in the case of a subject where there might be a tendency for some time to come to select non-academic examiners, there was an absolute necessity for the co-operation of at least one person possessing a proper familiarity with ordinary examination and other academic routine. Had the Syndicate recommended leaving things as they were the case would have been different; but their main object had been to make the Faculty really, what it was nominally, an Academic Faculty, and endeavour to encourage the scientific study of music within its own precincts, instead of being the mere source of professional passports. Professor Macfarren's letter left this main object entirely out of sight, and this very fact seemed to make the precaution objected to by him additionally necessary. Moreover the introduction of Acoustics, a subject with which few, if any, strictly professional musicians were at present acquainted, and which the Professor himself seemed to regard as 'extraneous,' even to the 'widely comprehensive study' of music, would necessitate (for this branch of the examination) a non-professional appointment. It was not found that candidates for our degrees in law or medicine experienced such susceptibility on being examined by law examiners or physiologists not actually earning their living as barristers or surgeons, as the Professor seemed to apprehend for the musical candidate. Moreover, were the Professor's view adopted and no one eligible as examiner unless the 'teaching' of music were his 'all-absorbing occupation,' it would exclude some who from the very fact of their freedom from professional engagements might be all the more absorbed in such studies, and therefore competent to examine. With regard to making the preliminary examination an avenue to the ordinary degree, it might possibly be thought by some that the University did enough for the encouragement of musical study here by giving special musical degrees. Unfortunately however these degrees were

not generally regarded in their proper light, but were viewed with disfavour as being somewhat distinctively professional. It was therefore necessary to provide for our undergraduate students some other stimulus. As an illustration of this, he would mention the case of an undergraduate of his own college, whose father had objected on these grounds to his becoming a candidate for a musical degree, but who was quite ready to become a candidate for a musical special."

Bach knew nothing about acoustics; Handel less. Haydn knew nothing about acoustics; Mozart less. Beethoven knew nothing about acoustics; Spohr, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Auber less. It results from this, that Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Auber, desirous of a Cambridge musical degree, must be plucked. Nothing between Albrechtsberger and Wagner would possess the hair of a chance. Palestrina would turn a somersault; Cherubini kick the bucket; Rubinstein would dive into the depths of his own "Ocean," and find no science, even were Sir Flamborough to take a header after him and help in the search. Science is a dead certainty—quiet as a stone. Art plays with it. Hence poetry, which comes from the invisible soul, and is a cut above visible nature.

Thophilus Quetz.

Elench.

(Continued.)



At the I.O.U. Club—King and Beard,
COLONEL TWIST.—Come to the Bee and Bottle.

DR SHIVER.—I can't—I'm sleepy.
COLONEL TWIST.—Nonsense; they are going to rehearse the *Walküre*. Do you remember? (sings):



Enter BAYLIS BOIL and PURPLE POWIS.



MR BAYLIS BOIL.—You are wrong. Hans Sachs was no more a cobbler—

MR PURPLE POWIS (interrupting him).—than John Bunyan was a tinker.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—John was a cobbler of a tinker.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Hans was a tinker of a cobbler (sings):

Jerum! Jerum!

Halla halla he!

O ho! Trallalei! O he!

Enter MUMBO and JUMBO.



MUMBO.—'im Burnand?

JUMBO.—No, it am Wagner.

Head of Benwell appears.



HEAD OF BENWELL (sings):



MUMBO.—'im Straus! Ho?

JUMBO.—No—'im Wagner—'im *Massasingum*.

MUMBO and JUMBO (together).—Gollawolla! 'im Benwell head! [Exit precipitately.]

Schluss folgt.

LET MEYERBEER ALONE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Amid the torrent of Wagnerian exultation that has overspread London for the last few weeks, we are in danger of forgetting Meyerbeer and his "machines." I can answer for the Chorus at least of both our grand operas forgetting their part in the "Rataplan" of *Les Huguenots*; this clumsy passage



being substituted for the far more Meyerbeerish and characteristic modulation—



Pray bring your powerful influence to bear upon the peccant soldiery, and believe me, yours faithfully,
Tavistock Hotel, 18th May.

R. P. STEWART.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—My attention having been called to a circular stating that I had been down at Sydenham in conference with the musical authorities of the Crystal Palace as to arrangements for the forthcoming Handel Festival, I beg to state that under no circumstances could such be the case. All the arrangements and engagements of artists have been made by the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and I have only undertaken to conduct the rehearsals and performances, and nothing more.—I remain, sir, yours obediently,
59, Eccleston Square, S. W., May 21st, 1877.

M. COSTA.

HERR RICHTER, the great orchestral conductor, who has played so distinguished a part in the Wagner Festival concerts at Albert Hall, left for Vienna on Wednesday, to resume his duties as musical director at the Imperial Opera of the Austrian capital.

SIGNOR TAMBERLIK, the renowned tenor—"last of the Romans," as Rossini used to say—has arrived in London, and will shortly make his appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in the opera of *Otello*, with Christine Nilsson as his priceless *Desdemona*.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has signified his intention to be present at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and will be accompanied on the occasion of his visit by the Princess of Wales.

A SPECIAL Service in aid of the Choir Benevolent Fund will be held in St Paul's Cathedral on Thursday evening, the 28th of June. The choir will consist entirely of professional singers, composed of members of the St Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Chapel Royal choirs, and most of the cathedral choirs in England. Handel's *Zadok the Priest* is to be included in the service. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been pleased to give his name as patron to the Choir Benevolent Fund.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

THE report that Signor Tamberlik is to take the part of Nero in Herr Rubinstein's opera, so-called, at Covent Garden, is, for two reasons, "moonshine." Reason No. 1, *Nero* will not be given. Reason No. 2, Tamberlik is engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. When asked by a subscriber whether Rubinstein's *Maccabees* was to be given at the Royal Italian Opera, Mr Gye is said to have replied—"It's apocryphal." *Si non e vero, &c.*

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI's *matinée* at Mr and Mrs Hirsch's residence, Kilburn, on Saturday, May 26, attracted a large number of friends of the popular Italian. Signor Mattei played several of his most admired pieces, including "La Lyre," nocturne, and "Marche fantastique." The selections from his vocal works comprised the romanza, "Non é ver" (Mdmé Luisa Gage), serenata, "Rita" (Mr Welby Wallace), and "Sull' onda" (Signor Caravoglia). Signor Mattei also played excerpts from Mendelssohn and Thalberg, to the evident satisfaction of his hearers. Besides the artists already named, Signori Bettini, Vergara, Foli, Federici, Mr Shakespeare, Mdmé Roze Perkins, Mdle Pernini, and Miss Alice Fairman (vocalists), Signor Passini (violin), and M. Albert (violoncello) gave their assistance. Signor Li Calsi accompanied the vocal music.

At the concert given at St George's Hall by Mr J. Parry Cole on Saturday evening, May 26, a noticeable feature was the singing of Miss Cora Stuart, who gained an encore for Herr Taubert's "My darling was so fair." Messrs G. Coventry, W. Moylan, Mdmes Susanna Cole, and Marie Stuart were the other vocalists. A comic operetta by Mr J. Parry Cole, in which the author took an active part, brought the entertainment to a conclusion. W. A. J.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—In the concert on Saturday, May 19th, Mdle Cognetti (piano), Mdles Pommereul (violin), and Campani, the Misses Allitsen and Herr Carl Hill (the "Niblung") took part. We have no space to dwell on their individual merits on this occasion. Enough that each artist, singing and playing *con amore*, was duly appreciated. The Misses Allitsen (Mr Goldberg's clever pupils) winning a "call" both after the duet from Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, and Rossini's "Giorno d'orrore." Herr Hill pleased by the style in which he gave two of Schubert's *Lieder*, and Mdle Redeker by her charming delivery of an *aria* of Mozart's. Part-songs by the Crystal Palace choir, and some excellent performances by the orchestra under Mr Manns made up an interesting programme.

MR AMBROSE AUSTIN gave his annual concert at St James's Hall on Thursday evening, May 17th. The vocalists were Mdle Tietjens, Mesdames Antoinette Sterling and Trebelli, Miss Lilian Roscoe, Messrs Sims Reeves, Maybrick, Edward Lloyd, and Santley, aided by the "Bijou Choir." The instrumentalists were Mr Paul Viardot (violin) and Mr Henry Ketten (pianoforte). The room was crowded. Mdle Tietjens, who was in fine voice, gave "Ocean, thou mighty monster" splendidly, and, being encored after Mr Cowen's ballad, "It was a dream," substituted "Kathleen Mavourneen;" she also joined Mdmé Trebelli in "Giorno d'orrore," *Semiramide*. Mr Sims Reeves, who was in the full vigour of his prime, gave "The Message" of Blumenthal to absolute perfection, and was twice called forward at the end, to be enthusiastically applauded. He also took part with Mr Santley in "All's well," which, as usual, was encored, and finally sang "My pretty Jane" so well that, as the reward of merit, he was solicited (or rather forced) to sing again; to which we were indebted for an inimitable rendering of "Tom Bowling," that finest of Dibdin's songs. Mr Santley, singing his very best, was compelled to repeat Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother," and, in response to an encore for "The leather Bottel," delighted the audience with "The Vicar of Bray." Mesdames Trebelli and Antoinette Sterling, Miss Roscoe, Messrs Lloyd and Maybrick, were also in great favour with the audience. M. Viardot, the young and already expert and accomplished violinist, won a hearty "re-call" after his admirable execution of a solo; and Mr Ketten's brilliant performance of a Polonaise, by Chopin, obtained unanimous recognition. The vocal music was accompanied by Messrs Cowen, Elliott, and Sidney Naylor. Mr Austin may be fairly congratulated on the success of this, one of the most varied and attractive of his many excellent concerts. St James's Hall was crowded in every part.

PALERMO.—The remains of Petrella, at request of the Municipality, will be sent here from Genoa, and buried at public expense.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The Sacred Harmonic Society gave Handel's *Samson* on Saturday, May 19th, with Misses Jessie Jones, Julia Elton, and Messrs Cummings and Santley as principal vocalists. *Samson* not having been heard at Brighton for some years, it was a *quasi*-novelty, and a large audience assembled in the Dome. The principals, chorus, and band acquitted themselves admirably, and the applause was hearty and frequent. Mr Carrodus was leader, Mr E. Howell, principal violoncellist, Mr Spearing, organist, and Mr Taylor, conductor. The general arrangements were well looked after by Messrs Lyon & Hall.

MR BEST ON PRIMROSE HILL.

On Wednesday last Mr Best gave another of his highly interesting recitals at the Hall, Primrose Hill Road. The following pieces were selected from the performer's apparently boundless repertoire:—

Tocatta and Fugue, in C major (Bach); Larghetto, in D major (Mozart); Organ Concerto, in F major (Handel); Gavottes, Orphée, in A minor, and Iphigénie en Aulide, in A major (Gluck); Prelude and Fugue, in D minor (G. F. Hatton); Organ Sonata, No. 4, in B flat major (Mendelssohn); Andante, in A major (H. Smart); Allegro con brio, in E major (W. T. Best).

It is needless to describe the manner in which the difficult and elaborate pedal solo in the Tocatta was rendered; it is sufficient to say that it formed a fitting prelude to the fugue, the noble subject of which was perpetually and variedly asserted, now as with a giant's voice, and now with a tenderness of tone that appealed to the heart. The Larghetto from the quintet for clarinet and strings, one of Mozart's most delightful slow movements, was given *con amore*. The organ concerto, with its spirited *Allegro* and flowing melody, showed the great master in one of his most cheerful moods.

The Gavottes suffered in coming directly after the bold and powerful work of Handel; though full of beauty, they become rather same through the constant repetition of the subject; they are hardly suited for the organ. The prelude and fugue, by G. F. Hatton (son of the well-known composer), showed that he had inherited the skill and profited by the guidance of his father. Though leaning to the ancient style, both prelude and fugue manifest yearnings for the freedom of modern art. Mr Best approached the most poetic item of his programme in Mendelssohn's sonata. The *Andante Religioso* was sung as if the strains flowed from a well-trained choir, the Echo organ giving the effect produced by the reverberations heard in a lofty cathedral. The *Andante*, in A major, 6-8 time, one of Henry Smart's happiest inspirations, with its charming melody and rich and varied harmonies, was received with loud applause. The recital terminated with an *Allegro* by Mr Best, which manifested the vigour and sustained power always exhibited by our great organ virtuoso. The next recital is announced for next Wednesday, June 6th. F. L.

OCEANA.

There was an old symphony "Ocean,"
Which, heard after taking a potion,
Gave the dose such assistance
As conquer'd resistance,
And work'd the reverse way of ocean.
There was an old symphony "Ocean,"
For outward appliance like lotion;
If you took but a sip
You were careful to dip
Your head never more in that "Ocean."
There was an old symphony "Ocean,"
Writ, to scourge the Egyptians, in Goshen,
But the plague wasn't wanted,
For the Hebrews levanted,
And Pharaoh got drowned in the ocean.

BUDA-PESTH.—Mdle Etelka Gerster (now Mad. Gardini) took temporary leave in an entertainment made up of *Hunydy László* and *Die Zauberflöte*. *Paul et Virginie* has been produced.

John Baldwin Buckstone and John Sims Beebes.
(Telegraph by Private Wire.)



Two cherries on one stalk.

Stalk!—booby Wire. Who ever heard of cherries on a stork?
Ctesaphilus Querr.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD FOR A MEANING.

To Cictor Hugo.*

Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and Lord of human tears;
Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance,
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;
Weird Titan by thy wintry weight of years,
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!
Thou dost not love our England—so they say.
I know not—England, France, all man to be
Will make one people ere man's race be run.
And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England, in the boy my son.

Alfred Tennyson.

SALZBURG.

(From a Correspondent.)

The list of artists who will take part in the approaching Musical Festival is now complete. Mme Gomperz-Bettelheim, Imperial and Royal Austrian Chamber Singer, who very seldom abandons her retirement for public life, has, with her usual kindness, declared her readiness to add by her co-operation a new attraction to the Festival; and a similar promise has been made by Herr J. M. Grün, *Concertmeister*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. With regard to the orchestra, it will comprise fourteen first, and fourteen second, violins; twelve tenors; nine violoncellos; nine double-basses; one harp; three flutes; three oboes; two clarionets; four bassoons; four trumpets; three trombones, besides other instruments, making a grand total of ninety performers, and representing nearly the entire orchestra of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

JUNE.*

Come to the fresh mown meadows,
Come while we sweep the scythe;
The lambs skip in the shadows,
And we, too, will be blithe.
The strokes together falling
Play still the self-same tune;
The cuckoo keeps on calling
All in the month of June.
Come, maidens, to the mowing,
Here lovers often meet;
Your smiles on us bestowing
Will make the hay more sweet.
Come, maidens, no delaying,
You cannot come too soon;
You'll make our work seem playing
All in the month of June.

* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

* From the "Nineteenth Century" for June.

WAIFS.

Her Majesty sent from Balmoral on Wednesday a most kind message of inquiry respecting the health of Mdle Tietjens. The answer, which was telegraphed by the Queen's express order to Her Majesty at Balmoral Castle, was to the effect that "Mdle Tietjens could not be as yet pronounced out of danger, but that the advance towards recovery was cheering." No one, however, except her medical attendants (even her nearest relatives) is permitted to see Mdle Tietjens, and her state still remains exceedingly critical.—*Times*, June 1.

MDLE TIETJENS.—The paragraph which we copied from the *Observer* has led to so many inquiries that we have obtained authentic information as to the present state of this favourite singer, and we are happy to be able to say that she is steadily improving. Since her return from America last year her condition has been such as to occasion her great suffering; but she has most honourably fulfilled all her engagements, and it was only after the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Saturday week, that imminent danger was threatened. On Tuesday recovery was almost despaired of; and at a consultation on Tuesday evening with Sir William Jenner it was arranged that a very serious surgical operation should be performed early on Wednesday morning by Mr Spencer Wells. The operation afforded immediate relief to all urgent symptoms; and, although extreme quiet is necessary, the patient is gaining ground daily.—*Times*, May 29.

Dr Filippo Filippi has returned to Milan.

Ole Bull was to leave New York for Europe on the 19th ult.

Signor Carlo Scalese is engaged as conductor at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

The Duke of Marigliano has sent 200 francs to the family of the late Signor Dall' Argine.

On the 4th June Mdme Thérèse is to appear at the Gaiety Theatre. Enterprising Mr Hollingshead!

On Tuesday afternoon *L'Ami Fritz* is to be played by the Gaiety company at the Aquarium Theatre. Enterprising Mr Hollingshead!

Pacini's *Niccolò de' Lapi* (not so good as Schira's) will be revived next season at the Pagliano, Florence.

Mad. Essipoff, was to make her last appearance in America at the Union Hall, Boston, on the 16th ult.

Mr A. Blissett, a pupil of Mr W. Haynes, of Malvern, is appointed organist and choirmaster to Cowleigh church.

Miss E. Farren has, we are glad to hear, in some measure recovered from the effects of her recent accident.

Mr Barton McGuckin has been singing with success at Rivière's concerts in the Queen's Theatre during the week.

The manuscript of the *Messa da Requiem*, written by the late Signor Petrelli for Angelo Mariani, has just been found.

The expenses of interring Bellini's remains at Catania, and of the accompanying performances, amounted to 150,773 francs, 40 cents.

Signor Aldighieri (one of the late B. Lumley's pensioners) is to receive 60,000 francs next season at the San Carlo, Lisbon. The Portuguese must be rich.

In Signor E. Cavazza's new opera, *Emma*, promised for this month at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna, the leading parts are assigned to Signore Pozzi, Boccognomi, Mr Byron, and Signor Valle.

At the Welsh National concert, to be given in aid of the Miners' Fund, at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday next, Mdme Edith Wynne will give the solos in Mr Brinley Richards' new choral song "The Men of Wales."

Mr Buckstone took his annual benefit at the Haymarket Theatre last night. *The Overland Route* was played, the veteran comedian repeating his original part of Mr Lovibond. Mr Sims rare Reeves was to sing "My Queen," and "Come into the garden, Maud."

Mr Creswick's benefit at the Gaiety was interesting as something more than an indication of the good feeling with which he is regarded by his brother and sister players. The complimentary dinner was given on Monday at the Freemasons' Tavern, Dr Doran in the chair.

BYRON EXHIBITION.—The Byron Memorial Committee has decided to postpone the exhibition of competition models and Byroniana, announced for June 4, at the Albert Hall, until Tuesday, June 5, in order that the necessary arrangements may be completed. The private view will be held on the 4th.

The success of the recent "Boucicault series" of plays at the Crystal Palace has encouraged Mr Charles Wyndham to follow it up by a second, which commenced on Tuesday. The series will comprise *The Shaughraun*, *Long Strike*, *Flying Scud*, *Willow Copse*, *Octoroon*, *Arrah na Pogue*, and *Streets of London*. The company is, as usual, highly efficient.

COVENT GARDEN.—A correspondent writes in *Notes and Queries*:—"Next Friday, June 1, should be looked to by the Duke of Bedford, if he would not lose his Covent Garden Charter.—'On Thursday a peck of green peas was sold in Covent Garden Market for 6d., agreeably to an ancient custom, the Charter being held by the circumstance of selling at that price on the 1st of June.'"—*Morning Intelligencer*, June 3, 1780.

VIOLINS.—At the sale of Mr Perera's collection of violins at Messrs Puttick & Simpson's on Tuesday last, lot 5, a violin by Peter Guarnerius, brought £60; lot 13, a violin by Stradivarius, 1722, £280 (Hart); lot 14, another by the same maker, dated 1710, £170 (Hill); lot 15, a viola by ditto, £200 (Hart); lot 16, a violoncello, also by Stradivarius, formerly in the possession of King George IV., £370; lot 17, another violin by Stradivarius, Amati pattern, £70; and lot 42, a small violoncello by Amati, £100.

The 16th annual meeting of parochial choirs in connection with the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union was held on Tuesday in Canterbury Cathedral. There were 357 members of surplined choirs, and the unsurplined choirs numbered about 100 persons. The choirs assembled in the chapter-house and entered the cathedral by the Martyrdom door, when the processional hymn, written especially for the occasion by the late Mr T. G. Godfrey-Flaussett, was sung. The psalms, hymns, and anthem were given by the choirs with precision in an impressive harmony.

Ocean.

There was an old symphony, "Ocean,"
By no means an aid to devotion;
It opened in C,*
But ended in D,
That washy old symphony, "Ocean."

* *Variorum* :—

It opened in Sea,
But it ended in Dee,
Though it went down to E—
Which means fiddle-de-dee.

Yours truly, D. P.

COLOGNE.—Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* was performed with great success on the 22nd ult. An album, a conducting-stick, and a gold and silver crown were presented to the composer.

MILAN.—An opera entitled *Isabella Spinola*, lately produced at the Teatro Carcano, although the composer, Signor Abbà Cornaglia, was called on* some hundred thousand times, the theatre being almost empty on each occasion, was withdrawn after the fourth performance.—Signor Filippo Patierno, the tenor, has died aged 42. A widower two years, just before his decease he was re-married. He leaves a considerable fortune. Happy tenors!

* According to Dr Blidge.—D. P.

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MR ALFRED JAEHL will arrive in London on June 7. All letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs ERARD, 18, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

MR CHARLES HARPER, Principal and Solo Horn, having seceded from the Royal Italian Opera, begs to inform his friends and the public that he is now at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, &c., either in town or country. Address—3, Liddington Place, Harrington Square, London, N.W.

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), of the Wilhelmj Concert Party, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, &c. Address, care of Messrs HODGE & ESSEX, 6 and 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MISS ELENA NORTON, Soprano Vocalist (composer of "The Rose and the Ring"), is open for ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c., &c. Address, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or to Mr D'Oyley Carte, 20, Charing Cross.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME ERNST (Soprano) requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR CHARLES ABERCROMBIE (Tenor), of St James's Hall and the Royal Aquarium Concerts, Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's, requests that all applications for Terms and ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio, Opera, or Concert, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY (his Agent and Business Manager), care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, S.W.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE (of the Crystal Palace and Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, &c., &c.), having Returned from Abroad, can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Opera, or Oratorio. All Communications to be addressed to his Agent, Mr R. D'OYLEY CARTE, 9A, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.

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MR and MDME BODDA (late Miss LOUISA PYNE) beg to inform the Musical Profession and the public that Mr HARRY WALL is no longer their agent, and all future communications respecting fees for operas, &c., are to be made to Messrs WALTER JARVIS & TRISCOTT, Solicitors, 22, Chancery Lane, London.

MR FRANZ RUMMEL, Professor of the Pianoforte at the Conservatoire, Brussels, begs to announce that he has arrived in Town for the Season. Letters may be addressed to 43, Patishull Road, N.W.; or to the care of Messrs SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.

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MISS CATHERINE PENNA will sing **IGNACE GIBSONE'S** new Song, "O'ER THE BENDING RUSHES," at the Norwich Musical Union Society's Concert, June 14.

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VOL. 55.—No. 23.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1877.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Extra Night.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 9, will be performed
DOMIZETTI's Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Tonio, Signor Carrion; Sergeant Sulpizio, Signor Del Puente; La Marchesa, M^{me} Lablache; and Maria, M^{lle} Milo Rodani. To conclude with a new Ballet Divertissement, invented and arranged by M^{me} Katti Lanner, entitled "LES NYMPHES DE LA FORET."

Next Week there will be Five Performances.

On MONDAY next, June 11 (Extra Night), last time this Season, VERDI's Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Violetta, M^{me} Christine Nilsson.

First time this Season of "Les Huguenots."

On TUESDAY next, June 12 (for the first time this Season), MEYERBEER's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul di Nangis, Herr Wachtel (his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre); Il Conte di Nevers, M. Faure; Il Conte di San Bris, Signor Rota; Marcello, Herr Rokitsansky (his first appearance this Season); Margherita di Valois, M^{lle} Alwina Valleria; Urbano, M^{me} Trebelli; and Valentina, M^{lle} Caroline Salla (her first appearance in that character).

Subscription Night (in lieu of Saturday, July 28.)—First Night of "Otello."

On THURSDAY next, June 14 (for the first time these 17 years), ROSSINI's Opera, "OTELLO." Desdemona, M^{me} Christine Nilsson; Iago, M. Faure; Elmiro, Signor Foli; and Otello, Signor Tamberik (his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre).

On FRIDAY next, June 15, MEYERBEER's Grand Romantic Opera, "ROBERT LE DIABLE."

On SATURDAY next, June 16, "RIGOLETTO."

The doors will open at Eight; the Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock (except on the occasion of the performance of "Robert le Diable," on the 18th inst., when the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock precisely.)

Stalls, 2s.; Dress Circle, 1s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d., Other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Places may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at the Box-Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the portico of the Opera-house, Haymarket, which is open daily from Ten till Five.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

FRIDAY, June 22	GRAND FULL REHEARSAL.
MONDAY, June 25	MESSIAH.
WEDNESDAY, June 27	SELECTION.
FRIDAY, June 29	ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Principal Vocalists:
M^{me} ADELINA PATTI
and
M^{lle} ALBANI.
M^{me} LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON
and
M^{me} EDITH WYNNE.

M^{me} PATEY.

Mr VERNON RIGBY.
Mr EDWARD LLOYD.
Mr CUMMINGS.

Signor FOLI.
Herr HENSCHEL.
Mr SANTLEY.

Solo Organ.—Mr Best. Organist.—Mr Willing.
Conductor.—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Sets of Tickets for the Festival may be had at the Crystal Palace and at Exeter Hall.

Prices of Sets (including admission): Central Area, Three Guineas and Two and a Half Guineas; Galleries, Two and a Half Guineas and Two Guineas.

Tickets for the Rehearsal Day: Stalls (exclusive of admission), 7s. 6d. and 5s. Admission Tickets, Half-a-Crown.

Single Stall Tickets may now be had, 2s., One Guinea, and 15s.

MONDAY, JUNE 18.

**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CON-
CERT** will take place in the FLORAL HALL, on MONDAY Afternoon, June 18. Full particulars will be duly announced.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 9, will be performed
"L'ETOILE DU NORD." On this occasion the opera will commence at Eight instead of Half-past Eight o'clock as usual. M^{me} Adolina Patti.

Next Week there will be Six Performances.

On MONDAY next, June 11, "LA FAVORITA." M^{me} Scalchi.

On TUESDAY next, June 12, "AIDA." Mesdames Adolina Patti and Scalchi.

On WEDNESDAY next, June 13, "TANNHAUSER." M^{lle} Albani.

On THURSDAY next, June 14, "MARTHA." Enrichetta, M^{lle} Zaré Thalberg.

On FRIDAY next, June 15, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, M^{me} Adolina Patti.

On SATURDAY next, June 16, WAGNER's Opera, "IL VASCELLO FANTASMA." Senta, M^{lle} Albani.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five.

Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MR J. LEMMENS will (by permission of Mr. N. J. Holmes) give the RECITAL upon the GREAT ORGAN, at "THE HALL," Primrose Hill Road, Regent's Park, on SATURDAY Morning, June 9, at Four o'clock. Carriages at Half-past Five. Programme: Prelude, in five parts (diapasons), Organ School (J. Lemmens); Sonate Pontificale, No. 1, (a) All. Moderato, (b) Adagio non troppo, (c) March Pontificale, (d) Fugue—Fanfare (J. Lemmens); Sacred Song, "For this our heart is faint," from the oratorio, *The Resurrection* (G. A. Macfarren)—M^{me} Lemmens-Sherrington; Fantasia and Fuga, G minor (J. S. Bach); Thema, with Variations (J. Lemmens); Prayer in E—vox humana, with violoncello accompaniment (J. Lemmens); Song, "But oh! what art can teach," from the *Ode to St Cecilia*, with organ accompaniment (Handel)—M^{me} Lemmens-Sherrington; Grande Fantasia, "The Storm" (J. Lemmens); Finale (J. Lemmens). Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; the usual Concert Agents; and of Mr LEMMENS, 53, Finchley Road.

MR WILBYE COOPER begs to announce the SECOND of the THREE CONCERTS, at LANGHAM HALL, WEDNESDAY Evening, June 13, at Eight o'clock, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady John Manners, Sir R. W. Carden, Sir Albert and Lady Woods, the Hon. G. C. Talbot, Captain Hutton, Captain Heathorn, R.A., Captain J. O. A. Lewis, Edward Bullen, Esq., Dr Llewellyn Thomas; Mrs Blakeway, &c. Artists—Misses Marian Lynton, Janet Clayton, Gertrude Lawes, Siedle, Ellen Horne, Edith Wrenn, Van Senden, Palmer, Madelena Cronin, and M^{mes} Barri and Tonnelier; Messrs Urio, Arthur Hooper, Dudley Thomas, Thurlay Beale, Henry Pope, Stanley Smith, Gerard Henry, Michael Watson, Zerbini, Herr Oberthür, F. H. Cozens, Barri, Vaschetti, and Richard Blagrove. Tickets, 5s. and 3s.; at 19, Great Portland Street; and Lonsdale's, 26, Old Bond Street.

MR TRELAWNY COBHAM'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place on MONDAY, June 11, at 27, HARLEY STREET, Cavendish Square, commencing at Three o'clock, when the following Artists will appear: Mesdames Ida Corani, Agnes Larkoom, Eleanor Armstrong, Purdy and Alice Fairman; Signori Bettini, Trelawny Cobham, Fred. Penna, and Adelman, Mr Anton Hartvigson, M^{lle} Castellan, Signor Romano, Mr Henry Parker, and Mr Ganz. Tickets to be had of Mr TRELAWNY COBHAM, 23, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA'S FOURTH GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY Evening, June 19. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Carriages at 10.30. Mesdames Garcia, Friedlander, Bedeker, Lisa Walton (pupil of Signor G. Garcia), Friberg (from Sweden, her first appearance in England); Signor Foli, Mr Charles E. Tinney, Signor Federici, and Signor G. Garcia. Instrumentalists: Violin—M. Paul Viardot; Pianist—M. Joseph Wieniawski. "The Legend of Melusine" (by Hoffmann) will be executed by some of the above artists, and a choir of 300 voices (conductor—Signor G. Garcia). Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Herr W. GANZ. Messrs MARLOIS and W. THOMAS. Mr Theo. Jones will accompany the Solos in *Melusine*, and Mr A. Gittens will conduct the two Part-songs. A Grand Piano by Messrs Broadwood will be used on this occasion. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area or Gallery, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of the principal Music-sellers in Bond Street; of Mr Austin, St James's Hall, Piccadilly; and Signor GARCIA, 54, Portadown Road, Maida Hill, W.

"LEGEND OF MELUSINA."

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA'S CHOIR (250 Voices), Mesdames GARCIA, LISA WALTON, Messrs FEDERICI and TINNEY will sing "THE LEGEND OF MELUSINA" (by HOFFMANN), first public performance in England, at St James's Hall, June 19.

MR SIMS REEVES' BENEFIT CONCERT, ROYAL ALBERT HALL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th, at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists.

Mdme CHRISTINE NILSSON, Mdme TREBELL, Miss ANNA WILLIAMS,
Mdme ANTOINETTE STIRLING, and Miss HELEN D'ALTON.
Mr SIMS REEVES, Mr EDWARD LLOYD, Sig. FOLL, and Mr SANTLEY.

Solo Violin—Herr WILHELMJ.

The London Vocal Union (under the direction of Mr Fred Walker).

Conductor—Mr SYDNEY NAYLOR.

Boxes: Grand Tier (ten seats in each), Four Guineas; Loggia (eight seats in each), Three Guineas; Second Tier (five seats in each), Two Guineas; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Arena, 7s. 6d.; Balcony (numbered), 5s.; Balcony (unnumbered), 2s. 6d.; and 5,000 admissions, One Shilling. Tickets now ready at Royal Albert Hall; Austin's Office, St James's Hall; and usual Agents.

MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) begs to announce that his GRAND HARP CONCERT will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Morning, June 21, at Three o'clock. Harp Solos, Songs, with Harp accompaniment, Duets for two harps, and several Compositions for a BAND OF TWELVE HARPS. Vocalists: Mesdames Edith Wynne, Osgood, Enriquez, and Antoinette Sterling, Mdmes Henrietta Beale and Robertson; Messrs William Shakespeare, Frederick, and Lewis Thomas. Harp—Messrs John Thomas and T. H. Wright. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d.; to be had of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 54, New Bond Street; the principal Musicellers and Librarians; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and of Mr JOHN THOMAS, 53, Welbeck Street, W.

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at 137, HARLEY STREET, Cavendish Square, W. (by kind permission of Capt. and Mrs COCKER), on MONDAY, 18th June, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mdme Rose-Perkins, Mrs Harley Hughes (amateur), Mdle Victoria Bunsen, Mdle Trentanove, Signora Louise Gage; Signor Bettini, Mr Drummond, Mr Treawny Cobham, Signor Vergara, and Signor Monari Rocca. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mr Kuhe and Mdle Felicia Bunsen; Violin—Mdle Castellan; Harp—Herr Oberthür. Between the parts Miss Cowen will give a short Recitation. Conductors—Mr LINDSAY SLOPER, Le Marquis D'HAYET ZUCCARDI, Signor MAZZONI, Mr GANZ, and Mr COWEN. Tickets, One Guinea each; Family Tickets (to admit three), Two Guineas. To be obtained of Mdle VICTORIA BUNSEN, 4, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR WILBYE COOPER begs to announce the LAST of the THREE CONCERTS, at LANGHAM HALL, SATURDAY Afternoon, 7th July, at Three o'clock, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady John Manners, Sir R. W. Carden, Sir Albert and Lady Woods, the Hon. G. C. Talbot, Captain Hutton, Captain Heathorn, R.A., Captain J. O. A. Lewis, Edward Bullen, Esq., Dr Llewellyn Thomas; Mrs Blakeway, &c. Artists—Mesdames Marian Lynton, Janet Clayton, Gertrude Lawes, Siedle, Ellen Horne, Edith Wrenn, Van Senden, Palmer, Madelena Cronin, and Mimes Barri and Tonneller; Messrs Urlo, Arthur Hooper, Dudley Thomas, Thurley Beale, Henry Pope, Stanley Smith, Gerard Henry, Michael Watson, Zerbini, Herr Oberthür, F. H. Cozens, Barri, Vaschetti, and Richard Biagrove. Tickets, 5s. and 3s.; at 19, Great Portland Street; and Lonsdale's, 26, Old Bond Street.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA'S FOURTH GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY Evening, June 19. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Carriages at 10.30. Mesdames Garcia, Friedlander, Redeker, Lisa Walton (pupil of Signor G. Garcia), Friberg (from Sweden, her first appearance in England); Signor Foll, Mr Charles B. Tinney, Signor Federici, and Signor G. Garcia. Instrumentalists: Violin—M. Paul Viardot; Pianist—M. Joseph Wieniawski. "The Legend of Melusine" (by Hoffmann) will be executed by some of the above artists, and a choir of 300 voices (conductor—Signor G. Garcia). Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Herr W. GANZ, Messrs MARLOIS and W. THOMAS. Mr Theo. Jones will accompany the Solos in *Melusine*, and Mr A. Gittens will conduct the two Part-songs. A Grand Piano by Messrs Broadwood will be used on this occasion. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area or Gallery, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of the principal Music-sellers in Bond Street; of Mr Austin, St James's Hall, Piccadilly; and Signor GARCIA, 54, Portdown Road, Maida Hill, W.

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ST GEORGE'S HALL, JULY 3.

HERB LEHMEYER'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place on TUESDAY, the 3rd July, on which occasion he will be assisted by his piano pupils, Miss Ada Jeffery, Miss Abud, Miss Van Deynaen, Miss Harvey. Vocalists—Mdme Louise Gage, Miss Funell; Mr Welbye Wallace, Mr Mayhew, Mr Craig, and distinguished amateurs. All particulars of Herr LEHMEYER, 7, Store Street.

"MY LADY SLEEPS."

MR WELBYE-WALLACE will sing IGNACE GIBSON'S Serenade, "MY LADY SLEEPS," at Herr Lehmeier's Concert, at St George's Hall, 3rd July.

MR LINDSAY SLOPER'S SECOND MATINEE, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, 19th June. The programme will include, among other works, a selection of the later pieces of Stephen Heller, and some recent compositions of Mr Lindsay Sloper.

GAIETY THEATRE.

SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER - - - MR JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

PERFORMANCE FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR CHARLES LAMB KENNEY.

A Committee of the following Noblemen and Gentlemen has been formed to organise a Performance for the Benefit of Charles Lamb Kenney, at the Gaiety Theatre.

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH JUNE, 1877.

Committee.

Lord LONDSEBOROUGH, Lord DUNRAVEN, Tom TAYLOR, Esq., Dr DORAN, F.S.A., J. W. DAVISON, Esq., W. D. DAVISON, Esq., EDMUND YATES, Esq., G. GODWIN, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., J. L. TOOLE, Esq., LIOSEL LAWSON, Esq., THOMAS CHAPPELL, Esq., JOHN BOOSEY, Esq., FALGRAVE SIMPSON, Esq., HENRY NEVILLE, Esq., O. L. GRUNKEISEN, Esq., SIMS REEVES, Esq., CHARLES SANTLEY, Esq., GEORGE BENTLEY, Esq., HENRY IRVING, Esq., WILLIAM MITCHELL, Esq., GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq., FRED. DAVISON, Esq., ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, Esq., J. R. FLANCHER, Esq., S. L. BLANCHARD, Esq., CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., W. H. WILLS, Esq., JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Esq., HENRY FRISBY, Esq., F. B. CHATBERTON, Esq., R. CHURCHILL, Esq., G. A. SALA, Esq., H. S. EDWARDS, Esq., CHARLES KEADE, Esq., D.C.L., BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq., JAMES ALBURY, Esq., and F. O. BURNARD, Esq.

The performance will commence at 1.30 o'clock, and will consist of SKERIDAN'S Comedy of the

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

In which Mr SANTLEY will sing the celebrated Song, "Here's to the Lam."

To be followed by DIBDIN'S Operetta of

THE WATERMAN,

In which Mr SIMS REEVES has kindly consented to appear as "Tom Tug."

Between the Comedy and the Operetta

Mr HENRY IRVING will recite - - - "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

The principal characters in the Comedy are as follows:—

Lady Teazle	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY (first time in London.)
Sir Peter Teazle	- - - - -	Mr C. KELLY (first time in London.)
Charles Surface	- - - - -	Mr HENRY NEVILLE
Joseph Surface	- - - - -	Mr JOHN CLAYTON
Mrs Candour	- - - - -	Mrs A. STIRLING
Lady Sneerwell	- - - - -	Mrs ALFRED MELLON
Sir Harry Bumper	- - - - -	Mr SANTLEY

The other characters in the Comedy will be sustained by Mr. LIN MAYNE, Mr OLARKE, Mr HENRY KEMBLE, Mr VOLLAIRE, Mr YOUNGE, Mr MARCUS, and Miss MYRA HOLMES; who have kindly, and by permission of their respective Managers, given their services on this occasion.

Places may be booked at the Box Office of the Gaiety Theatre. Stalls, 21s.; Dress Circle, 10s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Private Boxes, from 25s. to £25.

Tickets may also be procured of Mr Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs Boosey, Regent Street; Duncan Davidson & Co., Regent Street; Chappell & Co., Bond Street; and the Gaiety Theatre.

UNDER ROYAL AND DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE

MDME SIDNEY PRATTEN has the honour to announce that her GUITAR RECITAL will take place on THURSDAY, June 21, when she will play Giuliani's Duo Concertante, Op. 84 (flute and guitar); Paganini's Carnival, with Bottesini's Introduction; Selections from the celebrated writers for the guitar, Legnani, Leonard Schulz, and Bor; some of her latest compositions, Treue Liebe, Elfin's Revels, &c., &c. Further particulars at her residence, 22a, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

SIGNOR ARDITI has the honour to announce that his CONCERT will take place, at DUDLEY HOUSE, Park Lane (by kind permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dudley), on THURSDAY Afternoon, June 21. Further particulars will be duly announced.

"THE PAGE'S SONG."

MDLLE IDA CORANI will sing ARDITI'S admired composition, "THE PAGE'S SONG," at the Composer's Concert, Dudley House, 21st June.

"RITA."

MR WELBYE-WALLACE will sing Signor TITO MATTI'S last most successful Serenade, "RITA," at St George's Hall, 3rd July, in lieu of, as previously announced, 14th June.

"BALFE'S TRIO."

MR W. GANZ, HERR WILHELMJ, and SIGNOR PEZZE will play BALFE'S Trio (originally produced at the Saturday Popular Concerts, and played by Mdle Krebs, Herr Joachim, and Signor Platti), at Herr Ganz's Concert, Dudley House, Tuesday, 19th June.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play at the Alexandra Palace on Monday afternoon, the 18th inst., CHOPIN'S "GROSSE POLONAISE," and THALBERG'S "MOSE IN EGITTO."

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play, on Friday evening, 22nd June, for the Benefit of the "Argyll Home," at Onslow Hall, Onslow Gardens, THALBERG'S "MOSE IN EGITTO" (by special desire), and several other brilliant pianoforte compositions. Patronesses—Her Grace the Duchess of Argyll, Lady Victoria Campbell, Lady Jane Dundas, the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, and many other distinguished ladies.—38, Oakley Square,

LEEDS CONCERT SEASON.

(From the "Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligencer.")

On referring to the preliminary notice in the *Yorkshire Post* of the 7th October, of the musical season then about to commence, and now concluded, we find the notice very brief, containing smaller promise than usual of the winter's musical events, and written in anything but a hopeful tone. There can be no hesitation, therefore, in admitting at once, in justice to the past series of musical entertainments which has helped to lighten the long and dreary winter, that much more was done than foreshadowed, and that the history of these concerts is better than the promise.

The first event was Mr Pyatt's ballad concert. Mr Sims Reeves appeared, singing some favourite ballads in grand style. Signor Foli and others assisted, vocalists and instrumentalists, but most of them were hardly listened to. The audience appeared to think that they could not have too much of Mr Reeves, though we have no doubt that eminent tenor had quite enough of them. To "let bygones be bygones" is a good motto, but if the disgraceful scene witnessed on that night has any effect of stopping the absurd "encore" system, it will have done good as well as harm.

The Leeds Philharmonic Society commenced with the *Creation*—a happy choice. Mrs Osgood sang the principal soprano airs, and was well supported. Mr James Broughton conducted as usual, and Mr Alfred Broughton played the organ. The chorus was very good, and the work, generally speaking, went well. A concert in aid of the funds of All Souls' (Hook Memorial) Church Sunday Schools was given by this society in February, at the Mechanics' Institute, when Mendelssohn's *Christus* and Hummel's "Alma Virgo" were performed, besides other interesting things. The object was good, and the concert very creditable. The Philharmonic concluded the season with an ambitious programme, including the *Ode to St Cecilia's Day*, Bach's motet, "I wrestle and pray," Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, and other works of importance. The concert was long, but creditable to the society.

Mr Ramsden, as usual, gave his series of four concerts, and, as usual, provided for satisfaction and success. *St Paul* was chosen for the first. Mr R. S. Burton conducted a band selected from Mr Charles Hallé's Manchester force, and the chorus was that known as the Yorkshire Festival Chorus. The principals were Mesdames Edith Wynne and Sterling, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Thomas. Mr George Hirst took the organ. The Victoria Hall was filled by a pleased audience. The minority of cultivated musicians who take more pleasure in the detection of a fault than in listening to broad general effects, had employment now and again for adverse criticism; but, rather than be reduced to the alternative of a perfect performance or none, we prefer one in which the standard of excellence is maintained. Mr Ramsden's second concert was very German in character. The vocalist was Mlle Redeker, who was rather coldly received in some *Lieder*—not from any fault on her part, but because the music was unfamiliar to the bulk of her audience. Mr Charles Hallé conducted his full band, which has seldom been heard to greater advantage. Beethoven's superb symphony in C minor was the great feature of the programme. Mr Hallé played Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto, No. 2, in D minor. The other numbers were selected with artistic taste, and the educational value of the concert was much greater than usual. Mr Burton again conducted at the third concert, when *The Messiah* was given. Mr George Hirst played the organ. The solo singers were Mme Campobello, Mlle Enriquez, Mr Abercrombie, and Signor Campobello. The chorus, as usual, was good. Mr Ramsden concluded the series with *Elijah*, thus giving three oratorios and one classical selection. He took the part of the Prophet, and achieved real success. Mr Charles Hallé conducted, and Mr Burton played the organ. The other principals were Mme Wynne, Mlle Enriquez, Mr H. Guy, and Miss Tomlinson. The performance, passing over a defect here and there, was of remarkable excellence. Again has Mr Ramsden done his best for music in Leeds.

An excellent concert (the first of two) was provided during October by Mr Morgan. There appeared at the Albert Hall, Leeds Mechanics' Institute, among others, Mesdames Patey and Sherrington. These ladies sang together the "Quis est homo," from *Stabat Mater*. The audience was enthusiastic, and would have had nearly every piece repeated. Mr Morgan gave his

second concert in November, and in the large Victoria Hall. Although Albani sang, the hall was not crowded, and Zaré Thalberg was unable to be present, but the other attractions were numerous.

A memorable feature of the season's music has been the prominence given to the pianoforte. In November last year Mme Arabella Goddard gave a recital at the Mechanics' Institute. The hall was very full, and for two hours did the audience listen enraptured to the style (perfect in its way) of the lady who has so long occupied a foremost rank in the art. Twice this year has the same hall been again crowded to hear the renowned Rubinstein, and on the second occasion people from far and near were turned away from the doors for want of room. A greater contrast between the placid, even style of Arabella Goddard and the emotional power, grandeur, and eccentricity of Rubinstein could not be imagined. Those who heard both may like to compare notes some day, and, as the pianoforte as a domestic instrument is carrying everything before it, the rising generation do well to hear of how much power and expression the instrument is capable.

Mr. Broughton's classical chamber concerts have been continued at the Queen's Hotel. The services of Herren Straus, Bernhardt, Vieuxtemps, and other artists were secured, and the arrangement of the programmes was, as usual, beyond praise. We might devote more space to an annual analysis of these concerts if pains were taken by the promoters to attract the general public. Whether the object be to limit their enjoyment to a select few, we know not; but if so, that is accomplished, the number of the audience being small. Mr Broughton conducted, and his brother, Mr Alfred Broughton, maintained his reputation as an exponent of classical pianoforte music. It is to be hoped, this series may ere long be made accessible to a larger circle. No concerts in Leeds possess more genuine attraction. Chamber music, like rare old wine, is not produced every day.

Herr Wilhelmj has made two appearances. He is a host in himself, and has a well-deserved cosmopolitan reputation; but he did not rely upon his own efforts alone, being ably assisted by other artists. Wagner's music obtained due recognition at his hands.

Dr Spark has given valuable recitals on the great organ at the Town Hall. His selections have been marked by great care, judgment, and taste, and sometimes we wonder why so few attend them. Perhaps the organ alone has not attractions for the many; but students and professors who like to hear so grand an instrument should make up a goodly number. The organ, closed for some time, will continue closed till after the Festival, the orchestra undergoing alterations for that event.

On St Patrick's Day the Rev. M. A. Hunt determined to have a concert in which artists of the highest rank would appear. Mlle Tietjens gave her services, and was assisted by a number of the best artists of Mr Mapleson's company. The result was a great success. The *prima donna* was most gracious, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, a torchlight procession being got up in her honour. This, we should say, was the best concert ever given at the town hall on a Saturday night, if we except the memorable concluding cheap night of the last Festival. The Leeds Private Vocal Society suddenly re-appeared at the last period of the season, and gave a fair concert, with diminished numbers. The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society deserve credit for producing a work like *Jephthah*. Dr Spark conducted, Mr Bowling played the organ; and, with few exceptions, the oratorio was creditably done, the chorus showing strength and quality. Mr Wilkinson has given pianoforte recitals at the Philosophic Hall, always to large audiences.

In October the Imperial Opera Company visited the New Theatre, and performed several well-known operas. The principals were tolerably strong, but the chorus was weak. The same company paid us a second visit early this year.

It must be admitted that an autumn programme of poor interest has developed into a respectable spring of work accomplished. We have written of what has been done. To write of what might have been done in this great centre of industry is a task too heavy to undertake. We have nothing to say against those who provide musical entertainment for the public. It is their business to find something to which the public will listen, and it is the merest cant to claim from them anything more. In love of their art we know that they frequently do more; but if they thought exclusively of art, the bankruptcy court would be the

result. The fault lies in another quarter. Musical education with the young is neglected, and music with adults is made the merest trifle of the hour. A "little music" sometimes serves for recreation, though it often amounts to boredom, and in many a drawing-room a game of "all fours" would be more amusing. With the wealthy public the ideal concert is a canary show. A great name is announced, with lesser lights. While the crowd gets seated, two lesser lights sing an Italian duet. Meanwhile the *prima donna* is arranging her toilet in the artist's room, ready to make her bow at the proper time, and take her part in the human barrel organ of the manager. She lets off rockets of florid passages, and the audience yell at her and split kid gloves. She returns, and, instead of the passionate Italian, she appears as the sweet Scotch girl who kisses in the rye-field, and tells. Then the buffo singer goes through the Italian equivalent to an English fit of apoplexy, and, finally, the audience troop out to a quartet. Instrumental music, as a rule, bores, and part singing of old English music, would be certain failure. Most people like music when they understand it, as most people in a lesser degree like poetry; but Horace would be a dull book to one whose education was limited to the Eton Latin Grammar, and Greek plays would not excite any violent emotions in the one who had only mastered the Greek alphabet. Good music is capable of affording intense enjoyment, if only understood. Education must supply that want. Music of some kind has in all ages been recognised as a need of man, and a tremendous motive power. He longs for and clings to it as he hugs a Faith and loves sunshine and the open air. He cannot throw off the mystic power; but he may learn to love and know that power as one which triumphs over Death and Time.

*As from the pow'r of sacred lays the spheres began to move,
And sang the great Creator's praise to all the bless'd above,
So when the last and dreadful hour this crumbling pageant
shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high; the dead shall live, the
living die,
And music shall untune the sky.*

"RE" RUBINSTEIN.

(From "Mayfair.")

Our æsthetical dictionary wants revising. What is a drama, for example, and what is dramatic? The few people who know Dryden will be ready with the answer: "A drama is a poem in which the action is not related but represented, and in which, therefore, such rules are to be observed as make the representations probable." The definition is true, if somewhat narrow. But admitting that, now-a-days, the adjective is applied to a good many things not actually "represented," we yet ask with some surprise, What in earth or heaven induced Herr Rubinstein to label his fourth symphony, "The Dramatic"? Is it that he thought of a particular play when he conceived the music? He might have said so, and pleaded excellent precedents in his favour. Berlioz has written a *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, and Liszt's "Poèmes Symphoniques," one and all, suggest dramatic ideas or characters. But Rubinstein has given us no clue to his poetic intuitions, and we must assume that the epithet refers less to matter than to manner or workmanship. In that case the choice could not have been more unfortunate. Dramatic treatment suggests conciseness, grasp, concentration of form and idea; Rubinstein's work is characterised by diametrically opposite qualities. Diffuseness, as we pointed out some time ago, is, with him, constitutional, and of the value of his own work he evidently judges by its length, unaware, apparently, of the fact that his audience may, and most probably do, apply converse measurement. To speak plainly, the first and last movements of Rubinstein's new symphony come under the category of "sound and fury," and the slender, melodious materials are quite out of proportion with the pompous and long-winded treatment they have to undergo. Tediousness is the inevitable result, in spite of the fine impulse of some of the themes. The second and third movements—*scherzo* and *adagio*—are infinitely superior, especially the former, which is graceful and well conceived. Reduction to half its present size might, perhaps, give vitality to the work.*

The reader is probably aware that our remarks are occasioned by Rubinstein's farewell concert at the Crystal Palace, last week. The

success of his pianoforte recitals during the season has been simply phenomenal. St James's Hall was crowded to its utmost limits on each occasion. The sum of £8,000 is intimated as the *spolia opima* of the campaign. Under such circumstances, "farewell" is synonymous with "Auf Wiedersehn," and our welcome to Rubinstein, the pianist, on his return next year, will be most cordial. As to the composer, we must reserve our final judgment. Rubinstein is still in the prime of life, and an artist of his intellectual power and untiring energy may unexpectedly develop new gifts and capabilities. But the present in that respect does not augur well for the future. We observe in him full maturity of technical skill and exuberance of fancy, together with a total absence of artistic self-restraint, and with little indication of that original type of conception which distinguishes creative genius from clever reproductions. Rubinstein's work always suggests some model, sometimes two or three models, simultaneously. Take, for instance, the duet from his sacred opera, *Die Makkabäer*, performed at the concert referred to. Gounod, himself an eclectic, might have written the tender passages, Meyerbeer the dramatic ones, while the recitative is cast in the mould of Wagner. The result was decidedly pleasing, owing partly to the excellent rendering of the music by Mme Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Henschel, who bravely contended with the audible effects of our climate on his fine voice. But there was no approach to that deep impression invariably produced by genuine dramatic pathos. The lighter accompaniments of the drama are evidently more congenial to Herr Rubinstein's cast of mind. The ballet music from *Feramosz*, an early opera, which concluded the present concert, is graceful and melodious in the extreme. The audience seemed electrified (!) by the lively rhythms, and the imagination easily supplied coryphæes and stage pageantry.

In addition to conducting his own compositions, Rubinstein played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G, No. 4, and three minor pieces by Schubert himself and Chopin. That he can play Beethoven, or any other master, dead or living, he has frequently shown; but on this occasion he was evidently fatigued, and at one point his memory seemed to fail him. But the audience very justly overlooked this slight defect, and took leave of its favourite with all the marks of approbation which his high qualities as an executive artist so fully deserve.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the Students' evening concert, in the new concert-room on Saturday evening, June 9:—

Andante and Allegretto, from Quartet in D, two violins, viola, and violoncello (composed for the King of Prussia)—Mr Oldaker, Miss Ada Brand, Mr Hill, and Mr Elliott (Mozart); Nocturne, in F minor, Op. 55, pianoforte—Miss Andrews (Chopin); Song, "What shall I send to thee?"—Miss E. Thomas (C. K. Salaman); Romance, in G minor, and Capriccio, in F (MS.), pianoforte—Mr Tobias Matthey (Tobias Matthey, student—pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren); Aria, "Ave, Maria"—Miss Reimar, clarinet *obbligato*, Miss Frances Thomas (Cherubini); Nocturne, in F sharp major, Op. 15, and Etude, in F minor, No. 2, Book 3, Op. 25 (Chopin), Lied ohne Worte, in C, No. 4, Book 6—pianoforte, Miss Goldsbro', pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson (Mendelssohn); Part-song (MS.), "If thou art sleeping, maiden"—Alice Borten, student; Variations, on a Theme by Schumann, Op. 23, for two performers on the pianoforte—Miss Margaret Bucknall and Miss Alice Heathcote (Brahms); Song (MS.), "If little flowers knew it—Mr Sidney Tower—harp and clarinet accompaniment, Miss Edith Brand and Miss Frances Thomas (Oliveria Prescott, student); Fantasia in C minor, organ—Mr H. R. Rose (Berens); Cantata, for female voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, *The Fishermans*, the words by Frederick E. Weatherly (by desire, second time of performance)—Misses Kate Brand, Mary Davies, Reimar, Ada Patterson, and Orridge—pianoforte, Mr F. W. W. Bampfylde (Henry Smart); Barcarolle, in G, and Mazurka, in D minor, violin—Miss Julia de Nolte, Professors' scholar (Spohr); Hymn (MS.), "When shades of night around us close," organ, pianoforte, violin, and trumpet accompaniment—Mr Ford (Sir John Goss, scholar), Mr Eaton Fanning, Mr Oldaker, and Mr Solomon (Eaton Fanning, student); Air, "O del mio dolce ardor"—Mr Welch (Stradella); Quintetto, "Di scrivermi ogni giorno" (*Costi fan tutte*)—Miss Saidie Singleton, Miss Clara Samuelli, Mr James Sauvage, Mr Theiler, and Mr Ley (Mozart). The accompanists were—at the organ, Mr H. R. Rose; and at the pianoforte, Miss Alice Heathcote, Miss Kate Steel, and Mr Hooper.

The next Students' orchestral concert is announced to be given in St James's Hall on Wednesday evening, June 20th,

* Pray, then, let nobody set about the task of reducing it.—T. QUENK.

ADELINA (LEONORA-VERDI) PATTI

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

It is remarkable, though by no means curious, that the part which, years ago, Mdme Patti played once and set aside, now belongs to the most effective in her repertory. The fact, remembering how unapproachable she is in light-comedy characters, impressively shows the wide scope of her genius and the versatility of powers which meet with ease whatever demand may be made upon them. The Leonora (*Il Trovatore*) of Friday night was, beyond question, an embodiment of superlative excellence. That Mdme Patti sang the music perfectly "goes without saying;" for perfect singing seems in her case to be, like the lark's carol, a natural utterance. But her acting, from the first intimation of Leonora's love for Manrico—a love which Inez calls dangerous, "perigliosa fiamma"—till it involves all in ruin, was such as only a great artist could achieve. The audience, one and all, saw this clearly enough, and their expressions of admiration amounted to real enthusiasm.

SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The subscription for all three concerts to be given during the Festival has been fixed as follows: One Fantueil, 20 florins; one "Circle-Seat," 15 florins; and a Numbered Seat, 10 florins. *The prices at the pay-place will be higher.* Seats at the above subscription prices may be secured on the transmission of a post-office order, with 15 kreutzers for postage, from the Treasurer of the International Mozart Foundation; Herr Carl Spängler, banker; and Herr Heinrich Dieter, bookseller, Salzburg; as well as from Herr C. Haslinger, Music Publisher to the Emperor, Am Graben, Vienna. In reply to every demand for places a numbered ticket will be forwarded, and with it a voucher. The two together will entitle the holder to the reduction of a third (during a fortnight) of the fare to and from Salzburg on the Empress Elizabeth Western Railway, the Crown Prince Rudolph Railway, the Francis Joseph Railway, the Bohemian Western Railway, the State Railway, and the Southern Railway (for the journey to Vienna and Kufstein). Moreover, the production of the voucher will entitle the holder to have dinners in the hotels of the town at prices varying from 1 florin 20 kreutzers, and rooms at prices ranging from 80 kreutzers upwards. Places can be secured in advance only till July 1st at the latest.—(Communicated.)

ORGAN OPENING AT ST ANDREW'S CHURCH.

(From the "Grimby Herald," June 2nd, 1877.)

The new organ built by Messrs Foster & Andrews, of Hull, for St Andrew's Church in this town, was opened on Thursday, when special services were held morning and evening, Dr Spark, of the Leeds Town Hall, presiding at the organ. The cost of the organ will be about £500, the half of which was subscribed some time ago. The following is the specification of the organ submitted to the Rev. W. Maples:—

GREAT ORGAN (CC to G).—Open diapason, metal, 8 feet, 56 pipes; dulciana, metal, 8 feet, 56; stopped diapason and hohlfloete, wood, 8 feet, 56; principal, metal, 4 feet, 56; *harmonic flute, metal, 4 feet, 56; fifteenth, metal, 2 feet, 56; *mixture, III ranks, metal, 2 feet, 168.

SWELL ORGAN (CC to G).—*Lieblich bordun, wood, 16 feet, 56 pipes; viol d'amour, wood and metal, 8 feet, 56; open diapason, wood and metal, 8 feet, 56; voix célestes, metal, 8 feet, 44; principal, metal, 4 feet, 56; *flageolet, wood, 2 feet, 56; *cornopean, metal, 8 feet, 56; oboe, metal, 8 feet, 44.

PEDAL ORGAN (CCC to F).—Open diapason, wood, 16 feet, 30 pipes; bourdon, wood, 16 feet, 30.

COUPLERS.—Swell to great; swell to pedals; *swell octave; great to pedals.

Three composition pedals. Radiating pedal board.

The services on Thursday were numerously attended, that in the evening especially, both being full choral. The choir, which numbered forty-two, was under the direction of Mr Mells.

* The pipes marked with an asterisk are not yet added to the organ.

Jackson's service was used. The opening voluntary was extemporaneous. After the Psalms for the day Dr Spark played an improvisation on the hymn-tune, "Sun of my soul," in the course of which he brought out with splendid effect the full powers of the organ. At the conclusion of the prayers Dr Spark gave an air in F sharp minor, varied, followed by Mendelssohn's sonata in C minor. After the benediction he played "Oh, that I had wings like a dove" (Mendelssohn). The *Grimby Herald* speaks in the same eulogistic terms of evensong and the organ performances of Dr Spark.

WELSH NATIONAL CONCERT.

Another successful endeavour to raise funds to reward the miners of Tynnewydd was made on the 7th inst., in the form of a Welsh National Concert at the Crystal Palace. Thousands of people, including many Welshmen, thronged the concert-hall, Mr H. Richard, M.P., occupying the honorary position of President. The solo singers were Mdme Edith Wynne, Misses Mary Davies, Marian Williams, Lizzie Evans, Martha Harries, M. J. Williams, and Edith Wren, Messrs Sauvage, J. L. Williams, and Gwilym Thomas (one of the gallant rescuers). Among the instrumentalists Mr Brinley Richards gave his valuable aid, and Mr John Thomas his. The chorus, composed of the Welsh Choral Union and the Crystal Palace Choir, filled the large orchestra. In the first part, consisting of English selections, Mdme Edith Wynne introduced a new song, with chorus, called "The Men of Wales," composed by Mr Brinley Richards expressly for the occasion, to words by Mr F. Weatherly. The burden is the all-prevailing topic of the rescue at Cymmer Pit. The music is in the familiar style of Mr Richards, and in the chorus, especially, was particularly telling and effective. Combined with the stirring nature of the theme, the new song roused the audience to enthusiasm, being rapturously encored. Equally demonstrative was the reception given to Mr Gwilym Thomas, who, with Miss Mary Davies, sang "How beautiful is night." Mr Thomas, a working collier, with a fine bass voice, evidently possesses the musical genius of his countrymen. Between the first and second parts of the concert Mr Richard, M.P., delivered a brief address, as he said, on the part of Welshmen in London, expressive of their admiration for the men who acted so nobly their part at Cymmer Colliery. Quoting in Welsh a verse of the hymn sung by the encavered miners, he said that to him as a man of peace the deeds of those men were really more chivalrous and brave than those on the battle-field. The hon. member, amid great applause, gave the thanks of Welshmen to Englishmen for their sympathy in this matter—redoubled when the speaker added that the organisation and success of that concert were due to a man of whose name, fame, and high character all Welshmen were proud—Mr Brinley Richards. Mr Richards acknowledged the compliment, and thanked the ladies and gentlemen who assisted him, especially Mdme Edith Wynne. At the commencement of the second part the soloists and choir joined in the Miner's Hymn, "In the deep and mighty waters," Mr Davies, "Mynonydd," taking the *lâlon*, wielded in other parts of the concert by Mr Manns, the celebrated Crystal Palace conductor. All the pieces in this division of the programme were Welsh, and several were given in the original tongue. The concert was eminently successful, and is likely to add a considerable sum to the Miners' Fund.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 14th:—

Triumphal March, "Vom fels zum meer"	F. Liszt.
Andante, from the Symphony in C minor	Beethoven.
Organ Concerto, No. 2, B flat major	Handel.
Prelude and Fugue, with Chorale, E minor	Mendelssohn.
Andante con moto, B flat major	H. Smart.
Trio, "Tantum ergo"	Rossini.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 16th:—

Organ Concerto, D minor	Handel.
Romanza, "When the orb of day reposing"	Webcr.
Fantasia Pastorale	W. T. Best.
Andante con Variazioni (Septuor)	Beethoven.
Passacaille, B minor	F. Couperin.
(a) Allegretto, D flat major	R. Schumann.
(b) Allegro con Brio, F minor	

(From the Sketches for a Pedal Pianoforte, Op. 58.)

THE STOLEN SYMPHONY:

A REMINISCENCE OF AUGUST CONRADI.

BY FERDINAND GUMBERT.*

It was in the beginning of August, 1846. We—Conradi and I—were sitting over our coffee and cigar in my room. Having just returned from a two months' stay in Vienna, I was expected to relate my adventures there. Conradi had formed a friendly connection with me, which, leaving all question of sentiment out of consideration, was eminently advantageous to us both. Conradi was decidedly more talented as an instrumentalist, and I as a vocalist, so that we supplemented each other to our mutual benefit. Our friendly intercourse speedily became such a necessity that even the great distance between our respective lodgings (Conradi lived a long way outside the Oranienburg Gates, his father being a Sergeant of Police in that district) was no obstacle to frequent visits. As a matter of course, we communicated to each other, openly and unreservedly, what we thought and what we were doing. In this manner I became acquainted with everything that Conradi had written for several years, especially his more important works, such as symphonies, overtures, stringed quartets, &c. I was especially captivated by his last Symphony in A minor, with the motto from Goethe: "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass," which we carefully studied together, going into the smallest details of its construction as well as of its instrumentation. Very few persons besides myself knew anything of these creations. Like all musicians at the outset, Conradi lived quietly and unknown. His income was derived from his place as organist to the Nazareth Church and from a few pianoforte lessons, which he gave with decided repugnance, as, on account of his nervous impatience, he was little fitted to be a teacher. So much as to Conradi's character. I will now proceed with my narrative. Of course, I had a great deal to tell about Vienna. Anyone who has been lucky enough to please the Viennese and has presented himself personally, will never forget his reception among them. I preserve with a thankful heart my memories of those days.

"About you, too," I suddenly observed, parenthetically—"I heard a good deal on one occasion."—"About me?" said Conradi interrogatively, with an expression of surprise. "Who in Vienna knows me?"—"Oh! there is someone who knows you, and very well, too. One evening at the Garden Concert of Johann Strauss" (naturally the celebrated father of the no less celebrated son), "a young man came up, greeted me—naming me by my name—as being from the same part of Germany as he was, and introduced himself as a musician called L.† He knew I was on friendly terms with you, and, with much laudation of your talent, inquired how you were getting on. You never told me anything about the individual."—"Good gracious, no! Why should I bore you about him. He is a man devoid of talent, who forced himself upon me, pretended to admire my compositions, and kept my scores for weeks, in order, so he said, to study them thoroughly. At last, however, there were some special indications which excited my suspicions; I firmly believe he circulated my productions among his acquaintances as his own, so I withdrew from the connection. But tell me: what is he doing in Vienna?"—"Not much good! Prepare to be astonished; he has set up as a rigorous critic, and furiously attacks everything near and dear to the Viennese. He has, of course, hereby created a host of bitter enemies. At their head stands Dr August Schmidt, the respected editor of the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, and one of the founders of the *Männergesang-Verein*. It is the object of every one to render L. harmless. As he talks very arrogantly of important compositions of his, he is pressed on all sides to have them publicly performed."—"Ah! then the Viennese may wait long enough. L. has neither musical knowledge nor the stuff for a composer in him. He never wrote anything, and, therefore, never can produce anything."

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† As I do not know whether L. is still alive, I refrain from giving his name. Perhaps he acted more from youthful thoughtlessness, and pressure of circumstances, though the latter, it is true, was brought about by himself, than from an absolutely bad disposition, and for this reason I do not like, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, to put him again in the pillory by mentioning his name. He never afterwards attracted public attention, so his name would possess no interest for the reader. Of course the name was cited at full length in the letters and notices I have quoted.

A short time subsequently to this conversation I was studying one afternoon, at a confectioner's, Bäuerle's *Wiener Theaterzeitung*.—"What is this? Do I read right? A symphony in A minor by Conrad L., performed in the Theater an der Wien!" As the notice also stated, the composer was unable to conduct his own work at rehearsal, and the *Capellmeister*, Herr Suppé, had been obliged to undertake the task. The Symphony itself proved very successful. My head seemed to swim round. I read the article carefully through once more, rubbed my eyes, and then read it again, to see if I had not made a mistake. But I no longer perceived the letters; L.'s figure stood before me; I thought of what had happened in Vienna, then of what Conradi had told me a few days previously, and—as Mozart's Donna Anna, after the B flat major quartet, exclaims, when Don Juan is about to leave: "That is my Father's murderer!" the voice of unmistakable conviction in my breast cried out: "That was Conradi's A minor Symphony!"—I jumped up in feverish excitement, and, begging the master of the establishment to let me have the paper, rushed into the street. My first thought, of course, was: "I am off to Conradi." But I soon reflected that I should have the trouble of walking the long distance for nothing, since at that hour there was not much chance of Conradi's being at home. So I wrote a letter, telling him to come to my lodgings without fail, at noon next day, as I had something of importance to communicate.

After I had slowly read him the article in the paper, Conradi sat, staring at me in speechless astonishment. He even let his cigar go out, which was something extraordinary in such an inveterate smoker. I at length roused him from his state of stupor, and exclaimed: "Conradi, do you know what I most decidedly believe?" "It is my Symphony," stammered Conradi, in a faint voice, "which the fellow has had performed in Vienna." With these words, his eyes filled with tears, and he began indulging in lamentations. "Just my luck," he observed. "Here, in Berlin, not a soul notices my Symphony. In Vienna it is a success, but a stranger gets the credit of that success, while I play the part of looker-on. Is not that terrible?" "Come, my dear boy, do not be disheartened. You see I laugh at the matter, for I believe justice will be done you. My stay in Vienna will turn out to your advantage. Dry up your tears. In my opinion, things do not look so bad for you after all." "What do you mean by that?" "Why, L.'s enemies will be delighted to have an opportunity of unmasking him and proving him a symphony-thief. But we must, above all things, obtain the certainty that it really was your Symphony which they performed in Vienna. To this end, write down at once, upon this sheet of music-paper, the beginnings of the four movements. In a few days we shall have an answer." Conradi did as I told him, and an hour afterwards I was off to the post with a letter for Dr August Schmidt, in Vienna. Need I state the contents of the letter? It will be evident from the reply which I give verbatim, because it explains what had occurred in Vienna. Dr Schmidt wrote:—

"My dear friend, I beg to inform you that, in order to lose no time, I gave the four commencements of the Symphony to Herr Fuchs,* who is better acquainted with Suppé than I am, and he showed them to Suppé. Yesterday evening, I received a note from Fuchs. It contained these words:—

"Suppé declares the initial motives to be those of L.'s Symphony."

"I have done nothing for the moment, nor shall I, till I hear from you. When, however, I hold in my hand undeniable proofs, from which there is no escape, I will deal the blow, but that blow must be annihilating, for such a swindle has never been known. I shall be exceedingly obliged if you will, without delay, institute enquiries as to whether L. really enjoys a pension from the Prussian Government, for, by heaven, I doubt even this. I should actually have my doubts as to his humanity, and look upon him as some lying imp of hell, were he not such a confounded fool! Concerning Spohr's Testimonial, which he hawks about everywhere to prove who he is, and which has hitherto served him as an amulet against the grave doubts of all disinterested persons, I have written directly to Spohr, asking him about it. I await from you, dear friend, the irrefutable proofs, and, if possible, the score of the Symphony, together with a statement in writing from the composer. And now to work!—Yours,

"Vienna, 29, 8, 1846."

"AUGUST SCHMIDT."

(To be continued.)

* Ferdinand Fuchs, known for songs and *Gutenberg*—long dead.

MILA RODANI'S VIVANDIÈRE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The representative of Maria was Mdle Mila Rodani, who, it will be in recollection, played the part at Drury Lane last season. We have not, therefore, to speak of a new assumption, but it is our duty to say that the young German artist showed a manifest improvement. As a vocalist her chief strength lies more in music of a bright and sparkling style than in strains of deep sentiment, and, consequently, she made her greatest success with the Song of the Regiment, and in the animated scene with the Countess and Sulpizio. Mdle Rodani was less happy in "Convien partir," chiefly because of a disposition to exaggerate the *portamento*, which, however much used, is no substitute for real feeling. From a dramatic point of view, Mdle Rodani's assumption could be regarded as nothing short of successful. She looked the character to perfection, which is something, and she played it discreetly, which is more. The danger always exists, in connection with this particular rôle, of over-refining to escape vulgarity, and of making it unduly vulgar to escape refinement. Mdle Rodani, in our opinion, struck the just mean, representing Maria in the earlier scenes as not too much a lady, and in the later as not too much a camp-follower. She was happy, above all, where the Vivandière re-asserts herself in the dress of *grande dame*. Here not a few touches of genuine comedy were observable, as distinct from a mere conventional rendering of the "business," and the applause of the house was well bestowed.

THE LORD MAYOR AND MR TOOLE.

At a banquet given in the Mansion House (Nov., 1875) by the then Lord Mayor to the leading officials of the Royal Theatrical and other Societies, his Lordship passed from the real to the mimic stage, and, remarking that the public were often delighted in seeing kings killed, he referred to his own youthful experiences. Subsequently:—

Mr J. L. Toole, preserving the key-note of speech struck by his lordship, proposed the Lord Mayor's health, and said: I feel highly flattered by being entrusted with the toast I have now to propose. As it is the custom to say "I am called upon very suddenly," I wish that I had been less suddenly called upon, because the toast is a very important one. I have always, since the time when I was a little boy, wished to "remember the 9th of November;" but I am sure that this day of November will for the future be the more memorable. You are aware that I have but recently returned from America. I was interviewed there. I had the pleasure of meeting the President of the United States, who seemed to have a little doubt about my nationality. He inquired if I did not come from Ireland. I then asked the President—"Have you ever heard of St Mary Axe?"—because I was born there. So I feel as if my foot was now on my native heath. I also told him, and he told the gentlemen of the press—at least I think so—that I had resided at Crosby Hall, where Richard III. had lived. I mixed up Richard III. and Crosby Hall, with the Lord Mayor, whose premises happen to adjoin my birth-place in St Mary Axe—or Crosby Hall (close by St Mary Axe) Richard III. and his Lordship got so mixed up together that he really believed I had been Lord Mayor of London. A great supposition, with slight truth. Little did I think then that I should have the honour of proposing the health of his Lordship. The Civic Magistrate is always loyal. Indeed I know that well—as I once played the Lord Mayor myself, and so paid homage to my king—Richard III—but that amiable, yet variable, monarch, I leave to the very able treatment of my friend sitting next to me—Mr H. Irving. Should he play the tyrant King, however, whilst I am performing at the Gaiety opposite, I dread the tumult of the conflicting armies of Richard and Richmond. May I, therefore, ask those gentlemen to be as quiet as possible when on the well-tried battle-field of the Lyceum, because a great clamour may interfere with our classic performance of *Ici on Parle Français*. I know there was a little noise last week. Complaining to the carpenters behind the scenes, they said it was "only two Scotch gentlemen over the way"—"having a duel." Since then we have closed the windows. But his Lordship's loving cup has apparently stopped the clang of arms, as those rival Scots (Macbeth and Macduff), both present, now challenge each other only in wine. My Lord Mayor, I feel deeply the compliment you have paid me, and I have great pleasure in proposing your health, trusting that we may for many years, as you have entertained us, have the honour of entertaining you when you go to the theatre.

VIENNA.—Schubert's opera, *Der häusliche Krieg*, has been performed with success at the Imperial Operahouse.

Augustus Mayhew.

"An old, old friend."



Requiescat in pace!

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Melbourne, 22nd March, 1877.

The musical event of the month has been the appearance, at the Theatre Royal, of Mr Samuel Lazar's Italian opera company, which had been performing at Sydney. The high prices of admission charged during the first three weeks of the series (which is limited to six) caused the audiences at first to be thin. After the first three weeks the prices to pit and upper circle were reduced, and the result was that these parts of the house were well filled. The operas already produced are *Linda di Chamouni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Faust*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Tutti in Maschera*, and *Don Giovanni*. The company is a fair one. Signora Guadagnini, the leading lady, and Signora Vita have created a favourable impression.

Mr. C. A. Irday announces a concert for to-morrow evening in the Fitzroy Town Hall, the first part of the programme consisting of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and the second of a general selection.

15th April, 1877.

The Lazar Italian opera company concluded their season at the Theatre Royal on the 21st ult. During the last month they played *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Giovanni*, and selections from *Pipèlè*, *Crispino e la Comare*, and *Il Barbiere*. They are now in Adelaide.

Ernest Hutcheson, five years and eight months old, has been astonishing the Melbourne public by his performances on the piano. He reads music accurately and plays with great expression. He can analyse and name the notes in the most complex chords as soon as they are struck. A concert is to be given under the patronage of the Governor, and Lady Bowen, for the purpose of obtaining funds to send the young musician to Europe.

Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman* was performed in the Town Hall on Good Friday night by the Melbourne Philharmonic Society. The principal vocalists were Mrs Howitz, Miss Christian, Mr D. Miranda, Mr G. F. Smith, and Mr S. Lamble. Mr D. Lee was conductor, and Mr G. Peake, organist.

Mr J. Levy, the cornet player, has given seven concerts in the Town Hall. He was assisted by Mrs Cutter, Signor Rosnati, and Mr C. B. Foster, the last named as pianist. J. T. L. F.

HAMBURG.—Herr and Mad. Vogel, of the Theatre Royal, Munich, have appeared at the Stadttheater in *Der Freischütz*.

ST JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Pianoforte Recitals.

THE EIGHTH AND LAST RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 23, 1877.

Programme.

QUINTET, in F minor, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola,
and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-
NERUDA, Herr L. RIES, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ
NERUDA *Brahms.*
"SCENES CARNAVALISQUES," Op. 9, for pianoforte—Mr
CHARLES HALLÉ *Schumann.*
ROMANZA, in F, for violin—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA *Beethoven.*
GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and
violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA,
and Herr FRANZ NERUDA *Beethoven.*

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

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Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48,
Cheapside; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28,
Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—MONDAY NEXT.

FLORAL HALL, ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT
GARDEN. Under the immediate patronage of his Royal Highness the
Prince of WALES, her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES, his Royal
Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN, her Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN,
her Royal Highness Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of LORNE), her Royal
Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, his Serene Highness the Duke of
TECK, her Royal Highness Princess MARY (Duchess of TECK), the Most
Honourable the Marquis of LORNE. Programme of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT'S
ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, Monday next, 18th June, to
commence at Two o'clock: Part I.—"Cora, Alla Finlands," *L'Etoile du Nord*
(Meyerbeer), by the Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera; Cavatina, "Sempere ne
m'el deliri," *Dolores* (Manzocchi), M^{lle} Synnerberg; Romanza, "Il Viaggiatore"
(Schubert), Signor Baggiolo; Aria, "De cette pompeuse retraite," *Giralda*
(Adam), M^{lle} Marimon; Fregiera, "O padre eterno," *St Cecilia* (Benedict),
M^{me} Scalchi (harmonium—Mr Pittman); Aria, "Figlia D'Erina" (Benedict),
M. Capoul; Ballad, "Sweet Village Bells" (Davison), M^{lle} Zare Thalberg;
Romanza, "Un bacio sol" (Badia), Signor Cotoigni; Cavatina, "Casta diva,"
Norma (Bellini), M^{lle} Albani and Chorus; Duetto, "Le Magali," *Mirella*
(Gounod), M^{lle} Marimon and M. Capoul; Sonata, violin (Corelli), M^{me}
Norman-Neruda; Bolero, "Dilette amiche," *Vesperi Siciliani* (Verdi), M^{me}
Adelina Patti. Part II.—Duo, for two pianofortes, "Hommage à Handel"
(Moscheles), Sir Julius Benedict and Mr Charles Hallé; Song, "The Bird that
came in Spring" (Benedict), M^{me} Adelina Patti (flauto obbligato—Mr Radcliff);
Romanza, "O liet di," *L'Etoile du Nord* (Meyerbeer), M. Maurel; Finale,
"Those whom the Highest," *St Cecilia* (Benedict), M^{lle} Albani and Chorus (harp
—Mr John Thomas; harmonium—Signor Vianesi); Aria, "Cujus animam,"
Stabat Mater (Rossini), Signor Nicolini; Old English Ballad, "My lodging is on
the cold ground," M^{me} Adelina Patti; Aria, "Pro peccatis," *Stabat Mater*
(Rossini), Signor Ordinas; Aria, "Or Son sola," *Fra Diavolo* (Auber), M^{lle} Zare
Thalberg; Romance, "Die rose" (Spohr), M^{lle} Smeroschi; Aria, "Gloia
d'amore" (Campana), Signor Marini; Duetto, "Voglio dire," *L'Elisir*
(Donizetti), Signor Piazzi and Signor Caracciolo; Trio, "Te sol quest' anima,"
Attila (Verdi), M^{lle} Smeroschi, Signor Sabater, and Signor Caracciolo. Con-
ductors—Signor VIANESI, Signor BEVIGNANI, and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Stalls,
£1 1s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats in Balcony, 7s. 6d. and 5s.;
Reserved Back Seats, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Application for tickets to be made to
Mr E. Hall, at the Box Office under the portico of the theatre; also to Mr
Mitchell, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Bond Street; Mr S.
Hays, 301, Regent Street; Messrs Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Mr
Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and to Mr Austin, St James's Hall, Picca-
dilly; also to Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, 2, Manchester Square.

"SWEET VILLAGE BELLS."

M^{lle} ZARE THALBERG will sing "SWEET VILLAGE
BELLS" (J. W. DAVISON), at Sir Julius Benedict's Concert, at the Floral
Hall, Monday morning next, 18th June.

To J. C. Burnand, Esq.
NEIGH AND BRAY.

(An Elench.)



MAJOR NEIGH.—Heu cauda!

DR BRAY.—Toot! toot! What's the matter?

MAJOR NEIGH.—Symphony!

DR BRAY.—Let me feel your pulse (*feels pulse*). You've got
dramatic fever!

MAJOR NEIGH.—No—oceanic.

DR BRAY.—Then I will tap thee (*taps him on the shoulder*).

MAJOR NEIGH (*neighing vociferously*).—O! oa! oaw! Owawa-
wawawa! Oaw—hi!

DR BRAY (*braying loudly*).—Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho! Helmige,
thou art cured!

MAJOR NEIGH.—Heiaha! Heiaha!

DR BRAY.—Neigh! Neigh!—nay, be calm. Who hung at thy
saddle?—Sintolt the Hegeling?

MAJOR NEIGH (*taking a pinch of snuff*).—No—Witting the
Irming (*sneezes*).

DR BRAY.—Grimgerd' and Rossweisse! (*sneezes*).

MAJOR NEIGH.—Hoyotoho! Heiaha! (*sneezes*).

DR BRAY.—Heiaha! Hoyotoho! [*Exeunt severally, sneezing.*]

DEATH.

On June 11th, at 13, Dorchester Place, N. W. JOHANN BAPTIST ZIMMERMANN, Esq., aged 57.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877.

We shall see.

WE take the following from the *Globe*, which is giving due importance in its columns to music and music's representatives:—

"Our bitterest enemies can hardly accuse us any longer of being 'unmusical.' No nation has received the Teutonic invader with such open arms as we. *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* have been played with all the advantages of personal supervision (?) by the most sympathetic interpreters in the musical capitals of Italy, but no converts have been made to the new religion. The countrymen of Cimarosa and Rossini, of Donizetti and Bellini, refuse to make the sacrifice of their musical belief. So far from passing through the fire to Moloch, they have hardly singed a hair in coquetting with the German magician; and when he is gone, and the noise of his drum and trumpet no longer heard, they have returned back into Egypt without a qualm of conscience, and fallen into their old servitude to the simple melody so easy to understand. The traditions of the Italian school are too old to be uprooted in a day. Italian ears are rather puzzled than gratified by the complicated harmony in German compositions. They look back to the days before Weber and Meyerbeer wrote, insisting that noise and music are not synonymous, and that to be rendered deaf is a hard penalty to pay for studying a new creed. If Italy has not welcomed with effusion the new comer, still less has France succumbed. True, the invading army of Norsemen, Pagan goddesses, Christian princesses, improper *Tannhäusers*, and respectable *Wolframs*, passed over France like the hosts of a second Attila. The Parisians made way as philosophically as, later on, for the troops of Moltke or the reign of the Commune. But they did not worship the despot of the trombone and ophicleide. Prosper Mérimée, in his letters to an '*Inconnue*,' thus describes a performance of *Tannhäuser*:—*It was a remarkable representation. There was the Princess of Metternich raising her fan with a terrible gesture, to make people believe she understood what was going on, and to give the signal for applause which never came. The house was yawning with ennui, but for all that everybody wished to have the air of comprehending this terrible enigma.*

"We English are too devoted followers of fashion to fly in the face of a recognised authority. In music, as in other things, we consider that others know better than ourselves; we submit to be led like children; schooling ourselves to learn and understand what seems mysterious and hard; believing that, if we cannot appreciate now, we shall some day, and that it is more likely we should be dull of comprehension, than the rest of the world mistaken. This national tendency to magnify the unknown may have had something to do with the reception Herr Wagner and his music have met with in this 'unmusical country.' Much of the enthusiasm, however, has been probably genuine. We have seen several of Wagner's operas produced in that perfection of detail to be found nowhere as in London. We have heard selections from his principal works at the Albert Hall, at concerts under his own supervision. We have thus seen him at his best and at his worst. On the stage he is doubtless seen to most advantage. As mere spectacles, acted in dumb pantomime, these representations would be imposing. Any candid critic must admit that in story and dramatic interest Wagner's operas are superior to any of the Italian school. Italian opera in the old days, before it became affected by German influence, was little but a peg to hang songs upon—songs beautiful in themselves, but

which often had no more to do with the action of the plot than the dancing of nymphs, or fairies, coming in to break the monotony of the performance. The air was everything, the libretto contemptible, and Beaumarchais must have been thinking of Italian operas, just coming into fashion, when he said: '*Ce que ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.*'

"We cannot think that German opera will ever be so popular in this country as Italian. Our ancestors would have been puzzled to foretell a taste so different from our own. When Italian opera was introduced into this country it was treated almost with contempt. We find Addison writing in 1709: '*I went on Friday last to the Opera, and was surprised to find so thin a house at so noble an entertainment, till I heard that the tumbler was not going to make his appearance there that night.*' At the time it was sought to cultivate a taste amongst us which we considered to be essentially foreign—our national drama was in its prime. It was not likely that either dramatic authors or actors should welcome with cordiality this would-be usurper of their inheritance. But they undervalued the importance of the movement. '*Tommy*,' said Garrick to Dr Arne, '*You should consider, after all, that music is at best but pickle to my roast beef.*' '*By —, Davy*,' rejoined Arne—'*your beef shall be well pickled, then, before I have done.*' The doctor carried out his threat by reviving the *Beggar's Opera* at Covent Garden, with Miss Brent in the part of Polly. It had such success that for a time Drury Lane was deserted; but the effect was transient, and the play pure and simple soon regained ascendancy. Indeed, it is improbable that Gay's masterpiece would have attracted such popularity but for the pretty actresses who successively made Polly Peachum famous. Subsequent attempts of a higher standard gained no more permanent hold on English play-goers; and while German Kaisers feasted Italian singers, and decorated Italian composers, Grand Dukes were proud to hold the *bâton* of conductor, and Serene Highnesses to play fiddle in the orchestra, we matter-of-fact, unenthusiastic English were deaf to the charms of Cimarosa and Rossini. After years of failure and at last tolerance, music worked its way till it became one of our sober pleasures. But it was on rare occasions that it aroused us to real enthusiasm.

"This reflection brings us back to the point whence we started—the effect Herr Wagner has produced, and is producing. Will it last? Remembering *Oberon*, we think not. Weber was the forerunner of Wagner. His *Oberon*, besides its musical excellences, was enriched by the poetic conception of Wieland and the dramatic touch of Planché. Its *mise-en-scène* was gorgeous, and old opera-goers may still remember the enthusiasm with which it was received on the 12th of April, 1826. That enthusiasm, instead of growing stronger, grew fainter night after night, and when *Oberon* was reproduced again (two months after its first performance), for the benefit of the composer's widow and children, it did not pay expenses."

No doubt we shall see—at least what we shall see; and, if no more, why so much?

—o—

IN an interesting collection of letters from the Princess Heinrich and Ferdinand of Prussia, to the Counts and the Countess Henckel-Donnersmarck, we find, in a letter bearing date the 15th December, 1800, the following observations, which do not say much for the high artistic taste of the personage who penned them:—

"Last Friday, a piece of music (sacred music) by Mozart was performed, and many admired it. I tell you in confidence that I thought it detestable. It is infernal music, there wanted only a cannon; all the instruments make an infernal noise. The music is considered very learned. To this I reply: it resembles Klopstock's *Messiah*, which is pronounced admirable, but which no one understands."

And this of Mozart! What would the august correspondent have said had he heard the productions of a certain composer of the present day!

THE celebrated Hungarian violinist, Edouard Remenyi, has arrived in London.

After Joachim Raff.



DR GRIEF.—Here you are again! Ham!—I shall never cure you if you go on taking, hour after hour, a nip of Raff.

MR SIDNEY HAM (*groaning*).—Oh! It wasn't a nip.

DR GRIEF.—What then?

MR SIDNEY HAM.—Oh! It was many nips!—at the Crystal Palace.

DR GRIEF.—Explain—or how can I prescribe?

MR SIDNEY HAM.—It was *Lenore*!

DR GRIEF.—Then, if you don't swallow this at once you're a dead man.

MR SIDNEY HAM (*swallowing nostrum*).—Oh! It's worse than *Lenore*!

DR GRIEF.—That's impossible.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We feel it impossible adequately to express our admiration at the incomparable playing of Arabella Goddard, and we feel that Jersey owes a debt of gratitude to Mr Milne for having induced her to visit the island. The pianoforte used at the concert was Messrs Broadwood & Son's concert iron grand, sent especially from London for use on this occasion.—*Jersey British Press*.

At the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Thompson with Major W. F. Butler, which was celebrated at the church of the Servites Fathers, in Fulham Road (a Catholic church), on Monday last, one of the principal features of the solemnity was the music of a "motet" composed expressly for the circumstance, and consisting in a duet for tenor and bass, with accompaniment for the organ. The composer is a young Italian *maestro* from Rome, Mr Augusto Rotoli, now in London. The part of the tenor was sung by himself, and the bass part by Signor Rocca. Cardinal Manning presided at the ceremony, and upwards of a thousand people were present.

SIGNOR VIANESI, of the Royal Italian Opera, already Chevalier of SS. Maurice et Lazare (Italy), of Leopold de Belgique, &c., &c., has recently been honoured by Victor Emmanuel with the title of *Cavaliere dell' ordine della corona d'Italia*.

THE report that Mad. Pauline Lucca will appear again at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, next winter is denied. The lady has decided after singing at the period named for two months in Moscow, to retire from public life.

FROM 1,400 to 1,500 members of Church choirs, in the Archdeaconry of Worcester, assembled yesterday in Worcester Cathedral to hold a Triennial Church Choral Festival. There were services morning and evening, and about one-half of the choirs were surpliced. Both services were full choral, and the anthems were, "O give thanks," by Goss, and "Send out Thy light," by Gounod. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Hereford from 2 Chronicles v. verse 11, and following. The Bishop cited his text as testifying Divine approval of the use of music in Church services, and, while maintaining that the service should always be of the very best, he considered that while an ornamental style of music was fitting to a large place of worship, it was not so in a village church.

THE following events connected with music happened in the month of June: On the 1st, birth of Ferdinando Paër, Parma, 1771. On the 5th, death of Giovanni Paisiello, Naples, 1816; death of Carl Maria von Weber, London, 1826; and first representation of Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*, Vienna, 1843. On the 6th, first performance, in France, of Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*, under the direction of the composer, Paris, 1874. On the 7th, hundredth performance of Spontini's *Vestale*, at the Grand Opera, Paris, 1816. On the 8th, inauguration of the Robert Schumann commemorative tablet and medallion portrait at Zwickau, 1860; birth of Luigi Ricci, Naples, 1805; and birth of Robert Schumann at Zwickau, 1810. On the 9th, inauguration of Rossini's statue in the vestibule of the Grand Opera, Paris, 1846. On the 10th, first performance of R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, Munich, 1865. On the 11th, first performance, in Germany, of Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*, under the direction of the composer, Vienna, 1875; first performance of Galuppi's *Artaserse*, for the opening of the Teatro Nuovo, Padua, 1751. On the 13th, death of Angelo Mariani, Genoa, 1873; first performance of Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, Paris, 1855. On the 14th, birth of Francesco Morlacchi, Perugia, 1784; death of Orlando Lasso, 1594; birth of Johann Simon Mayr, Mendorf, 1763. On the 15th, inauguration of the Beethoven Monument at Heiligenstadt, where Beethoven wrote his most important works, 1863. On the 16th, death of Valentino Fioravanti, Capua, 1837; inauguration of the Vela Monument to Donizetti in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Bergamo, 1855. On the 17th, birth of Charles Gounod, Paris, 1818. On the 18th, first performance of Weber's *Freischütz*, Berlin, 1821. On the 19th, first Italian performance in Germany of Verdi's *Aida*, under the direction of the composer, Vienna, 1875; performance of Palestrina's *Messa di Papa Marcello*, Rome, 1665. On the 21st, birth of Luigi Gordigiani, Modena, 1806. On the 22nd, first performance in England of Verdi's *Aida*, London, 1876. On the 24th, birth of Etienne Henri Méhul, Givet, 1763. On the 25th, first performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, Leipzig, 1840. On the 27th, first performance of Luigi Ricci's *Columbo*, for the opening of the Teatro Nuovo, Parma 1829; inauguration of Méhul's statue, Givet, 1842. On the 28th, birth of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Geneva, 1712. On the 20th, first performance of A. Bazzini's symphony-overture to Shakespeare's *Lear*—which carried off the prize offered by the Quartet Society, Milan—Florence, 1871; and inauguration of the Quartet Society, Milan, 1864.

DRESDEN.—The new Theatre Royal will probably be opened with M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*—re-named for Germany *Sila*.

DRESDEN.—People are indignant with Herr R. Wagner for granting the manager of the Stadttheater, Leipsic, permission to produce his *Nibelungen*, and withholding it from the Theatre Royal. Years ago Herr Wagner sold the right of performing his *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, *Fliegender Holländer*, and more recently his *Lohengrin*, at the Theatre Royal, for a small consideration paid down. He now demands an additional sum of some 21,000 marks. Legally, he can claim nothing, but, till his demand is satisfied, he will not allow the production of any other work of his.—The new Theatre will be opened on the 2nd November.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS MARION BEARD'S harp concert took place at the Royal Academy of Music on the 5th inst., and, to judge by the numerous audience, admirers of that beautiful instrument are by no means on the decrease. Miss Beard was assisted by Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mdme Mathilde Zimeri, and Herr Arnim von Boehme, who gave with effect Wolfram's song, "The Evening Star" (*Tannhäuser*), and a charming song by C. Oberthür, "Drei Wünsche." The *bénéficiaire*, who played admirably the slow movement from C. Oberthür's concerto for the harp and the first harp part in the same author's "Grand Duo" for two harps on airs from the *Huguenots*, met with a flattering reception. Signor Tito Mattei played his brilliant pieces, "A la Lyre" and Fourth "Valse de Concert," and Herr Liebe two violoncello solos. There were several concerted harp pieces, amongst which C. Oberthür's "National Quartet," by Mrs Frost, Miss V. Trust, Miss Beard, and the author, was especially effective. There was also an arrangement of Parish Alvars' "Pirate Chorus" for four harps, in which, with the above-named artists, Miss Lowe took part. M. Marlois contributed a piano solo, much admired. Mr F. H. Cowen and M. Marlois were accompanists.

M. RIVIERE gave his first "classical night" at the Queen's Theatre on Wednesday. The programme included the overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro*; the march from Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; the *andante* and *rondo* from the same composer's pianoforte concerto in G minor, played by Miss Muschamp; Beethoven's Romance in A for the violin, played by Mons. A. Cornelis; the Priests' March from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*; and Mozart's Symphony in C major ("Jupiter"). Mdle Ida Sersaïs sang the grand air from Gluck's *Alceste*; Miss José Sherrington gave Handel's "Rejoice greatly;" and M. Valdini the serenade from *Don Giovanni*—an excellent programme, it will be allowed. These concerts are drawing crowds to the Queen's, a place of amusement which has been a great deal too much tabooed. M. Riviere is just the man to show that it is as good an arena as most others.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S annual *matinée musicale d'invitation* took place at Ashley Place. A large and fashionable audience assembled to listen to a variety of "songs of many lands," interpreted by Mesdames Trebelli, Pernini, Armand, and Marie Roze, Mdles Corani, Purdy, and Signor Bonetti. Mdle Debillemont and M. Ketten were the solo pianists, and the accompanists were Messrs Dami, Cowen, and Marlois. Signor Arditi announces that his annual concert will take place, by permission, at the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dudley's residence in Park Lane on June 21.

HERR LEHMEYER gave his first "classical concert" at Langham Hall on May 10th, when he played, with well-deserved success, compositions by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Chopin, &c. Herr Lehmeier was assisted by Messrs Booth and Levier—instrumentalists; Misses Julia Warwick, Blanche Lucas, and Helen Arnim, Sig. Caravoglia, Messrs W. Shakespeare and Welby Wallace—vocalists. Herr Lehmeier's second "classical concert" will be held in St George's Hall on July 3rd.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT ROOM.—A concert, under the direction of Mdme Sainton-Dolby, was given on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., in the pleasant room attached to the Academy, in aid of the funds for the restoration of Handel's organ in Little Stanmore Church. The object of the concert and the place wherein it was held seemed to be in unison with the career of Mdme Sainton-Dolby; a lady who has reflected so much lustre upon the Royal Academy of Music, of which she was a pupil, and whose brilliant reputation was gained chiefly in the songs of Handel. Whenever there is a service to be rendered to art, or homage paid to the master, whose bountiful genius supplied materials with which to secure fame and fortune, the accomplished lady quits retirement on her honourable mission; and nowhere is her assistance more valuable than in the management of a concert. A selection of Handel's songs commenced the programme, Miss Cunningham singing, "Cangio d'aspetto;" Mr Lewis Thomas, "Revenge, Timotheus cries;" Miss Howe, "Rejoice greatly;" and Mdme Patey, "Lascia ch'io pianga." The only regret experienced about the selection was its brevity; if the whole of the first part had been devoted to unfamiliar songs of the great master it would have been in keeping with the occasion, and acceptable to the audience. Better substitution, however, could scarcely be found than the *andante* and *finale* of Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor; played by such artists as Mr A. Thoulless, M. Sainton, and M. Lassere, it could not fail in giving delight; and again the craving for more was felt, for the entire composition would even have been too brief. Mr Edward Lloyd sang "Sweet Saint," from Mdme Sainton-Dolby's cantata, *St Dorothea*, with a purity of voice and pleading force of accent that procured him a rapturous re-call. Anticipations had been formed that *St Dorothea* would be selected for performance on this occasion. All present would have liked to have renewed acquaintance with a work re-

flecting honour upon the fair composer, and a good opportunity, it was thought, of hearing it under personal direction, was lost. Mdme Patey made the best amends in her power by singing a ballad, "I cannot forget," by Mdme Dolby; though not aiming so high, it fairly hit the mark intended, that of engaging the interest and sympathies of the audience. The directress of the concert is to be thanked for introducing to our notice so many charming young ladies, her pupils, not only the soloists, but those who assisted in the chorus part of Schubert's Serenade, the solo to which was sung with sweetness by Miss Hoare. The piece was the gem of the concert, and the orchestra for the moment looked, as poor Balfe used to say of a score, "full of lovely gems." The student occupants of the orchestra were nameless in the programme. What's in a name? There were, however, pupils with printed names, some of which may, some day, make a name known to fame. Miss Julia Wigan distinguished herself in Gounod's "Ave, Maria," Miss Cummings in Rossini's "Ah! quel giorno," Miss Laing Meason in a ballad by her instructress, and Miss Adela Vernon in Gounod's valse, "Rondinella." Mrs Osgood displayed her accomplished vocalisation by giving an expressive reading of "Is it for ever," Messrs Faulkener and Gooch afforded good service, and Mr A. Thoulless presided at the piano with consummate ability. The concert will, we understand, render substantial aid in restoring the instrument so often quickened into life and beauty by unpremeditated strains rushing from the teeming brain of the giant Handel.

REGARDLESS of heat which indisposed to exertion of any kind, and made frightful the idea of getting mixed up with a crowd, a fashionable audience thronged the Floral Hall on Monday afternoon, when Mr Kuhe gave his annual concert. Precautions had happily been taken to moderate the temperature of the place, not the least effective measure being an arrangement of masses of ice among the plants and flowers at the foot of the platform. The result was that the audience gratified their æsthetic tastes under conditions not wholly incompatible with that measure of material comfort without which, so long as the "mortal coil" is round us, the mind can get but little satisfaction. As the concert was, save for a greater proportion of instrumental music, exactly like those given by Mr Gye in the same place, there is not much to be said about it from a critical point of view, and our task is limited to mentioning the chief features in the programme. Among these, taking the vocal pieces first, were the scena from *Lucia*, for her delivery of which Mdle Albani obtained a re-call, and the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, with Mdme Patti and Signor Nicolini, who had to reappear twice at the close. Mdme Patti also sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," and Mdle Albani the "Ave, Maria" of Gounod, each being encored, as was the last-named subsequently in "The Blue Bells of Scotland." Mention should also be made of the success obtained by Mdle Thalberg in her father's romance, "La Partenza," and Bevilgnani's *Tarantella*, both followed by a re-call. Among other vocalists were Mesdames Synnerberg, Bianchi, and Smeroschi, MM. Marini, Pandolfini, Capoul, and Capponi. The instrumental works comprised two solos played by the concert-giver; a fantasia for violin, written and performed by Herr Wilhelm; and Benedict's *andante*, with Chopin's posthumous Mazurka, for eight hands on two pianofortes, the executants being Mr. Kuhe, Mr Cowen, Mr Ganz, and Sir J. Benedict. The three last-named assisted the joint-conductor of the Royal Italian Opera in accompanying the vocal music. No another word need be added to prove that the concert was a success.

D. T.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, EYRE ARMS.—A concert was given at this establishment on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., in aid of "the clock and tower fund of St Saviour's Church." The appeal, made with such attractive grace, met with the gratifying response, not only of a full attendance, but also of their high appreciation. The programme embraced both the amateur and professional element, and so well did they accord, that it would have been difficult to a hearer not conversant with professional names, to discern where the efforts of one began and the other ended; for the amateur qualities blended so naturally with those of experienced performers as to form a varied and interesting entertainment. For instance, the talents of Mrs Kenneth S. James were so conspicuous, and her execution so finished, as to warrant the belief that she had made the pianoforte the business of her life. Her playing of Prudent's Fantasia on airs from *Rigoletto*, and in the duet by Dusek, with Herr Pollitzer, evinced a skill worthy of a professor. Miss A. Selous in her songs showed she possessed a sweet voice, with fine instinct and agreeable expression; as did also Miss Thornhill, whose voice is sympathetic and knowledge extensive. The two ladies sang the duet, "Se, o cara sorridi," by Gabussi, with rare accord. Mr Fletcher proved himself the possessor of a fine bass voice, full and resonant in quality; and Mr Deane, though not happy in his choice of songs, pleased by his unobtrusive style. Mr Percy Blandford has

already entered the professional ranks, and his choice of a musical career is justified by a voice worthy of cultivation; and one which gives every earnest of success. His progress will be watched with interest. Herr Pollitzer, the well-known violinist, did good suit and service; and Mr W. Henry Thomas played his own fantasia on *Tannhäuser* in a manner that called forth the warmest appreciation of the audience, who would fain have heard it again. Mme Edith Wynne and Mr Lewis Thomas also assisted at this successful concert.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—Mme Edith Wynne gave her annual concert on Thursday the 7th inst., at which her patrons and friends assembled in great force, thereby showing homage to art represented by one of our most gifted singers. The talents of Mme Wynne have never failed in obtaining recognition since the time she sang in the towns and villages of the principality; and when, but a mere girl, she was proclaimed the bright particular star of the Eisteddfods, and named the "Eos Cymru"—the nightingale of Wales. Her musical training was obtained before the public; for the chapel room, town, hall or tent, not the professor's class room, was the place she learnt, or rather practised, the art which was really born in her—yes, indeed. When she first appeared in London she was no novice to the boards. The press at once recognised her as an artist, in terms less shivering than the well-worn compliments "young and promising." If her early career was arduous, it was fortunate in supplying her with opportunities of singing; so that when she made her *début* in London she was ripe and experienced. Had she been English she would have been taught until ready, and then, like a dumpling from an oven, "brought out." Mme Wynne was assisted by Mmes Sherrington and Sterling, Misses Mary Davies, Marion Williams, Lizzie Evans, M. J. Williams, Martha Harries; Messrs Edward Lloyd, James Sauvage, Foli, Gwilym Thomas, and Lewis Thomas. The instrumentalists were Miss Clinton Fynes, Miss B. M. Waugh, Messrs Brinley Richards, and John Thomas. Mme Wynne sang with earnestness and dramatic force "Pace, mio dio," from Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, showing a command over resources other than needed for ballad singing. Still it is as a ballad singer she excels, and will in the future be remembered. No apology was made for the monotony of Welsh names in the programme. If the Welsh are a people of few words, they make a perplexing and wearying use of them. It would require, however, more words than are at our disposal to tell the merits of each of the singers and players. All seemed to secure favour with the audience, who lost no opportunity of testifying their esteem for the lady to whose appeal they had so heartily responded by attending in such numbers.

(From Punch.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Once for all, we beg to inform our Correspondents that, though we, of course, know everything, these questions ought to have been sent to the Editor of the "Musical World."

A FIRM BELIEVER IN EVERYTHING YOU SAY.—You are an idiot.

ONE WHO KNOWS.—Wrong again. He never was. Consult a Musical Solicitor.

A TIMID GAZELLE.—The Composer you allude to came of age at the same time. This did not, however, prevent him from attending to his usual business at the office.

PROFONDO.—Piatti is not the first violoncello player. The first violoncello player must have lived a very long time ago.

A TENNER.—You will find the symphony in his early works. All his works were early, as he invariably wrote between three and six a.m. every morning. Compare Op. 6, Symp. 10, and count six to four bar one.

AN ACUTE EAR.—(1.) Lift the dominant; (2.) Yes; (3.) A fine example of a Major in the Lancers; (4.) Sometimes; (5.) Try A flat—in Victoria Street.

HANDEL JUNIOR.—All nautical songs need not be written in C. But it is absolutely necessary that they should be within every mariner's compass.

COUNT FAURE.—Poo! Knock him right into the big drum, and smash him on the head with the cymbals.

TWEEDLE DUMB.—If taken slowly, you will find it do you a lot of good. Two-four at a time.

WAGNER.—The overture to *Die Wasserwölfer* commences with fifteen bars of best yellow soap.

GREGORY says "he doesn't like Church music, and asks us what he shall do?" Go to Chappell.

DOLLY DOLCE asks "What time ought Lindsay Sloper's *Nocturne* to be taken at?" Bed time, of course.

* * * Being pressed for space below the line, we have forwarded the rest to our learned musical contemporary above named.*

* They will be answered next week.—Otto Beard.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

To the Guild of Amateur Musicians belongs the honour of having, a little time ago, given the first performance of Handel's *Hercules* since the time (1749) when it was last presented by the illustrious composer. That performance was under the direction of Mr Henry Leslie, who, on Friday evening, repeated it; with the chorus of the Guild, supplemented by his famous choir, a professional band being engaged, and the services of Mrs Osgood, Miss Robertson, Mme Patey, Mr Lloyd, Mr Patey, and Mr Santley secured. Although novelties have small attraction for the English public, one might have expected a full audience for *Hercules*, not only because an exceptionally good performance was assured, but because the work bears Handel's name, and is an example of his highest genius in connection with a very dramatic subject. Yet the hall was scarcely more than half full. Those present seemed, to judge by lavish applause, gratified beyond the common, but the fact stood out clearly enough that the great mass of London amateurs cared nothing at all about what was done. Are we to infer from this that Handel is losing his hold upon public favour? Some observers would give an affirmative reply without hesitation, and point out other evidence favouring their opinion. But we are loth to think with them. The music of Handel, in its strength and robustness, in its simplicity and directness of expression, has for 150 years been to the art in England what our translation of the Bible has for nearly three centuries been to the English tongue. We cannot afford to break loose from its influence, for if we do there is no telling whither we may drift. *Hercules* has many points of interest as an exemplification of its author's powers. True, the choral numbers in the work are few and, by comparison, insignificant; but, on the other hand, the airs are among the most expressive and musically beautiful that Handel ever wrote, while the whole "oratorio" is a splendid illustration of the dramatic force and truth which the master, when he had a fair chance, never failed to show. We might prove this by a crowd of details, but no amateur can have omitted to profit by the recent publication of *Hercules* in a cheap form, or neglected to acquaint himself with its merits. The performance on Friday evening was in most respects adequate to a complete setting forth of the work. True, the orchestra might have been better, but the chorus sang finely throughout, and the soloists were all more or less equal to the demands of their respective parts. Mrs Osgood, as Dejanira, the wife of Hercules, well satisfied the exigencies of a difficult, because dramatic rôle. The finest portion of her music—that in which the remorse of Dejanira is expressed—was omitted, but elsewhere the American soprano made her mark, and obtained liberal applause. As Iole Miss Robertson sustained a part more lyrical than dramatic, which was fortunate, because the young lady has not yet mastered the means of expression that should belong to a mistress of her art. But if she sang coldly she sang technically well, and her efforts met with the greatest favour. Mme Patey, as Lichas, again proved herself a Handelian singer *par excellence*. Her recitatives were models of musical declamation, and her airs were sung with a beauty of voice and propriety of style leaving nothing whatever to be desired. Mr Lloyd sustained his well-earned reputation as Hyllus, and Mr Santley emulated his own finest efforts as a dramatic singer in the part of Hercules, especially when delivering the recitative and air, "Oh, Jove! what land is this?" Altogether the performance was one to be remembered as an interesting event. The pity was that so few heard it. But the loss is theirs who stayed away, not ours who attended and added another to the increasing roll of pleasant musical memories.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SALZBURG AND MOZART.

During the Salzburg Musical Festival, Mozart's admirers will be afforded an opportunity of taking part in a small, but not on that account less pleasing, act of homage to the immortal master. As most persons are aware, it is to the generosity of his Highness Prince Starhemberg, that the International Mozart Foundation (*Mozartstiftung*) is indebted for the possession of the little pavilion in which Mozart wrote *Die Zauberflöte*, in 1791. The pavilion then stood in the middle large courtyard of the Freihaus, Vienna, and was lent by Schikaneder to the great master expressly for the purpose. It will now be erected at one of the most beautiful points of the Kapuzinerberg, and thrown open to the public during the Musical Festival. No more fitting spot could, in truth, anywhere be found. In the midst of God's magnificent scenery, to which Mozart was always devotedly attached, the little sacred relic will now find a permanent resting place, and undoubtedly form one of the most interesting sights of Salzburg. Who will not feel a desire to visit the very

building in which Mozart's genius produced a work sufficient of itself alone to establish the composer's immortality. But there is something else which will make it worth while to visit the pavilion. In April, 1874, the Committee of the Mozart Foundation took the initiative in forming a collection of *Portraits and Autographs*, to include not only celebrated men, artists and others, contemporaries of Mozart, but likewise poets, composers, writers on musical matters, and critics, belonging to the present day. The notion met with the warmest support, and the Institution already possesses a respectable number of autographs, portraits, &c. The collection will be placed in an album in the Mozart Pavilion, and will certainly not fail to interest the admirers and the disciples of art. There are already portraits of Dr Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, Leopold Schefer, author of the *Laienbrevier*, Roderich Benedix, the well-known comedy writer, Friedrich Ritter von Henkl, author of *Thoughts upon Music and Composers*, and Emanuel Geibel, who with his portrait forwarded the following verses:—

"Mag die Welt vom einfach Schönen
Sich für kurze Zeit entwöhnen,
Nimmer trägt sie's auf die Dauer
Schönder Unnatur zu fröhnen.

"Zu dem Gipfel treibt sie's heimwärts
Den die echten Lorbeern krönen.
Und mit Wonne lauscht sie wieder
Gothe's Liedern, Mozart's Tönen."

A contribution which strikes us as especially worthy notice is that from J. Rieter-Biedermann, the well-known Leipzig music publisher, a warm promoter and true friend of the International Mozart Foundation. It is David F. Strauss's sonnet (copy) on *Die Zaubergeflöte*:

"Dem Gotte gleich, der aus den Thorenstreichen
Der Menschenkinder Weltgeschichte flicht,
Hast Du aus einem närrischen Gedicht
Ein Tönwerk erschaffen sonder gleichen.

"Schon warst Du nahe jenen ernsten Reichen
Wo jede Lebensstänkung uns zerbricht,
Das Haupt einstrahlt von jenem reinen Licht,
Vor dem die bunten Erdenfarben bleichen.

"Da schien der Menschen Thun Dir Kinderspiel,
Du sahst den Haas in ew'ge Nacht verbaunt,
Die Liebe sich zur Weisheit mild verklären.

"Dank Dir, verkürter Meister! Nah' dem Ziel,
Hast Du uns liebend noch herabgesandt
Vorklänge von der Harmonie der Sphären."

Besides the above, the following gentlemen have, also, sent their portraits:—Herr Bauernfeld, with the motto: "*So wollt' ein Plätzchen uns gewähren, den Epigonen, die den Genius verehren*;" Baron von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal; Baron Perfall, Royal Intendant-General, Munich; Baron Johann von Vesque-Püttlingen, known as J. Hoven, and many others, whose names we unfortunately cannot give for want of space. As a matter of course, the collection is still open, and further contributions will be most thankfully received.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR DANCING.—The production of *Les Nymphes de la Forêt* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday evening, not only characterised the revival of a species of entertainment once so popular at the "old house" in the Haymarket, but was the first public performance of the children in connection with the "National Training School for Dancing." The graceful evolutions of the children reflected much credit on the able tuition of Mme Katti Lanner; and the artistic display of *la petite Marie Müller* elicited frequent plaudits, and in one of her *pas* an enthusiastic encore.

* Though the world may for a short time turn from the Simply-Beautiful, it will never consent to serve permanently frivolous monstrosity. It is again impelled towards the pinnacle crowned with genuine laurels; it again listens with ecstacy to Goethe's songs and Mozart's strains.

† Like the god who out of the tricks of fools weaves the history of the children of this world, hast thou created an incomparable tone-work out of a stupid story. Already wast thou near the solemn realms, where every delusion of this world is dissipated, thy head surrounded by that pure light before which the varied colours of earth grow pale. Men's actions appeared to thee child's play. Thou sawest hate banished into eternal night and love gently transformed to wisdom. Thanks to thee, Master, in thy apotheosis. Near the goal, thou hast lovingly sent to us below a foretaste of the harmony of the spheres.

WAIFS.

M. Halanzier has engaged a new bass, M. Bordeneuve.

Verdi visited Paris on his return from the the Lower Rhine.

Mdme Alice Urban is engaged for next season at the Italiens.

The *Roi de Lahore* is to be performed next season at the Scala.

The season at the San Carlo, Naples, terminated on the 1st inst.

A buffo opera company of Italian children is making a tour through Germany.

M. Danbé has succeeded M. Lamoureux as conductor at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

The Arena Alfieri, at Verona, narrowly escaped being burnt down a short time since (as in 1857).

M. Brandus, the well-known music publisher, has purchased the autograph score of *Robert le Diable*.

Mdme Galli-Marié has re-appeared at the Paris Opéra-Comique as Rose Friquet in *Les Dragons de Villars*.

Mesdmes Nilsson, Albani, MM. Capoul and Massini are engaged for Italian opera, next season, at St Petersburg.

Sig. Arrigo Boito, composer of *Mefistofele*, has completed the words and music of an opera entitled *Nerone*.

The library of the Naples Conservatory possesses three thousand autographs of composers, more or less celebrated.

Verdi has presented the original MS. of his Stringed Quartet to the Musical College of S. Pietro a Majella, Naples.

M. Olivier Métra intends giving at Madrid a series of performances on the model of the Crystal Palace Concerts.

A subscription has been opened to place a marble bust of the late Sig. Petrella in the vestibule of the Scala, Milan.

According to *Seifer's Kunst-Kritik*, there are sixty-three choral and orchestral associations, mostly German, in New York.

The following entry appeared a short time since in the register of a Chicago hotel: "J. B. Strafford and father, Buffalo."

M. Mierzwonski, who sang Raoul in *Les Huguenots* at the Grand Opera, in 1874, has re-appeared after three years' absence.

The Fourth Triennial Festival of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, commenced on the 16th and ended the 19th May. The Festival was brought to a close with *Israel in Egypt*.

M. Paladilhe has been commissioned by M. Carvalho to write a three-act comic opera, the book of which, entitled provisionally: *Suzanne*, has been furnished by MM. Lockroy and Cormon.

Sig. Gavarre has won his action against the management of the Scala, Milan, who refused to pay the balance of his salary on the pretext that he had sung without permission at two concerts.

Herr Ignaz Brüll's new opera, *Landfrieden*, will be produced, for the first time, on the 4th October, the Emperor's Saint's-day, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. It will afterwards be brought out at the Theatre Royal, Berlin.

For Mr Edward Lloyd's forthcoming autumnal tour Mr N. Vert has been commissioned to engage Mdme Edith Wynne, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Lewis Thomas, Mr Charles Ould, and Mr A. Thouless, who, with the tenor, Mr Edward Lloyd, will form the concert party.

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On THURSDAY next, 28th June (first time this Season), "LA TRAVIATA." Mdme Adeline Patti.

On FRIDAY next, 29th June, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdle Albani.

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MISS ELENA NORTON, Soprano Vocalist (composer of "The Rose and the Ring"), is open for ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c., &c. Address, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or to Mr D'Oyley Carte, 20, Charing Cross.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town, requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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MR GERARD COVENTRY is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR FRANZ RUMMEL, Professor of the Pianoforte at the Conservatoire, Brussels, begs to announce that he has arrived in Town for the Season. Letters may be addressed to 43, Patehall Road, N.W.; or to the care of Messrs SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN will sing C. OBERTHÜR'S admired Song, "JE VOUDRAIS ÊTRE" (with harp accompaniment), at the Composer's Matinée Musicale, at Willis's Rooms, Thursday, July 5.

MDME EMILIE GREY (Solo Harpist, Italian Opera Concerts, &c., &c.) requests that all Communications as to Concerts, &c., may be addressed to her at her residence, 47, Charleswood Street, Pimlico, S.W., or to the *Musical World* Office, 244, Regent Street, London.

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ON

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NEW PIANOFORTE PIECE BY MADAME OURY. "CONSOLATION."

Easy of execution, but melodious and effective. Price 4s.; Half-price Cash or Stamps.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(RETROSPECT.)

June 19th.

The *Fliegende Holländer* was presented on Saturday night, through another Italian version (with an English translation by Mr Josiah Pittman), bearing the title of *Il Vascello Fantasma*. About the work itself, and, indeed, about Wagner's earlier compositions for the theatre, so much has been written that to add more would rather fatigue than instruct or entertain our opera-going readers. The success of Mdle Albani as Elsa (*Lohengrin*) and Elizabeth (*Tannhäuser*) was such as to justify a hope that her Senta would make a worthy companion to the others; and the result more than came up to expectation. She is the veritable fate-struck maiden of whom Heinrich Heine might have dreamt, and against whom the hard-to-please musician "of the future" could scarcely have found a word to utter. She looks the gentle, guileless Senta to the life, and executes the music, trying as it is occasionally for her sympathetic voice, just as well as she impersonates the character. This was at once apparent in the opening scene of the second act—where Senta, while her companions are spinning, and singing to their spinning a melody that Weber himself would not have rejected, sits contemplating the portrait of the condemned navigator, so familiarly known among us as Vanderdecken. Her delivery of the legend was perfect, verse after verse showing increased warmth of feeling. When at length, suddenly, the hero of her reveries appears before her, her acting was fully equal to the occasion; and to the succeeding duet, where, despite the admonitions of Vanderdecken (by this name we must persist in recognising him), Senta resolves on self-sacrifice, Mdle Albani imparted full expression to every phrase, rising to enthusiasm when the irrevocable vow is given. In the final scene, where, overhearing the conversation between Senta and Erik, her plighted lover, the Dutchman, after bitter reproaches, goes back in despair to his ship, Mdle Albani was equally successful; and nothing could be more touchingly eloquent than her delivery of the phrase in which, before throwing herself into the sea, the devoted girl declares that what she has promised will be strictly carried out. M. Maurel, who assumed the character of the hero, evinced great earnestness, and on the whole his dramatic interpretation of the character was decidedly good. With regard to the music, however, those who have heard it sung by our countryman, Mr Santley (first at Drury Lane with Mr George Wood, then at the Lyceum with Mr Carl Rosa), could hardly have been so satisfied with the Frenchman as Wagner himself would have been with the Englishman. The other parts were sustained by Mdle Ghiotti (Mary—the very best we have seen), Signors Carpi, Bagagiolo, and Rosario (Erik, Dalando, and the Pilot). The orchestra, under Signor Vianesi, was admirable, and the overture, with its alternate storm and calm, was played in the most effective manner. The chorus also was good; though, in certain places, the opening scene of the last act, for instance, we think the singers might have been more strictly in tune; and this bearing in mind the difficulty of the task before them. We doubt if the opera has ever been more effectively placed upon the stage. The scenery, by Messrs Dayes & Caney, is picturesque and characteristic, while the management of the two ships, the Norwegian and the "Phantom," in the first and last acts deserves unqualified praise. There was a crowded house, including very many "Wagnerites" in the galleries, who hushed down all applause for the singers until the concluding orchestral notes.

With Mdme Adelina Patti in the theatre, the *Barbiere* of Rossini is a *sine quâ non*. If her Zerlina is "the Zerlina of Zerlinas," so is her Rosina the Rosina of Rosinas. She is as much at home with Rossini as with Mozart. Perhaps on no previous occasion, often as we have seen her as Dr Bartolo's recalcitrant ward, has she sung and acted the part more irreproachably than on Friday night. The applause that followed her wonderfully facile execution of "Una voce poco fa," and the duet with Figaro ("Dunque io sono") succeeding it, was richly merited. In the Lesson scene, Mdme Patti, according to custom, introduced a brilliant "valse." Being encored in that, she substituted "Home, sweet home," in English. But these are nothing compared with what she does for Rossini's own music throughout the rest of the opera. Here she stands alone, whether as comedian or vocalist. Signors Piazza, Cotogni, Ciampi, and Ordinas, respectively took the parts of Almaviva, Figaro, Bartolo, and Basilio; the useful Mdme Corsi playing Bertha. The audience was one of the fullest of the season.

The second performance of *Aida* being postponed in consequence of the temporary indisposition of Mdme Scalchi, who had played in the *Favorita* the night previously, *Don Giovanni* was substituted. Two trying mezzo-soprano parts, following immediately one after the other, cannot reasonably be expected from an artist whose voice is a *contralto*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(RETROSPECT.)

June 12th.

Mr Mapleson's theatre has now been open to the public about six weeks, and yet in that short space of time he has produced no less than eleven operas—*Norma*, the *Trovatore*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the *Traviata*, *Lucia*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, the *Barbiere*, *Robert le Diable*, *Faust*, and *Rigoletto*—all more or less efficiently put on the stage. This, when it is remembered, that after taking possession of the house he had little more than a month at command to make the necessary preparations, is creditable alike to himself, Sir Michael Costa, and to those in every department who work in his behalf. The prompt "mounting" so early in the season of an opera which demands such a profusion of scenic accessories as *Robert le Diable*, and then, again, of *Faust*, hardly less exacting in this respect, shows that the director of Her Majesty's Theatre has zealous and intelligent auxiliaries under his control. The general representation of Meyerbeer's first great opera, composed for the Parisian stage—the opera which gave convincing proof of how its composer could make himself German, French, and Italian all in one, and a great work, notwithstanding the sneers of Schumann (who never could have written it)—is remarkably effective. Mr Mapleson has already brought forward several new singers, who, if not all as eminently successful as could be desired, have, in two or three instances, met with ready and general acceptance. Among these stands out prominently Mdle Caroline Salla, whose debut as Amalia, in the *Ballo in Maschera* was so favourably noticed, and whose Alice more than fulfilled the expectation raised by that event. To give a fair interpretation of this character demands more than one quality from an artist. She must be an actress as well as a singer, and each in proportionate degrees. Mdle Salla is in possession of both faculties, being earnest, impulsive, and intelligent as an actress, endowed with a voice that charms as well as penetrates, and which she can use to excellent purpose in the various grades of emphasis and expression. That her voice, however, is more essentially a mezzo-soprano than a high soprano becomes clear from all she does; and though her dramatic power is incontestable, the less she is concerned with certain operas of Meyerbeer, &c., the better. She is a charming artist in all respects, and a genuine acquisition—therefore all the more worth tending. Her Alice is one of the most poetically conceived and carried out portrayals of the character we have witnessed, and her singing is marked by legitimate and unforced expression; but certain parts of the opera tax her rather severely, and the result is that she has been indisposed since the second performance, though we are happy to see her announced to play again on Friday. The return of Signor Foli to the stage as Bertram was welcome. He has a noble voice, we need hardly say, and looks the part of the "fiend-father" (as he used to be called, a long while ago, in the Covent Garden English version) to admiration. Perhaps few could sing the music of Robert just now with more ease and uniform correctness than Signor Fancelli; but he makes little attempt to give dramatic force to the character. Mdle Valleria is an Isabella to whom hardly an exception can be fairly taken, Signor Rinaldini an excellent Raimbaut, and Mdme Kattie Lanner inventress of the admirable arrangement of the ballet, in what Wagner would style (not without some reason) the "doubtful" scene of the apparition of the Nuns, is an Abbess the bringing back to life of whom makes us almost pardon Bertram for the object he had in view in contriving it.

Mdme Christine Nilsson has been now here since the beginning of the season, and every amateur is desirous of seeing so great, accomplished, and, it may be added, versatile an artist in other parts than Violetta, Lucia, and Margherita—though, it is true, she plays all three in perfection. To analyse her performances in the familiar works of Verdi, Donizetti, and Gounod would be equivalent to telling our opera-going readers for the twentieth time that which they could just as easily describe for themselves. For this reason it is consoling to find her announced for Desdemona, with that old favourite, Signor Tamberlik, and M. Faure, chief of dramatic baritone, in Rossini's once famous and always welcome opera of *Otello*.

Mr Mapleson's new tenor, Signor Carrion, who made his debut as Gennaro, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, on the occasion of the last memorable performance of Mdle Tietjens, has since appeared as Almaviva, in the *Barbiere*, with Mdme Trebelli—a Rosina to whose voice the music, as originally written, is precisely fitted, and who introduces Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne," in the Lesson scene, with which she creates an effect that would have astonished, if it failed to please, the composer—Signor Del Puente, a real Italian Figaro, Signor Zoboli as Bartolo, Signor Foli as Basilio, and Mdme Lablache as Berta. The part of the Spanish Cavalier is hardly well suited to Signor Carrion, notwithstanding the fact that he has a voice of agreeable quality, which he uses now and then to very good purpose, while acting with a certain ease rendering him more or less accept-

able. What militates against him is his somewhat diminutive stature. Signor Carrion has merit, however, despite his shortcomings in respect to bodily presence. *Rigoletto* introduced to us another new tenor, an English gentleman who, under the assumed name of Signor Talbo, gave a very fair representation of the adventurous Duke of Mantua (what would Victor Hugo say to his King being turned into a Duke, and his "France" into a Mantua?). Signor Talbo has a very pleasing tenor voice, and in his opening air, "Questa o quella," satisfied the audience so well that he was called upon to repeat it. The impression left by his performance generally, however, was that, though manifesting decided promise, and—not forgetting the encore to "La donna è mobile," or that accorded to the quartet in the last act, with which his delivery of the solo "Bella figlia dell' amore" had unquestionably something to do—Signor Talbo has much to learn, and can only be regarded at present as a first class amateur. Mdle Valleria was Gilda, Mdme Trebelli, Maddalena, and Signor Galassi, *Rigoletto*—to say which must suffice. A new soprano has also joined Mr Mapleson's company, who, equally of English birth, assumes an Italian *non de théâtre*. Mdle Chiomi has appeared twice as Lucia, in Donizetti's well-known opera, and on the first occasion, especially at the outset, was too nervous to exhibit advantageously whatever ability she may possess. On the second she was more completely mistress of her powers, and in more than one situation created a sensible impression. She has a good and capable voice, which only stands in need of cultivation. She has, moreover, evident dramatic instinct. We must, nevertheless, await further opportunities of adjudging her merits. We doubt, at the same time, the wisdom of her advisers who persuaded her to make her first appearance in a character which had only just before been represented by Mdme Nilsson. M. Faure has hitherto appeared in two characters—Alphonso (*Lucrezia*) and Mephistophiles (*Faust*). How admirable he is in each need not be told, but amateurs look forward to his Iago with just as much impatience as they look forward to the Desdemona and Otello of Mdme Nilsson and Signor Tamberlik. The opera on Saturday was the *Figlia del Reggimento*, in which, once again, Mdle Mila Rodani showed herself the lively, piquant, and thoroughly charming Vivandière recognised from the first. She was received with the greatest favour throughout the opera.

June 19.

The event of last week, and the finest performance as yet of the season, at Mr Mapleson's Theatre, was Rossini's happily revived *Otello*, in which Mdme Christine Nilsson, Signor Tamberlik, and M. Faure took the leading parts. Few can have forgotten the impression created by Mdme Nilsson when she first appeared as Desdemona in this country, at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, seven years ago; none can have forgotten that *Otello* is the part which exhibited Signor Tamberlik, when last among us, at his best; nor can there be a question that, since Ronconi, there has been no such Iago on the operatic stage as M. Faure. This, added to an imposing Elmira (Brabantio) like Signor Foli, an excellent Roderigo like the new tenor, Signor Carrion (here quite at home), a not less excellent Emilia in Mdle Robiati, and Signor Broccolini, as a fair representative of the Doge, made the cast of Rossini's opera *seria*—fair counterpart to his comic masterpiece, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, composed in the same year (1816)—one of more than ordinary strength, and the result was, as might have been expected, a success. Mdme Nilsson's Desdemona is another proof of the marked progress she is making, step by step, towards becoming a tragic lyric comedian of the first class, and, in fact, reaching the goal to which she has afforded more than one convincing proof that her ambition tends. Without describing her Desdemona scene after scene, and content with recording that on each successive occasion she rose with the dramatic requirements of the situation, we may simply state that the final act, where Desdemona is stabbed by her jealous and infuriated husband, was a fitting climax to all that had gone before. About Mdme Nilsson's execution of the music it is almost superfluous to speak. Still, it is only just to add that the famous "Willow Song" ("Assisa a piè d'un salice"), with the fanciful ornaments that might seem to, but do not actually, take from its pathetic character—so artistically has the composer supplied them—could not have been given with more touching simplicity, or the exquisite prayer, "Deh! calma o Ciel," its pendant, with more true devotional feeling. Signor Tamberlik, a worthy Otello to such a Desdemona, was received with the unanimous cordiality due to an old and well-deserving favourite. That the voice of this famous tenor, who at one time divided with Mario the sympathies of the operatic world, is not what it was in its prime may be easily understood. But though physical resources may be impaired, art once acquired remains to the very end; and Signor Tamberlik is now, as has been since we knew him, a consummate artist. In purity and distinctness of articulation, in declamatory power, and in the

delivery of recitative, after the form with which Rossini, first among Italian composers, invested it, this Roman gentleman has had few competitors. That Signor Tamberlik is troubled with what we conventionally style the "tremolo" is true; but, like his predecessor, Rubini, he had it from the beginning—at least so far as we are able to remember. Nevertheless, even this, at emotional periods, serves him to excellent purpose; and when reaching a climax—as, for example, in the finely dramatic scene with Iago, where he gives full vent to his declamatory power—the effect is as of old. The duet between Otello and Iago was, in fact, as always, one of the most striking passages of the opera. Better rendered than by Signor Tamberlik and M. Faure, each vieing with the other to realise the intention of the composer—shackled by an indifferent reflex of a scene which should stand conspicuously prominent—it could hardly have been; and the unanimous encore evoked by so stirring a peroration was an obvious consequence. We are not thinking here of the high chest note given out with such extraordinary force, even now, by Signor Tamberlik, but of the dramatic intensity with which the entire duet was given, and in which M. Faure, with such vigour and intelligence, supported him. In the final scene with Desdemona Signor Tamberlik exhibited the histrionic genius for which he has always been noted; and, with Mdme Nilsson as his coadjutor, the impression created was not one easy to forget. The curtain fell amid applause from all parts of the house. How satisfactory was the general performance of *Otello*, with Sir Michael Costa, Rossini's friend and compatriot, at the conductor's desk, may be taken for granted.

The *Trovatore*, with Herr Wachtel as Manrico, was repeated earlier in the week. The German tenor is no stranger here, nor are his peculiar characteristics forgotten. He possesses still a splendid voice, which, in some degree, he has apparently learnt the art of subduing—take, for example, his delivery of the address to Leonora, "Ah si ben mio." In "Di quella pira," the sequel to this, moreover, he displayed all his well-remembered energy; but in other respects his singing and acting remain precisely as they were wont to be—now and then somewhat artificial and over-strained. Nevertheless, Herr Wachtel obtained frequent applause, and was compelled to repeat "Ah si ben mio."

—O—

A LETTER FROM FERDINAND HILLER.

DEAR DR WYLDE,—You are a charming man, producing my music and writing such nice things on me. Only you follow the first edition of *Fétis*, which is my damnation—the excellent man gave me six years more than I have—a dreadful thing for a young girl or an old composer. I am born the 24th October, 1811, two days after the celebrated Liszt, and in the season of the best wine of this century—consequently I have only thirty-five years. I hope you will announce your error in the *Times*—it is not without importance for the war which is going on. My thanks to King Alfred, and always very truly yours,

FERD. HILLER.

I never was a pupil of Rink—but I heard him once play the organ in a most splendid manner.

June 12, 1877.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 21st:—

Allegretto and Adagio Religioso from the Symphony to the Hymn of Praise	...	Mendelssohn.
Andante, from a Symphony (poethumous)	...	Mozart.
(a) Gavotte, F major	...	G. Martini.
(b) Fugue, B flat major	...	H. Smart.
Fantasia with Chorale, G major	...	W. Taubert.
Canzonetta, "In distant lands I rove"	...	C. Haesling.
Overture on the Austrian Hymn	...	

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 23rd:—

Tocatta con Fuga, D minor	...	Bach.
Adagio from the Sestet for Two Horns and Stringed Instruments, Op. 81	...	Beethoven.
Organ Concerto, F major	...	Handel.
(a) Serenade, "Adieu aux Jeunes Mariés"	...	Meyerbeer.
(b) Wedding March for the Organ	...	W. T. Best.
Allegretto from a Quartet	...	Haydn.
Finale, Allegro Vivace for the Organ	...	G. Morand.

Pitch.

(From "Mayfair.")

Mr Alexander J. Ellis has sent us a stupendously learned pamphlet "On the Measurement and Settlement of Musical Pitch," read before the Society of Arts on a recent occasion. Tremblingly we were threading our way through its pages, stumbling over Arabic scales, and keeping at a respectful distance from "dissident beats," when suddenly we came upon the familiar name of our dear old friend, Mr J. A. Hipkins. Everything became light immediately. Mr Hipkins is the most trustworthy man in the world, and he belongs to the firm of Messrs Broadwood & Co., who make by far the best pianos in the world. A movement in any way connected with two such names must be in the right direction. From this pamphlet it appears that Mr Hipkins, for the last thirty years, has been the "chiel amangst us taking notes," going about to all the concerts with his tuning-fork, measuring the tonal conditions of each band, and of each instrument individually, and jotting down everything in an unostentatious pocket-book. The result of these investigations, generously placed at the disposal of Mr Ellis, and profusely acknowledged by that gentleman, is of course invaluable. In addition to this, Mr Ellis records many interesting experiments made by himself and others with all kinds of tuning instruments, and the collection of scientific materials and historic dates contained in the narrow compass of twenty odd pages is perhaps unprecedented for completeness. As to the author's competence to speak on the subject there can be no doubt. His work in the field of early English scholarship is generally appreciated, and whatever may be thought of the practicability of his proposed spelling reform, it at any rate proves his intimate acquaintance with the phonetic peculiarities of our language. From the sound of the spoken word to the sound of music there is but a step, and little surprise was felt when Mr Ellis entered the field of acoustics with his translation of Professor Helmholtz's standard work.

As regards the present pamphlet, it may conveniently be divided into three parts: a scientific investigation, a historic sketch of grievances, and a practical proposal for remedying the latter. The first mentioned portion lies entirely beyond the scope of a non-technical journal. It is chiefly concerned with the difficulty of ascertaining the exact pitch of an orchestra—difficulties which must be of a truly appalling nature if we are to believe the statement of Dr Stone, here reproduced, to the effect that during a performance at one of our Italian operas "as many as five different pitches were in use at the same time." Such a revelation must be most distressing to the ingenious amateur, who firmly believes in the unrivalled perfection of our operatic bands. But the critic also, who may have been "pitching" into some unfortunate *débutant* on the score of faulty intonation, ought to feel some qualms of conscience. If Herr Appun's "Tonometer" really offers a safeguard against such eccentricities, the sooner it is generally adopted the better. On turning to the historic side of the question, we are struck by a singular physiological fact. Dr Stone states that "if two notes are sounded at nearly the same time, a player is almost certain to tune to the sharper of the two; and the general upward tendency thus indicated, although hardly perceptible in a single instance, leads, in the course of years, to the most important variations. Since Handel's time—that is, in little more than a century—the average orchestral pitch has gradually risen by more than a semitone; so that a piece written by that composer, say, in the key of E natural is actually played nowadays in that of F. But the same mysterious power is still at work, and Mr Hipkins's "extreme" pitch of 1874 has become the "mean" this year—the highest pitch ever obtained being that used at the Wagner Festival, which may account for some amount of "flat" singing noticeable on that occasion. People who, with Beethoven, believe in an innate and peculiar character of each individual key may deplore the radical change thus caused. But in instrumental music the consequences are, upon the whole, less serious than might at first sight be apprehended. Violas and basses may change the thickness of their strings, and even the more tenacious horns and clarionets can be made to conform to the higher demands of the age. But there is one element remaining stationary in the universal movement. The human voice steadfastly refuses to yield to what Mr Longfellow, in questionable Latin, would call the "exclaior" principle. A modern soprano is not a tenth of a note higher than that taxed with almost superhuman difficulties in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; hence the natural objection on the part of singers to the involuntary transposition of their favourite airs by various fractions of a semitone. The most adequate remedy for the evils thus arising was some time ago adopted by the French legislature. A so-called *diapason normal* was established considerably below the modern concert pitch, and this has been since adopted by most of the Continental centres. England alone has

stood up for the liberty of the subject, the result being a state of confusion at which the intelligent foreigner stands aghast. Messrs Broadwood find it necessary to tune their pianos to three or more pitches, and the differences of diapason existing amongst our various concert and opera bands cannot but be detrimental to the purity of intonation, especially as regards wind instruments and singers.

While speaking of our Italian operas, we may as well correct the popular prejudice of their having adopted the French diapason. So far from this being the case, they are only a fifth of a semitone below the absurdly high Philharmonic pitch. An attempt at reform made some years ago by Mr Sims Reeves, the popular tenor, seems to have remained without lasting effect, and the necessity of public intervention in the matter is established by Mr Ellis beyond the possibility of contradiction. But we are by no means certain as to the practical value of his suggestions. The different methods advocated by him, with regard to vocal and instrumental, ancient and modern music, contain the germs of infinite disputes, and his suggestion that "the pitch selected should be published with the music" is utterly impracticable. Palliative measures will not meet the case. The only hope of success lies in our adopting the example of France. Let the Government for once abandon its indifference in matters of taste. Let a law be passed, establishing a normal pitch, which is to be engraved on every tuning-fork, as the lion is on plate; the use of any tuning instrument without this hall-mark, to be illegal. For want of a thorough measure of this kind, we prefer, on pessimistic grounds, to let things go on in their old way till the nuisance has become intolerable, and legislative interference is a matter of absolute necessity.

To a future royal commission, sitting on this subject, the perusal of Mr Ellis's brochure cannot be recommended too strongly. In the mean time we wish, in return for much information, to point out a passage bearing on his favourite topic which we venture to say, is new to him and most of our readers. It contains probably one of the earliest references to the question, and introduces for the first time the word diapason in the English, or more properly the Scotch language. It is from "The Complaynt of Scotland," a prose idyl of the time of Henry VIII., that the following charming bit of euphuism is taken. "On the other side of that river there was a green bank full of rammel trees, whar there was mony small birds hoppand fra bush to twist singan melodious reports of natural music, in accords of measure of diapason prolations, tripla, and diatesseron, that heavenly harmony appeared to be artificial music." But to decide to what diapason those voices on the banks and braes were tuned might be a puzzle even for Mr Hipkins and Mr Ellis.

—o—
To J. C. Burnand, Esq.



SIR,—The gross grasshopper plague in the United States has been thoroughly studied by the doat Entomological Commission. Professor Riley believes that the worst of the pest in Arkansas and Texas is over.

In some places only 25 per cent. of the eggs are hatched, and he thinks that a combined movement of farmers may prevent much harm being done. The spread of the insects is greatly due to the reckless destruction of birds by hunters. In Missouri a law has been passed compelling able-bodied men between twelve and sixty years of age to assist in measures against grasshoppers for two days each week during the spring months. In Nebraska public prayers are offered up. Can you aid us, without over mental strain?—Yours, in advance,

Thomas Abder.

DRESDEN.—The number of pupils at the Conservatory, from April 1st, 1876, to April 1st, 1877, was 556. On the last-named date there were 367, 199 belonging to the Conservatory proper, and 168 to the Elementary School. 392 were natives of Saxony; 93 of other parts of Germany. 71 came from abroad:—18 Austrian, 1 Swiss, 1 Dutch, 8 American, 13 English, 26 Russian, 1 Dane, and 2 Turkish. The Conservatory now enjoys a Government grant.

(From "Punch.")

Diary of my Ride to Khiva.

(Diary continued, and forwarded by Private Wire.)

Saturday after last.—Gone wrong again. Got a new horse at Gladitzova (on sale or return), and a new boy, who said he knew the way. Discharged new boy at third mile-post. Met a man, who said that wasn't Khiva in the distance, but another place. Took first turning to the right. Thaw. Summer beginning.

Mid-day, Saturday.—Came up with a private caravan, consisting of an aged Moldavian, an old Wallachian, a Merryvianian (such a funny fellow!), a couple of Kirghiz-men, and one Roumanian from Koloi Hatchski. The old Wallachian, a bald man without any moustache or beard, was very unwell. He said he'd make his will, and leave me everything if I would only cure him. Felt his pulse. Having no medicine by me, gave him some of Mr Brillantine's Essential Regenerative Stimuloso—(a powerful oil for strengthening and darkening the hair. *N.B.*—Here would be a fine opportunity for taking advantage of my riding to Khiva as a travelling Advertising Agent. Let everybody who has any thing to puff send out samples at once to me, and I'll try 'em on the Khans and other people! My charges will be moderate, but payment in advance, to my agent in London, is absolutely indispensable. No Prior Pay, no Posterior Puff!)—He drank it all, and became insensible. We are stopping on our road, awaiting the consequences anxiously.

In the evening amused the Party with the Learned Pig, cribbage (won five games out of six), and an acrobatic performance from Our Boys. Fair Circassian sulky.

Midnight.—Patient still insensible.

1 A.M. Sunday.—Effect of Regenerating Stimulant gradually perceptible on the bald Wallachian. Hair sprouting out in various parts. Patient recovering consciousness: irritable. He is suffering from an entire new illness, which, on the homœopathic principle, has driven out the other. It makes him fretful, like cutting his teeth, only that this is cutting his hair.

3 A.M.—Whiskers appearing. Patient restless and feverish.

4 A.M.—Bald head suddenly breaking out into a sort of brown stubble. Patient using violent language in his native tongue. To soothe him, his friends sing a part-song, and play curious musical instruments.

5 A.M.—Hair two inches long on head. First appearance of moustaches. Lengthening and darkening of eyelashes. Patient being held down in bed.

6 A.M.—Rapid growth of beard, moustaches, and hair of head. A crisis.—We sit on him all at once, and place the Pig on him to keep him warm. His friends still singing and playing on instruments. *Wickski* all round. Daylight.

7 A.M.—Thank Heaven! Patient asleep. Crisis past. He is recovering, after an entire change of hair produced by one dose of Brillantine's Regenerative Stimuloso, sold in bottles for 3s. 6d. upwards. Apply to me, through my agent in town. None genuine without my signature. I re-name it on the spot, the "Khivan Curative Compound." Pig spells it out on the Alphabet. This will be a point for the Show. When I ask him what's the best remedy for anything, he'll spell out "Khivan Curative Compound," and I shall say that's the Pig's al-litter-ation. The *jeu de mot* will be sold with the bottle, and some allowance made to the purchaser on its return. More *wickski*. All to bed.

Sunday.—Spent it becomingly. Rang bells, as if for Church. Then all slept, as if during a sermon. Heard Pig his catechism. Set an excellent example to the four Tartar boys, and taught them one of Bishop's glees. The boys stood in a row, with their hands behind them, and their chins up in the air. I shall call them the *Evanski Choristers*. They sang "*Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright!*" to the Fair Circassian, who was much pleased. The lines run—

"Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright;
Sleep while we sing, good night, good night!"

Don't remember any more of it, but eked out the glee by repeating it over and over again. All delighted. The stupid Fair Circassian explained to the Caravan people the she was "Lady Bright." They got this into their idiotic heads, and would address me as Lord Bright. They think I am on a diplomatic mission to make peace between Turkey and Russia. Served *wickski* all round, and explained. Hairy Patient progressing. Before retiring, sent in my bill for medical attendance, making up prescription, &c. Hairy Patient promised to settle it in the morning. All to bed.

Monday.—Woke late. Caravan party disappeared. Gone without paying. What ingratitude! Think I hear them in the distance singing, "*Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright!*" Pack up, and pursuit.

10 A.M.—No signs of them. Crossed a river. Examined map. Only one river mentioned in it. The Oxus. If it is the Oxus, we ought to be near Khiva. If it isn't the Oxus, where are we?

11 A.M.—Fine day. Warm. Wind S.W. by E.C. Clear. No

wolves. Nothing visible anywhere. Stopped for breakfast, and worked at fitting up my new sleigh with a "speaking machine," on the principle of the one in the Grand Hotel, Paris. It is connected with a lightning conductor which stands up at the back of the sleigh. The conductor is thus made to exclaim, at intervals, "Khiva! Khiva! Full inside! All right!" This will have the double effect of keeping off wolves and attracting any passengers, as there is plenty of room in it, and at three kopecks a head an honest rouble may be turned. The sleigh is fitted with a pair of boots, instead of one, which is a novelty. Lady Bright, the Unfair Circassian, quarrelsome. Shall drop her at Khiva, and the boys too. Rations running short. They threaten to mutiny and eat the Pig. A firm hand is necessary. Onward. Ha! Khiva in sight. . . . An anxious night . . . on guard before the boot where the Pig is. . . . Through a slit in the covering of the sleigh, I hear the confoundedly Unfair Circassian telling the Tartar boys how nice *ham* is! and what delicious things pigs' trotters are! Then she describes crackling and pig's fry! The Tartar boys, by their religion, are bound to detest pig. She is trying to convert them. Hate proselytism. What a subject for a romance, *The Pig and the Proselyte!* a Tale of the Great Atrocity! . . . Another moment I burst in among them! I begged them to remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee. They writhe. . . . they do remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee. . . . I have struck a wrong chord. . . . I adjured them by all the glories of their ancient creed not to apostatise. . . . I drew a fearful picture—or a picture—of the pains of indigestion. . . . they were touched, and the Pig is untouched! The Unfair Circassian flew at me. . . . ah! what a night of terror!!! *Wickski* all round. . . . quiet restored. . . . we sped onward. . . .

Wednesday, 4 A.M.—Khiva—it must be Khiva—in sight. . . . at last! . . .

Same Day, 6 A.M.—At the gates. Saw a Sentinel. "*Ve Gates?*" I asked. (German *jeu de mot*—one of my *splittersidenen*—quite new.) He presented his musket—I presented *wickski*. "O much-caressed son of extraordinary overfed parents!" he exclaimed, "I never take anything so early, except—a prisoner." . . .

Same Evening.—In a Russian goal. At least, I think it's Russian. I don't know whether I'm at Khiva, or not: no one will tell me. All I can ascertain from the Gaoler's Daughter (a pretty black-eyed girl) is that this is a Russian outpost, but that the name and the whereabouts is a secret. "Can I send a letter by this out-post?" I inquired. She smiled; and hearing her father's keys clanking in the corridor, she retired. . . . I am alone. . . . Boys, Circassian, and Pig, all gone. I contrive to write my Diary by ingeniously (for I am never at a loss) making some ink out of brick-dust mixed with the remains of my *wickski*. It is an admirable invention, will cost half the price of the best ink, and can be patented, on my return, as "*Brickski-Wickski*, or Indelible Khivan Incorrosive Ink." I have sharpened an old rusty nail, and am now writing this on a leaden plate, placed here for my supper, which (the plate, I mean) I shall throw out of window, in the hope of its being found, and forwarded to you. I have no private wire. Nothing. I shall write on the leaden plates (throwing them out of window as soon as finished, and only hope they won't fall on any unfriendly head), then on my pocket-handkerchiefs, linen, and sheets. They will be sheets ready for the press. The Gaoler's Daughter addresses me as "Lord Bright." The Circassian has told her this. Please get up a subscription for "Lord Bright, the unhappy nobleman now languishing in a Russian goal at —" . . . I'll let you know where it is when they tell me. . . . but do get up an agitation, and memorialise the Government. Couldn't you induce W. E. G. to make speeches about me? Tell him it's the Turks who are "atrocitizing" me—not the Russians. My agent in town will receive subscriptions, and will forward to me safely any packages of lint, soap, books, warm clothing, champagne, haunches of venison, &c., &c., "all addressed to the Unhappy Nobleman," &c., &c. *Work the Oracle*, or, if you don't, I shall never get to Khiva! There's a subject for a song in prison! It would sell immensely. Composed by our riding representative (or representative for the East Riding) when in prison at — *ts.* (It is pretty sure to end in "*tz*" or "*ova*" until we get more frontierwards, when it ends in "*m* or *n*," as the case may be.) The words would be something to this effect:—

"Then work the oracle, my boys,
And use the mighty lever
To raise subscriptions, or, my boys,
I'll never get to Khiva!"

Chorus. With my (the singer's and composer's) *tol de rol de*
riddle lol,
Tol de rol de riva,
Oh tol de rol de riddle lol,
When shall I get to Khiva?"

You see my spirits are still above proof. . . . Hark! a footstep. Hush! 'tis the night-watch! he guards my lonely cell. I must hide my leaden plates, sheets, and writing apparatus! . . . 'Tis the Gaoler. He will enter and find me whistling in my sleep . . . will write more directly he has gone. . . .

[From the *Musical World*.]

"A MAN OF HIS WORD."

The New Horse."



* A present—not "on sale or return"—but a *bond fide* present. If "on sale," Private Wire could hardly be trusted. If "on return"—suppose "our R. R." never gets to Khiva—how can he, or barb, return from Khiva? *Bond fide* present from his enthusiastic admirer,

Throphilus Queer.

(To be continued.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The Conservatory of Music, established with funds left by Dr Hoch, will be opened next spring, under the directorship of Joachim Raff.

À MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

Les adorateurs de votre sublime talent vous demandent à genoux de leur faire entendre, à votre représentation d'adieu, la romance Anglaise, "The bird that came in spring"—pour nous faire moins regretter le printemps qui s'envole avec vous—vous notre oiseau céleste, imparfaitement représenté par le bijoux étincelant qui vous a été très-humblement offert. Adieu, oiseau-météore, et reviens éclairer de nouveau la nuit profonde où nous allons être plongés!

Saint-Petersbourg, le 4/16 Février 1877.

B. ORLOFF.
LISE BOLDAREFF.
BARON DE FRAENKEL.
T. LAWSON.
S. BASCHMANOFF.
A. STACHOVITCH.
EMMA BROWN.
A. ENGELHARDT.
P. RODOKONAKY.
S. LIMROTH.
N. BOLGOWSKOY.
H. LUMBY.
A. AXANOFF.
PRINCE N. SCHAHOPNOZ.
BARON K. KORFF.
D. VOULOUBIEW.
W. KAMENEW.
G. LERMONTOFF.
BARON NEURBERG.
T. OQAROKY.
PRINCE F. LIEVEN.
R. TIMACHEAU.

M. POULOKOASKY.
BARONNE STEMPEL.
COMTE E. PLENDEIKOFF.
M. THOMPSON.
PRINCESSE M. ORBELIANI.
PRINCE A. LOMERLOFF.
M. DAVYDOW.
L. ABASOUF.
COMTE PROTONOFF.
L. VOTOVSKY.
F. KAFNIST.
PRINCE A. LALOMIRSKI.
F. AIVASOFSKI.
LEON KALEN.
T. GROMOFF.
COMTE NORN.
N. DFLSCH.
A. WOLKOW.
O. PLESSKEE.
A. WORONITZ.
G. TEPITOUTIMSSOF.

Le 1er abonnement ne peut se consoler de n'avoir pas vu cet hiver *Roméo et Juliette*, le plus beau fleuron de votre couronne. Ne voudriez vous pas le substituer à *Rigoletto*, que ce fervent abonnement, tout entier, vient d'entendre à votre bénéfice!

[The composer of "The bird that came in spring" is Sir Julius Benedict, who, though not born in England, has written so many beautiful English songs as to entitle him to be called "An English composer"—and of the most genuine.

D. P.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the students' orchestral concert given in St James's Hall on Wednesday evening, June 9:—

Overture (MS.), *Il Talismano* (Balfe); Recitation and Song, *The Resurrection* (G. A. Macfarren)—Miss Weyland, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Concerto, in D minor, Op. 1, *andante* and *presto* (W. Sterndale Bennett)—pianoforte, Miss Emily Lawrence; Magnificat (MS.) (Olivier Prescott, student)—solo (Miss Marian Williams), chorus, and orchestra; Concerto, in E flat, Op. 73, first movement (Beethoven)—pianoforte, Miss Kate Steel; Nunc Dimittis (MS.) (Eaton Fanning, student)—chorus and orchestra; Duetto, "Notte gentil d'Imene," *Roméo et Juliette* (Gounod)—Miss Kate Brand and Mr Seligmann; Concerto, in F, *larghetto* (Weber)—clarinet, Miss Frances Thomas; Solo and Chorus, *Orfeo* (Gluck)—harp *obbligato*, Miss Edith Brand; solo, Miss Orridge; Concerto, in G, Op. 58, first movement (Beethoven)—pianoforte, Mr Morton; Finale, *Loreley* (Mendelssohn)—solo, Miss Jessie Jones; song, "O voi dell' erebo," *La Resurrezione* (Handel)—Mr R. George; Quintet, "Sento, O Dio," *Così fan tutte* (Mozart)—Miss Shaboe, Miss Geddes, Mr Thorpe, Mr Williams, and Mr Jopp; Overture, *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn).

BRUSSELS.—Gounod's *Cinq-Mars*, *Le Timbre d'Argent* of Saint-Saëns, *Georges Dandin* by M. Emile Mathieu, Reyer's *Statue*, *Le Philtre* by Auber, Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* are the novelties for next season at the Monnaie.*

BRESLAU.—The second Silesian Musical Festival commenced on the 10th inst. with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Among the singers were Mme Gardini, formerly Mdle Ethelka Gerster.†

* We shall go to Brussels to hear *Le Philtre*.—D. P.

† Who appears to-night as Amina at Her Majesty's Theatre.

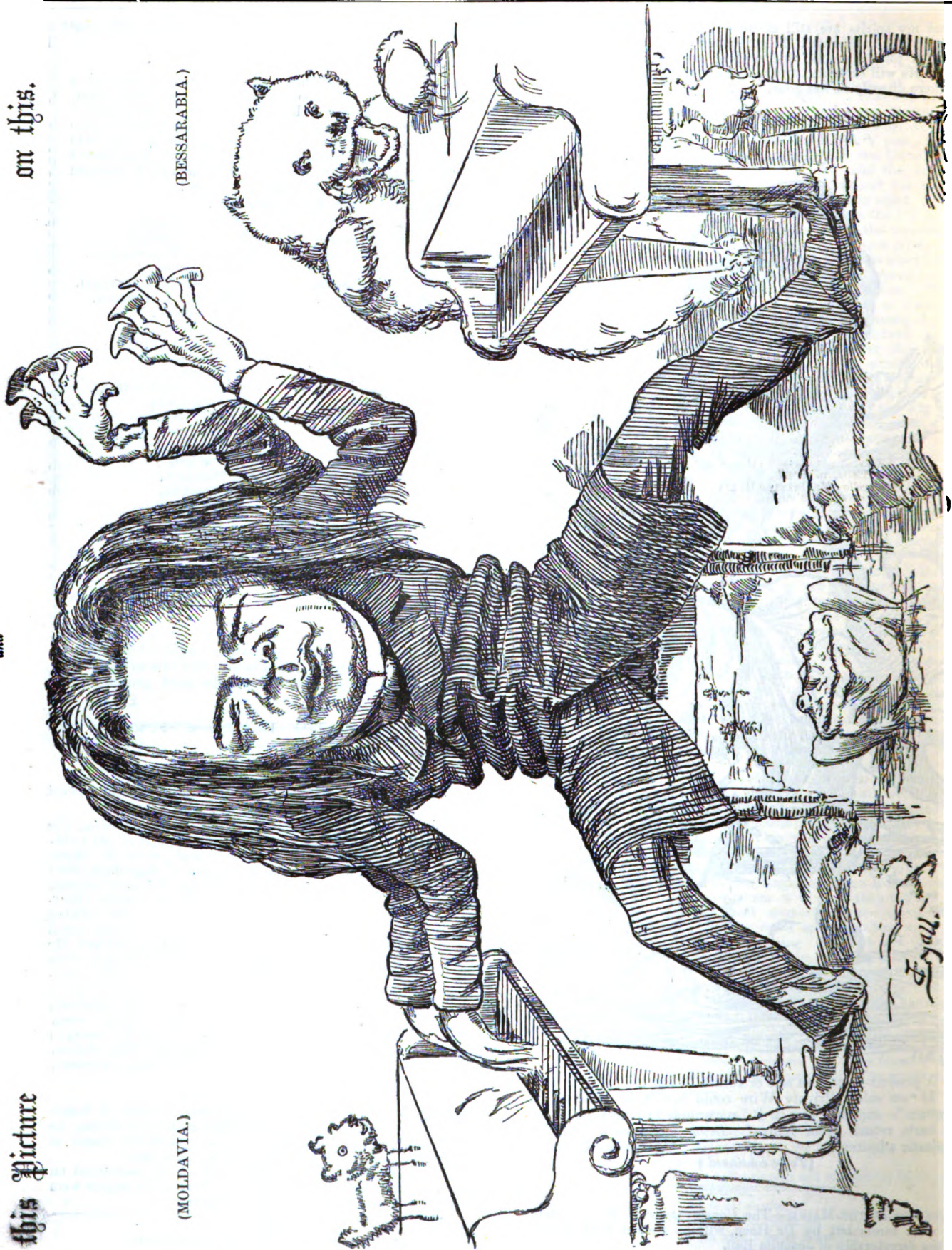
Look upon
and

this Picture

on this.

(MOLDAVIA.)

(BESSARABIA.)



PPP—delicatisamente

Bospo (*Neutral party*).—Con spiedo.

FFF—Snnioso.



ST JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

THE EIGHTH AND LAST RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 23, 1877.

Programme.

QUINTET, in F minor, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello — Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr L. RIES, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA ... *Brahms.*
 "SCENES CARNAVALISQUES," Op. 9, for pianoforte — Mr CHARLES HALLÉ ... *Schumann.*
 ROMANZA, in F, for violin — M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA ... *Beethoven.*
 GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello — Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA ... *Beethoven.*

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	Sing'e Tickets.
Sofa Stalls, numbered and reserved	£0 7 0
Balcony	0 3 0
Area	0 1 0

Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 23, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ALARMIST.—No. M^{lle} Caroline Salla has beautifully shaped arms; and she knows it. *Huguenots* to wit. Arabella Goddard has beautifully shaped arms; and she knows it. "*Ne Plus Ultra*" to wit. Sophie Cruvelli had beautifully shaped arms; and she knew it. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* to wit. They all know and knew it. Where's the harm? (Don't drop the "H"—as Arthur Sullivan does, when he says, "it's all 'abit'"). No pun is intended.

DR QUITE.—Rossini did write an opera called *Armida*; but that is no reason why he should not have written *Il Bruschino*. Dr Quite is elsewhere wrong.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1877.

Cambridge University.

PROFESSOR MACFARREN has issued an official letter explanatory of the new regulations adopted unanimously by the Syndicate not long ago. Here it is:—

MY DEAR SIR,—According to the new regulations, candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Music must first produce evidence of having satisfactorily passed one of the following Examinations in Literature and Science:—

- (1.) The "Previous Examination" of the University, Parts I. and II.
- (2.) The Examination of the "Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination

Boards." (3.) The University "Higher Local Examinations." (4.) The University "Senior Local Examinations."

This last Examination (No. 4) affords the readiest means of satisfying the University requirements. Candidates for a Musical Degree, announcing themselves as such, are allowed to enter this Examination even though they may be over 18 years of age. The next Examination will be held in December, 1877. A musical candidate is required to satisfy the Examiners—

- (1.) In English Grammar and Arithmetic; (2.) in two at least of the subjects in section B (English History, Geography, a work of some standard English writer, and Political Economy) and in the English Essay; (3.) in one of the subjects of sections C and D (viz., Latin, Greek, French, or German); and (4.) in section E (Euclid and Algebra).

Information as regards the details of this Examination may be obtained on application to the Rev. G. F. Brown, M.A., Secretary of the Cambridge Local Examination Syndicate, St Catharine's College, Cambridge. The Examination for the Degree of Mus. Bac. will consist of three parts—

- (1.) A preliminary Examination in (a) Acoustics,* (b) Harmony, (c) Counterpoint; (2.) The Exercise, namely, a musical composition fulfilling prescribed requirements; (3.) A more advanced Examination in Musical Science;

and no person will be accepted as a candidate for the second or third part of the Examination until he has qualified in the previous part or parts. I am unable at present to furnish you with the exact details of this Examination. These have to be settled by the Board of Musical Studies, and will not be announced until November, but it seems probable that the first "Preliminary Examination" will be held early in June, 1878, and the "Advanced Examination" in the following December. The certificate of having passed an Examination in Literature and Science will not be demanded from those candidates who may present themselves for the Musical Examination before the end of the Easter Term, 1879, and who at the time of the Examination are over thirty years of age.

Trinity College, June, 1877.

G. A. MACFARREN.

The late Mr John Oxenford would have passed all these examinations, and in most of them, as well as on many other subjects, would have beaten the examiners; but, when the musical exercise came into question, it is greatly to be feared that Professor Macfarren would have plucked that great man and consummate scholar.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

THE sapling of 1857 has in twenty years expanded into a giant oak. In 1862 it was decided that the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace should, like the great music meetings at Birmingham and Norwich, and the less imposing gatherings of the Cathedral Choirs, be constituted triennial. It was justly concluded that if Birmingham could support once every three years a festival on an enormous scale, London, with its principal singers, its orchestra, and half its chorus immediately at hand, ought, without much difficulty, to do the same. Sydenham is but an outpost of London; and Sydenham can boast an edifice unrivalled in the world for originality and elegance of structure, for enchanting aspect, and for vastness of accommodation. But there was still another incentive. "Handel, though a German, is the greatest and most universally popular of English musicians." In the land of his birth, not to speak of other countries, his music is not a tenth part so familiar to the majority of the people as it has long been in England. Handel, in short, it may be said without irreverence, has stood foremost among those preachers whose persuasive discourse has been most effectual to strengthen a faith in the inspired beauty of the Christian doctrine. It is a stale aphorism, that "*The Messiah*"—or *Messiah*, as it should properly be named—is the most eloquent of sermons; and yet it cannot be too frequently reiterated; for the good it effects is

* A course of Lectures on Elementary Acoustics will be delivered at Cambridge, in the Cavendish Laboratory, during the ensuing October Term, by Sedley Taylor, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

perennial, and has every chance of being perpetual. That art may well be called divine which gave existence to such a work. German critics have often pointed to the English nation as setting an example without example, in their constant and always increasing veneration for Handel, who was, nevertheless, a German—Saxon born. In England they say, and say truly, that not only Handel's best operas and his best oratorios were composed, but that in England the best parts, at least, of his best oratorios are very generally known, while some of them are no less familiar than the noblest and most poetical of Shakspeare's plays. We should, at the same time, remember that it was the religious feeling of a large portion of the English community to which Handel so successfully appealed when, after abandoning opera, he gave himself up almost exclusively to the composition of oratorio. That not only *The Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—the oratorio of the Gospel and the oratorio of the Bible, the oratorio of the New Testament and of the Old—should have been produced, but so many sacred musical dramas founded upon prominent characters and incidents in Holy Writ should have been given successively and successfully to England, is a testimony to that firm and ardent faith in revealed religion which, despite uncontrolled sectarianism, distinguishes the English before all other nations. Handel has spoken to our common sentiment of religion, just as Shakspeare has spoken to our common feelings of humanity; and Handel enjoys this advantage—that, having spoken in a language which is universal, what he has said can be made intelligible to the whole Christian world without translation. It is right, therefore, that he should be fêted by the people to whom he directly and repeatedly addressed himself, and by whom he was always honoured, though occasionally misunderstood, amid the struggles of a life which terminated as prosperously as it had been conducted with manful vigour and unswerving integrity through a sea of troubles. It is a consolation for us to know that, notwithstanding the shifting vicissitudes of fortune, Handel lived long enough and died rich enough to bequeath to the Royal Society of Musicians a legacy of £1,000. His *Messiah* has brought tens of thousands upon tens of thousands to charity after charity among us, and though very considerably more than a century and a quarter old, will be heard with the decorous attention and enthusiastic delight on Monday next, the first day of the Festival, which has never yet failed to accompany even a moderately efficient revelation of its wonderful beauties.

MDLLE TIETJENS has advanced so far towards convalescence that she has been able to take carriage drives, and, on Thursday, left London for her country residence at Worthing.

JOACHIM.

One of the chief attractions promised for the recent Musical Festival at Liège was the appearance of the King of Violinists. But the great artist's admirers were doomed to bitter disappointment. He never came, and his place was taken by Signor Sivori. The following letter, written in French, explains his absence. It is addressed to M. Radoux, the director of the Liège Conservatory:—

"Cher Monsieur Radoux,—C'est avec des regrets profonds que je me vois forcé, par une maladie, de rester à Berlin, et de manquer à mon poste. Ma convalescence est très-lente, et je suis loin de pouvoir jouer, même chez moi, pendant plus de quelques minutes.

"Les jours dont je croyais pouvoir me faire fête en vous montrant toute ma sympathie pour l'événement artistique à Liège et en tâchant en quelque sorte de vous aider par mon concours, vont donc couler très-tristement pour votre confrère; mais je voulais au moins ne pas être à l'écart sans vous envoyer mes vœux sincères pour la réussite de la belle fête, et sans vous dire que mes pensées seront avec vous, et avec votre institut, auquel je souhaite de tout mon

cœur un avenir plein de prospérité comme par le passé, et digne de sa grande renommée.

"Veuillez bien agréer, cher monsieur et confrère, l'assurance de ma plus parfaite considération, et me croire votre bien dévoué

"JOSEPH JOACHIM."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE average annual value of the musical instruments made in Paris during the last six years has been twenty-three million francs, divided among three hundred and sixty makers, employing no fewer than five thousand workmen. Paris turns out every year one million three hundred and twenty thousand francs' worth of accordions. Pianos figure for eleven million four hundred thousand francs; organs, for nearly five millions and a half; wind, wood, and metal instruments, for nearly four millions; but bowed instruments, for less than half a million.

THE Museum of Musical Instruments at the Paris Conservatory has been enriched lately by various additions. Among these may be mentioned an ivory flute of the Louis XVI. type, ornamented with exquisite engraving and carving (from the Rossini collection); a fine Italian viola, by Grancino, superb varnish—a very rare example; a *basse de flûte à bec* (sixteenth century), from the Coussemaker collection, a very rare and important specimen for the reconstruction of *basses de flûte à bec* in the form of small columns; and, lastly, an ivory clarinet with two keys, primitive type, as invented by Denner of Leipzig in 1700 (the third key was not added before 1760); another rare specimen.

THE following will be the scale of remuneration for the leading artists at the Grand Opera, Paris, in a hundred years from the present time: a first tenor, 2,000,000 francs; a first basso, 1,400,000; a *prima donna*, 1,900,000; and a *première danseuse*, 1,600,000. This is not a chance guess. The figures have been calculated by M. Albert Lasalle according to the strict rules of Cocker. In 1777, a first tenor cost only 10,000 francs, and the other members of the company were paid in proportion. From 1777 to 1877 the salaries have increased *twenty-fold*. If, therefore, the salaries continue to increase at the same rate, M. Lasalle's figures for 1977 are correct. The question is: *Will* the salaries continue to exhibit this upward tendency? We must wait a century for an answer.

CONCERT.

THE fourteenth *soirée* of the Schubert Society, on Wednesday, the 13th inst., was of more than usual interest. The members who made their first appearance were Mdle Camponi, Mdme Thea Sandrini, Mdle Valadares, Mdme St Martino, and Herr Constantin von Kotzebue, vocalists; Miss Aloof and Herr Max Schrober, instrumentalists. Herr Constantin von Kotzebue, who possesses an agreeable baritone voice, gave two songs by Schumann, and created a real impression in a romance by Glinka (violinello *obligato*, Herr Schubert). Mdle Camponi introduced a "Serenata" (Braga) and a song of Buchner's. Miss Aloof gave two of Mendelssohn's sketches, and Herr Schrober a "Romance" by Wilhelmj. Herr Schubert played a new composition by Jensen ("Dreaming"), which he was called upon to repeat. The other members were Mdme Schubert, Herr Frank, Mdle Pachette, Signor Monbelli (vocalists), and Miss Ogden and Miss Ottley (piano-forte). The fifty-sixth concert of the society (for Herr Schubert's benefit) is announced for Thursday, the 5th July, in Langham Hall. The attendance, it is to be hoped, may be such as to reward the director for his zealous efforts on behalf of the society.

(TRANSLATION.)

"My dear M. Radoux,—It is with profound regret that I find myself compelled by illness to remain at Berlin, absent from my post. My convalescence goes on very slowly, and I cannot so much as play, even at home, more than a few minutes.

"The days which I was pleased to think I might spend in exhibiting to you all my sympathy for the artistic event at Liège, and in endeavouring to assist you to a certain extent by my co-operation, will be passed very sadly by your colleague; but I resolved not to be absent without at least sending you my sincere good wishes for the success of your interesting festival, and without saying that my thoughts will be with you and your institution, for which I desire with all my heart a future as full of prosperity as the past, and as worthy of its high reputation. I remain, &c."

MISS EMMA BARNETT's first pianoforte recital took place on Wednesday afternoon, June 13th, in St George's Hall. The programme is worth citing:—

Suite de Pièces, in F minor (G. F. Händel); Prelude and Fugue, in C sharp major (J. S. Bach); Characteristic Pieces, Nos. 1 and 4 (Mendelssohn); Impromptu, in G (Schubert); Gavotte, in G minor (J. F. Barnett); Sonata, in D major, No. 3, Op. 10 (Beethoven); Rondo, in E flat (Weber); Blumenstück (Schumann); Three Impromptus (J. F. Barnett), first time; Valse, in E minor (posthumous), Nocturne, in E flat, and Scherzo, in B flat minor (Chopin).

Miss Barnett, whose extraordinary improvement was generally remarked, played the works above enumerated like a thorough artist. She was compelled to repeat two of her brother's compositions—the Gavotte and the second of the Impromptus—which display both ingenuity and charm. After each group of pieces the intelligent young pianist was called back to the platform to receive well merited applause. Miss Jessie Jones and Mr Bernard Lane varied the programme with songs from Beethoven and Schumann, besides one of Mendelssohn's chamber-duets, well accompanied on the piano by Mr George F. Gear.

MR GANZ' *matinée musicale* was given on June 19th at Dudley House. One of its especial features was Brahms' *Liedeslieder Waltzes*, executed instrumentally by Mlle Anna Mehlig and Mr Ganz, and vocally by Mlle Loewe, Miss Helena Arnim, Messrs Shakespeare and von Boehme. These waltzes, full of charm and variety (first introduced in this country by Mr Arthur Chappell at the Monday Popular Concerts), were efficiently presented, a word of special praise being due to Mr Shakespeare for the delivery of his solo, "Nicht wandle." Mesdames Sherrington and Patey, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley were the other vocalists, each sustaining his well earned reputation, and each winning applause and a re-call. Mr Santley, in Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother," sang with true expression, and the effect was in proportion. Herr Wilhelm, in Gounod's "Meditation" and his own paraphrase from *Die Meistersinger*, displayed his usual fine tone, faultless mechanism, and elegance of phrasing. Mr Ganz, in a *rêverie*, "Vision du Passé," his grand galop, "Allons vite," and Schumann's "Kinderscenen," charmed by the vigour and finish of his style. He was also heard to advantage, with Herr Wilhelm, in a very effective *fantasiestück*, composed by the latter, and, with Signor Pezze (violinello), in a duet by Schumann. Balfe's lively and melodious trio, recently introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts, and so favourably commented on at the time, brought the entertainment to a close. This was performed with admirable effect by Mr Ganz, M. Paul Viardot, and Signor Pezze. Sir J. Benedict, M.M. Vera, Cowen, Parker, and Ganz were the accompanists. The picture gallery was crowded by a fashionable audience. F. P.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Miss Kate Santley's Opera Bouffe Company is attracting large audiences to the Alexandra Theatre. The fair *entrepreneur* has completely won the public by her clever impersonation of Eurydice, in Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. The orchestra and chorus, under the able direction of Mr W. F. Glover, is remarkably good, and the *mise-en-scène* excellent. The company are to appear in Hull and Leeds during the ensuing fortnight.

NORWICH.—The concert lately given in St Andrew's Hall, by the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union, was well attended. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Penna and Mr H. Minns. Miss Penna made her first acquaintance with a Norwich audience, and, judging from the applause she obtained—says a local journal—it will not be her last. The jewel song from *Faust* and the Scotch air, "O Nanny wilt thou gang wi me," tested her powers from two different points of view, and with the like favourable result. Mr Manns' contributions were Schubert's "Angel of Beauty," and a romanza by Robandi. He also joined Miss Penna in Mendelssohn's "Zuleika and Hassan." The overture to *Joseph* (Mehul), and Gade's cantata for voice and orchestra, *Spring's Message*, were included in the programme. In the first part the choir gave Mendelssohn's part songs, "Farewell to the forest" and "The open air," both well; in the second part Mendelssohn's "Early Spring," Handel's hunting chorus, "Oh, how great the glory," and the choral part of Beethoven's fantasia, the pianoforte solo part in which was admirably played by Mr Arthur E. Bunnnett. Mr W. Tuddenham and Mr A. E. Bunnnett played in masterly style the *adagio* and *finale* from one of Mayrader's concertante duets for violin and pianoforte; and a noteworthy performance was Schulhoff's "Grand valse brillante," by Miss F. M. Morse. Had encores been conceded, the concert would not have terminated until midnight. Dr Bunnnett conducted.

ORGAN RECITAL.

On Wednesday, June 13th, Mr W. T. Best gave his last recital but one on the great organ, The Hall, Primrose Hill Road. The programme was as follows:—

Organ Sonata (No. 2, C minor), Mendelssohn; Andantino (E major), Schubert; Prelude and Fugue (A minor), Bach; Fantasia de Concert sur, "O Sanctissimo," F. Lux; Funeral March, W. T. Best; Organ Concerto (C minor), Handel; Passacaille (B minor), Couperin; Overture founded on the Austrian Hymn, C. Haslinger.

The audience, one of the largest of the series, was very enthusiastic, recalling the "virtuoso" repeatedly. The applause after the Prelude and Fugue (Bach) must have assured Mr Best that his efforts were duly appreciated. Rarely, if ever, has this grand and beautiful work been better rendered. The great difficulties, both for hands and feet, were overcome with the utmost ease, the long pedal passage at the end of the fugue being especially a marvel of skill. But it is not only of the execution of which we wish to speak, but of the deep musical feeling which Mr Best infused into it. It would be needless to describe the manner in which the executant gave the several well-known items of the programme. His highly impressive and majestic Funeral March met with well-deserved favour. The ingenious variations on the hymn-tune, by F. Lux, served admirably to show off the resources of the organ and Mr Best's mastery over this style of organ music. A spirited overture, founded on the Austrian Hymn, by Haslinger, brought the recital to a brilliant conclusion. F. L.

LUDWIG RITTER VON KÖCHEL.

The Baron Von Köchel, Imperial and Royal Austrian Councillor, a gentleman highly esteemed far and wide, expired at Vienna, on the 3rd inst., in the 78th year of his age. He was at one time tutor to the sons of the Arch-Duke Karl, the victor at Aspern. Since 1842, when the education of his pupils was concluded, he occupied himself indefatigably with scientific studies and labours, chiefly in the domain of natural philosophy and music. He was the author of the *Chronological Thematic Index of Mozart's Compositions*, a work celebrated in musical circles, as well as of many writings on music and musical matters in Austria. Among these we may especially mention an exhaustive biography of J. J. Fux, Chapel-Master at the Austrian Court from 1698 to 1740. During the latter years of his life his exertions and enthusiastic admiration were devoted principally to the memory and compositions of Mozart. The entire collection of Mozart's works was undertaken by Messrs Breitkopf and Härtel chiefly at Dr Köchel's suggestion, and rendered possible by considerable sacrifices on his part. The funeral service was solemnised on the 5th inst., at 2 o'clock p.m., at the Church of St Augustin, Vienna. It was attended by the Arch-Dukes Albrecht, Wilhelm, Rainer, and many artistic celebrities. At 10 a.m., on the 8th inst., there was a Mass for the dead, when Mozart's *Requiem* was executed, the artists being Mad. Dustmann, Mlle Tremel, Herren Walter and Mayrhofer, supported by the band from the Imperial Operahouse.—*Berliner Echo*.

WHEN TO APPLAUD.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—To those lovers of music with scanty means who ascend to the tropical regions of Covent Garden amphitheatre it is a frequent source of annoyance to hear individuals applauding with more enthusiasm than discretion at inopportune times, generally immediately after the last note of anything sung that pleases them, thus drowning the finishing bars to be played by the orchestra, and completely marring the symmetry of the piece. Last night, at the *finale* of the first act of *Tannhäuser*, the "gods," as usual, began to applaud before the singing had ceased, and a little sensation was created by a gentleman resenting their bad taste (though in a somewhat noisy manner) by shouting ORDER!!! in stentorian tones, and afterwards (when the band had finished) calling out Now!!! setting the example by then clapping vigorously. Cannot Mr Gye set up a signal post of some kind to teach people when to be quiet and when to give vent to their enthusiasm?—Yours truly, C. R. E.

June 14, 1877.

[Mr Gye will, doubtless, attend to this suggestion without an instant's loss of time.—D. P.]

BALFE'S MAZEPPA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having rehearsed for our College concert the chorus parts of this cantata, first produced in Ireland by our University Choral Society, January, 1865, I at first sought to hire the orchestral parts from Messrs Cramer, and ultimately from Messrs Hutchings & Romer, who appear to have purchased the copyright of the work. To my dismay, however, I received replies from Messrs Cramer, from Messrs Hutchings & Romer, and from Mr Alfred Mapleson, copyist and orchestral agent, that the score and parts were destroyed (!)—it does not appear whether through accident or design. This seems to be somewhat of a musical calamity, for *Mazeppa* is a work full of melody in both airs and choruses. Mme Balfe has, indeed, done me the honour to suggest that I should re-instrument the work of my distinguished fellow-countryman; but I should be sorry to do so if it were possible to procure the original scoring. In the hope of doing so, I venture to make known this matter through the widely read columns of the *Musical World*. Does any one in London know where a set of the orchestral parts of Balfe's *Mazeppa* can be found?

R. P. STEWART.

P.S.—I was able, by extraordinary exertions, to supply an orchestration for the final scenes—the mad gallop of the horse and the exulting chorus of the Cossacks who accept *Mazeppa* as their chief. The remainder of the work was necessarily accompanied upon a pianoforte, à quatre mains.

3, Trinity College, Dublin, June 17, 1877.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

A crowded audience attended this concert in the Floral Hall on Monday afternoon, moved partly by attractions made familiar under the same roof through the agency of Mr Gye's entertainments, partly by certain special features, and partly—in a great measure, we may venture to say—by a desire to give practical evidence of esteem for a veteran master whose great talents are unquestioned, and whose deserts are large. In so far as the proceedings merely reproduced an opera concert, there is small need to dwell upon them. The usual artists—that is to say, all the leading members of Mr Gye's company—appeared, and sang more or less familiar airs. Among them, and the most successful, were Mme Patti, Mdle Albani, Mdle Thalberg, Mdle Marimon, Signor Nicolini, M. Capoul, M. Maurel, and Signor Cotogni. These were received with great favour, while, judging by applause and encores, their selections met the taste of the audience. With regard to the more special features, mention should first be made of those works in the programme illustrative of Sir J. Benedict as a composer, and especially of those taken from his *St Cecilia*. Mme Scacchi's singing of the chaste and devotional contralto prayer from this cantata gave, like the music itself, much pleasure; while the beautiful *finale*, as rendered by Mdle Albani, seemed more than ever worthy of the homage it has always commanded. In addition to these truly representative excerpts, the concert-giver's *aria*, "Figlia d'Erina" (M. Capoul), and his song, "The bird that came in spring" (Mme Adelina Patti), served to remind the audience that we have still amongst us a master over varied forms of his art. Save that he acted as one of the accompanists, Sir J. Benedict took but a modest share in what was done, his services being limited to a performance, jointly with Mr Charles Hallé, of Moscheles' well-known duet for two pianofortes, "Hommage à Handel." How he was received may be imagined, and it is but a trite reflection upon his welcome to say that year by year this concert shows how a faithful performance of duty by a man really competent to its discharge commands, in the long run, universal respect. It should be mentioned that a violin solo, by Mme Norma-Néruda, and the services of Mr John Thomas (harp), and Mr Radcliff (flute), were much appreciated.—*Daily Telegraph*.

BARCELONA.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been given at the Liceo.BRUNSWICK.—Minnie Hauk and Marianne Brandt have appeared at the Ducal Theatre as Elsa and Ortrud, in *Lohengrin*.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.



SIR,—There is a narrow gauge in the Pennsylvania mining districts which runs around in this mountainous country with an abandon truly refreshing, skips over hills and down precipices, dodges around big stumps, straddles deep gorges on hoop-pole stilts that twist and bend beneath its tread and threaten to send the traveller 300 feet into eternal smash every moment, hangs by one foot on the side of the mountain's stone walls, bends around curves like a contortionist, runs on the wheels of one side, bumps the cars like a chop sea in the English Channel, was completed in January, cost 40,000 dollars, cleared itself in three months, charges one dollar for the trip, and is crowded with business.—Yours truly,

THEODORE QUITE (M.D.).

P.S.—Somebody was curious to follow a pound of silk from spinning until it became a lady's dress. I preferred following it after.—T. Q.

LIEGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Festival of the 3rd and 4th inst., to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Conservatory, went off brilliantly, a result to which the presence of the Royal Family, of numerous official personages, and of a great multitude of visitors, as well as all kinds of exhibitions, lectures, competitions, and speeches contributed not a little. The direction of the Festival was, as a matter of course, confided to M. Theodore Radoux, present head of the Conservatory, who conducted with great skill his 950 instrumentalists and singers. The programme of the first day comprised: Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, very well executed (the vocal solos being taken by Mad. Fursch-Madier, Mdle Keller, MM. Sylva and Dauphin); a "Hymne à la Patrie," by M. Rongé, and a dramatic cantata, *Cain*, by M. Radoux, two meritorious works. In the programme for the second day we may mention a fragment from M. Pierre Benoit's *Escut*; a fragment from Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*; an instrumental interlude by Daussoigne-Méhul, and two choruses by Soubre—two gentlemen who preceded M. Radoux as directors of the Conservatory; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Sivori (in place of Beethoven's, for which Joachim had been announced); airs from *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, and *Stratonice*, sung by Mad. Fursch-Madier and M. Sylva; and, lastly, a chorus by M. Gevaert, "Les Emigrants Irlandais," by the Choral Society, under the direction of M. Toussaint Radoux.

THE MANIAC MAIDEN'S SONG.*

I.

Gently flow, ye swelling billows,
O'er my Willie's ocean bed,
Soft the azure wave that pillows
On its breast my lover's head!
May syrens' song
His sleep prolong,
His bridal couch the sea nymphs
spread!
Softly breathe ye sighing gales,
Lightly o'er his death-bed sweep.
Hark! the mermaids' song be-
wails;
See around the Naiads weep;
They've made the grave
In ocean's cave,
And there I'll to his bosom creep.

II.

And see, my Willie spreads his arms,
And cries, "My Edna, haste thee
here; [alarms;
Here, sweet, shall cease fond love's
Can Edna aught with Willie fear?
Together blest
We'll sweetly rest,
Oh haste my bride, my Edna dear!"
With 'wildered gaze and throbbing
breast
She sigh'd—to thee, my love, I go;
Then eager to the wild cliff prest,
And plung'd into the flood below.
By Willie's side
Now sleeps his bride,
Releas'd from every earthly woe.
WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

* Copyright.

BOLOGNA.—E. Cavazza's opera, *Emma*, has been produced. The singers were Pozzi-Branzanti, Mr Byron, and Sig. Valle.

MDLLE ROSAVELLA.

(From "Mayfair.")

"Mdle Rosavella, the other vocalist, appeared like an inmate of Oberon's realm. Everything about her is light and graceful; her voice has all the charm of the brightest soprano timbre, and the florid passages in Chopin's mazurka, 'L'Oiselet,' she gave with an easy, not to say airy, grace for which the Italian term *leggiadria* is the only appropriate equivalent. Taubert's song, 'In der Fremde,' a somewhat weak imitation of the *Volkstied*, gained depth of sentiment by her sympathetic rendering, and in her singing of Mozart's 'Deh vieni,' from *Figaro*, dramatic power of no common order became observable. Mdle Rosavella bids fair to rank amongst the most valuable acquisitions which the Italian stage owes to America."

—
WAIFS.

We regret to hear that Mad. Joachim, wife of the celebrated violinist, has been dangerously ill; and, on the other hand, we are glad to know that she is in a fair state of recovery.

Mdle Adèle Granzow, the popular *danseuse*, has just died at Berlin.

Sig. Monplaisir, the "choreographer," died recently at Monte Siro, near Milan.

Another small theatre has been opened in the Rue des Martyrs, Paris, as the "Athenæum."

Herr Friedrich Kiel has been created honorary member of the Società del Quartetto corale at Milan.

One of the successes at the late Hanover Festival, was Hector Berlioz' "Symphonie fantastique," conducted by Liszt.

La Reine de Chypre is in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, to be produced in July, followed by *L'Africaine* and *La Muette*.

Mr. Ricardo Linter's recital of Pianoforte music is announced for to-day, at Cheltenham. Miss Muncey is to be the vocalist.

Miss Hatte Schell, a young American, pupil of Mdme Marchesi will appear in September at the Royal Operahouse, Vienna.

Dr Hans von Bülow has left Bex in Switzerland, for Creuznach, to drink the waters there. His state of health is far from satisfactory.

The Paris Opéra-Comique will re-open on the 1st September with *La Dame Blanche*, the part of the hero being sustained by M. Engel.

Some musical performances by eminent artists were to be given at Cassel, between the 22nd and 24th inst., in aid of the Spohr Monument.

Le Partisan, comic opera by Count d'Osmond, will be produced next season at the Théâtre-Lyrique, after M. Kowalski's *Gilles de Bretagne*.

Mr. Marshall Hall Bell has returned to London after an absence of two years, in Algiers and elsewhere, quite recovered, it is hoped, from his long illness.

Herr Franz Kroll, pianist and composer, known for his edition of Bach's *Wohltemperirtes Clavier*, died recently, at Berlin, aged 57. He was one of the pupils of Liszt.

Mdle Krauss, who made her last appearance at the Grand Opera in *Der Freischütz*, has left for Vienna, to study with Mdme Marchesi the character of Selika in *L'Africaine*.

Professor Glover's pianoforte concerto, in A, played a few seasons ago by the composer at the Hanover Square rooms, is shortly to be published by Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.

Verdi has agreed to the production of *Aida* at the Grand Opera, Paris. He has hitherto refused consent, on account of his dissatisfaction with the band when *Don Carlos* was brought out.

Miss Lillie Albrecht was the pianist at the afternoon concert in the Alexandra Palace on Monday. Miss Albrecht played Chopin's Grande Polonaise in E flat and Thalberg's "Mosé in Egitto."

Mademoiselle de Marseille is the title of the three-act libretto furnished by MM. Cormon, Alfred Blau, and Louis de Grammont, to M. Joncières, who has been commissioned by M. Carvalho to set it to music.

M. Edouard Alexandre, Hector Berlioz' executor, has presented M. Colonne with one of the conducting sticks used by the late composer. Accompanying the gift was a letter containing these lines: "The manner in which you interpret Berlioz' works, and the magisterial grandeur with which they are performed by your admirable orchestra, render you worthy to possess a memento of our beloved and regretted master."

SONNET.*

How sweet the calm that o'er the landscape steals,
When eve's soft tears begin to bathe the ground;
'Tis then the weary, jaded spirit feels
The rest kind nature sheds on all around.
The morning sun, with lusty glowing rays,
Invites to toil or pleasure all mankind;
And, oh, how few can hope to spend their days
Without a care to rasp or chafe the mind.
Sure then the hour when nature seeks repose,
And night's tall shadows everywhere abound,
Forget the world, in peace their eyelids close,
And shut the ear to every passing sound.
Then shall the mind, relieved from anxious care,
The toilworn body's gentle slumbers share. R. F. C.

* Copyright.

MUNICH.—Kéler Béla, conductor of Gungl's orchestra at Munich, during the latter's absence, gave his first concert for the season in the popular garden establishment of the Englisches Café. The Munich papers state that his reception was most flattering.

BREMEN.—A new opera, *Lancelot*, by Herr Theodor Hentschel, will be produced in September at the Stadttheater, where the same composer's *Schöne Melusine* was first brought out.

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VOL. 55.—No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1877.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), 30th June, will be performed his Royal Highness the Duke of SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA'S Grand Opera Series, entitled "SANTA CHIARA." Carlotta, Mdlle D'Angeri.
Last Week but Two of the Season.—Next week there will be Six performances.

On **MONDAY** next, 2nd July (last time this Season), "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Mdlle Adelina Patti.

On **TUESDAY** next, 3rd July (for the second time), "SANTA CHIARA." Carlotta, Mdlle D'Angeri.

On **WEDNESDAY** next, 4th July (in lieu of the Subscription for Tuesday, 24th July), first time this season, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA." Mdlle Adelina Patti.

On **THURSDAY** next, 5th July (last time this Season), "RIGOLETTO." Gilda, Mdlle Albani.

On **FRIDAY** next, 6th July (for the last time this Season), "GUGLIELMO TELL." The opera on this occasion will terminate with the Altorf Scene of the third act.

On **SATURDAY** next, 7th July (last time this Season), WAGNER'S Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Elsa di Brabant, Mdlle Albani.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.
The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.
THIRD SESSION, 1876-7. The EIGHTH and LAST MONTHLY MEETING, on **MONDAY, 2nd July.** At Five o'clock precisely, R. H. M. BOSANQUET, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.S., F.O.S., of St John's Coll., Oxon., will read a Paper "On some Points in the Harmony of Perfect Consonances," illustrated by the Euharmonic Harmonium. H. BASSETT, Esq., F.C.S., will exhibit his Cornet Trumpet.
CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

24, Sutherland Gardens, W.

HERR CARL BOHRER'S ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on **Saturday, 30th June,** at Three o'clock (by kind permission), at 24, WESTBOURNE PARK, W.; assisted by Mesdames Zimerl, Belval, Camponi; Signor Urio and Herr Bohrer, Mr Leigh and Mr R. H. Dalton (pupils of Herr Bohrer). Violin—Herr Joseph Ludwig; Violoncello—M. Albert; Piano—Mr Wilhelm Ganz; Harp—Mr Oberthür. Conductors—Signor PREDAZZI, Herr LEHMEYER, and Mr WILHELM GANZ. Tickets, One Guinea each; to be had at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street; and of Herr CARL BOHRER, 56, Hereford Road, Bayswater, W.

SIGNOR URIO will sing "UN GIORNO D'ESTATE" (CARL BOHRER), at Herr Carl Bohrer's Annual Concert, 24, Westbourne Park, W., 30th June.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE has the honour to announce that his **MORNING CONCERT** will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, on **WEDNESDAY, 11th July,** at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdlle Marie Rose-Parkins, Mdlle Sanderini, Mdlle Bedeker, Mdlle Friedländer, and Miss Alice Fairman; Signor Urio, Signor Campobello, Signor Vergara, Signor Caravoglio, Mr Welbye-Wallace, and Signor Foll. Violin—Herr Wilhelmj; Violoncello—M. Albert; Harmonium—Mr Pittman; and Solo Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattel. Conductors—Signor LI CALSI, Signor BOWILL, and Mr COHEN. Tickets, One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea; to be obtained at Messrs Hutchings and Bomer, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

CARLOS FLORENTINE'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, on **MONDAY** next, 2nd July, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Mathilde Enequist, Zena Veroni, Nina Spagnoletti, Cora Attwood, Marie Belval, and Antoinette Sterling; M.M. Edward Lloyd, Treilawny Cobham, Carlos Florentine, and Signor Foll. Pianoforte—Miss Agabeg and Mr Wilhelm Ganz; Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Conductors—Messrs WILHELM GANZ and HENRY PARKER. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of the usual agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, JULY 3.

HERR LEHMEYER'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place on **TUESDAY, the 3rd July,** on which occasion he will be assisted by his piano pupils, Miss Ada Jeffery, Miss Abud, Miss Van Deynsen, Miss Harvey. Vocalists—Mdlle Louise Gage, Miss Funelli; Mr Welbye-Wallace, Mr Mayhew, Mr Craig, and distinguished amateurs. All particulars of Herr LEHMEYER, 7, Store Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Third Appearance of Mdlle Ethelka Gerster.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), 30th June, will be performed BELLINI'S Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Fancelli; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Del Puente; Alessio, Signor Fallar; Un Notaro, Signor Grazi; Lisa, Mdlle Robiati; Teresa, Mdlle Lablache; and Amina, Mdlle Ethelka Gerster (her third appearance in England). To be followed by the new Ballet Divertissement, "LES NYMPHES DE LA FORÊT." Mdlles Marie Muller, Luna, Anna, Sophie, Master Craig, and Mdlle Katti Lanner; supported by the Corps de Ballet and the pupils of the National Training School for Dancing.

Next Week.—Extra Night.

On **MONDAY** next, 2nd July, GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Talbo (his third appearance); Mephistophiles, M. Faure; Valentin, Signor del Puente; Wagner, Signor Franceschi; Siebel, Mdlle Trebelli; Martha, Mdlle Lablache; and Margherita, Mdlle Christine Nilsson.

Fourth Appearance of Mdlle Ethelka Gerster.

On **TUESDAY** next, 3rd July, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOORE." Lucia, Mdlle Ethelka Gerster (her first appearance in that character in England).

Extra Night.—The First Night of "Lohengrin."

On **THURSDAY** next, 5th July, WAGNER'S "LOHENGRIN." Lohengrin, Signor Fancelli (his first appearance in that character); Enrico, Herr Rokitansky; Telramondo, Signor Galassi; L'Araldo del Rè, Signor Franceschi; Ortruda, Mdlle Marie Rose; and Elsa di Brabant, Mdlle Christine Nilsson.

Last Morning Performance.

On **WEDNESDAY, 11th July** (doors open at two, commence at 2.30 precisely), MOZART'S Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI," with the following cast: Don Ottavio, Signor Tambril; Don Giovanni, M. Faure; Leporello, Herr Rokitansky; Zerlina, Mdlle Trebelli; Donna Anna, Mdlle Marie Rose; and Donna Elvira, Mdlle Christine Nilsson. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

The doors will open at Eight; the Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Stalls, 25s.; Dress Circle, 15s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d., Other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Places may be obtained of Mr Bailey, at the Box-Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the portico of the Opera-house, Haymarket, which is open daily from Ten till Five.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

MR OBERTHÜR'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, THURSDAY, 5th July. Artists: Mesdames Zimerl, Bunson, Emily Moore, Frost, V. Trust, M. Beard; Messrs Isidore de Lara, J. Ludwig-Albert, Th. Franzen, and Mr Oberthür. On this occasion Mr Oberthür's new Concertstück, "Orpheus," will be performed, as also his Grand National Quartet for Four Harps, which was played by command before Her Majesty the Queen. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; to be had at Schott's, Lonsdale's, and of Mr OBERTHÜR, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W.

MR WILBYE COOPER begs to announce the **LAST of the THREE CONCERTS, at LANGHAM HALL, SATURDAY Afternoon, 7th July,** at Three o'clock, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady John Manners, Sir R. W. Carden, Sir Albert and Lady Woods, the Hon. G. C. Talbot, Captain Hutton, Captain Heathorn, R.A., Captain J. O. A. Lewis, Edward Bullen, Esq., Dr Llewellyn Thomas; Mrs Blakeway, &c. Artists—Mesdames Marian Lynton, Janet Clayton, Gertrude Lawes, Siedle, Ellen Horne, Edith Wrenn, Van Senden, Palmer, Madelena Cronin, and Mdlles Barri and Tonnelier; Messrs Urio, Arthur Hooper, Dudley Thomas, Thurlay Beale, Henry Pope, Stanley Smith, Gerard Henry, Michael Watson, Zerbin, Herr Oberthür, F. H. Cozens, Barri, Vaschetti, and Richard Blagrove. Tickets, 5s. and 2s.; at 19, Great Portland Street; and Lonsdale's, 26, Old Bond Street.

ERNEST NATHAN (célèbre Violoncelliste français) se propose de donner sa **MATINÉE MUSICALE, le 11 Juillet, BERTHOVEN ROOMS.** On peut se procurer des billets à l'avance chez lui, 50, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

"SWEET VILLAGE BELLS."

MISS FRANCIS BROOKE will sing "SWEET VILLAGE BELLS," Composed by J. W. DAVISON, at Harrowgate, 5th July.

MR SIMS REEVES' BENEFIT CONCERT, ROYAL ALBERT HALL, WEDNESDAY NEXT, JULY 4th, at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists.
M^{me} CHRISTINE NILSSON, Miss ANNA WILLIAMS,
M^{me} ANTOINETTE STERLING,
Miss HELEN D'ALTON, and M^{me} TREEBELL.
Mr SIMS REEVES, Mr EDWARD LLOYD Sig. FOLL, and Mr SANTLEY.
Solo Violin—Herr WILHELMJ.

The London Vocal Union (under the direction of Mr Fred Walker).

Conductor—Mr SYDNEY NAYLOR.

Bones: Grand Tier (ten seats in each), Four Guineas; Loggia (eight seats in each), Three Guineas; Second Tier (five seats in each), Two Guineas; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Arena, 7s. 6d.; Balcony (numbered), 5s.; Balcony (unnumbered), 2s. 6d.; and 5,000 admissions, One Shilling. Tickets at the Royal Albert Hall; Austin's Office, St James's Hall; and usual Agents. Correct book of the words to be had only at the Hall.

"RITA."

MR WELLBYE-WALLACE will sing Signor TITO MATTEI's last most successful Serenade, "RITA," at St George's Hall, 3rd July.

"LA PARTENZA."

MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing Sir JULIUS BENEDICT's admired Song, "LA PARTENZA" ("THE PARTING"), at M^{me} Napoleone Voarino's Morning Concert, 3rd July.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, M^{me} NAPOLEONE VOARINO, and PUPILS, will play Sir JULIUS BENEDICT's ANDANTE, and CHOPIN's MAZURKA, for Four Performers on Two Pianofortes, at M^{me} Voarino's Morning Concert, 3rd July.

"O'ER THE BENDING RUSHES."

MISS CATHERINE PENNA will sing "O'ER THE BENDING RUSHES," composed by IGNACE GIBSON, at Buxton, 5th July.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play CHOPIN's "GROSSE POLONAISE," in E flat, at Herr Schuberth's Benefit Concert, Langham Hall, on Thursday evening, the 5th July.

"MY LADY SLEEPS."

MR WELBYE-WALLACE will sing IGNACE GIBSON's Serenade, "MY LADY SLEEPS," at Herr Lehmeier's Concert, at St George's Hall, 3rd July.

SIGNOR and the MDLLES BADIA have arrived in London for the Season. All communications for public or private Concerts, &c., to be addressed to 47, Upper Baker Street, Regent's Park; or to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), of the Wilhelmj Concert Party, is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, &c. Address, care of Messrs HODGE & SHERK, 6 and 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MISS ELENA NORTON, Soprano Vocalist (composer of "The Rose and the Ring"), is open for ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or to Mr D'Oyley Carte, 20, Charing Cross.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town, requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MDME LOUISE GAGE (Contralto) is open to ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, M^{me} LOUISE GAGE, No. 17, Holland Road, Kensington, W., or care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR GERARD COVENTRY is at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN will sing C. OBERTHÜR's admired Song, "JE VOUDRAIS ÊTRE" (with harp accompaniment), at the Composer's Matinée Musicale, at Willis's Rooms, Thursday, July 5.

MDME EMILIE GREY (Solo Harpist, Italian Opera Concerts, &c.) requests that all Communications as to Concerts, &c., may be addressed to her at her residence, 47, Chislewood Street, Pimlico, S.W., or to the Musical World Office, 244, Regent Street, London.

MISS HOARE, Soprano (Pupil of M^{me} Sainton's Academy), requests that all communications for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., be addressed to 186, Finborough Road, South Kensington, S.W.

NEW COLLEGE CHOIR, OXFORD.

CHORISTERS WANTED. Four or five VACANCIES will be filled up on TUESDAY, 10th July. Candidates must be at the College at 10 a.m. None need apply who have not really good voices. Boys from 8 to 11 years of age preferred. Arrangements are made for receiving eight of the choristers whose parents do not reside in Oxford as boarders in the Schoolmaster's house. Further particulars can be obtained by applying, by letter, to the Precentor, C. E. BICKMORE, Esq., New College, Oxford.
June 26, 1877.

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THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(RETROSPECT.)

June 22nd.

The grand preliminary rehearsal for the Handel Festival, to be held, as usual, in the Crystal Palace, is given to-day under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. At this rehearsal excerpts from all the programmes of the week will be gone through. Certain pieces from *The Messiah*, the oratorio for Monday; others from *Israel in Egypt*, the oratorio for Friday, the concluding day of the Festival; and, again, others from a miscellaneous selection announced for Wednesday, are to be tried. These last, for the numberless admirers of Handel who, knowing *The Messiah* and *Israel* by heart, may not be so infinitely conversant with his less generally promulgated works, offer exceptional attractions, and we are glad to see that no less than sixteen of the great Anglo-Saxon master's compositions, sacred and secular, have been laid under contribution. In fact, a more varied and attractive programme for the second day of the Festival could hardly have been drawn up. *The Messiah* and *Israel* are sure to bring their thousands—as they have never failed to do since 1857, when the first grand experimental performance was given as preamble to the centennial anniversary of Handel's death, two years later. Since 1859 the Festival has been celebrated triennially and with ever increasing interest. The reason for this enduring attraction is not far to seek. It has been truly said that "Handel, though a German by birth, is the greatest and most popular of English musicians." He did more for music in this country than any other man; and, as he is chiefly known among us by his settings of Biblical texts, his influence is by so much the wider among the vast numbers who, loving music on its own account, are all the more impressed by it when used for such purposes as in Handel's noblest inspirations. It has frequently been urged that to listen to *The Messiah* with the required attention is almost equivalent to an act of worship; and if this be true, the lengthened vitality of the work is easily explained. Into this argument, however, we need not again enter; it has been discussed incessantly; and, although 136 years have passed since *The Messiah*, composed in London, was first produced at Dublin, there seems very small likelihood of the theme being exhausted.

The general arrangements for the Festival, which begins on Monday afternoon, are on the usual magnificent scale. The chorus, made up from the London contingent of trained singers and amateurs and professionals for which we are indebted to the Sacred Harmonic Society, reinforced by singers from all our great towns where the constant practice of Handel is a habit, and the enormous band of instrumentalists will, as of old, fill up the entire space of the great Handel orchestra in the central transept, and be marshalled into order as usual by the experienced *baton* of Sir Michael Costa. The principal singers engaged are Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlle Albani, Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Suter, and Patey; Messrs Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, and Cummings; Signor Foli, Herr Henschel, and Mr Santley. The absence of a name which has been gloriously connected with the Handel Festival since 1857—that of Mr Sims Reeves—will cause surprise in many quarters. As we have already hinted, the grand public rehearsal is held to-day; *The Messiah* will open the Festival on Monday; the miscellaneous selection is fixed for Wednesday; and the superb *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday, will, as by recognised precedent, form the climax.

June 23rd.

The public rehearsal yesterday was in all essentials like the public rehearsals on former occasions. There is absolutely nothing new to describe; but the fact may be reiterated that nowhere else, except at the Crystal Palace, could so imposing a spectacle be witnessed, nowhere else could such a vast number of music-lovers assemble within a prescribed space; and in no other than the Handel orchestra could such a host of singers and players be accommodated. The area of the great central transept and the galleries looking down upon it, thronged as usual, wore their accustomed bright and animated aspect, while outside the barriers were hundreds of eager listeners compelled to make the best of the circumstances under which they were placed. The orchestral arrangements were much the same as at the Festival of 1874—equal alike in numerical strength and efficiency. The directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society once more undertook the entire responsibilities; Mr Willing, their able organist, being again at his post, M. Sainton, their leading violin, at his, and, it need scarcely be added, Sir Michael Costa, their conductor, at his. The rehearsal, which began at noon, lasted about six hours, including the necessary interval allowed for refreshment between the first and second parts—enough music, all from one pen, it might be imagined, for three separate days. But amateurs, who come to this preliminary exhibition, which after all is no rehearsal, but rather a condensation of many of the leading features in the performances to follow, come chiefly for the purpose

of getting as much as they possibly can out of a single sitting, leaving to others the choice of *The Messiah*, the "Selection," or *Israel in Egypt*, which constitutes the *bonâ fide* Festival. They must have had enough yesterday to last them for an indefinite period, and the wonder was to see so many of them fixed in their places to the end. First, we had two choruses from *The Messiah*; then the overture to what is styled the *Occasional Oratorio*; then "The King shall rejoice" (Coronation Anthem); then a recitative and air, "Call forth Thy power" (Mr Vernon Rigby), from *Judas Macabæus*; then a chorus, "Sing, O ye Heavens!" from *Belshazzar*; then an air, "Return, O God of Hosts!" (Madame Patey); a chorus, "To dust his glory"; another air, "Honour and arms" (Signor Foli); and another chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," from *Samson*; the "Angels, ever bright and fair" from *Theodora* (Mdlle Albani); then the overture, an air (Madame Sherrington), with chorus from *Athaliah*; then an air, "In the battle," from *Deborah* (Madame Patey); and lastly, a recitative (Mr Lloyd), march and chorus, "Glory to God," from *Joshua*. These were all included in the first part. We cannot enter into such minute details about the second and third. Enough that the second part (mostly secular) began with the fine organ concerto in B flat (played by Mr W. T. Best, of St George's Hall, Liverpool), and comprised selections from *Acis and Galatea*, the opera of *Ezio*, *Hercules*, Dryden's *Ode on Cecilia's Day*, the opera of *Orlando*, and *Joshua* ("See the conqu'ring hero comes"), of course, including choruses and airs, the solo singers being Madame Sherrington, Messrs Lloyd, Santley, Vernon Rigby, and Foli; while the third was devoted to a series of "double choruses" from *Israel in Egypt*, added to the popular duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war" (Mr Santley and Herr Henschel). It is not our duty to criticise what professes to be simply a rehearsal, and therefore reserve any remarks on the various performances till the proper time. The general impression created yesterday was so favourable as to promise well for the artistic results of what—omitting the experiment of 1857—must be regarded as the seventh "Handel Triennial Festival."

June 26th.

The Handel Festival began yesterday afternoon at the Crystal Palace with, according to custom, *The Messiah*. There was an enormous audience—more numerous, it is stated, than that of 1874, on the same occasion. At two o'clock precisely Sir Michael Costa was at his post, and the first chords from the orchestra gave fair promise of what kind of performance was to be expected. The prelude, which would seem to have little or nothing in common with that which comes after, is a masterpiece all the same. So vast a body of stringed instruments as we are used to at the Handel Festival is calculated to give real significance to the fugal movement, and to satisfy those not placed so far off as to dis-enable them from following its development with interest. The appealing recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," quite in another strain, and its joyous sequel, "Every valley shall be exalted," were given by Mr Cummings with so much genuine artistic feeling that we were sorry to see nothing else set down for him in this or the other two programmes of the Festival. As the overture had already displayed the qualities of the instrumental force, so did the bright and vigorous chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," set forth the strength and excellent training of the host of singers, men and women, summoned from all parts of the country to take an active part in this periodical tribute to the genius of Handel. What was here promised, it may be stated without further preamble, was carried out to the end. "For unto us a Child is born" was, as it seldom fails to be, a conspicuous feature; and side by side with this may be named "His yoke is easy," which brought the first section of the oratorio effectively to a close. In the ensuing part, which treats of the "Passion" of the Redeemer, and contains some of the noblest of Handel's choral pieces, the superb series beginning with "Behold the Lamb of God," continued, after the temporary interruption of the contralto air, "He was despised and rejected of men," by "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and ending with "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (set, like other passages to the text of Isaiah), was in every sense remarkable. The solemn theme of the fugue, "And with His stripes we are healed" (so like one in the *Requiem* of Mozart), was given out and answered with a steadiness, and the wonderfully animated "All we like sheep have gone astray"—arraigned by some of Handel's critics as undignified (!)—with a precision and marked accent which only such a conductor as Sir Michael Costa could have any chance of obtaining from a body of executants, vocal and instrumental, counting in thousands. Equally imposing was "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him"—another majestic fugue, in which may be detected, if such a thing can possibly be in music, a certain expression of irony. About "Lift up your heads," with its continually reiterated query, "Who is the King of Glory?"

(as Handel quaintly accentuates it), and of the magnificent "Hallelujah!" it is enough to say that both were irreproachably delivered from first to last. To have done with the choruses, which at no previous Handel Festival have been sung with more level excellence, we may conclude by saying that "Worthy is the Lamb," with its glorious sequel, "Amen!"—which perhaps more than any other choral piece in existence conveys the idea of a multitude simultaneously employed in the act of thanksgiving and praise—was a glorious climax to the whole.

The solo singers, in addition to Mr Cummings, who has been mentioned, were Mdle Albani, Mesdames Edith Wynne and Patey, Herr Henschel, Messrs Santley and Vernon Rigby. Mdle Albani, who, more than once at our country festivals, has shown her proficiency in Handel, gave further evidence of this by her singing on the present occasion. "Rejoice greatly" and "How beautiful are the feet" are airs of a widely different character; but both had been studied with earnestness, and in both the gifted lady was eminently successful. In "Come unto Him" Mdle Albani had to follow that experienced Handelian singer, Mdme Patey, whose first verse, "He shall feed His flock," created a deep impression. The two singers were well matched—which is paying a deserved compliment to each of them. Mdme Patey had much more set down for her, and, among other things, the pathetic air, "He was despised;" and with what genuine expression she gave it our musical readers need scarcely be informed. The Passion music, beginning with "All they that see Him" and ending with "But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell," together with the trying air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," was assigned to Mr Vernon Rigby, who has rarely sung better or entered with more spirit into his work. Mr Santley gave "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and "The trumpet shall sound" (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr T. Harper) as only Mr Santley can. The other bass music, including "The people that walked in darkness," fell to the share of that intelligent artist, Herr Henschel, and—last, not least—Mdme Edith Wynne undertook the soprano music in the third part of the oratorio, including that most devotional of all songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to which she imparted the true feeling. Sir Michael Costa conducted with all his wonted energy, and Mr Willing presided with ability at the organ.

The "selection" for to-morrow, the second day, offers varied attractions, and, among the rest, some pieces that have not hitherto been given at the Handel Festival.

June 28th.

The second day of the festival, the programme of which, according to custom, consisted of a miscellaneous series of pieces, sacred and secular—the sacred, as it might have been expected, preponderating—was, so far as the attendance was concerned, even more successful than that of 1874. Nearly 7,000 non-subscribers, added to between 13,000 and 14,000 holders of seasons tickets, brought the number of visitors up to a total of 20,343. That the extremely favourable weather had something to do with this cannot be doubted; but at the same time it must be admitted that the selection was unusually varied and interesting. The opening piece was the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, which, sonorous and brilliant enough as it stands in the original score, is made trebly so by the orchestral adjuncts deemed requisite on these special occasions, and supplied with the utmost skill by Sir Michael Costa. A more effective performance could hardly have been desired; and the spirit-stirring march which forms its climax was unanimously encored. The overture was followed by "The King shall rejoice," perhaps the grandest of the four Anthems written for the Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline (October, 1737). The imposing introductory chorus, and the final "Hallelujah," a fugue on two themes, which, though comparatively brief, is in Handel's finest manner, were both given with admirable precision. There were other choral pieces in the first section of the programme not merely noticeable on their own account, but because of the admirable manner in which they were executed by the vast company of singers under Sir Michael Costa's direction. Among these may be named "Sing, O ye heavens," from the too unfamiliar oratorio, *Belshazzar*, comprising another "Hallelujah" (in the fugal style), which, though also brief, is in the most original style of the composer—as the curious second interval of the second theme, added to the ingenious development of the whole, suffices to show. About the magnificent hymn of glorification, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," one of the grandest passages in *Samson*—an oratorio which Handel is said to have placed even before the *Messiah*, its immediate predecessor—we need only state that never in our remembrance has it been more superbly rendered. Here, again, we have a multitude in praise, and Handel giving expression to the universal enthusiasm with a power in which he has never found an equal. We scarcely know whether most to admire, in this chorus, the simplicity of its construction or its amazing

power. "Glory to God," from *Joshua*, with its powerfully impressive second part—"The nations tremble"—was also a conspicuous feature in the first part of the programme. Among the striking choral displays of the second was "Galatea, dry thy tears," from the most touching and graceful of musical pastorals. "Tyrants now no more," from *Hercules*, a secular oratorio, which Mr Henry Leslie, following the precedent set by Herr Joachim in Berlin, has been endeavouring to reusucitate, and "The dead shall live," from the *Ode to St Cecilia*, equally call for mention. The peroration to the chorus from *Hercules*, "Horrid forms of monstrous birth," with its mysterious sequel, "The world's avenger is no more," forms one of those characteristic and impressive episodes of which Handel has given so many remarkable examples. We have only to add that all the choruses thus enumerated, besides others, to comment upon which in succession would be superfluous, were rendered in such a manner as to sustain the well-earned credit of the Handel Festival singers; and that almost in each particular they were thoroughly appreciated.

Among the other orchestral excerpts were the overture to *Athalisk*—which it would be both interesting and instructive to compare with that of Mendelssohn—and marches from *Joshua* and *Judas Maccabeus*—each of short duration, but each more or less imposing. One of the most important instrumental performances of the day, however, was that of the grand concerto in B flat, for organ with orchestral accompaniments, the solo part in which was given in masterly style, with faultless mechanism and genuine expression, by Mr W. T. Best, of Liverpool, an artist who has long deservedly ranked among the leading organists of Europe. Mr Best, who, in playing Handel, knows how to employ the modern resources at his command so as not in any way to interfere with the design of the piece or the character of the music, was never more successful than on this occasion. In the first *allegro* he introduced a *cadenza* of his own, chiefly constructed upon the theme of the succeeding movement, and here he displayed to the full his remarkable executive power. The applause that followed was not less unanimous than well deserved.

The solo singers were Mesdames Adelina Patti, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, and Santley, to all of whom some familiar pieces were assigned. Mdme Patti, who received a most cordial greeting, showed her appreciation of the compliment by singing both the airs set down for her to absolute perfection. The first of these was "Let the bright Seraphim," from *Samson* (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr T. Harper); the second was "From mighty Kings" (*Judas Maccabeus*). Each was followed by loud and continued applause, which in the last instance was so prolonged that, at a signal from Sir Michael Costa, Mdme Patti came back to the orchestra and repeated the whole. Another marked success was achieved by Mr Lloyd with "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Acis and Galatea*), which evoked unanimous and well-merited applause; another by Mr Vernon Rigby, in "Call forth thy powers" (*Judas*); another by Mdme Patey, with "In the battle fame pursuing" (from *Deborah*), accompanied on the organ by Mr Willing; and another by Mr Santley, in "Nasce al bosco" (from the Italian opera, *Erto*). Mdme Sherrington sang "Heart, thou seat of soft delight" (*Acis*), with the most refined taste; Mr Santley, as might have been expected, gave appropriate devotional feeling to the air, "How willing my paternal love;" and Signor Foli threw all his well-known vigour into "Honour and arms scorn such a foe," the giant Harapha's contemptuous defiance of Samson. In fact, the solo singers without exception did their best, and the well-known trio, with semi-chorus and chorus, "See the conqu'ring hero comes" (*Joshua*), in which the leading vocal parts were sustained by Mesdames Sherrington, Clara Suter, and Patey, formed an imposing climax.

June 30th.

Yesterday the always attractive *Israel in Egypt* brought the Festival to an end. About this performance more next week.

HAPPIER THAN A KING.

Up yon sunny hill half way,
Stands my cottage old and grey,
Nestled 'mong the forest trees,
Kissed by many a summer breeze.
Thither, when my work is done,
Light of heart, I hasten on;
All my cares away I fling,
And there I'm happier than a king.
Watching at the garden gate,
Smiling stands my gentle Kate,

Bonnier than the sunset's glow
Resting on her, loth to go.
No bright gems deck her, my queen,
But on her brow ne'er frown is seen;
And tho' we boast not dainties rare,
We've love to sweeten homely fare.
Then what care I for wealth or fame,
Lordly hall or ducal name;
Round my hearth 'tis always spring,
And there I'm happier than a king.
LOUISA GRAY.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(RETROSPECT.)

June 26th.

If Bellini's *Sonnambula* is brought out with a new Amina of more than average pretensions, it is tolerably sure to create a certain degree of excitement. Such has been the case from the time that Malibran first introduced the opera to an English audience, through an English version, when, some forty years ago, the well-known "manager-poet," Alfred Bunn, directed the fortunes of Drury Lane Theatre—among the most memorable instances of later days being the debut of Adelina Patti, as a girl in her teens, in 1861, and that of Emma Albani, in 1872.

On Saturday night general curiosity was raised by the announcement that Mdle Ethelka Gerster (Mdme Gardini), who has been playing with cordial recognition at the theatre in Kroll's Gardens, Berlin, would give fresh life to the village pastoral of Romani and Bellini, now on the verge of its half-century of existence, and still charming, not only because of its unobtrusive prettiness, but in virtue of many impassioned phrases that speak to us with the persuasive eloquence of genuine melody. We were also led to expect an Amina endowed with individuality so marked as to encourage the belief that a new and striking conception of a character with which we are about as familiar as with that of any heroine belonging to the repertory of the lyric stage was to be witnessed. The former condition at least was fulfilled. If the occasion had been the first performance of *La Sonnambula*, as well as the first essay of a *débütante* among us, the reception could not have been more enthusiastic, the applause more frequent, and, to say the truth, here and there, more indiscriminate. Mdle Gerster is by birth Hungarian. To Hungary the musical world is indebted for not a few distinguished artists—vocalists and instrumentalists; and we shall be only too glad if future opportunities of appreciating the talent of Mdle Gerster may enable us to class her among the number. At present it may almost suffice to state that everything she did, from the opening *cavatina* to the last *finale*, was, judging by the manner of its acceptance, considered not merely good, but, in the common French idiom, "*hors ligne*." Yet, with a voice of considerable range, and in the higher notes—as she takes abundant pains to show—capable, if skillfully managed, of feats beyond the common, Mdle Gerster is a very unequal singer, occasionally achieving feats that surprise no less than they please, but as often barely attaining the contemplated mark. The recitative preceding the *cavatina* of the opening scene, "Come per me sereno," for example, was declaimed with such well-considered expression as to engender a belief almost unanimous that another great singer was revealed to us, and the applause at the end was tumultuous; but the *cavatina* itself, notwithstanding some original and elaborate embellishments, was hardly executed with such invariable finish as to justify that conclusion. The love duet, however, with Elvino (Signor Fancelli), upon which the curtain descends at the termination of the first section of Act I, elicited renewed manifestations, and Mdle Gerster had still more reason to be satisfied with her appreciative and sympathetic audience. The following scene, where the sonnambulist unconsciously disturbs the privacy of Count Rodolpho (Signor del Puente) in his bed-chamber, evoked no less approval; while that of the mill, with the awakening of Amina, to find her innocence acknowledged and her love once more reciprocated, was a fitting climax. Each verse of the joyous peroration, "Ah non giunge," brought down unmeasured applause, and Mdle Gerster was thrice summoned before the curtain. Under the circumstances, we would rather postpone any deliberate opinion with regard to the new prima donna's assuredly exceptional capabilities as a vocalist. Her dramatic powers, we apprehend, will require less serious consideration. Mdle Gerster's second appearance is announced for Thursday night.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(RETROSPECT.)

June 23rd.

The performance of *La Figlia del Reggimento* last night, in which Mdle Marimon, as the Vivandière, exhibited her most brilliant qualities both as singer and actress, had an interest apart, on account of the expected visit to the theatre of General Grant. About ten minutes after the usual time for commencement, the illustrious ex-President entered a centre box on the grand tier, accompanied by Mrs Grant and General Badeau. His appearance was the signal for unanimous applause, the whole audience rising to greet him. Then the orchestra, directed by Signor Vianesi, struck up the well-known melody of "The Star-spangled Banner," the solo verses in which were given by Mdle Albani with such genuine enthusiasm that one might have supposed, instead of being a Canadian, she had been born and nurtured on the other side of Niagara Falls. At the conclusion of this the applause was renewed with increased fervour,

till, at length, General Grant resumed his seat, and the orchestral introduction to the opera was allowed to begin. The performance generally, in which Mdle Ghiotti, Signor Piazza, and Signor Ciampi (as the Marchioness, Tonio, and Sulpizio) took part, was remarkably effective. General Grant, however, having other engagements, was unfortunately obliged to leave before the *finale* to the first act. We have, however, authority for stating that, in the name of himself and his party, the General expressed much regret at not being able to remain until the end of the opera, having been so pleased with what he had heard.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—My "*cara sposa*" (this is pure Italian) and "*s'en*" (this is pure Derbyshire) have tried to be "*wide-awake*" ever since the fair "*Belle*" rang "*fancy's knell*;" not "*O rest thee, babe*," &c., but "*restless babes*," at four o'clock in the morning. 'Twas up "*by four*" this morning (but then the clock was behind). It is so necessary in these days of "*higher development*" (in which there may be some truth) to take Time by the fore-lock, and give a good pull—but I write to ask information. What is gained by the "*high action*" adopted by so many performers of undoubted ability? Surely this is not the "*higher development*" (of muscular power). Is it necessary to come to blows with the poor pianoforte? Is it to be announced, when we have arrived at "*the Music of the Future*," that Mr So-and-so would have a "*pugilistic encounter*" with a Broadwood (pretty babes in the wood); that the "*Musical Gladiator*" should appear with *bare arms*, when they want to "*play down*" an orchestra? Is it for "*high art*," or the "*good of trade*?" The "*hammer and tongs*" style cannot be conducive to the well-being of hammers of the pianoforte. Clementi, in his day, introduced the raising of the hand from the keys, then to fall gently, so as to give emphasis, without great force; but with tenderness, such as used in the days of "*bussing*" it on the pianoforte, or rather, "*caressing the tone*;" but now, in the days "*when really gifted artists*" seem to go up so high as never to come down, but float in the air, perhaps in search of Measars Maskelyne & Cook—"Spirits and Water," "*'Gin' a body meet a body*," "*Whisk he up farther*;" but this seems so *Rum* that one must retire to a *Shruberry*; but this is all very well for a *public house*, but what in a private house? Is it not *unfair* to the fair sex? Can they be expected to "*punch*" the keys and polish the ivories? "*'Music' hath charms to soothe the savage breast*." I do not pretend to say the fair "*sect*" would play for a match (even if it were Bryant & May's), but could they give such striking powers of their execution (oh! "*murder*," my pretty dears)? Would it not be alarmingly dangerous for the *unfair* sect to be near such a gentle player? *Who knows* but they might hit one's *nose*—the "*crimson*" might flow—"cries of the wounded" might follow; but is this the way for the fair sect to vanquish the *unfair* sect, when the fair sect can in so many other ways "*win their way*?" Would the *bumptious* and *thumpius* style of playing accord with Dr Marx's idea of "*Music yearning for words*." In a musical Koran, I read, Art is not a purely spiritual essence, like thought, with which *science* has to deal, nor faith, which is a matter of *religion*. Neither is it corporeal or material, like the works of nature. *It is a living spirit revealing itself in corporeally perceptible forms*—in corporeally perceptible forms. What is gained by the "*high action*?" The blow is *greater*; and let any one watch the hammers after such blows, it will be perceived that the very force given causes them to rebound. Certainly, in the case of reiterated chords, rapidly, between the two hands, it may be said that clearness of execution is gained; but still, for the sake of tone, and, indeed, in appearance, the closer playing the better. Thalberg, who produced such a volume of tone, always advocated close playing; and on one occasion, when he had been much complimented on his tone, Mr Cipriani Potter said, "You play close for your tone." Thalberg said that Mr Potter had spoken to him more sensibly than all the rest put together. Thalberg was a model of position at the pianoforte; so, also, our own Mdme Arabella Goddard; but so great in tone, and vanquishing all technical difficulties with the greatest ease. Fingers have their free action when the performer thus sits so quietly, without having such unnecessary recourse to shoulders or arms. With regard to the high action, so often adopted by performers of most undoubted and acknowledged great abilities, it is only the means that one has to complain of; and this might be prejudicial to the rising generation, who would be more likely to copy the (to me) rather defect than the so many beauties of gifted artists. I speak more particularly of the professional student in private society; I can hardly think the "*pugilistic*" style, or "*high action*," will maintain its place. Yet, believe me,

that I am not so fully attached to the old traditions as not to adopt all the new fancies, could I see that any advantage was gained in so doing. The "high action" does not appear to act upon touch, which, of course, is more highly developed at the extremities of the fingers, which, when thoroughly educated and trained, give the performer the power of expressing all the various emotions which a musical composition might require; but the "high" action would seem to make any one forget that they had any fingers to act independently, *wrist* and *fat* to do the requisite work. Players have been advised to look at their arms, and hands, and fingers, and to analyse them carefully; then to have a graceful and natural position at the pianoforte, and not to give too much force from the shoulders or arms. Mr Dannreuther, in his most able work, *Richard Wagner: His Tendencies and Theories*, says that "the Music of the Future, understood in the sense of music that is ugly to us, but may possibly sound all right to our grandchildren, is a bugbear invented by an ingenious critic." Will the performers of the Future go up to the moon and return with such a firm touch to their pianoforte? Would this be the way in which music, the language of all men, possessing the requisite equalising power, which, resolving the language of intellectual perception into that of feeling, makes a universal communication of the innermost artistic intuitions possible? The present "high action" in playing may, perhaps, only prove to be "the fashion" or the "foppiness" of the day." The closer playing, which many may like to designate "old-fashioned," may then become "new." I shall be glad to know, certainly, what is gained by the "high action." I am, I trust, open to conviction, if it is at all warrantable in appearance and general effect. Do the glorious Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of Sebastian Bach (such wonderful lessons in part-playing! thereby requiring such variety of tone; full of intellectual and mechanical difficulties, almost humiliating to many clever players, who would scarcely ever dream that works by such an old master should require such really subtle execution)—would Bach be improved by the "high action"? It would be a step from the sublime to—I will not say what; it is so generally understood. Would the performance of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Hummel, Moscheles, Schumann, &c., be improved by the high action? However, I do not wish to have an action brought against myself for defaming the digitals of my brother artists, neither should I like to receive the blows that are given to the poor (though not dumb) animal, the pianoforte. I am not speaking of any individual; it is merely a general sort of survey of hands that go up in the air, in desert-space, not knowing when they may come down again. Dr Stainer, in his masterly work, *A Theory of Harmony Founded on the Tempered Scale*, takes as motto (from W. F. Donkin, on Acoustics): "The whole structure of modern music is founded on the possibility of educating the ear, not merely to tolerate or ignore, but even in some degree to take pleasure in, slight deviations from the perfection of the diatonic scale." And Dr Stainer himself says: "Modern music owes much of its beauty to the use of doubtful chords." Does not the high action in playing tend to verify all this in a very funny manner? Will not the carrier-pigeon style of performance ensure slight deviations from the perfection of the diatonic scale, and the soaring above increase the doubtful chords when the player does come down again—rather uncertain, certainly? In the old work by Avison, *On Musical Expression*, mention is made of the foppiness of the harpsichord players, always sprinkling their chords, and coming in so sharply or smartly on the singers; nothing is said about "high action." The great Sebastian Bach (according to Forkel) used to laugh at players who seemed to have all thumbs; and, to quote from Herr Ernst Pauer's *Historical Pianoforte Lectures* (so full of thought, observation, research, and judgment), "Bach was undoubtedly the greatest performer of his time. The chief feature of his playing is said to be the highest degree of distinctness in the tones produced from the keys. This is, I believe (W. A. H.), not gained by the high action. It is further related that Bach held his fingers bent in such a manner over the key-board that the finger-tips appeared in a downward vertical line, each finger at every moment ready for action. In taking a finger off the key-board he drew it gently inwards, with a sort of movement very like taking up coin from a table. Only the end joint was moved; all the rest remained still. Each finger was equally well trained. The tranquil grandeur and the dignity of Bach's playing were eminently remarkable. Bach took quick times, and rendered his performance so intelligible and interesting that it sounded like speech. Passionate passages he never expressed by violent or spasmodic movements, but solely relied on the power the composition itself possessed." So it appears that this most excellent description of really fine playing belonged to the "high art" school, and was unaided by the "high action." It has been said that with Dussek the pianoforte seemed to undergo a

new development. The cross-hand passages, arpeggios, &c., of Dussek* seem to favour a supposition that there was little inking after the high action. So it may be said of the two Scarlattis, Domenico Scarlatti gave up the cross-hand work in his later years, when he became very slow—to quote again from Herr Pauer, who humorously remarks—"a physical condition of things which interfered in a very appreciable degree with his ability to cross his hands over the key-board in playing jumping passages." Now, supposing all the promoters of the high action become very fat (and I don't see why they should not), will the labour attendant upon "the high action" keep down obesity? But should they become fat, with all their ritualistic practices, *what are they to do?* They could not say, "We've got no work to do." It would be, "We can't do the work." Poor, wretched, misguided individuals! where are their hands? Have they ever come down since they were last "floating in the air," so "oft in the stilly night," in their banquet-hall deserted. The only chance for the "high action" promoters would be to have their nails well cut, and take to the *legato* style; and as the *legato* induces the "leg arter" the pedal, in order to sing (like a kettle) on the pianoforte, the understanding takes a turn at the treadmill work, giving up the perspiring for expiring efforts at such very sentimental expression. I perceive that at Messrs Maaskelyne & Cook's performances one of the gentlemen float in the air, taking up a cabinet. It may be that some professors of the "high action" may wish to take up a pianoforte. Fancy an "Iron Grand" of Broadwood's flying about in the air; the going up—and then, the coming down—of the pianist and his "piano." To quote again from Herr Pauer, he says that "there is a certain analogy in the genius and career of Hummel and Liszt. Both these composers were born in Hungary; both were distinguished for the highest degree of technical execution. (Liszt is now considered to be in full practice, for at a musical performance given the other day, in which three of Liszt's most distinguished pupils played, I believe, including von Bülow, it was generally admitted that Liszt "was the master still.") Both (Hummel and Liszt) contributed to make the pianoforte a fashionable instrument; and, lastly, both became directors, or *capellmeisters*, in Weimar. Hummel enjoyed the rare benefit of the tuition of Mozart for a full year, and even was privileged to live in the great master's house. Michael Kelly, in his *Musical Reminiscences*, describes a foot-race between himself and Attwood† round Mozart's garden. Attwood was then living with Mozart, and taking lessons from him, having been sent over by George the Fourth. Michael Kelly considered that the Irish and Italian languages were so much alike in sweetness. I knew a professor of the Irish language—at least his wife (a highly respectable woman in her way, who kept an early coffee-stall, and was a quack doctress) told me so—I quite forgot to ask him his opinion upon the Irish and Italian languages. It is said that Hummel achieved feats (in playing the pianoforte) never heard of before. Everybody believed he had reached the culminating point of technical execution. (Yet one does not hear much about "the high action," although such passages as those, for example, in the conclusion of the first movement of the Concerto in A minor, and Fantasia, Op. 18, would seem to favour "a little going up and little coming down.") My own remembrance of Hummel is that his was *great playing*—the manner in which he interpreted his own works. He has been considered to have united the classical and *bravura* styles more than any composer of eminence. There was no "high action" in his playing. Hummel made his first appearance on his second visit to England in his own concerto in A flat. After the most lovely "first tutti," the entry of the pianoforte was made by Hummel with such calmness, quietude, and grace as to command attention; his fat fingers "picking" out the notes with such marvellous dignity and tone, he held his audience spell-bound. Dr Ferdinand Hiller, in his preface to *Mendelssohn's Letters and Recollections*, says truly that—"Music cannot be described; language is totally incapable of giving even the most distant idea of a musical composition." And, indeed, the same may be said of musical interpretation or performance; and many of the great critics of the day must have felt how difficult it is to write upon such an ideal and "spiritual" subject as music. Although there is a great power of public instruction going on at the present day, the analytical programmes, which should be read before the performance, so as to listen with all one's might, and this acquired knowledge—nor, how could the "high action" be observed, if any pianist "took to that line of the profession," if reading the programme, although some might now and then feel that there was an uncomfortable sensation going on somewhere? After the performance, to read a well-written critique upon the actual performance as it took place, the musical student

* Qy. Where are they?—D. P.

† He never mentions the "high action."

will perceive all this so suggestive, and how much he has to *feel* out in the ideal of his art; to be *learnt*, and not taught. But to go back to Hummel. His playing was so musicianlike, so elegant and refined, you always felt that he was the composer as well as the player. Hummel's personality was so different from that of his music. He had the appearance of a country farmer (when I saw him), fond of wearing a white hat, and even going out to evening parties with the said beaver. But let it be remembered that Hummel was patronised by all the Courts in Europe. I think if we could all hear Hummel now we should admit what a real healthiness of style, without sleight of hand tricks, yet with wonderful and profitable execution.

A good story is told of a young professional lady applying to a justly celebrated performer to give her lessons; upon which he said that he rarely gave any lessons, but that he would give her the advice to practice till she considered herself perfect, and then do as *he* had done, retire for twelve years and practice fifteen hours a day. Now to a really true artist there must be always interest in doing so much; because to a real musician there is such variety that it is not the same thing over and over again, as the outside unthinking world fancy it to be. Granted that there is much that is mechanical to be overcome—that which may be termed dry execution, the “means to an end;” but, if the end is well kept in view, the ardour of the thorough student can never be quenched, but, on the contrary, be stimulated over and over again to fresh exertion. I really believe in this being a pleasurable life of musical study. It has been said that: “Of all human arts, music has justest pretences to the honour of antiquity.” We scarcely need any authority for this assertion; the reason of the thing demonstrates it, for the conditions and circumstances of human life required some powerful charm to bear up the mind under the anxiety and cares that mankind soon after his creation became subject to. And the goodness of our blessed Creator soon discovered itself in the wonderful relief that music affords against the unavoidable hardships which are annexed to our state of being in this life; so that music must have been as early in the world as the indispensable arts. For, if we consider how natural to the mind of man this kind of pleasure is, as constant and universal experience sufficiently proves, we cannot think he was long a stranger to it. Other arts were revealed as bare necessity gave occasion, and some were afterwards owing to luxury; but neither necessity nor luxury are the parents of this heavenly art. To be pleased with it seems to be a part of our constitution; but 'tis made so, not as absolutely necessary to our being, 'tis a gift of God to us for our more happy and comfortable being; and, therefore, we can make no doubt that this art was among the very first that were known to men. Plutarch, in his *Treatise on Music*, which is nothing but a conversation among friends about the invention, antiquity, and power of Music, makes one ascribe the invention to Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiopa, who was taught by his father; but in the name of another he makes Apollo the author, and, to prove it, alleges all the ancient statues of this god, in whose hand a musical instrument was always put. He adduces many examples to prove the natural influence music has upon the mind of man; and since he made a god the inventor of it, and the gods existed before men, 'tis certain he means to prove, both by tradition and the nature of the thing, that it is the most ancient as well as the most noble science. Yet we never hear of old Plutarch or Apollo being given to shutting their eyes and attending to the high action; therefore it can hardly be an old fashion revived. If, in 1877, the high action is so high, as it is at present, what will it come to in 1977. With this melancholy reflection I must, at present, come to a half close. In the few words I have written I have intended *nothing* personal, and again I say I am open to conviction, can it be proved, that the high action is beneficial to pianoforte playing.—Yours truly, W. H. HOLMES.

MUSICAL CRITIC.

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—Allow me to point out the incorrectness of the term “musical critic,” the compound word “music-critic” being preferable. Usage ought not to sanction expressions obviously ungrammatical. What would be thought of any one who would say “musical master” instead of “music-master,” or “artistical critic” instead of “art-critic”? I think these two examples sufficient to prove that “music-critic” should be used to describe a critic or reviewer of music, and that when we speak of a “musical” person, we mean one who is a performer of some kind or other. M. A. B.

STOCKHOLM.—J. Hallström's new opera, *The Wickings*, has proved an extraordinary success.

TO
F. C. BURNAND, Esq.

Out-post near Khiva.

Absin Wolfes!

Pickle Pig!

“He shivered all that night!”—*Il Trovatore*.



Of an ignoble fisherman
Methought I was the son,
And my first years at
Naples
Obscured I passed with
him.
Then came a warrior
strange,
Who took me from my
error,
He gave me a steed and
arms,
And left me with a
paper.

(Covent Garden English version
of “Di Pescatore.”)

Theodore Quitt.

P.S.—“An inauspicious and ghastly woman.”

P.S.—O greatly overfed son of countless underfed parents!
—Send me another “Mental Strain” before you go to
Be sur mer. Be not a hibou. If you don't come on Sunday I
shall expect you. If you do I shall not expect you. Cui
bono?—C. D.

P.S.—O! many overfed parents of an extremely underfed
son! Be chesm!

P.S.—O! by Abba!

O! by Adnan!

ALBANI THE POLYGLOT, &c.

(From the “Pall Mall Gazette.”)

It seems to be the appointed duty of Mdle Albani to welcome the distinguished personages who from time to time visit the Royal Italian Opera. Last year she sang for a future ruler, and her song was “God bless the Prince of Wales;” on Friday evening the favoured guest was a retired ruler, and the anthem of the occasion was the “Star-spangled Banner.” Apart from her intrinsic merits, which can scarcely be over-estimated, Mdle Albani is peculiarly fitted by the circumstances of her birth, education, and early life for complimenting the magnates of all civilised lands. Homer was claimed as a native by many cities; the honour of having produced Mdle Albani is disputed by several great nations. Her stage name could not but recall to General Grant the American city from which it would seem to have been derived; and, hearing her sing with a sort of enthusiasm the American national air, he may be forgiven for having regarded her as belonging in some measure to the United States. But if Mdle Albani did indeed pass a portion of her childhood at Albany, she was born in Canada, which is an English possession, and she sings English and, above all, Scotch ballads in a way which shows her to have been “to the manner born.” Her Parisian admirers, however, will say that in the part of Canada from which Mdle Albani comes the French language is spoken and the inhabitants are of French descent, and, like Mdle Albani's parents, have French names. What would all this have profited Mdle Albani, the Italians will ask, if she had not studied singing in Italy, where, moreover, she made her first success on the operatic stage? Here the Germans may appear and point out that, admirably as Mdle Albani represents the heroine of Italian opera, and charmingly as she sings Italian music, it is above all in the works of Wagner, and in the impersonation of Elsa, Elizabeth, and Senta, that she has made her distinctive mark. The Germans would be quite right, the Italians would not be at all wrong, there would be much to approve in the French view, and the representations both of the English and of the Americans would be well worthy of attention. Americans, English, French, Italians, and Germans would at least have agreed in applauding Mdle Albani's singing of the American national air.

To Franz List.

*Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth?—*



*Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth?*

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

COMMITTEE.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P. Dr. W. POLE, F.R.S.

Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR.

Mr. GEORGE CRITCHETT. Rev. H. E. HAWKES.

Dr. F. HUEFFER.

Mr. J. S. BERGHEIM. Mr. EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

HERR WAGNER having declined, in favour of his Artists' salaries, to accept the full honorarium agreed upon for his services at the recent Festival Concerts, the present Fund has been begun with the object of making up to him the sum of £1,300.

The Committee appeal to his friends and admirers throughout England. £300 has been already promised, and all Contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Hon. Treasurer, Honble. RICHARD H. GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, Bayswater, W., and crossed the "Wagner Testimonial Fund."

Portraits.

No. 1.

TO SIR MICHAEL COSTA.



"A friend through strife,
A friend through life" (*Old Post*).

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1877.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT SALZBURG.

THE following will be the order of the proceedings:—Monday, 16th July, at 8.30 p.m.: Reception of visitors at the railway station. Distribution in the second-class waiting-room of the apartment-tickets, and departure of the visitors. Social gathering and welcome of the visitors in the Cursaal. Tuesday, 17th July: Morning meeting at Mirabell, 7 to 8 a.m. At 8 a.m., walk through the town and inspection of remarkable objects. At 10 a.m., concert rehearsal in the Aula. At 1 p.m., dinner at Mirabell. At 3 p.m., walk over the Mönchsberg and visit to the Fortress. Inspection of remarkable places, among which may be especially mentioned the room where Mozart was born (to be seen only during the Festival). At 7 p.m., first concert in the Aula, and meeting afterwards at Mirabell. Wednesday, 17th July: Morning meeting at Mirabell, 7 to 8 a.m. At 10 a.m., Ovation at the Mozart Pavilion on the Kapuzinerberg. From 12 to 2 p.m., meeting at Mirabell. At 2 p.m., departure for Hellbrunn. At 5.30 p.m., return to Salzburg. Conveyance free both ways. At 7 p.m., second concert in the Aula, and meeting afterwards at Mirabell. Thursday, 19th July: Morning meeting at Mirabell, 7 to 8 a.m. Excursions, according to choice:

1. Hallein	dep. 9.47 a.m.	ret. 5.30 p.m.
2. Gollinger Waterfalls	" 9.47 " "	" 4.8 " "
3. Hammerau and on the Högl	" 11.20 " "	" 5.10 " "
4. Reichenhall and Thumsee	" 11.20 " "	" 7.15 " "

At 7 p.m., performance in the Theatre. At 8 p.m., Farewell Convivial Meeting for the visitors in the Cursaal. Horn Quartet from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, with co-operation of the Salzburg *Liedertafel*. Friday, 20th July: Early meeting at the railway refreshment room at 7 a.m. At 8 a.m., departure for St Johann. Visit to the Liechtenstein-Klamm. Conveyance free. Return at 3 p.m. Arrival at Salzburg at 6 p.m. Second performance in the Theatre, at 8 p.m. Herr L. Bösendorfer, piano manufacturer to the Emperor of Austria and the Imperial Court, has kindly lent one of his renowned grands for the concerts of the Festival.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. SIMS REEVES' benefit concert, is fixed for Wednesday next at the Royal Albert Hall, assisted by Mme Christine Nilsson, Miss Anna Williams, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mme Trebelli, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli and Mr Santley, the London Vocal Union, and Herr Wilhelmj. Mr Sims Reeves will sing "Deeper and deeper still" "Waft her, angels," "Tom Bowling," "All's well" (with Mr Santley), and "The Magic Wove Scarf" (with Mme Christine Nilsson and Mr Santley).

MAD. ANNA DI BELLOCCA, who was in London for a few days last week, has left for Paris. It is reported that Mr Mapleson has engaged her for his next autumnal tour, and that she will appear next year at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR. WILLIAM DORRELL, the distinguished pianist—we are glad to inform our readers, among whom he counts many friends—having entirely recovered from his late indisposition, is now resuming his professional duties with redoubled energy.

IN announcing the success of Madlle Gatineau, who carried off the second violoncello prize at the Paris Conservatory, M. Ernest Reyer, musical critic of *Les Débats*, says: "I am always pleased when I see a young lady devote herself to the study of the harp or the violoncello. It is one less to play the piano."

DURING a rehearsal at the Grand Opera, Paris, one of the coryphæi duly sang the line of somewhat singular French:

"Ma hache sur son front ne s'est pas fait attendre,"

which may be rendered by the line in equally singular English:

"My axe on his forehead has not made him wait."

"It appears," remarked some one present, "that punctuality is the politeness of—axes."

THE Paris *Figaro* is now publishing a series of "Kissingen Letters," in one of which M. Perivier relates a conversation he had with Prince Bismarck's Son, after a fruitless attempt to "interview" the Imperial Chancellor himself. Count Herbert Bismarck remarked among other things: "Besides the German papers, my father reads the French and English. In the *Figaro*, the letters written by M. Albert Wolff on the Bayreuth Festival especially pleased him. The Prince is opposed to Richard Wagner's music, and for this reason was delighted with M. Wolff's Letters."

THE "GREEN ROOM."—Another addition to the already long list of London Clubs has just been made under this title at the western corner of Adelphi Terrace. As its name would imply, the "Green Room" Club is intended mainly for the use of actors and dramatists, and no one unconnected with literature, art, or learned professions is eligible for admission. The inaugural dinner of the Club was held on Saturday afternoon at the Criterion Restaurant. The Duke of Beaufort presided, and among those present were Messrs Irving, James, Neville, Thorne, Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Frank Marshall, Ferrand, Durlacher, Marks, Harcourt, Hawkins, and Loveday. Dinner over, the guests inspected the new rooms, which command a view of London from St Paul's to Westminster Abbey, and have been decorated by a "Committee of Taste," consisting of Mr Murray Marks, the Hon. Louis Wingfield, and Mr Forbes Robertson.



A NEGATIVE NOVELTY (from the *Pall Mall Gazette*).—If the appearance of Mdle Albani in oratorio was the great positive novelty in yesterday's performance, there was a novelty also of a negative kind which cannot be passed over. Mr Sims Reeves, our greatest singer, and one who is especially great in sacred music, was not among the artists engaged; though in justice to the directors of the festival it must be added that he was one of the first to whom an engagement was offered. That terrible question of "pitch," which has caused so much annoyance, and which might so easily be settled by our conforming—in England as in all the principal continental countries—to the "normal diapason" of France, is understood to have been connected with Mr Sims Reeves' unwillingness to sing. To replace Mr Sims Reeves is rather a formidable undertaking; but the airs in which this first of living tenors has so often been heard were sung correctly, energetically, and with good expression by Mr Vernon Rigby. (How about Mr Cummings, beneficent *Mail*?—"Comfort ye, my people," and "Every valley!"—A. S. S.)

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SIGNOR GARCIA'S CONCERT.—On Tuesday evening, June 19th, Sig. Garcia gave his fourth annual concert at St James's Hall to a full audience. This year he appeared not only as a vocalist but also as conductor, having organised a special choir for the evening, many of the members, however, being from the now defunct St Cecilia Society. The work performed was new to London audiences. *The Fable of the Fairest Melusina* (*Das Märchen von der Melusine*) is a cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra, composed by Heinrich Hofmann, from a poem by Osterwald, the English translation being by Professor George Boyle. The legend bears some resemblance to the story of Undine. The scene is laid in the forest of Bresilia, where a secluded fountain is the haunt of the Naiads, Melusina being the fairest of

all. Count Raymond, whilst hunting in the depths of the forest, becomes enamoured of Melusina, and, after dismissing his hunters, woos her from her retreat with a song. Melusina appears, and an animated duet succeeds, at the conclusion of which they are betrothed; Melusina, however, makes a stipulation that she should be free every seventh morn, and that her husband should not then seek her, or ask any questions; upon this—as in the promise of Elsa to Lohengrin—all depends. Raymond swears he will rather lose life than prove false to his oath. For a time all goes well, and the first part concludes with the rapture of the lovers and a chorus of rejoicing nymphs and huntmen on their way to the castle. The second part opens with a duet for the auspicious Mother, who worries her son Raymond about the absence of his wife. A chorus succeeds, with the curses of the mob against the harmless nymph, whom the people call a witch, and blame for the famine which has happened to fall upon the land. Raymond, distracted, seeks his wife, in order to show his mother and people that they are unjust in their suspicions. He finds Melusina and her sisters, as water-nymphs, bathing at the fountain. At his appearance the nymphs fly and summon the Spirit King, "so stern and strong to avenge the wrong." He commands that Melusina and Raymond part for ever. Raymond, with one long kiss, gently dies in Melusina's embrace. She is gently forced away from her dead husband by her sisters, who whisper her to forget. But the legend declares that in the murmuring of the fountain a gentle sighing can often be heard, as if Melusina still watches and sorrowed over her loved one's grave. The music, although not thoroughly original, is still very melodious; the choruses for ladies' voices (nymphs) being especially brilliant, both for voices and accompaniment. Miss Lisa Walton (a pupil of Sig. Garcia) has a good soprano voice, and sang the music allotted to Melusina like a thoroughly trained musician, although evidences of nervousness were apparent. Sig. Federici as Count Raymond, Mdme Garcia (Klothilde), and Mr Finney (Sintram and the Water King) were equally successful. The cantata was accompanied on two grand pianos and harmonium, by Messrs Henry Thomas, Marlois, and T. Jones. Among the miscellaneous pieces were many attractions. It is sufficient to cite the duet singing of Mdles Friedländer and Redeker, than which nothing can be more charming; the singing of Sig. and Mdme Garcia, Mdle Friberg (a new contralto), and Sig. Foli, who sang a new Italian song ("Patria"), by Tito Mattei, accompanied by the composer and the instrumentalists, M. Wieniawski (piano) and M. Paul Viardot (violin), the latter gentleman playing with rare finish. MOSES AP-GWFFYR.

MR JOHN THOMAS (harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) gave a harp concert at St James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, the 21st inst., which really justified its special title, for the harp was the only instrument used on the occasion. It was heard in solos, in accompaniments to the voices, and also in combination; for a band of harps, each performer being a skilled player, drew many and varied strains from the harmonious strings. The large audience present appeared delighted with this exhibition of the manifold power and quality of the harp, and to realise the fact, that this ancient and graceful instrument was capable of expressing, in its own peculiar manner, all emotions of the never-resting heart. In times not far back, before that despot the pianoforte stole supremacy over Apollo's court, the harp was admired by the listening world, and glorified by poets. Who, even now, dare describe Heaven's choir filled with grand pianos? If the harp were never more heard it would live in the eternal words of genius and inspiration. As a Welsh harpist Mr John Thomas was first known, and he early obtained honours in his native country; with which, however, he was not content. Did he think that amongst the blind the one-eyed was king? He could scarcely be so hard upon the Welsh, that self-elected musical nation of the world; yet he showed judgment in wishing for something higher than praises from rustics, although Cambrian, and an honourable ambition to exercise his craft before London and continental audiences. *Pencerdd Gwallia* appeared at his concert in the threefold capacity of composer, performer, and conductor, in each of which he manifested ability. His setting of Byron's lines, "There be none of Beauty's daughters," was sung by Mrs Osgood; and the barytone song, "Home and love," by Mr Lewis Thomas. Characteristic pieces, entitled "The Seasons," were played by Mdle Servantes and the composer; whilst arrangements for the full band of harps received the aid of his personal conduct. Besides the above mentioned, vocalists of distinction assisted; amongst whom were Mdme Edith Wynne, Miss Robertson, Mdle Enriquez, Mdme Sterling, and Miss Henrietta Beebe. The last named lady, being a stranger, commands especial notice. She possesses a charming voice, and so well trained as to call forth approbation and an encore in Bishop's "Tell me my heart." Mr William Shakespeare sang Donizetti's "Una furtiva lagrima" with skill and vivid expression. The entire concert was a great success.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERT.—With the permission of the Earl of Dudley, who placed the drawing-rooms of his mansion in Park Lane at Signor Arditi's disposal, the popular composer and conductor was enabled to offer his patrons an excellent entertainment, carried out under exceptionally pleasant circumstances. The assemblage was large and brilliant, and the programme throughout received with demonstrations of unqualified approval. Made up as it was, however, for the most part of familiar things, rendered by artists equally well known, it is only necessary to give a brief *résumé* of the principal features. Mme Trebelli, who was warmly greeted, had to comply with an *encore* after singing a *bolero* by Dessauer, for which she substituted Bizet's "Habanera." Both Mrs Osgood and Mme Rose Hersee met with cordial applause—the American lady, for her well-known and admirable rendering of Signor Randegger's air from *Fridolin*, "Repose and Peace," accompanied by the composer; and the English artist, for the finished vocalisation displayed in "Where the bee sucks." Signor Arditi's compositions were represented by Mme Campobello-Sinico in "Leggero invisibile;" Mme Pernini in a new valse, "Les Belles Viennoises;" polka solo on the drum by the very youthful son of the concert-giver, who played with surprising spirit and facility, and was loudly applauded. Mlle Ida Corani gave another composition of Signor Arditi's, "The Page's Song;" and other attractive pieces, vocal and instrumental, were contributed by Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Purdy, Mr Shakespeare, Signor Campobello, Signor Bonetti, Signor Rizzelli, Signor Federici, Mlle Pommereul, and M. Henri Ketten. A dramatic recital, by Mme Doche, was also a welcome feature, the accomplished actress being heartily received and applauded.

A CONCERT was given under distinguished patronage, at Onslow Hall, South Kensington, on Friday, June 22nd, for the benefit of the Argyll Home, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea. The following ladies and gentlemen vocalists assisted, supported by members of the choir of the Old Church, Chelsea:—Mrs Davidson, Mrs Clare Royse, Miss Sannemann, Mr Aspinall, Mr A. Bury, Mr O. J. Dullea, Mr C. Beckett, Miss Lillie Albrecht (piano), and Dr John Day (violin). Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm and his motet, "Hear my prayer," were given with good effect, as were the songs and duets comprised in a varied and attractive programme. Miss Lillie Albrecht earned unanimous applause for her remarkably clever performance of Thalberg's *Mosé in Egitto*, with other pieces, among which as deserving special note were a *Berceuse* by Mr Cowen, and her own brilliant variations on a popular Scotch melody. We are glad to state that the Argyll Home will be substantially benefited by the result of the concert.

Mdlle MARGUERITE POMMEREUL and **Mons. Louis Breitner** gave an evening concert at the new concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music on Tuesday, June 26th, assisted by Miss Nita Gaetano, Signor Urio, Signor Franceschi, and Signor Predazzi. We subjoin the programme:—
Sonate pour violon et piano, en La mineure (Rubinstein)—Mlle Pommereul et M. Breitner; Aria, "Un aura amorosa" (Mozart)—Signor Urio; Prelude et Fugue, en La mineure, pour piano (J. S. Bach)—M. Breitner; Nocturne (Chopin), and Tambourin (Leclair), violin—Mlle Pommereul; "L'oiseau s'envole" (Masset), and "Vivere e Godere" (Campana)—Signor Franceschi; "Im autum" (B. Franz), Miss Nita Gaetano; "Le soir" (Raff), Romance (Schumann), Etude (Chopin), Mazurka (Breitner), pour violon—M. Breitner; Airs russes, pour violon (Wieniawski)—Mlle Pommereul; "Rendi 'l sereno al ciglio"—Signor Urio (encored); Serenade (Braga)—Miss Nita Gaetano; Rhapsodie hongroise, pour piano et violon (Liszt et Joachim)—Mlle Pommereul et M. Breitner.

THE annual concert of Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, the admired Swedish contralto, on Monday, June the 18th, at the residence of Captain and Mrs Coster, Harley Street, attracted a brilliant and aristocratic audience, including the German Ambassador Count Munster and his daughter, the Ladies Gordon and Hampson, Sir Charles and Lady Rowley, the Count and Countess Stenbock, &c., &c. Mdlle Bunsen, who was in excellent voice, was heard to advantage in "Di tanti palpiti," from Rossini's *Tancredi*, a romance by Mr Oberthür, "Je voudrais être" (harp obbligato, Mr Oberthür), and a French romance by M. Depret, "L'amour trahi," together with some national Swedish melodies, given, we need hardly say, *con amore* and to perfection. Mdlle Felicia Bunsen played, with the composer, Mr Oberthür's brilliant duet for harp and piano on motives from Weber's *Oberon*. Several well-known vocalists assisted, including Mme Marie Roze, who sang the "Chansonne Indienne," from Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, Mr Drummond, who gave Blumenthal's "The Message," Mr Trelawny Cobham, who sang with taste and expression, "Where'er you walk," from Handel's *Semele*, and Mme Luisa Gage, who gave with effect a romance by Miliotti, "Una stella." Mr Oberthür's performance of Parish Alvars' harp "Serenade," and Mdlle Castellan's violin fantasia on *Rigoletto* (Alard) were both received with favour. Messrs Lindsay Sloper, Ganz, Cowen, le Marquis D'Havet Zuocardi, and Signor Massoni were the accompanists.

Another Crisis.



DR GRIEF.—Again! More nips of Raff?

MR SIDNEY HAM.—No!—of Rubinstein.

DR GRIEF.—I shall never cure you, if you go on in this way. Rubinstein's worse than Raff.

MR SIDNEY HAM.—I will mend my ways.

DR GRIEF.—You'll be taking Liszt next.

MR SIDNEY HAM.—Oh no! I'll give up stimulants.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 28th:—

Marche Religieuse for the Organ	...	L. Niedermeyer.
Allegretto from the Eighth Symphony	...	Beethoven.
Romanza, "O cessate di piagarmi"	...	Scarlatti.
Organ Concerto, G major	...	Handel.
The Mermaid's Song, <i>Oberon</i>	...	Weber.
Allegretto con Brio, E major	...	W. T. Best.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 30th:—

March, composed for the Coronation of the King of Prussia, 1861	...	Meyerbeer.
Adagio, from the Trio for Stringed Instruments in E flat major	...	Beethoven.
Organ Concerto, C minor	...	Handel.
Pastorale	...	Kullak.
Prelude and Fugue, C minor	...	Bach.
Overture, <i>Guillaume Tell</i>	...	Rossini.

HANOVER.—The Marschner Monument in the Theater Platz was solemnly unveiled, and handed over to the town authorities on the 11th inst. Herr J. J. Bott, conductor at the Theatre Royal, has been pensioned.

(From "Punch.")

Diary of my Ride to Khiva.

(Still in Prison—Diary Continued under Difficulties, but Sent all the Same with Marvellous Regularity.*)

Evening.—What evening I don't know. Ah, pity me in prison! If they still continue to think I am "Lord Bright," they will perhaps have an iron mask made for me, and immure me here for years. If they have any sense of humour, they wouldn't have an iron mask, but a pantomime head with goggle eyes and a perpetual grin, so that when I showed my face at the window ("Only a face at the Window"—song for the occasion), the warders could say to any outsiders, "See how happy he is! always laughing!" . . . I am writing this, with a sharp nail, on my pocket-handkerchief. . . . Perhaps the washerwoman will see it. . . . What will she do with it? . . . All hangs on that. I tremble for the fate of the Pig. . . . I am afraid that these Borderers don't kill and eat pigs, they torture them. . . . Still, Herr Grüntz (the Pig) has got the bag of letters hung round his neck, and if they'll only spread them out before his snout, he'll introduce himself. . . . But ah! should Herr Grüntz meet the Cossack torturer with his knout, which will get the best of it—that snout or this knout? (Another idea for a book of travels—ideas flow in prison—it is so quiet—*The Knout and the Snout—a Traveller's Tale.*) . . .

Sunset.—The Gaoler's Daughter came to fetch my things for the *wooshki*. . . I pressed her hand . . . she placed her finger on her lips . . . while there is life there is hope. . . She is gone . . . again I am alone, with a white mouse in the corner, and a spider that has come out for an evening walk through its web in the angle of the window. Sitting down suddenly, I become aware of my pack of cards in my tail coat-pocket, for I was in evening dress when taken prisoner (being generally in this costume, in case of having to give an entertainment impromptu with Pig and Circassian and tricks with cards), and I have not been able to change.

Sun down—Lights up. Commenced teaching the White Mouse *carté*. An apt pupil, but possessing neither the solidity nor gravity of the Pig. Governor sent to say he is coming to see me. He entered, preceded by two men bearing *dipzki* (i.e., long thin tallow candles). On their retiring he discovered himself. *The patient whom I had cured with the hair oil!* He produced my pocket handkerchief, which had been sent to the Washerwoman, and which the Washerwoman had immediately forwarded to him. He advised me not to do it again, for it would only be waste of time, as the Washerwoman, a stupid person, invariably sent everything of the sort to him, and had to be rewarded for her fidelity by the Government, out of which he (the Governor) did not make anything, except by way of adding to his stock of linen. He had, he added, quite a remarkable collection of haberdashery, for all the prisoners wrote on their pocket handkerchiefs, shirt-fronts, false collars, &c., and so he had not had a linendraper's bill for years. I undertook not to do it again, and the Governor promised (out of gratitude for his cure, and his magnificent growth of hair and whiskers, in consequence of the dose of hair oil) to wink at anything I might do in the way of escape. To show his friendly spirit, he began by winking at the cards and the white mouse. Then he withdrew, but most thoughtfully returned to wink at the spider, and then, having winked at everything all round, he left, not however before he had lost one rouble to me (and paid) over the three-card trick, which was evidently quite new to him. What a charm there is in novelty!

Night.—Night-Lights brought by the Gaoler and his daughter. For a consideration they smuggled in some *wickski*. From my cell I can see one of the small windows of the Governor's room. It is a mere slit, just enough for the Governor's eye, which I recognised placed close to it; and true to his promise, he is winking at the *wickski*. We are safe. Gaoler brought in his own pack of cards (he said he never trusted prisoners), and insisted on teaching me a Cossack game, at which he is an adept, called *Ykook Dnilb*. He dealt out about fifteen packets, face downwards, and asked me to choose and give him one of them. If the card at the bottom of the pack so chosen should be an ace, then he would pay me on all the other bottom cards (except aces, for "ties pay dealer"), and if it should be the Czar (the highest) then I should pay him on all. A clever player at this game can, I believe, so arrange as to "force" the choice of a pack. I was hesitating, when suddenly the White Mouse ran

out, hopped on to one of the packs, and ran off again in a frightened manner. Gaoler swore he'd have the hole stopped up. It suddenly occurred to me that I would choose the pack on which the Mouse had squatted, and give that to the Gaoler. Scarcely had I placed my finger, hesitatingly, on the pack in question, when, happening to look up, I caught the Gaoler's Daughter's eye (or the eye of the Gaoler's Daughter—vide first Russian Exercise Book), which by its expression, coupled with a movement of her hands and head, seemed to say, "Oh my! what a born idiot you are!!" . . . Too late to retract without a row. Gaoler insisted on taking up the pack where I had placed my finger. I protested. I said I only placed my finger there by accident. Gaoler savage. I yielded. I gave him the Czar! Gaoler's Daughter's eye seemed to say, "Well, you are an ass!" Yes; but once bitten, twice shy. And then, as I reminded the Gaoler, we hadn't settled to play for anything. True. In his eagerness the old humbug had forgotten this. Would I make it a rouble on each pack for the next deal? Certainly—a rouble or a double—that is, a two-rouble piece. Deal as before. I hesitated which to choose. Oddly enough, the Spider came down on a long line, hung over a pack, and then ran up again, and disappeared. I looked up: Gaoler's Daughter's eye said "Don't!" and, by a movement of her charming head, indicated that the pack in the right-hand corner would be the one to try. All this in a second. It flashed across me that the Spider and the Mouse had been trained by the Gaoler. That they are, so to speak, "his creatures." I followed the girl's advice and chose the pack in the right hand corner. Gaoler turned pale. Asked me if I wasn't mistaken. I replied, politely, "No," and presented him with the Ace!! There were no other aces turned up, and he had to pay me on all. A double per pack was, for fourteen packs, fourteen doubles, that is, twenty-eight roubles. I asked him for the money playfully, and said, by way of a *jeu de mot*, "I am sorry to trouble you for the coin." He was wild. He kicked out at the White Mouse, which was innocently standing on its hind legs in a corner, and sent it flying into its hole, then threw the three-legged stool at the Spider, who was out of sight in a jiffy. The stool broke the web and the window pane. Gaoler wouldn't play again, but said he would go and get me the money, as he hadn't so much about him. Before I could answer, I saw his daughter, behind his back, speaking to me in the dumb alphabet. She said, "Let him go: as he owes you money, you won't see him again." In a second it flashed across me . . . the one obstacle to my escape was removed . . . I had got rid of my Gaoler!

Midnight.—Gaoler departed. Meditating on the events of the evening, I could not help arriving at the conclusion that the Gaoler must be an uncommonly clever man. But what a pity to see talent like his so thrown away! Because really he must have taken no end of pains to train the White Mouse and the Spider. And what could he have got by it? A few roubles from an occasional prisoner. If I could only have trusted him, I would have proposed a partnership in "a travelling business." But I am afraid he would be too suspicious for a partner. . . . All quiet. From my window I think I can still see the Governor's eye winking at everything that is going on under his nose. Hark! From below I hear the splash of the waters that wash the base of the tower. . . . On the draw-bridge, I can distinguish the sentinel's tramp and the pass-word for the night. For strategic purposes it is a Turkish word—"Bosh." "*Khiva là?*" is the question. "*Bosh*" is the answer. "*Pass Bosh, and all's well!*" is the reply.

The bell of the old Kromesky (the name of a chapel belonging to the Tartar Dissenters), sounds two. Then all is still. . . . I lean against the prison-bars, and wonder whether . . . Hark! . . . A barrel-organ played *pianissimo* . . . and the tune . . . "*Oh Leonora Addio!*" from *Trovatore* . . . so suggestive—Leonora outside, Manrico within . . . I am Manrico within, and I commence the strain: then the quick part (Leonora's portion) is taken up, outside, by the organ. Why not by the human voice? Because, clearly, it is *somebody who can't sing, or who has not got a human voice*. Through the pane of glass, broken by the Gaoler in his passion, I stretch out, and see, leaning against the outside wall, an awkward female figure, in an old-fashioned "poke bonnet," playing a small organ. I recognise the organ—it is the one that we have never parted with on our tour, it having been invariably used for accompaniment to the Pig's performance, and it was the handle of this I had taught the Pig himself to turn . . . It is the Pig . . . disguised in the poke bonnet . . . The Pig in the Poke!! . . . He sees me, and in the moonlight spreads the letters out before him, "*Escape by Private Wire.*" Suddenly, under my nose, comes up the side of the tower,—the Wire. I fasten it to the top bar. I stop for one moment to put the cards and the White Mouse in my pocket (he seemed to implore so hard not to be left behind), and descend the Wire. . . . I am descending slowly but surely . . . and writing this with the other hand so as not to loose time . . .

* All we have to remark at present is that, acting on Counsel's opinion, and we've had some of the best that could be got at the Bar, sending the Office Boy out for it regularly every two hours in this hot weather, we reserve what we have to say till the right moment comes for speaking, and then from Fleet Street to Bow Street is but a step, and thence—But, of course, we may be wrong after all.—Ed.

As I go down I catch sight of the Governor's eye, through the slit in the wall, winking at my escape. . . . Bless him! . . . In the court-yard the Governor's carriage, the Gaoler's Daughter, the Pig in disguise, and the barrel-organ are waiting. Not a moment is to be lost. . . . We gain the first drawbridge. . . . "Khiva la?" "Boah!" I reply, imitating the Governor's voice (I shall add "Imitations" to my Entertainment, on my return). "Pass Bosh, and all's well!" . . .

Once again we are challenged . . . same business as before . . . at last we are out on the high road . . . and free!! "But," as the Pig says on his letters, "we have now a squeak for it."

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

(From "Mayfair.")

The genesis of the libretto of the *Flying Dutchman*, strangely enough, is, in some indirect way, connected with the English stage. Such, at least, is the opinion of one of Wagner's commentators, whose remarks in a volume on "The Music of the Future," published some years ago, may be summed up in the following manner. The legend of the "Flying Dutchman," the Wandering Jew of the ocean, dates from the sixteenth century, and is an embodiment of the unsettled feeling of the epoch caused by the discoveries of a new faith by the Germans, and of a new world by the Spaniards. Captain Vanderdecken, as is generally known, attempts to double the Cape of Good Hope in the teeth of a gale, and swears that he will go through with it were he to sail till the end of the world. His oath is accepted in its literal meaning by the Evil One, who compels the unfortunate Dutchman to roam for ever over the ocean, far from his wife and his beloved Holland. Such is the rough old legend; but modern poets have taken pity on the weary wanderer of the main. Various *dénouements* have been invented, that adopted by Wagner being embodied in a curious fragmentary story by Heine. In the *Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski*—*alias* Heine himself—the great humourist relates how, on his voyage from Hamburg to Amsterdam, he observed a vessel with blood-red sails, probably the phantom ship of the Flying Dutchman, whom, shortly afterwards, he saw in the flesh on the stage of the last-named city. The new feature added to the old story is this—that instead of unconditional doom, Vanderdecken's sentence is eternal homelessness *unless* he be relieved by the love of a woman "faithful unto death." The devil, stupid as he is, does not believe in female virtue, and consequently permits the captain to go ashore and take a wife once every seven years. Many unsuccessful attempts have been made by the poor Dutchman, till at last he meets with a Scotch (according to Wagner a Norwegian) skipper, and by the display of wealth, readily obtains his consent to a proposed marriage with his daughter. The daughter—Senta—has formed a romantic attachment for the doomed sailor, whose story she knows, and whose picture hangs in her room. By the likeness she recognises the real Flying Dutchman, and, in spite of her discovery, accepts the offer of his hand. At this juncture Schnabelewopski-Heine is, through an unforeseen and indescribable incident, called from the theatre, and returns only just in time to see the Dutchman on board his own ship, setting out for another voyage of hopeless despair. He loves his bride, and would save her from sharing his doom. But she, "faithful unto death," throws herself into the waves. Thus the spell is broken, and the Flying Dutchman, re-united with his bride, enters the long-closed gates of eternal rest. The idea of the Dutchman taking a wife first appears in a play by the late Fitzball, running at the Adelphi during Heine's visit to London, from which source the German poet most probably derived his beautiful idea of the redeeming love of woman further developed in Wagner's drama.

HAMBURG.—A number of German operatic singers, under the management of Herr Ferencz, Grand-Ducal Singer, of Weimar, have constituted themselves into a company, for the purpose of giving performances in Bergen, Christiana, and Stockholm. They are to embark from this port.

WAIFS.

ALBANI'S SENTA.—A more charming Senta than Mdle Albani could not well be imagined. She is not a dramatic singer in the sense that Mdle Tietjens or Mdme Materna are dramatic singers, but the gentle, dreamy nature of Wagner's heroine is realised by her in the most impressive manner. Her delivery of the ballad was exquisite, and throughout the piece her sympathetic soprano was turned to excellent account. With qualities such as these, she bids fair to be the Senta of the Italian stage.—*Mayfair*.

Mr and Mrs Emile Berger are passing their vacation at Nairn, N.B. From 1870 to 1876, both inclusive, some 280 new operas were produced in Italy.

M. Gounod has been decorated with the Commander's Cross of the Crown of Italy.

Fifty thousand francs are to be spent in re-decorating the Salle Ventadour for next season.

Mad. Materna has renewed her engagement at the Imperial Opera-house Vienna, for six years.

Señor Pablo de Sarasate will give concerts in Copenhagen and Stockholm during next winter.

M. Pasdeloup has returned to Paris with his orchestra from his concert tour in the French provinces.

The Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, closes on the 1st July, and does not re-open till the 14th August.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the title of Imperial Austrian Chamber-Singer on Mad. Pauline Lucca.

Alarming reports have lately been circulated concerning the state of Vieuxtemps' health, but, happily, without foundation.

Sig. Ponchielli is composing two new operas: *Olga*, book by M. D'Ormeville; and *I Mori di Venezia*, book by Sig. Ghialanzoni.

The number of concerts given in Paris from the 3rd October, 1876, to the 6th June, 1877, amounted to four hundred and fifty-two.

A comic opera, *Quentin Metzys*, words by M. E. Dubreuil, music by M. E. Cherouvrier, has been accepted at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

The Komische Oper Joint-stock Company, Vienna, is to be wound up forthwith. Its losses during three years amount to no less than 557,282 florins.

Herr Heinrich Dorn, the *Capellmeister*, who has been seriously ill, but is now better, has gone to complete his convalescence at his Loschwitz Villa, near Dresden.

The French Minister of Fine Arts sent M. Charles Lamoureux to this country for the purpose of studying the organisation of the Handel Festival, under Sir Michael Costa.

Herr Joseph Tichatschek, the Nestor of German tenors, will celebrate on the 11th July, in Dresden, his 70th birthday. A committee has been formed to do honour to the event.

Miss Prytherch (Mrs Gerard Coventry) was the pianist last Saturday evening at Riviere's Promenade Concerts, and was recalled after her brilliant performance of a Rondo by Weber.

A new barytone, known in Italy as Sig. Strozzi, has been engaged by M. Carvalho at the Paris Opéra-Comique. He is a Frenchman and former prize-man of the Paris Conservatory, whose real name is Stroheker.

M. Albert Vincentini has been suffering from an abscess in the head. He has now recovered sufficiently to resume his managerial duties. Great changes are being effected in the company at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Françoise de Rimini, words by M. Barbier, music by M. Ambroise Thomas, will be put into rehearsal at the Grand Opera, Paris, immediately after the performance of *L'Africaine*, that is to say, almost immediately.

Sig. Ferri has already engaged three tenors, Signori Masini, Stagno, and Campanini for the coming season at St Petersburg and Moscow. He has, also, signed with Mdmes Christine Nilsson, Heilbron, and Gerster. He is now in Paris, negotiating with Mdle Jenny Howe.

The receipts of the Société des Auteurs, Compositeurs, et Editeurs de Musique, for the financial year 1876-1877 amounted to 531,258 fr., 75 c., and the expenses to 112,331 fr., 47 c., or about 25 per cent. The expenses are undoubtedly high, but there is great difficulty in collecting the sums due.

Scaffolding has been erected in front of the Grand Opera, Paris. The edifice will be thoroughly cleaned for next year's Grand Exhibition. Advantage will be taken of the opportunity to add to Auber's bust the date of his death, and, it is to be hoped, to rectify that of Meyerbeer's birth from 1794 to 1791. Lastly, gas pipes will be laid along the bottom of the loggia and the top of the façade.

An international match of vocal associations is to be held in Paris during the Grand Exhibition under the direction of M. Laurent de Ritté. More than 30,000 persons will, it is said, take part in it.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Professor Monk in the chair. On Monday, June 4, Mr C. K. Salaman read a paper on "English as a Language for Music." The prejudice which has long existed against English as a language for music probably dates from the introduction of Italian opera; it was soon found that it did not answer to employ English translations of the Italian text. Each language has its own music; and it is the transference of the music of one language to the words of another which is frequently objectionable. The existing prejudice is also contributed to by foreign singers, who attempt to sing in English, but are not able to pronounce it properly; even English singers are frequently defective in this respect. The imperfection of the phonetic elements of the language was admitted, and the way was pointed out in which the roughness ought to be evaded. The early Italian composers studied the musical quality of the language they employed with a care of which we have no conception. English has a special advantage in the extent and expressiveness of its vocabulary; Handel's songs are enough to show that any defects must be sought for elsewhere than in the language. Messrs Ellis, Osborne, Cummings, and the chairman, took part in the discussion which ensued.—*Academy*.

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On THURSDAY next, 12th July (last time this Season), "IL TROVATORE." Mdlme Adelina Patti.

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On WEDNESDAY, 18th July (first and only time this Season), "HAMLET." Ophelia, Mdlle Albani.

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On THURSDAY, 19th July (last time this Season), "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdlme Adelina Patti.

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On FRIDAY, 20th July (last time this Season), "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mdlle Albani.

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On THURSDAY next, 12th July (seventh appearance of Mdlle Ethelka Gerster), DONIZETTI's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mdlle Ethelka Gerster (her third appearance in that character in England).

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MUSIC IN COLOGNE.

(By Telegraph.)

The Fifty-fourth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine has just been celebrated here. The artists engaged were Mlle Lili Lehmann (soprano) and Mlle Amelia Kling (contralto), of Berlin; Herr Wilhelm Candidus (tenor), Philadelphia; Herr George Henschel (barytone), of Berlin; and Señor Pablo de Sarasate (violinist), of Madrid. The first day was devoted to Haydn's *Seasons*, which had not been heard on the banks of the Rhine in its entirety—though fragments of it were given in 1828, 1865, and 1869—since the 10th May, 1818, when the first of these Festivals was inaugurated with it at Düsseldorf. The chorus this year numbered 549, and the orchestra 137. The performance, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, was highly successful. On the second day the first piece was the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, played respectably, but no more. Then came Sig. Verdi's *Missa da Requiem*, which was performed under the personal direction of the composer, who had come for the express purpose. On making his appearance in the orchestra he was loudly cheered, and, as he was about to occupy the seat occupied in bygone years by such musicians as Mendelssohn, Ries, Spontini, Schumann, Spohr, Onslow, and many more, a lady stepped out from the Chorus and, in her own name and that of her sisters in art, offered him a splendid ivory and gold conducting stick. The gold handle bore the initial V in diamonds, surrounded by a laurel wreath upon blue enamel. At the conclusion of the *Requiem*, the *maestro* was the recipient of another present—a silver laurel wreath, tied with a golden bow. On each leaf was the name of one of the fair donors, admirers of his dramatic works. The Managing Committee, also, had, the day before, presented their guest with a copy of Professor Kaspar Scheuren's new *Rhein Album*, for which the artist had supplied two fresh title-pages expressly designed and executed by him for the occasion. On the first title-page are views of Cologne and Florence, beautifully executed in water-colours. Between and above them, respectively, are Verdi's portrait, and an inscription, bearing his name, his birthplace, and the date of the year in which he was born. Underneath are three pictures. The one in the middle has reference to the *Requiem*, that to the left represents the last scene from *Aida*, and that to the right is typical of the composer's *Stringed Quartet*, which has been performed in Cologne. Light arabesques of flowers, out of which peep children playing various instruments, surround the whole. The second title-page contains the dedication and signatures of the Committee. Over the dedication is a view of the hall of the Gürzenich. In the arabesque framework are the arms of the German Empire, those of the Kingdom of Italy, and of the three confederated Festival-Towns, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Düsseldorf. Independently of these material evidences of respect, the reception of the *Requiem* was one series of continuous ovations. The execution of the work was, on the whole, satisfactory. The *Requiem* was succeeded by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. This was its twelfth time of performance at these Festivals. It was first included in a Rhenish Festival programme at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 23rd of May, 1825, when *Vienna was the only city in which it had been heard*. Referring to this fact, Herr Hanchecorne, of Düsseldorf, says in a pamphlet he has recently published:—

"The Ninth Symphony then existed only in manuscript. Ries, the director of the Festival for the year 1825, was charged by the Managing Committee to ask his illustrious master for a copy of the score and of the separate parts. After long delays, caused by the sufferings of the great composer, who was doomed to die two years subsequently, Ries at length received on the 23rd March—that is, *two months only prior to the concert*—the object of his demand, but very incomplete, for the first three numbers were only in score, while of the last there were only the separate parts. For this long and important finale, it was necessary to re-write the score from the parts (a task which took thirty-four days), while, at the same time, several copies had to be made of the parts. Fancy how little time there was left for the rehearsals of such a work, then utterly unknown, and declared by Ries to be 'frightfully difficult.' If to this remark we add the fact that there were numerous errors in the hastily copied parts, the reader will not be astonished at hearing that Ries, to his great regret, was compelled to make some cuts in the Adagio, and suppress the Scherzo entirely. Despite all

this, the work produced a profound sensation, and was the object of general admiration, a feeling which, judging by the comparative frequency with which the work is performed, has never declined."

The programme of the third day comprised: Part I. Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann; Air from *Fidelio*, Beethoven; "Agnus Dei" from Verdi's *Requiem*; Air from Spohr's *Faust*; Symphony in C major (new), Dr Ferdinand Hiller. Part II. Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn (played by Señor de Sarasate); Three Romances; three Violin Solos, with orchestral accompaniment, "Prelude," "Menuet," and "Moto perpetuo," from *Suite* by Raff (Señor de Sarasate); four Romances by Henschel (sung by the composer); and National Hymn, "Heil Dir im Siegerkrang," arranged by Dr Ferdinand Hiller for solos, chorus, and orchestra. The three Romances first named were to have been sung by Mlle Kling, while the air from *Fidelio* was assigned to Herr Candidus, but both artists were incapacitated by illness from appearing, and replaced, respectively, by Mlle Assmann and Herr Ernst. An especial attraction on the third day was Hiller's Symphony. The manner in which it was greeted fully bore out the success it had previously achieved at the usual Gürzenich Concerts. The veteran composer was enthusiastically applauded by his fellow-townsmen, who are justly proud of him. Señor de Sarasate, too, was the object of most hearty manifestations of delight and approval.

At the rehearsal on the last day Ferdinand Hiller read a letter in French from Verdi. Annexed is a translation:—

"My dear *maestro* Hiller,—If I could only make speeches like you, I would appear this moment at the rehearsal and express to the charming ladies who sing in the chorus my admiration and my gratitude for the zeal and talent with which they executed my *Requiem*. I would act in the same way to all the members of the chorus and orchestra, which are truly magnificent. It is owing to the energy and talent of all concerned that so fine a performance has been achieved. I am neither a master of language nor can I pay compliments; I, therefore, leave to your cleverness and amiable disposition the task of understanding my heart, and beg you to offer, in my name, my thanks and best wishes to all concerned. Thank them, also, for the marks of esteem which they have lavished, in so able and gentle a manner, on me. I feel honoured and proud at having been invited to one of these grand Festivals, in which all your great composers have taken part, and I cherish the warmest wish that these gatherings may continue with equal brilliancy to the honour of Germany and of universal art.—Yours truly,

"G. VERDI."

After the supper, which, as usual, closed the proceedings on the third day, Hiller drank Verdi's health in French and German. After praising his visitor as a composer, he said it was the *maestro's* presence which had attracted so large a concourse to Cologne. He added, by way of peroration, that, while applauding Verdi the artist, Germany was welcoming the Italian citizen, the friend of Victor Emmanuel, and that his presence on German soil was a sign of union between Italy and Germany, two nations that feel more and more the necessity of such a union.

At one time, by the way, it was by no means certain that Verdi's *Requiem* would be performed. Many persons alleged that none but classical works ought to be selected for the Festival, and that the *Requiem* was an affected, shallow, frivolous composition unworthy such an honour. They asserted, likewise, that it had been chosen merely for the sake of enticing Verdi to Cologne, and attracting thereby large multitudes. In some clever remarks at the head of the programme, Ferdinand Hiller combated these assertions, but, in so doing, deeply wounded the Wagnerites, who considered that certain passages in what he said were highly offensive to themselves. They particularly objected to the following:

"The most salutary fact connected with this work" (Verdi's *Requiem*) "is that it forms a living protest against the encroachments of an absurd system of vocal music, in which the servants are transformed into the masters, and in which a man, instead of being able to sing with all the expansion of an artist's soul, is reduced to pronouncing distinctly some few wretched words, a system which is and always will be an absurdity, even when handled with genius and applauded with fanaticism. However, before people have had time to recover from their mistake, the system will be consigned to the colossal lumber-room where are kept the errors in æsthetics, philosophy, poetry, and prose, to which our own age, enlightened though it be, has not failed to contribute its share."

In reply, the Wagnerites attacked Hiller tooth and nail, but

* Delayed in transmission.

the worthy and respected *Stadtcapellmeister* carried too many guns for them, and the Fifty-fourth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine proved a decided success, and added a fresh proof of the old adage: All's well that ends well. N.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL. (RETROSPECT.)

The concluding day of the Festival, as rarely fails to be the case, proved the triumph of the week. The oratorio was *Israel in Egypt*; and as the interest of these grand performances is mainly concentrated in the achievements of the 3,000 chorus singers who take part in them, it is not to be wondered at. In no work of the kind—the *Messiah* itself not excepted—has Handel dealt so marvelously with this important element of musical expression. The first section of *Israel* (latest, it is believed, in the order of production) comprises no fewer than thirteen choruses, which, with scarcely any interruption, follow one upon another. These, it need hardly be stated, are the choruses descriptive of the plagues with which Moses, striving for the exodus of the chosen people, afflicted the Egyptians, their obdurate taskmasters. To hear them sung as they are sung under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, with the resources at the command of the Crystal Palace directors and the Sacred Harmonic Society on such exceptional occasions, is to hear them as they can be heard under no other circumstances. After Mr Lloyd had spoken the recitative, "Now they arose a new King over Egypt, which knew not Joseph," the first chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed," gave a foretaste of what was to come; and this was strengthened by the forcible delivery of "They loathed to drink of the river"—a piece of suggestive writing enough to convince anyone that those who rail against the fugal style as a medium of choral expression are strangely in error. Nothing could more emphatically convey the sentiment and meaning of the words. Why Handel declined treating the curse of frogs and pestilence in the choral form has been often discussed, though it seems to us clearly explained by the fact that the curse of flies, lice, and locusts constitutes the theme of "He spake the word," the characteristic double-chorus immediately following. This was given in a manner difficult to surpass. "He gave them hailstones for rain" created the accustomed impression, and was encoored with such unanimity that Sir Michael Costa, autocrat as he is, was unable to resist the appeal. Here, again, we have an example of how Handel could produce a tremendous effect by aid of the simplest expedients. The mysterious choral recitation, "He sent a thick darkness over the land," a frequent test of the ability of large bodies of singers to keep steadily in tune, so extraordinary and unanticipated are its progressions, was mastered with perfect ease, and at the final sentence, "Even darkness which might be felt," there was scarcely a noticeable difference in the pitch. "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," "But as for His people," and the imposing climax, "There was not one feeble person among their tribes" (a peculiarly Handelian touch) were not less happy; while with the quaint fugal episode, "And Egypt was glad when they departed," the singers took as much pains as with anything else that had preceded it, the result, even to the most tutored ear, being in the highest degree satisfactory. Thence to the conclusion of Part I. all was to match. The *fortissimo*, "He rebuked the Red Sea," was as grand as the succeeding *pianissimo*, "And it was dried up," was impressive. Equally fine was "He led them through the deep," leading up in stately grandeur, to "The waters overwhelmed their enemies," the magnificent peroration—a grander execution of which was probably never heard. The succeeding chorus, "And Israel saw that great work," which brings the first part of the oratorio to a conclusion, is simply a comment upon what has gone before, but the manner of its performance was on a par with the rest.

We cannot enter into the same minute details about Part II., "The song of praise of Moses," which Handel originally called "*Exodus*," and which is merely a recapitulation of the miracles described in the first. That it begins and ends with a chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," in olden times familiarly styled "The horse and his rider," every one is aware, and that it contains some of the most splendid among the choruses of Handel all musicians know. The performance generally of these was singularly correct and almost uniformly effective. We may especially refer to "With the blast of Thy nostrils" and "The people shall hear and be afraid," the two most elaborately-constructed and difficult of the entire series, the rendering of which by such an enormous body of voices was little short of marvellous. That, apart from "The horse and his rider," the strongest impression created on the multitude of listeners was by the stirring double chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord," with its jubilant sequel,

"hath dashed in pieces the enemy," may be taken for granted. But enough has been said with reference to the choruses to convey a general notion of how our English lovers of Handel, when assembled together in thousands, can do justice to Handel's music. All the applause they obtained was legitimately won; and they have a just right to feel proud.

The solo vocalists have not nearly so much to do in *Israel* as in other oratorios of Handel, but what they have to do is important. When it is stated that the leading singers were Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, and Patey, Herr Henschel, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley, it will be at once understood that none other than trained and competent artists were employed. As is invariably the case, the two pieces which obtained the most applause were the duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war" (Mr Santley and Herr Henschel), and the tenor air, "The enemy said, I will pursue." The last was given by Mr Lloyd with such spirit and vigour that the audience insisted upon an encore, and Sir Michael Costa assenting, the air was repeated amid renewed applause. Madame Patey's solos were "Their land brought forth frogs" (Part 1) and "Thou shalt bring them in" (Part 2), to Madame Edith Wynne being assigned "Thou didst blow with thy wind"—each being sung in the best and purest taste, as were the duets, "The Lord is my strength" (Madame Sherrington and Madame Wynne), and "Thou in Thy mercy" (Madame Patey and Mr Lloyd). Madame Sherrington declaimed the recitatives of Miriam, which usher in the final chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord."

The National Anthem, as arranged by Sir Michael Costa, was then given by chorus and orchestra, and, after loud and repeated applause, the vast assembly dispersed. The total number of visitors present was 19,455. We may conclude with saying that the management of the festival was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned. No hitch, no disappointment, occurred during the week. How much of this is due to the careful supervision of Sir Michael Costa need scarcely be urged.

(From "the Graphic," June 30.)

By the time these lines are printed the sixth "Triennial" and eighth *bond fide* "Handel Festival" at the Crystal Palace will be over. To enter into any fresh account of its original intent would be superfluous. For how many years it is destined to last can only be a matter of speculation. The originally professed object has now no further significance; and, as we do not hold Triennial Festivals in honour of Shakespeare himself, it is hard to explain why such celebrations should be perpetually kept up in the name of one, however illustrious, who, though during the most fruitful period of his artistic life, a resident in England, was by birth a German. Meanwhile, apart from these considerations, the Handel Festival maintains its supremacy, as not only the foremost thing of its kind in England, but in Europe. Nowhere else—not even in Germany—could such an army of singers and players, so generally competent and so enthusiastic in the cause upon which they are engaged, be brought together under one roof, for one common purpose. That Handel-worship among us does not solely spring from a love and veneration for music which in its way has never been excelled, but from strong sympathy with the themes it has so eloquently set forth, is unquestionable. "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of preachers"—says the Psalmist—a chorus by the way, which, though essential to the significance of the ensuing air, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace," is too often omitted—(as on Monday); but great as was the company of the preachers then, and still greater since, never did preacher discourse more convincingly on a subject of the deepest interest than that preacher whose name was Handel. Even Jeremy Taylor, to whom we are indebted for "The Liberty of Prophecy," would have acknowledged this without a murmur. Thus Handel is doubly enshrined in the affections of the English people, in whom the sentiment of revealed religion, whatever Locke may have written about "innate ideas," would seem to be innate. In the Festival held this week at the Crystal Palace we have listened to two imperishable masterpieces, the Oratorio of the New Testament and the Oratorio of the Old—*The Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, one illustrating, in sublime strains, the redemption of mankind, the other, in strains scarcely less sublime, the deliverance from bondage of God's chosen people. We cannot but think that the order of their presentation should be reversed—that *Israel*, in fact, should be given first and *The Messiah* last. Here, however, we have to deal with artistic prejudices. *Israel*, which shows how Handel could not merely invent for himself, but make free use of the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, ranks higher in the opinion of some (musicians especially) than *The Messiah*, wherein, inspired throughout, he relied exclusively on his own magnificent resources. But grand as is *Israel*, *The Messiah* is yet grander. The respective themes alone, treated by a musician like the "Saxon

Giant," would render that inevitable. *Israel* is the fifth, as *The Messiah* is the sixth of Handel's nineteen English oratorios; yet while the Gospel of peace, and love, and charity must always take precedence of the Exodus of the Hebrews, however marvellously set forth, any attempt to surpass Handel in either achievement would be futile. In addition to these unrivalled pieces, we have had a miscellaneous selection which, on the second day of the festival (Wednesday) separated one oratorio from the other. Beginning with the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*—which the additional instrumentation found expedient makes almost overwhelming, even in such a vast arena as that of the Crystal Palace Central Transept, where the orchestra alone is capable of accommodating little short of 4,000 performers, vocal and instrumental—the programme included various excerpts from compositions both sacred and secular, all, as a matter of course, by Handel. A few more unfamiliar things—such as the excerpts from *Belshazzar*, *Athaliah*, *Deborah*, *Hercules*, and *Joshua*—would have been welcome. At the same time it must be admitted that Wednesday's programme was both varied and interesting. Perhaps on no former occasion have the performances been more striking and effective. The choruses, especially, almost without exception, were superbly rendered; and it is gratifying to know we have at command a multitude of singers so thoroughly conversant, not only with *The Messiah* and *Israel*, but with the less generally familiar among the works of Handel, secular as well as sacred. About the orchestra, and Sir Michael Costa, the eminent chief whose conductor's stick it obeyed with military discipline, to say anything in praise would be to repeat an oft-told story. The leading vocalists during the week have been *Mdmes* Adelina Patti, Edith Wynne, Clara Suter, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Patey; *Mlle* Albani; *Messrs* Cummings, Vernon Rigby, E. Lloyd, and Santley; Herr Henschel and Signor Foli—the name of our greatest singer in oratorio, Mr Sims Reeves, being absent for the first time since 1857, when the earliest experiment with what speedily grew into the Handel Festival, as we now recognise it, was tried, under the auspices of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the zealous directors of which are still its active promoters and managers. Not a single duet was comprised in the programme of Wednesday's selection; so that each vocalist was permitted, like a fixed star, to shine with unborrowed light. That the *lucida sidera*, in their respective spheres, were Adelina Patti and Emma Albani, will readily be imagined. Both were received with enthusiasm, Albani in the most important soprano music of *The Messiah*, Patti in two of the great soprano airs from *Samson* and *Judas Maccabeus*—"Let the bright Seraphim" and "From mighty kings." So unanimous and demonstrative was the applause bestowed upon the latter that *Mdme* Patti had no alternative but to return to the platform and repeat it, from beginning to end. She has never sung more finely, or more convincingly declared herself an accomplished mistress in a style of music possessing so little in common with that with which she is ordinarily accustomed to delight the many admirers of her genius.

Of the performance of *Israel in Egypt* (yesterday) and the general results of the festival, with regard to the success of which no doubt can now be entertained, we must defer speaking.

—o—

SIMS REEVES not AT THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Daily News," June 30.)

In recording the close of this year's Festival, it is impossible to avoid expressing a feeling of regret (such as must have been widely experienced) at the absence of Mr Sims Reeves, whose co-operation has been so important a feature at each of the previous celebrations. No singer has so especially identified himself with the tenor solo music of Handel; which, heretofore, was probably never—and, perhaps, hereafter, may never again be—so finely rendered as by him. His transcendent merits as an exponent of the pathos, dignity, and declamatory grandeur intended by the composer (but so rarely realised by the interpreter), will long live in the memory of the appreciative section (now a large majority) of the musical public. These remarks imply no disparagement of other excellent English tenors who have obtained deserved eminence as Handelian singers. They themselves would be among the first to admit the supremacy which has long been maintained by Mr Reeves.

CHRISTIANA.—The public have already taken 100,000 thalers' worth of shares in the New Theatre Company.

The Dying Swan.

(SONNET.)



Restless and more troubled
eddies on
The river's current toward the northern sea,
And on its dreariness a
dying swan
Is being shrouded o'er by
destiny,
Whose brackish mists
press cold upon the wan
And solitary prey. And
now the land
Grows vague on either
side the mighty stream.

Night creeps in, stretching and tremendous.* Grand,
In mingled dread and quiet, Ocean lies,
Sooth'd by the soulful mist o'erclimbing gleam†
O' the moon. A glimmer† lights the gluing† eyes
Of dreaming bird; then through the evening light
A mystic sadness echoes to the skies,
And on that sound the spirit wings its flight.

Poikato.

* "A pool of treacherous (not stretchous) and tremendous calm."
(Shelley's *Alastor*.)

† "Gleam," "glimmer," and "glue." Read Forman's Wagner.
and Burnand's Forman. "The Niblung is nearing to nibble" is a
masterpiece of alliteration.—E. Quere.

Ergo ignem, cujus scintillas ipse debisti,
Flagrantem late, et rapientem cuncta, videbis.—D. P.

REULING.

Ludwig Wilhelm Reuling, "K. K. Hofopern-Kapellmeister A.D.," or "Imperial and Royal Chapelmaster on the Retired List," died at Munich on the 26th April, after a long illness. Born on the 22nd December, 1802, the deceased received his first instruction from his father, who was Inspector and Town-Pastor of the Evangelical Church, Darmstadt. His precocious talent was fostered by the celebrated organist, C. M. Rink, with such good results, that, when only seven years old, he was allowed to play in the orchestra of the Grand-Ducal Theatre. In 1824 he went to Vienna to finish his education. He studied there under Ignaz v. Siegfried, and, thanks to Beethoven's mediation, under Alois Förster, the celebrated professor of general bass. That he might prolong his stay in the Austrian capital, he began giving lessons and composing. His compositions displayed talent, and quickly attracted notice. Without pretensions to any particular musical value, they fulfilled their object and were favourably received. Foremost among them may be mentioned *Das Fest der Handwerker*, a piece which, thanks to the music, ran more than one hundred nights when first produced, and is still an attraction on the German stage. Reuling also composed for the Kärntnerthor Theater (1830-36) various ballets, such as *Die Vestalin* (in which he employed several motives from Spontini's opera of the same name), and various operas, comprising *Ulysses* and *Alfred der Grosse*, which last achieved a great success in 1840. Another opera, *Der letzte Graf von Anzor*, was never performed.

VIENNA.—The late Dr A. W. Ambros, whose premature death is so deeply regretted, left behind him a collection of some 1,500 different musical works, dating from the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, arranged by him in full score from the original notation. It is, perhaps, the finest collection in existence of old Netherlandish, Italian, and German masters. Its value is, moreover, greatly increased by historical and biographical notices, and critical remarks, constituting a rich store of materials for connoisseurs and practical musicians. According to report, Herr Wilhelm Westmayer, of this city, in conjunction with an art amateur, outbidding all offers from abroad, has purchased the collection from the family in order to present it to some art institution in Austria for the public benefit.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(RETROSPECT.)

We are scarcely bold enough to speculate upon the motives which influence the actions, generally so inscrutable, of an opera director; but it is fair to suppose that Mr Gye, in producing the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's *Santa Chiara* trusted somewhat to the position of the author, and the fact that he is the brother-in-law and cousin of our Queen. If he did so, results showed the usually astute manager to have been, for once, out in his reckoning. The public did not care a jot about *Santa Chiara*, either for its own sake or for its origin, and no more of them attended the performance than were required to make up the worst house of the season. Into the causes of this it would be interesting, though perhaps bootless, to enquire. Some amateurs, with a just knowledge of amateur capacity, may have argued with themselves that no one of their number, and a reigning Duke least of all, could write an opera worth hearing. Others, acquainted with the musical works of the Coburg family, may have formed conclusions leading to the same practical result; while others, possibly, may have brushed up their recollections of an earlier opera from the same source brought out 25 years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre under the then moribund management of Mr Lumley. *Casilda*—so the work was called—is said to have had a *succès de courtoisie*, and the critics of the day, not to be outdone, pleasantly remarked, "As the production of an amateur who makes that the amusement of his leisure moments which to master thoroughly demands the undivided attention of a life, it may be regarded with complacency, if not altogether with indulgence." *Casilda* was played twice, and then disappeared from the stage, and even from the frequented chambers of memory, till *Santa Chiara* came to remind us of its existence in the lumber-room. We will not disturb it there, but turn to its successor—a work which his Royal Highness was good enough to compose, during, or shortly before, 1854. Its first performance took place in October of that year; and in 1855 it was produced at the Grand Opera of Paris, where, like *Casilda* in London, it seems to have been received with courtesy. The Duke was grateful for permission to figure on so illustrious a stage, and bestowed orders, snuff-boxes, bracelets, and trinkets upon the manager and artists with a profusion which it would pain the Covent Garden people to hear described in full. But *Santa Chiara* did not keep a place before the public. Like the sister work it vanished, and we are utterly powerless to conceive any reason, apart from that already named, why Mr Gye thought fit to bring it again into the light of the lamps. To tell the simple, honest truth, *Santa Chiara*, its orchestration excepted, is a worthless thing. At this some may remonstrate with shocked voices, saying, "The composer is a Royal Duke, and criticism should remember the fact." True, the composer is a Royal Duke, and as such deserves respect. But when he puts aside the sceptre to wield the pen we know nothing of him as a Prince. He must take his chance with common folk, for there is a republic of art as well as of letters, and within its frontiers the only grades of rank are determined by ability. Regardless, therefore, of the distinguished origin of *Santa Chiara*, and judging it as though we had to deal with an opera by Brown, Jones, or Robinson, we say that it is worthless, and ought never to have found a place on the Covent Garden stage.

The libretto, written by M. Gustave Oppelt upon another by M^{me} Birch-Pfeiffer, is unfortunate in its subject. Nothing can be conceived more wanting in moral purport. It introduces us at the outset into an atmosphere of villany, and keeps us there with but an occasional breath of purer air, all to no purpose, unless to convey the trite lesson that a murderer may come to a bad end. In the first act we witness the attempt of the Czarewicz Alexis to poison his wife, Charlotte of Austria, after heaping upon her all possible humiliation. The attempt fails because the Prince's physician substitutes a sleeping draught for the death potion, and we, who are in the secret, discern that there is yet hope for Victor de St Auban, a young Frenchman who loves the Princess, and is loved by her in return. The second act shows us the funeral rites performed over the supposed dead body. But Charlotte is not buried alive. A worthy archimandrite so arranges that, while the Court is busy with religious duties, the Princess is carried off, leaving an empty coffin for the mourners to bewail. In the third act Charlotte has become the idol of Italian peasants, to whom she is known for her goodness as *Santa Chiara*. Both Alexis and St Auban soon appear on this new scene. The amiable Prince, having attempted his father's life, is flying from justice, represented by the young Frenchman and other agents of the Czar. St Auban and *Santa Chiara* meet, to the astonishment of the lover, who believes her dead; and just then Alexis enters. The two men prepare to fight, but the apparition of the Princess so terrifies her husband that he stabs himself. What follows is indicated when *Santa Chiara* falls into

the Frenchman's arms. Upon this story we shall waste no words. It is morbid and unhealthy in the extreme, without a single redeeming feature. As for the funeral act, its ghastliness is an offence, and not even a tolerant, good-natured English audience could refrain from expressions of displeasure. Our comments upon the music must be equally brief. It is hopelessly dull from beginning to end, and has not even the merit of a good imitation. All that the Duke says is his own, but, unhappily, never worth the saying, and the opera streams on without exciting the faintest musical interest, much less showing any of the high qualities which alone are able to justify such a work before the public. Taking the opera altogether, our astonishment at its production is unbounded, and every amateur who witnessed the performance on Saturday night will join us in counselling Mr Gye to adopt, in future, a different standard of choice. Even the reputation of the Royal Italian Opera could not survive many such mistakes.

The performance did little to make amends for the character of the work. The scenic effects were as good as usual at this house, while M. Capoul as St Auban, Signor Cotogni as Alexis, M^{lle} Smeroschi as Bertha (a favourite attendant), and M^{lle} D'Angeri as the heroine, exerted themselves strenuously. But nothing could save the opera. The *claque* applauded, but the hisses of a portion of the audience proper spoke the feeling of the majority, who sat in solemn silence.—*Daily Telegraph*, July 2nd.

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Royal Operahouse closed on the 23rd June. From the 1st September, 1876, up to that date, there were 219 operative performances. This number does not include a morning performance of Grisar's opera, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalon*, but it does include the plays with music, such as *Struensee*, *Preziosa*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Manfred*, &c. The performances were furnished by 47 works of 29 composers. The novelties were: *Die Folkunger*, 5 acts, Kretschmer; *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, 4 acts, Götz; *Genoveva*, 4 acts, Robert Schumann; and *Der König hat's gesagt (Le Roi l'a dit)*, 3 acts, Delibes. The following is the respective number of times the different operas were represented:—12 times: *Lohengrin*. 10 times: *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, *Tannhäuser*, *Il Trovatore*. 9 times: *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*. 8 times: *La Fille du Regiment*, *Fidelio*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*. 7 times: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Guillaume Tell*. 6 times: *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Die Folkunger*, *Le Prophète*. 5 times: *Die Maccabäer*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Genoveva*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Les Huguenots*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. 4 times: *Iphigénie en Tauride*, *La Muette*. 3 times: *Fernando Cortez*, *Mignon*, *Cesarion*, *Le Roi l'a dit*, *Euryanthe*, *Joseph en Egypte*, *Hamlet*, *L'Africaine*, *Stradella*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Martha*, *La Dame Blanche*. Twice: *Armide*, *Rienzi*, *Aida*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Le Porteur d'Eau*, *Oberon*, *La Juive*, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalon*. Once: *Jessonda*. The order of the composers ranged according to the number of performances is: R. Wagner, 37 performances, with 6 works; Mozart, 17, with 3; Meyerbeer, 15, with 4; Weber, 14, with 3; Verdi, 12, with 2; Auber, 10, with 3; Götz, 10, with 1; Gounod, 9, with 1; Beethoven, Brüll, and Donizetti, 8, with 1; Rossini, 7, with 1; Gluck, and Thomas, 6, with 2; Kretschmer, 6, with 1; Flotow, 6, with 2; Rubinstein, Schumann, and Nicolai, 5, with 1; Spontini, Adam, Delibes, Taubert, Méhul, and Boieldieu, 3, with 1; Grisar, Halévy, and Cherubini, 2, with 1; and Spohr, 1 with 1.

JULY.*

The rose said to the swallow
One bright day in July,
Thy flight I long to follow,
Would I had wings to fly.
But tell me, summer bird,
What hast thou seen and heard;
In wandering hast thou found
That bright and hallowed ground
Where sorrow dwelleth not?
Tell me of that fair spot,
That dell of calm repose,
Where dieth not the rose,
Where tear-drops never flow.
Oh! speak, I long to know.

Then sadly spake the swallow:
The spot I've tried to trace,
And searched till I am weary,
But cannot find the place.
Yet far and wide I've flown,
To haunts by you unknown,
And tried my best to find
One quite contented mind,
One that hath felt no pain;
The quest has been in vain.
You will be grieved to know
Each heart hath its own woe;
But all is for the best,
This world is not their rest.

* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

RICHARD WAGNER'S TOILET AT HOME.*

The piquant feuilleton concerning Richard Wagner, which I informed you would shortly appear, was published on Saturday in the *Neue freie Presse*. Spitzer, the well-known author of the *Wiener Spaziergänge*, has thoroughly worked out the materials at his command, and not let slip so favourable an opportunity for displaying, under Bengal fire, Wagner's character from a perfectly new point of view. In the preface to some articles which he entitles *Censuren*, and which, by the way, are utter failures, Wagner says: "But my object in this collection is something more serious than to write books; I am desirous of rendering an account of myself to my friends, so that they may be enlightened with regard to much that is difficult to be understood in me." Spitzer desires to assist the composer in carrying out the above notion, and, perhaps, the fact of some one else besides himself devoting his energies to the task, which the composer considers so exceedingly serious, of contributing to our enlightenment respecting him, may get over the objectionable circumstance of the public's seeing the composer only in the light in which he considers it advisable to be seen. Painters and sculptors have idealised away from his head all the mean and ugly traits which force themselves upon the spectator at the first glance; his partisans, too, have surrounded Wagner, the man, with a nimbus, which encircles him with a brilliancy rendering him unrecognisable; and though anyone who can read may discover his real character in his writings, the master has protected the products of his mind, as Wotan protects his daughter, the Walkyre, with a "flickering glow" of wearisomeness, verbal inflation, and obscureness of thought, against the reader "der frech es wagte, dem freislichen Felsen zu nahen."

Wagner, in pink satin drawers, white satin jacket, richly padded pink satin dressing-gown, with a satin sash, five ells long! Who would have believed it possible!—Spitzer takes his "materials" from a collection of sixteen letters written by Wagner. He calls his article "Letters from Richard Wagner to a Dressmaker." Nothing can be happier than the motto which heads the article, "Wie gleicht er dem Weibe!"† (*Walküre*, Act I., Hunding). Spitzer says, "In a catalogue lately published by a dealer in autographs of a highly interesting collection of original musical manuscripts, I found offered, for sale, sixteen letters 'of a peculiar nature' written by Richard Wagner in the years 1865-1868." I am in a position to supplement what Spitzer tells us. The well-known composer, K., in Vienna, a zealous collector of and dealer in many things, especially coins and musical manuscripts, came into possession, heaven knows how, of these sixteen letters from Wagner, to which were added three or four letters of similar purport from the pen of Mme Kosima. In his catalogue, which was distributed a fortnight since, and comprised manuscripts of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, &c., the following notice appeared towards the end: "*Wagner Richard*: 16 Letters, mostly from Lucerne in Switzerland, with some from Munich and its environs, dating from the years 1865-1868, and one of the year 1864, from Penzing (near Vienna)—all these letters are of a peculiar nature—with 9 interesting documents extra, relating to them." "The somewhat high price demanded for these letters," as Spitzer tells us further on: "slightly diminished my wish to purchase them, though it greatly increased my curiosity, and, as the latter was luckily shared by the editor of the *Neue freie Presse*, I was soon enabled to buy the letters and publish them for the amusement of the numerous readers of the paper." This piece of information, also, I can amplify. The letters were purchased by a private person for 100 florins, and passed from him into the hands of Herr Spitzer; unless, as is more probable, they were bought for Herr Spitzer at first.

But I will no longer keep your readers in ignorance as to the contents of the letters, and you may as well have two or three printed. All the others turn on the same subject, and mostly contain fresh orders.

Dear Miss Bertha,—I am sorry to say that I cannot let you have anything this week, for matters are not going on at all as I could wish, and I shall have probably to be up and stirring to look after my affairs in other places myself. But do not be under any ap-

prehension. Believe me that I am most desirous of fully satisfying and recompensing you, the very instant it is possible, for your patience. On this you may rely. Respectfully your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

Penzing, 22nd March, 1864.

This was succeeded soon afterwards by the following from Starnberg:—

When I saw you last May in Vienna, you expressed a wish to receive further orders from me.

I feel myself still under obligation to you; furthermore, you are acquainted with the models which I use for my house clothes, &c., and it is difficult to find here a good stock of materials from which to choose; besides, I prefer having some one to supply me. If, therefore, you like to furnish me permanently for the future with what I want, I am contented; only I should desire both for this, as well as for all you may lay out, as the latter cannot be calculated in advance, an annual account, which I should always settle at the end of the year. If you can comply with my wishes, I would at once let you have some orders. In this case, I should feel much obliged by your giving me the information I require about the following things:—

1. Can you obtain at Szontag's a good heavy satin, of the light brown colour I enclose?
2. Likewise of the dark pink?
3. Can a good quality of the enclosed light pink be had for from 4 to 5 florins?
4. The same for the blue, only I should like it lighter; by no means darker.
5. Has Szontag a sufficient stock of the new red or crimson coloured heavy satin, with which you lined my white dressing gown (with the flowered pattern)?
6. Have you still any of the dark yellow, of which we made the curtains for the little tables?

Please let me have proper patterns, in small pieces, of these 6 colours and fabrics, and, at the same time, be kind enough to inform me whether you can entertain my proposal. I should like you to do so, because such a plan is the most convenient for me, and its adoption would enable me to give you constant employment.

I trust you have still the patterns for the cut of my clothes.

In expectation of your answer, I remain respectfully your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

For the present: Starnberg near Munich.

P.S.—Do not confound No. 2, the dark pink, with the old violet pink, which is not what I mean, but real pink, only very dark and fiery.

(To be continued.)

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.



DEAR SIR,—It is not in France alone that the financial year just past has proved less satisfactory than the year preceding for the theatres. In Germany there has been a diminution of 10 per cent. in the receipts of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers, the returns being 98,000 and 108,000 marcs respectively. Mark, when marcs are spoken of, "respectively," something more is expected—if only "k" in lieu of "o"—as, per example, a hard Kaiser in lieu of a soft Cæsar. "Sieze her" does not hit it; so keep your pun for another occasion. Thine, with reverence not easy to define in a crucial sense,

BARBAGRIGLIA.

MARSEILLES.—Mdlle Jenny Howe has been singing here.

DIEPPE.—A theatre has been opened connected with the Casino.

GHENT.—A grand Musical Festival, under the direction of M. Waelput, will shortly be given here.

VIENNA.—The Komische-Oper has been knocked down for 600,000 florins to the Town Enlargement Board, and will probably be razed to the ground.

VENICE.—The Fenice will not be opened this year, in consequence of a great many persons having refused to rent the boxes hitherto occupied by them.

CARLSRUHE.—A fine Concert Room capable of accommodating more than 5,000 persons has been opened. It is a great deal larger than the Gürzenich, Cologne, or the Musikvereinsaal, Vienna.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

† "How like the woman."

Portraits.

No. 2.
NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.
(Arabian Nights.)



DR W—E.—Well, G—z, we have had some new lamps.
PROFESSOR G—z.—Yes—but I think the old lamps give purer light. Phil—c the Elder has made the same mistake—as W. G. C—s must own. "A. C." of the "Pops," himself, should mind what he's about.

DR W—E.—And A. M—s, with his *Maseppa*.



PROFESSOR G—z.—Oh! oh! oh!
DR W—E.—Ah! ah! ah!

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

COMMITTEE.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P.
Dr W. POLE, F.R.S.
Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR.
Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.

Rev. H. R. HAWES.
Dr F. HUEFFER.
Mr J. S. BERGHEIM.
Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In the notice of Mme Sainton's Concert at the Royal Academy of music, inserted in the *Musical World* of June 6th, for "Miss Howe" read "Miss Hoare" sang "Rejoice greatly."

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877.

SALZBURG MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

AT the "Ovation," which will form part of the second day's proceedings (18th July), on the Kapuzinerberg, before the Pavillion, in which, as we know, Mozart concluded *Die Zauberflöte*, one of the pieces performed will be a Hymn for mixed chorus, with reed-band accompaniment. The words of the Hymn are by Dr Märzroth, and the music by the *Capellmeister*, Herr Max von Weinzierl. Actuated by reverence for the great composer, the Baroness Bertha Schwarz has adorned the little garden round the Pavillion with a bust of him, the principal events in connection with the production of *Die Zauberflöte* being recorded on the pedestal. There has been a very lively demand for places, so that nearly all the seats at twenty florins and nearly all those at five are taken. There is still, however, a tolerably large number left of places at fifteen and ten florins for all three concerts. They may be procured of Herr Karl Haalinger, Vienna (No. 19, Graben), and of Herr Karl Spangler and Herr Heinrich Dieter, here. In order to spare visitors all trouble as to apartments, the Apartments Committee (*Wohnungs-Comité*), with Herr Scheible, the Vice-Burgomaster, at its head, will pay due attention to all questions and directions regarding apartments during the festival, provided the questions and directions are forwarded early enough. Finally, intending visitors are again reminded that return tickets, available for a fortnight, are issued at the reduction of a third by the following railways:—The Empress Elizabeth, West; the Crown Prince Rudolph; the Franz Joseph; the Bohemian, West; the Austrian State; and the South.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Thursday night one of the finest performances of *Lohengrin* ever heard was given under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. Wagner himself would have gone into ecstasies with Christine Nilsson's Elsa, and would have been more than satisfied with the *Lohengrin* of Signor Fancelli. The other leading parts were sustained by Mme Marie Roze, Herr Rokitsansky, and Signor Galassi. More in our next.

M. FRANCIS PLANTE, the acknowledged chief of French pianists, played on Thursday afternoon at the French Embassy for a most worthy charity. About the charity it is not in our province to speak; but we have a right to express our entire acquiescence with all the praises that have been lavished on M. Planté by his compatriots. He is a great artist, in the truest acceptation of the phrase—a very great artist, indeed.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AUBER composed 44 operas; Bellini, 10; Carafa, 34; Coccia, 37; Donizetti, 66; Halévy, 32, 4 of which have not been performed; Mercadante, 59, including some never performed; Meyerbeer, 15; Mozart, 20; Pacini, 115, including cantatas and oratorios; Lauro Rossi, 29; Rossini, 39; and Verdi, 27.

Mlle LOUISE BERTIN, who died not long since, was very nearly setting *La Dame blanche*. According to the *Gaulois*, the facts are as follow. As Scribe was going with the manuscript to the Salle Favart, without having any notion to what musician the management intended entrusting his libretto, he met M. Armand Bertin, editor of *Les Débats*. "What have you under your arm?" asked the journalist. "A manuscript, I suppose?" "You are not mistaken; it is the libretto of a three-act opera." "What is the title?" "*La Dame d'Avenel*." "Have you a composer?" Scribe smelt a rat. Bertin was going to suggest his daughter. But Scribe had only a very limited amount of confidence in the lady. On the other hand, it was dangerous to offend the autocrat of so influential a journal as *Les Débats*. "I am deeply sorry," he replied, not without a little hesitation, "but I am bound to—" "To whom?" "To Boieldieu." With these words, the two speakers parted. But Scribe did not pursue his road to the theatre. He hurried off to Boieldieu's. "My dear fellow," he exclaimed, rushing in like a madman, "look at this immediately, and, should M. Bertin ask whether you are going to compose the music, as I have asserted, do not give a negative answer, I beg of you. If you do, I am undone, ruined." At this moment, there was a ring at the composer's door. It was the proprietor of *Les Débats*. He had not lost a minute in coming to test the truth of Scribe's allegation. Boieldieu gravely informed his visitor that it was he who was going to set the book. And thus it came to pass that Mlle Bertin did not compose music for *La Dame blanche*.

A MUCH vexed question has at length been definitively settled in Germany. The real composer of the famous German Christmas Carol: "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," long supposed to be Michael Haydn, the brother of Joseph, has at last been discovered by Herr Ludwig Erk, the indefatigable labourer in the field of research connected with folk's song. Not only has the composer been discovered, but the writer of the words as well. The name of the latter was Josef Mohr; that of the former, Franz Gruber. In 1818 Mohr was assistant priest at Obendorf, near Salzburg, and died as priest at Wagram, in 1848. Franz Gruber was born on the 26th November, 1787, at Hochburg, Austria. It was on Christmas Eve, 1818, that, in the schoolhouse at Armsdorf, near Obendorf, the well-known song was heard for the first time. Gruber died as organist at Hallein, 1863.

"INDIA without elephants is as bad as Africa without dromedaries, or Siberia without white bears!" said, in dire distress, M. Halanzer, manager of the Opera in Paris, who wanted to introduce elephants in *Le Roi de Lahore*. At one time, he thought of dressing up horses, supplying them with tusks and an indiarubber snout. Horses were procured from the Cirque Franconi, and everything was going on swimmingly, when the plan had to be abandoned. The horses began to neigh, and neighing elephants were more calculated to injure than assist the new work. What chance would *Le Roi de Lahore* have had with a Parisian audience whose risible faculties had been excited by the phenomenon of neighing elephants?

FROM the manuscript of the yet unpublished second edition of Sig. G. Paloschi's *Annuario Musicale*, we learn that Mozart entered on the career of dramatic composer when he was 12 years old; and Weber and Carafa, when they were 14. When Galuppi and Zingarelli had their first opera performed, they were 16; Generali, Pacini, Petrella, Lauro Rossi, and Cagnoni, 17; Giuseppe Mosca, Rossini, and Luigi Ricci, 18; Boieldieu, Handel, Mchul, Cherubini, Salieri, and Donizetti, 20; Alessandro Scarlatti, Paër, Raimondi, Meyerbeer, Lortzing, and Ponchielli, 21; Paisiello, Luigi Mosca, Spontini, Conti, Bellini, Marschner, Pedrotti, De Gioia, and Gomez, 22; Jommelli, Sarti, Cimarosa, Morlacchi, Pavesi, Coppola, Balfe, Wagner, and Rubinstein, 23; Pergolesi, Hasse, Sacchini, Grétry, Orlandi, Hérold, Mercadante, and Marchetti, 24; Graun, Portogallo, Leo, Coccia, and Benedict, 25;

Piccinni, Adam, Federico Ricci, Ambroise Thomas, and Verdi, 26; Flotow, 27; Gluck and Halévy, 28; Monsigny, Gossec, Lesueur, and Auber, 30; Mayr, 31; Philidor, Anfossi, and Gounod, 33; Lulli, 39; Félicien David, 41; Tritto, 45; and Rameau, 50. (Meanwhile, how about Macfarren?—D.P.)

ACCORDING to the report of the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques, the following were the receipts of the Paris lyrical theatres for the financial year extending from the 1st April, 1876, to the 31st March, 1877: Grand Opéra, 3,189,277 francs; Opéra-Comique, 804,153; Théâtre-Lyrique, 1,140,161; Renaissance, 832,376; Bouffes-Parisiens, 428,437; Théâtre-Taitbout, 93,981. No returns are made for the Théâtre Italien. Compared with the receipts for the preceding financial year, from the 1st April, 1875, to the 31st March, 1876, these figures show a falling off thus distributed: Grand-Opéra, 462,037 francs; Opéra-Comique, 6,053; Théâtre-Lyrique, 283,465. At the Renaissance there was an excess of 109,896 francs, and one of 90,693 at the Folies-Dramatiques. It must be observed, however, that last summer the Opéra-Comique was closed for three months, and for only two the summer previous; that there can be no parallel between the Théâtre-Lyrique and the Gaité, where the fairy spectacles realised receipts corresponding to the enormous sums laid out upon their production; and that, if the receipts of the Grand-Opéra have diminished, the average returns for each performance remains 18,000 francs, which, it must be admitted, is a satisfactory result. The diminution of about 725,000 francs in the receipts of the other theatres of Paris is in no way inexplicable or alarming. The authors' rights for the same period were, in Paris, 1,710,000 francs; in the country, 580,700, showing a decrease of 64,000 for the financial year.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *L'Indépendance belge* gives the following details concerning the libretto of *La Esmeralda*, which Victor Hugo wrote expressly for Mlle Bertin:—

"In 1827, a work entitled *Le Loup-Garou*, music by Mlle Louise Bertin, words by Scribe and Mazères, was performed at the Opéra-Comique. It contained some pleasing romances. In 1831, Mlle Bertin brought out at the Italiens a three-act *Faust*, somewhat mystic and, it is said, religious rather than dramatic. One day Victor Hugo was favoured with a visit by M. Bertin, Senr., portly and superb, as he lives in the marvellous canvas painted by Ingres. 'I have come,' said M. Bertin, addressing the poet, 'to ask a great favour.' Fancy M. Bertin, the all-powerful, asking a favour, when from the sanctuary of the office in the Rue des Prêtres-Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, he and the *Journal des Débats* had obliged Charles X. to capitulate! M. Bertin proceeded to explain that his daughter, Louise, rendered almost helpless by a cruel disorder, consoled herself with poetry and art for the sad realities of life. He added that her great wish, her one dream, was an opera taken from *Notre-Dame de Paris*. 'Can you let me have a libretto?' said he. 'Rossini and Meyerbeer have made the same request, and I refused them,' replied Victor Hugo; 'but I shall be happy to please you. Mlle Bertin shall have a libretto taken by me from *Notre-Dame de Paris*.' Such was the origin of *La Esmeralda*, with words by Victor Hugo, and music by Mlle Louise Bertin.

"Some days after the news of this art-partnership had been published in the papers, Meyerbeer, meeting Victor Hugo, said: 'It will not be a success! Ah, if I had only had that book! Are you aware you have made Mlle Bertin a present of five hundred thousand francs?' Mlle Bertin's *Esmeralda* is no contemptible performance, but there was something colossal in the subject which naturally overwhelmed a woman's powers."

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The third "classical concert" is to be given to-day, under the conduct of Mr Weist Hill, our distinguished English violinist, who is labouring hard, and with success in proportion, to make good music hold its own on the hill of Muswell, as it has long done in an opposite direction. Mr Weist Hill is just the sort of man for the situation. He loves music, and music loves him—or else the splendid performance, a month ago, of Sterndale Bennett's ineffably beautiful *Naiads* counts for nothing.

MERSEBURG.—Herr David Hermann Engel, organist at the Cathedral, died a short time since. He enjoyed a high reputation as an executant, a composer, and a writer. He was the author of the admirable treatise, *Zur Geschichte der Orgelbaukunst* (*A Contribution to the History of Organ-Building*.)

Still Another Crisis.



DR GRIEF.—Old fellow! this is too bad. I have cured you of Raff and Rubinstein, and warned you about Liszt.

MR SIDNEY HAM.—They said 'twas for my good.

DR GRIEF.—Thou hast fed upon corpse. I know it by the symptoms.

MR SIDNEY HAM.—Only on sham corpse—only on *Santa Chiara*.

DR GRIEF.—*Hæu cauda!* A cure is now inconceivable. Ham! thou must be sliced!

MR SIDNEY HAM.—Oh no! You told me to go in for simples—

DR GRIEF.—Lodomy and calamy—"twa simples" of proved efficacy; not *Casilda* and *Santa Chiara*.

MR SIDNEY HAM.—What shall I do?

DR GRIEF.—Remain in bed for a month, and take this draught.

MR SIDNEY HAM (*swallows draught*).—Oh! It's worse than *Chiara*!

DR GRIEF.—Better than *Casilda*. Go sleep, Ham; I'll wake you at the end of the month—

MR SIDNEY HAM.—Slice me not, oh Dr Grief! (*Falls asleep.*)

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

HERR CARL BOHRER, from the Royal Opera, Dresden and Stuttgart, gave a morning concert at 24, Westbourne Park, on Saturday, the 30th of June. There was a select and appreciative audience and an interesting programme. The concert began with C. Oberthür's Trio for violin, violoncello, and harp, a composition of decided merit, which was excellently played by Herr Jos. Ludwig, M. Albert, and the composer. Mme Ziméri, who sang Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" and a song by Gumbert with taste and expression, met with a flattering reception. Mdle Camponi had to repeat a song by Hölzel, and Mme Belval, "My Mother's Song" (Ganz). Signor Urio gave Donizetti's "Una Virgin" and a new song by Herr Bohrer, "Un giorno d'estate" (encored). Mr Leigh and Mr R. H. Dalton, both pupils of Herr Bohrer, were also heard to advantage, the former in a song by David, the latter in the Romance from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and a *cavatina* by Donizetti (encored). The concert-giver himself was greatly applauded for his rendering of Mozart's "Non più andrai" and Schubert's "Der Wanderer." Being "encored" in the latter, he gave a spirited "Bacchanale," the composition of Lord Henry Somerset. The instrumental pieces were a Grand Galop de Concert, by Ganz, played by the composer (encored); a violin solo, played by Herr Ludwig; and a violoncello solo, played by M. Albert. The conductors were Signor Predassi, Mr Ganz, Mr Oberthür, and Herr Lehmeier.

Mr Frederick Chatterton gave an interesting harp recital at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday afternoon, June 28th, taking advantage of the occasion to introduce to public notice several of his own advanced pupils. The principal event of the afternoon was, in fact, the performance of a march for ten harps, by Mr Chatterton, played admirably by lady pupils (amateurs) of the talented composer, and loudly re-demanded. Miss Mary Chatterton and Miss Ada Clark each contributed a harp solo to the programme, and the first named also joined Mr Chatterton in a duet for two harps on airs from *Norma*. Mr Chatterton chose for his solo a fantasia of his own composition on themes from *Robert le Diable*, and, being encored, played a selection of Irish airs. He was assisted in the vocal parts of the programme by Miss Helen D'Alton, who received a well-deserved encore for "When you and I were young," and Miss Pattie Laverne, who gained another for her charming rendering of the ballad, "Little Nannie." Miss Venu Roy and Mdme Julia Woolf also took part in the concert. Mr George Forbes conducted. —F. J.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR (*A hurried sketch*).—Extra concert. The director's benefit. Full rooms; enthusiastic audience; no encores, but frequent re-calls to receive well-deserved applause. The audience seemed bent upon hearing again "The Bells of St Michael's Tower," by Sir R. P. Stewart, but Mr Leslie appealed to their forbearance, pointing to what they had still to do. Mdme Patey, owing to hoarseness (which would not have been discerned in her singing), was allowed to leave when she had sung Mr Leslie's new song, "The spreading oak," Miss Robertson singing a song of Sterndale Bennett's, in place of the trio of Mr Leslie's at the end. "The Lord is a man of war" (Santley, Henschel), a splendid example of perfect vocalisation, both singers in full command of unsurpassed powers, each trying to do their very best; noble emulation. The choir had many opportunities of showing their state of perfection, not only in excerpts from the facile pen of the conductor and many others, but also in the motet for double choir, "Sing ye to the Lord," of John Sebastian Bach, which seemed to give as much pleasure to those who sang as to those who listened. At the conclusion the choir sang "God save the Queen," and Mr Leslie received an ovation that must not only be gratifying to him for past exertions, but also an incentive to further labours. DILETTANTE.

UNCHANGING LOVE.*

The flowers all saluted her,
As she amongst them press'd;
They bade her note the pillager,
Destroying each fair breast.
"Thy lover's false," they said, "beware
The canker's poisonous sting."
But to their words she gave no care,
And thus did blithely sing—
"My love is true as yon bright sun
Keeps in its path above;
Hepled'g'd me, when my heart was won,
His never-changing love."

The stars peep'd out from night's dark
Whilst she her love did wait; [veil,
And sweetly sang the nightingale
A love-song to his mate.
But soon the clouds began to low'r,
And winds fell whispering,
"Thy lover's false"; but in her bow'r
The maid did blithely sing—
"My love is true as yon pole star,
Fix'd in the heav'n above;
Nor place nor time can ever mar
His true, unchanging love."

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

July 2nd, 1877.

* Copyright.

VALLADOLID.—The Teatro Calderon re-opened with *Les Huguenots*. Signor Stagno was Raoul.

DESSAU.—Herr W. Stöbel, formerly organist at the church of Peter and Paul, Moscow, died here a short time ago.

HALLE.—Herr Robert Franz, the well-known *Lieder* composer, has resigned his post as professor of singing at the Academy in consequence of deafness.

COPENHAGEN.—Some Italian operatic artists, headed by Mad. Trebelli and Herr Behrens, will sing during the summer in the Tivoli Concert Room.

STOCKHOLM.—A new opera, *Wikingarne*, by M. J. Hallström, composer of *The Mountain King's Daughter*, was to be produced on the Crown Prince's birthday. *Faust* is in rehearsal. Mad. Grabow, who sang a year ago, at the Grand-Opéra, Paris, will sustain the part of Marguerite.

DORDRECHT.—The Second Musical Festival of the Netherlands, recently celebrated here, was a brilliant success. The first day's programme contained two Cantatas for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, *Le Hollandais volant*, by M. Richard Hol, and *Der Feenschleier*, by Herr G. A. Heinze. The pieces on the second day were M. F. A. Gevaert's *Van Artevelde*; a Pianoforte Concerto, written by M. L. Brassin, and played by a pupil of his, M. Kwaast; and a Violin Concerto, by M. W. Kes, a former pupil in the School of Music, established by the King of Holland in Brussels.

THE STOLEN SYMPHONY:

A REMINISCENCE OF AUGUST CONRADI.

By FERDINAND GUMBERT.*

(Concluded from page 410.)

Hereupon, in co-operation with Conradi, I drew up the notice which caused the explosion in Vienna. The reader must know Vienna and the Viennese to have a notion of the excitement produced when the following declaration appeared on the 10th September, 1846, in No. 109 of the *Wiener Musikzeitung* :—

How Herr Conrad L. endeavoured to mystify the whole Public of Vienna, by the public Performance of some one else's Symphony.

Herr Conrad L. has had the unexampled audacity to have performed under his name, in the Theater an der Wien, a Symphony, No. 4, A minor, which I composed, and to which I affixed the motto: "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass." This is a positive fact. Directly I heard of the transaction through the Viennese papers, I wrote to Dr August Schmidt, a gentleman with whom I am personally unacquainted, but who had been described to me as a man of honour. At the same time, I enclosed the initial motives of the four movements of the Symphony. Dr Schmidt had these motives laid before the *Capellmeister*, Herr Suppé, who conducted the Symphony the evening it was performed, and Herr Suppé at once affirmed them to be those of the Symphony (L.'s Symphony), which he had conducted. So gross a violation of the rights of intellectual property, and such a barefaced fraud upon the public never before came under my knowledge. During the time of our acquaintance, Herr C. L. borrowed from me a large number of compositions, songs, quartets, overtures, and symphonies, invariably under the pretext that: he considered them so good that he wished to play them through at home in order to render himself thoroughly acquainted with them. I readily and without a thought gave him what he asked; I frequently remarked, however, that, on being returned, my scores contained numerous pencil-marks, as though some one had copied them out, and evidently marked the passages to which he had come.† Moreover, when Herr L. returned my scores, which were merely stitched together in sheets at the time I lent them, they were always bound in pasteboard, while the title-page (on which I always wrote my own name, the name of the work, and the dates of my beginning and completing the latter), was invariably, strange to say, carefully pasted to the inside of the cover. At that period, I did not, in my carelessness, pay any attention to the fact, but, at present, I suspect, not without reason, that even then Herr L. passed off my labours as his own. With works of the symphony class, such a course of action is very easy, for who hears anything in Germany of the symphonies of a young German musician? Herr Möser, the Musical-Director, was kind enough to have one of my symphonies performed in his class, to gratify me and to exercise his pupils; but I have never been fortunate enough to get any of them performed *in public*; it was reserved for Herr L. to do this, and in so far I am bound to be grateful towards him. Only he should not have had the audacity to wish to deck himself out in others' feathers—how could such a mystification remain undiscovered in a large capital like Vienna!

Herr Conrad L., too, is himself inwardly more conscious than anyone else that I am too well acquainted with his musical capabilities not to be aware he could never write a composition of any importance, not even a symphony. Should it be required, I am ready at any moment to send my original score (as I worked it out—not a fair copy) to Vienna.‡ As regards my musical capabilities, the celebrated pianist, Franz Liszt—now in Vienna—

is in a position to speak; he himself, too, personally looked through a second symphony by me (that in D minor).*

I call upon Herr L. publicly to acknowledge that the symphony in A minor, with the motto: "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass, &c.," performed in the Theater an der Wien is not his symphony, but one he borrowed of me—that it is my work.

Should Herr C. L. fail, in the course of a week to make this acknowledgment, agreeably to the truth, in the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, he will compel me to state what has really been his career, and to what extent he is entitled to speak upon musical matters. I have known him from his schoolboy days to the time of his going to Vienna, and I think he will gladly be spared the humiliation of such a narrative.

I most heartily thank the public of Vienna for the kind forbearance with which they received my work. I thank, also, the manager, Herr Pokorny; the conductor, Herr Suppé; and the band at the Theater an der Wien, for the care they bestowed on the performance of a young German musician's work, and I only deeply regret that I was not allowed to hear what I myself had written.

AUGUST CONRADI.

Berlin, the 3rd September, 1846.

After the lapse of only a few days, Dr Schmidt wrote me a letter, describing the colossal effect produced by the above. Unfortunately, I cannot give his exact words. Conradi asked me to lend him the letter that he might show it to his father and mother and to his friends. He kept it, and, after his decease, it was not to be found among his papers. Dr Schmidt said: "Conradi is the man of the day; let him come at once to Vienna and conduct his Symphony himself in the Theater an der Wien; everything is arranged." But I must be short. In Herr W., the *Commercenrath*, at whose house we both gave lessons, Conradi found a true Mæcenas, who gave him the money for his travelling expenses. On reaching Vienna, he conducted in person his Symphony, and achieved a triumph such as he had never dreamt possible. He who had involuntarily procured him this triumph, the Symphony-Thief, had long previously disappeared from the Austrian capital. That, under such exceedingly favourable circumstances, Conradi did not obtain what he had so often desired, the post of conductor in some theatre, arose solely and wholly—as I learned subsequently—from his peculiar disposition, which then, and repeatedly afterwards, caused him to let the proper moment slip by. Personally, too, he wanted refinement, both in dress and manner, or, in a word, a taking appearance and bearing, qualities which the Viennese do not like to miss in their favourites. The "Stolen Symphony" was, however, the real beginning of Conradi's career. His name became suddenly known; he easily obtained a place in the Stadttheater, Stettin; and music-publishers sought his co-operation. How it came to pass that, with his great natural gifts and thorough musical knowledge, he afterwards cultivated only the lightest kinds of music, that he wrote—and with a very prolific pen—only farce-music, dances, and pot-pourris, compositions which could not possibly afford him any artistic satisfaction, is a question not very easy to answer; but such unlooked-for phenomena often occur in the process of development through which an artist passes. It is perfectly certain that the mortification of seeing no attention paid to his more serious works—even after the affair of the Vienna Symphony—was what first drove Conradi in this direction. Subsequently he was dazzled by the pecuniary result obtained, thanks to his facility in writing with so little effort; and this state of things continued to the last. There are only two observations from Conradi's lips that supply a clue to what he thought on this head. The one dates from the time when he was conductor at the Wallner Theater, and used to compose the music for Kalisch's popular farces of the day. I once said to him: "By-the-bye, do you ever think of your Symphonies? Do you never feel a wish to hear your A minor Symphony once again?" "Ah! old boy," he answered with a sigh, "those were pleasant dreams; but with my Symphonies I might have died of starvation, while now I live very respectably." The second observation I heard shortly before his death. He

* I hereby certify that I have had the pleasure of knowing Herr August Conradi not only as a gifted composer and thorough musician, but as a man worthy respect. I further certify that, at Weimar, in January and February, 1841, he was my constant companion, and will answer for his word.

Vienna, the 8th September, 1846.

F. LISZT.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† Herr L. attempted the same manœuvre here, also, but was not so successful as in Berlin. Here, too, he had an oratorio, which had been lent him, copied without the knowledge of the composer. But his plan was frustrated, by the composer's being informed of what he had done, and claiming his property back. Herr L., however, does not merely have other persons' compositions copied, he borrows the scores of well-known composers to look through, and then circulates them further as he chooses. Proofs of this are in my hands.

A. S. (AUGUST SCHMIDT.)

‡ We beg Herr Conradi to do this without delay, and are confident that, prompted by his good feeling, Herr Pokorny, the manager, will, in order to save a young composer's honour, have the work performed under the name of its real author.

A. S.

happened to speak in the presence of Herr Hugo Bock, the present publisher of this paper, about the "Stolen Symphony." Hereupon, Conradi remarked, with a sarcastic smile: "Aye, aye, my name has gone through some very peculiar phases. At first I was called Conradi, the symphony-composer; then, Conradi, the farce-composer; and now, Conradi, the pot-pourri-composer."

On the 28th May Conradi died, aged only fifty-two; on the 30th we took him to his last home. His coffin was covered with heaps of the most fragrant flowers. The officiating clergyman, in a speech as full of energy as of deep feeling, dwelt upon the good qualities of the Deceased, both as a man and as an artist. When he mentioned, among other things, the "Stolen Symphony," I gazed once more sorrowfully at the coffin, and said gently to myself: "Poor friend! these blooming garlands can no longer please you, and will soon be withered up; but the garland which was the first in your life, the garland offered you by a great and art-loving city, the garland given you for the 'Stolen Symphony,' is one which will never fade. That I was privileged to be instrumental in procuring it for you is something which affords me some little consolation at this parting hour. Farewell, August Conradi, repose in peace!"

Berlin, July, 1876.

(From "Punch.")

Diary of my Ride to Khiva.

Communicated by Private Wire.—Thrilling Adventures.

My Khivan Karavan now consists of the Pig and Alphabet in the boot (beautiful sign for an old inn, "The Pig and Alphabet"), with the barrel-organ (which was instrumental in my escape from prison), the Gaoler's Daughter in rumble, the Sleigh-driver's Boy who has stuck to me from the commencement, and it grieves me to be unable to reward such fidelity by paying him his wages—but, after all, this only increases the obligation on my part; and, as I explained to him, "You see, my lad, I am so far from my native land." Then there's my new horse. It was the Governor of the prison's horse, or the horse of the Governor of the prison, or the horse of the prison's governor (*vide Little Peter's Primer. First Russian Exercises*).

A better or truer mare was never foaled.* Lastly, there's my latest novelty, which accompanied me, in my pocket, from prison—*The Musical Mouse*.

Slight jealousy between the Learned Pig and the Musical Mouse. Whenever the Pig begins to practise with his letters (as he has to do every day), the Musical Mouse begins to whistle and sing, just to put him out, and make him wild. This annoys the Pig, who spells things wrong, and doesn't answer things properly. Consequently I am obliged to beat the Pig. Whereupon he grunts piteously, and spells out, "cuss that Mouse!" if I could only smooth matters over, and bring them together, it would be a fortune!

The Mouse is invaluable in tricks with cards, having been trained by the Gaoler, who used to cheat his prisoners—the old villain! The Mouse—I have christened him "*Ridiculus Musurus Bey*" (and "assisted by Herr Gruntz" will look well in the bill—if I can only bring them together!).

Night.—Halt of the caravan. Spent greater part of the night in teaching Pig the Shadow Dance from *Dinorah*, by moonlight.

Next Day.—Sun out. Blazing hot. Snow melting all round. Mountains of snow gradually becoming less and less in the distance, under the genial influence of the sun.

3.30 P.M.—Distant mountains melted. First view of Khiva. See distinctly the name over the gate. Gaoler's Daughter comes out of tent.

Strange to say, the Gaoler and his daughter had invariably paid their visits to my cell, either in what she romantically termed "the gloaming," or late at night, and as the small *dipkis* (little tallow candles) didn't give much light, I had never really seen her by day. Now I do see her by day, I should say that her father must have been well over seventy and must have been married very early. I begin to regret the Unfair Circassian.

6 P.M.—Frost commencing. Snow mountains gradually being iced. View of Khiva less and less. Dinner. Pig waiting. The Private Band (the Singing Mouse) in attendance. The party consists of self and the Gaoler's daughter. I am polite to her. Very. I hint that to prevent any scandal (scandal about my grandmother!) she had better return to her father, the Gaoler.

With tears in her eyes, she rises from her seat, and throwing her arms round my neck, exclaims, "O son of little overfed ones! Never!"

* R. R. said precisely the same thing of former horse—killed with the ass by Private Electric Wire.—T. Q.

"Nay, my much-caressed moon-faced daughter of a blooming Turnkey in Asia," I reply, "just think of what the world will say."

"O sweetest little son of much-pampered parents, I care not for the world! I am yours—for ever!"

"You are! You are!" I returned (for it was no sort of use having a row about a difference of opinion).

"And O well-rounded and sleekly-combed-and-parted-down-the-centre one, will you always love me as you do now?" she whispered, hanging on to my neck. (She weighs sixteen stone if a pound).

"O, much-underdone round-of-beef-faced" (a great compliment this) "daughter of an elderly, half-paid, underfed Turnkey in Asia," I replied, in my softest tones, "I will love thee always as much as I do now," which was strictly true. (For, need I say it, the Poll of my heart is at home, and my heart is true to Poll! bless her dear eyes! And she's just come into a little fortune, so I hear; but this makes no difference to me.)

10.—Constructed a new frigidometer with an empty bottle, a cork, and a piece of string. (Principle patented.) Frost set in hard. Mountains shaping up to points. Gaoler's daughter, feverish. Sobbing. What shall I do? I offered to pack up, ride off, and fetch a doctor from Khiva.

"And leave me here?" she exclaimed, furiously. "Why, you pitiful, underbred, overfed son of an eighty-four-tonner!" she cried, becoming, I regret to say, abusive.

I remonstrated. She called me "a son of a marine gastronome!" and threw a boot at me. Row. I pointed out that I had meant well. She gradually calmed down.

10.30.—Bitter cold—snow, ice, sleet. Sat in to supper. *Wickski* and explanation. I make *wickski cobbler*. We ice it in snow, and suck it up through straws. (Shall teach Pig to sit in chair and suck *wickski cobbler* through a straw.) We sit on the bank of the river (the Oxus, I suppose, judging by the position of the stars, as I've lost my maps), sipping our *wickski cobbler*, she and I.

SONG.

"In the happy days when we were young,
We sat by the river, she and I,
The barrel organ was by my side,
And all was peace and harmony."

More *wickski cobbler*; more straws. Ha! do I see my way out of it? 'Tis the last straw that breaks the Cobbler's back. . . . Good. The last straw! She sleeps! My Lady sleeps!! Hooray! Now to pack up! and off!! Away to Khiva!! Hark! what is that?

A trill—a sweet, sweet trill . . . a warble. . . . The Gaoler's Daughter awakes. "What is it?" she murmurs. Not to rudely answer her, I reply, "Nothing." This does not satisfy her. We listen. Trilling as of a sweet bird continuing—

"Ha!" she exclaims, a little more than half awake, "it is the Song of the Mudlark."

We are beside the river, and the tide is low.

"And how shall I catch the Mudlark?" I asked, as I pensively ground the organ (playing the Russian River Song of *The Little Volga Boy*) and gazed into the starry heavens, still listening to the lovely trill with which my accompaniment was in perfect harmony. If I could only have got the Gaoler's Daughter (it struck me) to plunge into the mud after the Mudlark . . . perhaps . . . Well, perhaps, she might not have been able to catch that lark. And I—and I should have erected a monument, with the touching inscription, "Sacred to the memory of poor Miss Stick-in-the Mud, the beautiful Gaoler's Daughter." I should have put in "beautiful," because *de mortuis*, &c. . . . But it was not to be.

"Chuck him a *kopper-koppeck*, O son of overpaid and much-muddle-headed parents," she replied, sleepily; "and the Mudlark will dive for it."

I hesitated.

"What!" she continued, suddenly rousing herself, and the Tartar acid, so to speak, effervescing, "you let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I dare!' Give me the *kopper*." It was a brilliant flash. But it was the last. The *wickski cobbler* had done its work. I placed the straw in her mouth. By the movement of the straw I could tell which way the breath was . . . the straw dropped . . . she sank . . . breathing heavily . . . a sweet, peaceful, childlike (for her age) sleep.

11.30.—The trill continued. Lovely!! Ha! I see now! It is the Mouse! I sat listening—enthralled, silent—by the banks of the rippling Oxus.

Midnight.—I make the above notes. Serve out *wickski* to myself, and return to the bank. The moon shines brightly. The Governor's Horse is browsing in the field. The Pig is snoring. The Mouse is singing. The Gaoler's Daughter is murmuring stupid somethings in her sleep. "Lullaby, lullaby! Baker's man!" or whatever the Nursery Rhyme is. I forget exact quotation. Suddenly I hear a grunt—a restless, irritable grunt.

By my side is the Pig with Alphabet.

What is it?

He spells out the answer. "Can't sleep if that infernal Mouse is to go on whistling and singing all night."

"Pig," I replied (on the Letters), with grim humour, for I was determined not to give in to his whim, "Pig, you're a bore!"

He squeaked, and gave a sort of half-laugh, as only pigs can, and retired. To express it, humanly speaking, the Pig smiled, but never forgave the satire.

I retire for the night. Up with the Mudlark to-morrow, and off to Khiva.

6 A.M.—Awoke by a fearful shriek, something between a whistle and the highest note—C in alt.—in the register of that eminent tenor, Signor Timberlegs.

What on earth could it be! I rushed out of the Karavan-tent.

(From the "Musical World.")

The Truth.

(By desire.)

The real new horse.* *



* * It is Governor Queer's horse, or the horse of Governor Queer,

or the horse of the queer Governor. That a better or a truer mare was never foaled by foaler is unquestionable, or it would not have been presented, without reference to sale or return, to our hook-nosed, pot-bellied contemporary's "R. R.," or to the "R. R." of our hook-nosed, pot-bellied contemporary, by his (R. R.'s) less enthusiastic admirer,

THEOPHILUS QUEER.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Herr Wagner, it is said, intends stopping at Ems for a month.

Mdme Marie Sass has undertaken a tour in the French provinces.

The Paris Opéra-Comique closed on the 30th June for two months.

Mdlle Ethelka Gerster was married at Prague, on the 14th ult., to Sig. Gardini.

Les Dragons de Villars will shortly be performed at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

For the second Silesian Musical Festival nearly all the tickets have been sold.

M. Charles Garnier has just published the third part of his *Nouvel Opéra de Paris*.

Herr Carl Gramman, the composer of *Melusine*, has finished a new opera entitled *Thumelda*.

The Emperor of Austria has bestowed the Gold Medal for Art and Science on Mad. Marchesi.

The Vienna Komische Oper was put up to auction on the 18th ult., but there was no bidder.

Mdlle d'Yven, a pupil of Mad. Viardot, is engaged for next season at the Théâtre Italien, Paris.

Mad. Pauline Lucca's starring engagement in Vienna proved so successful that it was prolonged.

Herr Henschel, the barytone, has composed a grand opera for the Royal Operahouse, Munich.

A French operatic company, during a long tour in the far East, were especially successful at Batavia.

Mdlle Vergin has left the Paris Opéra-Comique, and signed an engagement for the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Mr Vernon Rigby is "specially engaged" for three concerts at the forthcoming Leeds Musical Festival.

Herr Max Zenger's new opera, *Wieland der Schmidt*, will be produced at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

The German danseuse Mdlle Adele Grantzow is now somewhat better, and hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Mad. Kainz-Prause has left the Royal Opera, Dresden, and gone to reside at Bonn. She will probably retire from the stage.

The second and concluding volume of Gevaert's *Histoire de la Musique dans l'Antiquité* will not be published till next year.

Dr Ferdinand Hiller has had conferred upon him the Officer's Cross of the Vaken Crown of the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg.

Mr Joseph White, a violinist, touring through South America, has received the Order of Bolivar from the President of Venezuela.

The Paris firm of Pleyel-Wolff offer a yearly prize of 500 francs for a Sonata, Trio, or Duet, in which the principal part is assigned to the piano.

La Reine de Chypre will be performed about the 20th inst. at the Grand Opera, Paris. M. Halanzier has expended 250,000 francs on the scenery and costumes.

The regular season of the Théâtre-Lyrique terminated on Thursday, the 31st ult. The theatre will probably be opened for a short time for spectacle or buffo opera.

Mdlle Rosine Bloch will for the first few nights sustain the part of the heroine in *La Reine de Chypre*, at the Grand Opera. She will then be succeeded by Mdlle Barbot.

Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal, has had three months' leave of absence granted him by the Emperor Wilhelm for the benefit of his health.

Herr G. Conrad (Prince George of Prussia) has completed another drama, taken from old Jewish history and entitled *Adonia*. It will be performed at the National-Theater, Berlin.

In order not to interrupt the run of *Le Roi de Lahore*, M. Halanzier has brought up M. Salomon's leave of absence. Mdlle de Reazké will shortly be replaced as Sita by Mdlle Baux.

M. Melchissédéc has cancelled his engagement with M. Vizentini at the Théâtre-Lyrique. So, by the way, have other artists—Mdlle Salla, for example—cancelled their engagements.

Herr Heckmann has been appointed professor of the violin at the Conservatory, Rotterdam, in place of Herr Wirth, who has become a member of the staff at the Conservatory, Berlin.

M. Wekerlin, librarian of the French Conservatory, has seventeen operas in his portfolio. Yet the only opera, *L'Organiste*, ever produced by him, was played more than a hundred nights.

The ballet of *Sylvia*, in two acts, instead of three acts and five tableaux, its original form, has been revived at the Grand Opera, Paris, Mlle Sangalli again sustaining the part of the heroine.

Condemned in 7,000 roubles damages, for breach of contract, Herr Johann Strauss has come to an understanding with the Czarsko-Selo railway company, and will conduct some concerts at St Petersburg.

M. Pasdeloup and his Orchestra will visit Amiens, Saint-Quentin, Rouen, Caen, and other towns in the North West of France. Mlle Cécile Ritter, and her brother, M. Théodore Ritter, accompany them.

M. François Hippolyte Réty, died, aged 87, on the 31st May at the Paris Conservatory, where he had acted as treasurer above fifty years. He was father of M. Charles Réty, formerly manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Miss Nelly Harris, the well-known dramatic artist, daughter of the late Augustus Harris, has married Mr Horace d'Arcueil Sedger. It is to be hoped that this happy event may not deprive the stage of one of its brightest ornaments.

The German Gesangverein in Mexico have forwarded to the poet, Herr von Holtei, 1686 marks, the receipts of a concert given for his benefit, which Holtei has made over to the Cloister of the Brothers of Charity for tending the Sick Poor.

Having rejected the terms offered him, M. Joncières will not set for M. Carvalho the libretto written by MM. Cormon, Alfred Blau, and Louis de Grammont, and entitled *Mlle de Mareville* (and not *Mlle de Marseille*, as erroneously announced).

TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE.—Professor Macfarren has awarded the first prize in the Senior Examination in Musical Composition to Mr H. Coward, of Sheffield, and the first prize in the Junior Examination to Mr G. C. Clark, of Mow Cop, Staffordshire.

The first number of a new journal, *Hudební a divadelní Vestík*, devoted to the interests of profane and sacred music, as well as of Bohemian theatres and vocal associations, has been published at Prague. It is to appear three times a month.

It is impossible, says the *Boston Courier*, to view the rear elevation of the stylish young man's shirt collar, without thinking of the business revival that would take place, if our merchants would utilize this white expanse for advertising purposes.

A new four-act comic opera, *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, words by Herr Ernst Weichert, music by Herr Richard Wüerst, will be produced next season at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, Mlle Mallinger sustaining the principal female character.

A general meeting of the Association des Artistes Musiciens was held, on the 24th ult., in the large room of the Paris Conservatory, Baron Taylor occupying the chair. The Association is flourishing, and possesses an annual income of 63,000 francs for distribution in pensions and occasional grants.

At a recent meeting of the Paris bar, the question: "When an opera has been accepted, can the librettist cause it to be brought out contrary to the wishes of the composer?" was answered in the negative. The answer is opposed to the judgment pronounced in the case of *Gille et Gillotin*, in which M. Sauvage, author of the words, triumphed over M. Gounod, composer of the music.

Herr Theodor Lachner, the eldest of the well-known musical Lachner family, died, aged 79, on the 22nd May, in Munich. The other brothers, Franz, Ignaz, and Vincenz are still alive. Theodor settled in the Bavarian capital as far back as 1815. For many years he was organist at the parish church of St Peter. He was subsequently appointed Court Organist and Chorus Master at the Theatre Royal. His pianoforte arrangement of Chetard's *Macbeth* is considered a model.

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LETTERS FROM RICHARD WAGNER TO A
DRESSMAKER.

(Published by the Author of "Wiener Spaziergänge," and concluded from page 490.)

Hallelujah! the pink dressing-gown has arrived! Hereupon the indefatigable master proceeds immediately with fresh courage to give more orders. But what are all the stores of satin in the world compared to such a demand for them as Wagner's, which is like the barrel of the Danaides? The last supply he ordered will, as he writes, suffice him only "for some little time."

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—I forgot yesterday to order a coverlet, of the same kind of pink satin—lined with white—padded—very soft—not a narrow pattern, so that the coverlet may not become stiff—exactly the same size as the old blue coverlet—for actual use in bed—of which you must still have the pattern.—I should like this, also, very soon.

Of the silk blonde lace-ground, with a pretty design on it, I should also like some 10 or 12 ells.

Execute this order well. With best compliments, yours,
R. W.

Of the light blue ribbon, instead of 1 piece, I should like 2.
Lucerne, 11th October, 1867.

This letter proves there is a gap in the correspondence, since mention is made of a letter of the 10th October, and we have not one of that date. But from the tone of the letter of the 11th, which suggests the notion that the correspondence was continuous, we may conclude that this is not the sole gap, and that, if the master, impelled thereto by the present publication of his correspondence, will not himself supply the missing documents, the world will know of only a portion, an infinitesimally small portion, of the satin used by him. So much is certain: he gave orders of the same sort as those we have chronicled, not only to the lady to whom these letters were addressed, but likewise to many of our large silk-mercers. In the interest of the silk manufacture in France, now in so depressed a condition, we cannot refrain from cherishing a hope that this large customer may by further orders take off some of the accumulated stock, and thus to some degree ease the market.

The psychologist will, perhaps, discover in the letter of the 11th a trait illustrating in an interesting manner Wagner's indescribable passion for finery. Wagner, as he himself informs us, has forgotten to order a pink satin coverlet. He is not, however, contented with merely repairing the omission, but profits by the occasion for ordering some ten or twelve ells of lace-ground. When, too, the letter is concluded, he regrets that such is the case, and, in a postscript, says that, instead of one piece which he has ordered of the "blue ribbon," he should prefer two pieces. For Franz to bring with him:—

14 ells of heavy pink, of which 20 ells more must be despatched immediately.

50 ells white satin	à 4½.
50 ells grey	"	à 3.
50 ells rose	"	à 3½.
(50 ells to be sent on as soon as they are ready.)					
16 ells light blue	à 5 florins.
Blond and lace-grounds.					

To be made:—

1 pink dressing-gown.
1 blue ditto
1 green ditto (with rose ribbon).
1 dark green, without embroidery, ruching, or sash; simply with white facings.
2 blue coverlets.
2 large pillows (embroidered), to be all trimmed.
1 large embroidered coverlet.

I need make no comments. Two hundred and fifty ells of satin, four satin dressing-gowns, and three coverlets, all at once, speak for themselves. I am beginning to understand Wagner—as man, author, and artist!

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—I will send in about two days 500 florins for the present. Your packages have arrived, only we miss very much roses. Pray send immediately whatever is ready of the garlands ordered. You know I ordered 50 ells more, so that I expect altogether 100 ells of the especially fine roses, of which I at first ordered 3 dozens; I should like altogether 50—50 or 60. We have not yet measured the lace; but, at all events, it would be as well

to have some on hand—though not so wide as the last, a trifle narrower; so, we could find use for 20 or 30 ells.

Best thanks for your kind attention. Your obedient, R. WAGNER.
Lucerne, 21st October, 1867.

In the above letter the reader, somewhat fatigued by wandering through countless orders, is again refreshed by the promise of five hundred florins on account. It is not much, but money runs rather "short." What, however, does that matter? Is it not right to strew our path with roses and forget care? The master orders, therefore, a hundred ells of rose-garlands, and fifty or sixty "especially fine roses." Such a supply would suffice, I think, to make a dozen afflicted families forget their sorrows. Of lace, too, Wagner, wisely keeping an eye on the uncertain future, is of opinion that "it would be as well to have some on hand" (from twenty to thirty ells). Good Heavens, how easily might the lace-makers suddenly inherit estates from rich uncles, and then where should we be able to procure our lace!

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—Everything has arrived, and I thank you extremely. I am waiting for your account, and hope soon to prove my grateful satisfaction with what you have done. Only we have not a sufficiency of the pink satin, and could very well take 30 or 40 ells more. God knows how much is required, if we want to do things well. I should feel obliged if you could get it for me soon!

Mme Stocker asks me to give you her best remembrances. Next year I shall very likely come again to Vienna, and shall be pleased to see you. Accept my thanks, you true soul, and with them the cordial greeting of your obedient,
RICHARD WAGNER.

Lucerne, 15th November, 1867.

The above letter contains the despairing exclamation, "only we have not a sufficiency of the pink satin." Every just man will absolve the master from all blame, however. Wagner has done what he could, and if, despite all his orders, which would have been enough to drape the Rhigi in a rose satin covering, the quantity is not enough, the Devil must have had a finger in the pie, and perhaps been adorning the infernal regions with rose-coloured hangings. "God knows," continues the master, "how much is required, if we want to do things well." Truly, this is something which God alone can know; human wisdom is incapable of calculating it!

DEAR MISS BERTHA,—I at present perceive the error, and beg you will send some of the enclosed pattern to Breneli at Lucerne. I think that, as the satin is not particularly heavy, but pleases me by its colour, you had better get twenty ells at once and send them to me; we can find a use for them.

Excuse me as I have not much time. Our old arrangement still holds good.

Yours cordially and obediently,
RICH. WAGNER.

Munich, 18th January, 1868.

The satin sent him by the dressmaker is not "particularly heavy," but its colour pleases him, and, as satin of slight texture is better than none at all, he at once orders twenty ells of it. "We can find a use for them!" he exclaims. There can be certainly no doubt that for satin, which is easily dirtied, there is some use or other in a large household.

"DEAR YOUNG LADY,—I herewith send what I can spare you for the present, so that you may at least see that I think of you. If I can manage it, something more shall follow, only until autumn I myself am somewhat pressed for cash.

Best compliments from your obedient,
Lucerne, 9th May, 1868.

This last letter is the only one in the entire collection written on rose-coloured paper; but, alas! its purport is not by any means roseate. The correspondence concludes as mournfully as it commenced: the master is "pressed for cash!"

After perusing the above letters, I think the reader will consider that the motto: "Wie gleicht er dem Weibe!" which I prefixed to them, is justified. The words are uttered by Hunding, in *Die Walküre*, after scanning the features of his guest Siegmund. Hunding then remarks: "The deceitful worm gleams from out his eyes." When we read these letters addressed to a milliner; when we see how exclusively and with what deep interest the writer discourses in them of finery; and when we learn what large sums are squandered upon the glossy satin, we should think, save for the signature, that the letters were the letters of a woman. Wagner prefaces the ninth volume of his *Collected Writings and*

*Poems** with a poem, addressed by him in January, 1871, "To the German Army before Paris." In it we read :

"Es rafft im Krampf
Zu wildem Kampf
Sich auf des eitlen Wahns Bekenner :
Der Welt doch züchtet Deutschland nur noch Männer."†

The heroic German host would never have achieved their immortal victories had all the men whom Germany "breeds" become as effeminate as he who sang their praise. Our great men have never lost anything in the eyes of the world by the publication of their familiar correspondence. For this they have been indebted not to the delicacy of the persons who published the correspondence, but to their own characters and dispositions.

MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.‡

By JOSEPH SEILER.

PAISIELLO AND MÉHUL.

As we know, Napoleon had no love for art ; and music, in his eyes, possessed the least value of all the arts. Whatever he may have done for music, was not done for the sake of music itself ; his motives, whenever he appeared as its patron, lay in his ambition and greed for command. As regards the technical part of art-melodies, harmony and rhythm, he understood it very well, and gave numerous astonishing proofs of the fact. But of the genius of music, of the *vita nuova* in it, he had no notion. To everything which went beyond the mechanical portion, which could be and was calculated, he was indifferent. For the inward worth, properly so called, he had no sensitive mind, no belief. Only in so far as it bowed to his profane ends—only in so far as it lent itself to his apotheosis—did he consider art, or all the arts together, worthy his notice.

In 1802, when First Consul, Napoleon summoned the celebrated Paisiello from Italy, for the purpose of composing in Paris, to French words, a grand tragic opera, a genuine *opera seria*. Napoleon entertained a very slight opinion of French and also of German music. He misapprehended and slighted Rameau, Gluck, Méhul, and Cherubini. It was for this reason that, to the no small anger of all the Paris composers, Giovanni Paisiello, known in the French capital from having formerly resided there and written some sacred music and comic operas, received a commission to set the grand opera of *Proserpina*, according to Napoleon's own suggestions. Paisiello—probably with great reluctance—obeyed the dictatorial command, and undertook a task utterly opposed to all his musical proclivities, and the failure of which was easily to be foreseen. As soon as the work was somewhat advanced, Napoleon determined, by a preliminary rehearsal, to see whether Paisiello satisfied his expectations. He ordered, therefore, one evening, a rehearsal of the first act—with only the principal singers and the stringed quartet. Paisiello was under the necessity of allowing his opera, composed by him for a large theatre and a numerous orchestra, to be essayed by a few singers and a thin quartet accompaniment in a drawing-room. Strange demand ! Paisiello must have had a presentiment that his laboured work would prove a failure. After hinting to the ladies in no very polite manner that he trusted they would not *shriek*, but *sing*, in this opera, the Consul seated himself opposite the performers with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair. In this position, dumb and motionless, he remained during the entire act. Any one might very well have supposed he had fallen off to sleep. At the conclusion of the act, the all-dreaded being went up to Paisiello, and loudly addressed to that affrighted *maestro* a host of censorious remarks on faulty prosody, words violently separated from each other and unskillfully repeated, and purposeless ritornellos, interrupting the melody and confusing the singers. All these were defects found, not in Paisiello alone, but in *all* Italians. Yet Gluck

and Méhul—whose great strength and principal merit consisted precisely in an oratorical style, in correct accentuation, in mightily pulsating rhythms, in a wise, and occasionally an anxious, restriction of the lyrical, and purely musical element—were regarded by the dictator with contempt. Strange contradiction ! Paisiello was utterly dismayed. Though he had not expected compliments, he had not expected such bitter blame. The poor fellow could scarcely manage to stammer forth a few unconnected words. He must have thought, and he really had thought, that Napoleon sent for him to set *Proserpina* on account of his agreeable and everywhere esteemed melodies, of his lovely and softly touching strains, which the Consul had, perhaps, vainly sought for in French masters. He had considered he was bound to show that a composer could write even to French words, delightful, sweet, Hesperian cantilenas, long-winded roulades, and ear-tickling shakes. That, however, from the Italian melothete, who troubled himself little about tragic truth, strict declamation, or profound harmony—that from him any one expected a great, nay, a model musical drama, this was something which neither Paisiello himself, nor the singers, nor, lastly, the public, could ever have presumed. We perceive from this that Napoleon was as little acquainted with and had as little fathomed the nature of *Italian Opera*, relying exclusively on *song, melody, and intoxication of the senses*, as the nature of the *French musical drama*, having for its sole end and aim *sublime tragedy and the most thorough truthfulness of musical expression*, and that—blinded either by natural prejudice, or ignorance and the want of confidence springing therefrom—he had never understood the lofty creations of Gluck, Méhul, Lesueur, and others, and never recognised their merit.

Meanwhile the will of the future emperor was a stern law, to which no one dared deny obedience. Paisiello—willingly or unwillingly—had to go on working at his ungrateful task, which now weighed on him like some terrible incubus. Whether, after the consular reprimand, he endeavoured to adapt himself more to Napoleon's desires, and, if he did so, in what degree his attempt proved successful, is something we cannot now determine. The score of *Proserpina*—though engraved in Paris in 1803—has long reposed in the dust of oblivion. The reception accorded it was not favourable. Reichardt, who attended the first performance, which, after long preparations, took place on the 29th March, 1803, gives the following account* :—

"Finally, the first performance of Paisiello's *Proserpina* really came off to-day. The opera commenced in a very weak manner. The overture failed to produce the slightest impression, and was in no way suited to or calculated for the grand French style and the admirable orchestra. The entire act was very weak. But this only made Paisiello's adherents and the Court party clap their hands all the more till they were sore. It was necessary, however, for them to do so, in order that the hissing and whistling, several times on the point of bursting forth, should not get the upper hand. In the second act, the clappers and bravo-criers were tired, and, in the third, nearly altogether silent. Paisiello's most zealous advocates hung down their ears—the hissers grew bolder and bolder. The former would probably have been knocked up in the very first act, had not nearly the half of it been cut out after the grand rehearsal. Notwithstanding this, the opera lasted nearly four hours. There was a great deal of good dancing, though to very weak music, deficient in character and life.—Paisiello's music, however, was exactly what those who know his fine talent for agreeable pleasing melody, but are not thereby seduced into blind enthusiasm for him, could not help expecting. In many very agreeable and charming passages he was once more quite the pleasing melodist he is in his Italian operas. But in the one case as in the other, all his personages : Pluto and Jupiter, as well as Proserpine, sang the same agreeable melodies.† Nay, Pluto and Proserpine once actually sang a piquant duet, in which both interchanged the same melodies—accompanied, moreover, for both by the same harmony. Besides, the same piece had been already heard in his *Nina*.

"Except for the first scenes of the second act, in which Ceres and the Nymphs anxiously seek Proserpina—and in which there

* *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen*. But why "*Schriften und Dichtungen* ?" "*Writings and Poems* ?" Are not "*poems*" "*writings* ?"

† "Convulsively the believers in a vain delusion rise for the wild struggle ; but it is Germany alone which still breeds men for the world." The reader cannot fail to appreciate the fact that Herr Wagner's habitual modesty informs the above lines.

‡ From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

* *Vertr. Briefe*, Vol. III., pp. 274 *et seq.*

† Exactly the same thing had occurred in the works of Piccini, Cimarosa, Galuppi, and was subsequently repeated in those of Paer, Caraffa, and Bellini. Rossini, Donizetti, Mercadante and Verdi, are (partially) bright exceptions who have forsaken the traditional well-worn rut.

is really a grand theatrical effect—anyone must have thought that Paisiello knew nothing of the great reform brought about in French tragic opera by Gluck, for all the rest was the utterly mediocre, flat sort of stuff, without plan or character, to which we have lately been accustomed in Italian vocal composers.

"The melodiously agreeable portion was here the less able to compensate one, as it was very little developed, moving with very little freedom and grace under the constraint of the French words, which had everywhere distressed and hampered the composer, and not being delivered by the singers, male and female, with that charm and grace, through which the slightest trifles frequently become in Italy entrancing and popular pieces. The singers, whose individual nature and voice the composer seemed to have taken very little into account, gave themselves all the pains they could to declaim vigorously and render tragic music which required to be sung agreeably. The most unpardonable thing of all was probably the fact of Paisiello's appearing not to have troubled his head in the least about the dance-music, which is raised in France to the highest perfection.* Not a single dance-number possessed any character, or was treated artistically as it ought to have been treated. Even the frequent solo-parts in the orchestra—designed perhaps to make up for the above short-coming—were not heard to advantage, and proved ineffective."

(To be continued.)

ADELINA PATTI.†

A little book, addressed to us in the handwriting of a foreigner, has just come to hand. It turns out to be a very interesting biography of the greatest singer of her period—an artist whom thus to describe is at once to name. In his *Life of Adelina Patti*, Dr Dalmazzo begins by "craving the indulgence of his English readers," and by expressing a hope that "the fact of his being a foreigner, and only recently resident in England, will disarm adverse criticism." There is no opportunity, in this case, for adverse criticism, except, indeed, as regards a few matters of detail. Since Adelina Patti speaks French as perfectly as she speaks Italian, English, and a few other languages, we cannot believe that she said to her husband on any occasion, "*Est-ce que je n'est bien chantée?*" It is quite possible, however, that for this curious sentence, at once inexact and incomplete, Dr Dalmazzo's printers may be responsible. The printers have far more to answer for when (page 40, last line) they make Dr Dalmazzo say that Mme Patti "having nothing left of the freshness, purity, and metallic strength of her voice, has gained in fluidity and flexibility." "Nothing lost" Dr Dalmazzo had obviously written. We must call the learned Doctor wrong to account for stating that Mme Patti insists upon singing *Il Barbiere* with one tenor, *Lucia di Lammermoor* with a second, and *Faust* with a third; and that, having once chosen her tenor, he must appear whether able or unable to perform. "There are those of them," he writes, "who are prevented by illness, by affections in the throat: then the opera must be delayed, or they must come and sing as they are, which all the directors of theatres, and Mr Gye especially, know perfectly well." The well-meaning biographer is here completely at fault. With how many different tenors has Mme Patti played Lucia, or, since the retirement of Mario, Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*? Mme Patti is the most accommodating of all artists. She is never indisposed herself; and no one who is familiar with her career in England can imagine her suggesting that a representation in which she was to take part should be postponed on account of the indisposition of this or that tenor.

Dr Dalmazzo has evidently studied the human heart; and, starting from the fact that Adelina Patti is gifted with exquisite sensibility, he has inferred that she must be capricious, and thereupon has set himself to consider in what manner she would probably show caprice. We, also, have studied the human heart, and, knowing what a puzzle it is, have renounced all idea of interpreting it. A far safer guide to knowledge of character is to be obtained by observing human actions, and considering what internal qualities they denote. Now the resolute manner in which Mme Patti fulfils all her engagements, singing seventeen years

successively at the same theatre, identifying herself, meanwhile, with some twenty-four different parts of the most varied kind, appearing sometimes in a strong, sometimes in a comparatively weak caste, always, under no matter what trying circumstances, doing her best, and her very best: this is enough to prove to us that, whatever else Mme Patti may be, she is certainly not capricious. Our respected author wished, we imagine, to treat his subject in what seemed to him a philosophical spirit. He may, also, have thought it necessary for artistic purposes to throw in a few unimportant shadows, so as to bring out the bright portions of his pictures in more striking relief.

Adelina Patti, according to Dr Dalmazzo—on this point perfectly well informed—is thirty-three years of age. He is quite right, too, in saying that "she still possesses the fulness and freshness of youth." Moreover, "her forehead is high; her eyebrows are well arched, and almost meet; her mouth is small, showing two small receding dimples; her chin is slightly prominent; and her eyes, which shine in action and resume a particular calm in repose, are large and dark-coloured; her hair is chestnut and flowing. She has great agility of person, and grace in her gestures; her movements of the head are particularly charming; and she is gifted with that smile which poets call divine, and which gives the acts the proper expression, and to all her deportment that indefinable beauty which adorns the pictures of the Raphaelian school."

We were saying that Mme Patti had appeared in some two dozen parts. Dr Dalmazzo reckons no fewer than twenty-seven. He cites twenty-two; but he leaves out of his calculation Ernani, in which, three years ago, Mme Patti impersonated the heroine most admirably, and two unimportant works, one by Prince Poniatowski, the other by Signor Campana. The following is Dr Dalmazzo's list of characters in which Mme Patti has especially distinguished herself: Rosina, Zerlina, Adina, Martha, Annetta, Norina, Amina, Lucia, Linda, Violetta, Gilda, Elvira, Maria, Catarina, Dinorah, Valentina, Leonora, Margherita, Desdemona, Giulietta, Esmeralda, Aida. From these twenty-two, twelve are selected in which, we are told, Mme Patti has been peculiarly happy. But as from this catalogue the names of Gilda and Margherita are omitted, we cannot consider it complete. Our accomplished critic remarks with justice that Mme Patti is equally good in tragedy and in comedy, in French, Italian, and German opera. But what does he mean by "the flying and interrupted music of Beethoven and Mendelssohn"? and in what unknown opera by Mendelssohn has Mme Patti sung? We should like to hear her in Beethoven's *Fidelio*.—*Hubert Silber.*

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Last night I had the pleasure to hear, for the first time, the chorus which has been selected for our Musical Festival in September next, and I trust you will permit me to say that, whilst I have still the tone of the grand choral gathering at the recent Handel Festival ringing in my ears, I never heard a more satisfactory, a better balanced, or a more powerful and rich-toned choir (numbering about 300 voices) than the one which rehearsed in the Philosophical Hall, under the direction and training of that able and pains-taking chorus master—Mr Broughton. The trebles are exceedingly good, fresh, and brilliant in tone; the altos are equally good; the tenors fine, but scarcely numerous enough; the basses are simply magnificent. The manner in which the choral selections were sung from Mr Austin's *Fire King*, a work, so far as I can judge, likely to reflect the highest credit on its composer—(a native of Leeds), Bach's superb "Magnificat," and Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*, was something to be remembered, and—if "coming events cast their shadows before"—indicates a success in the choral department of our Festival of the highest kind. Especially imposing was the steady manner in which Bach's glorious, masculine strains were given—whilst great expression and delicacy were obtained in the impressive final chorus of the first part of *Joseph*. Trusting that as many thousands as the Town Hall will hold may participate at the Festival in the great musical treat which is in store, I am, &c.,

Leeds, Friday, July 20th, 1877.

WM. SPARK.

VENICE.—The Teatro Malibran was to open for opera this evening. The company includes: Signore Bianchi, Smeroschi, Magi-Trapani, Signori Piazza, Udina, Pandolfini, Trapani-Bona, Butti, Ghilberti, Ciampi, and Caracciolo.

* At that period—yes!

† *Adelina Patti's Life, and her Appearances at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, with particular Documents.* By Dr J. M. Dalmazzo.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



L. G. 77

Mdlle Ethelka Gerster, whose highly-favourable reception on the night of her *début* before a London audience, as Amina in the *Sonnambula*, was recorded in befitting terms, has established her position with the patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre. Lucia—which, being more essentially dramatic than Amina, as well as being serious throughout, taxes her powers as an actress, if not as a singer, in a severer sense—led her a step onward. Here, again, she found ample occasion to display the rare quality of those notes belonging to the upper register of her voice, which she must have cultivated with the utmost assiduity, and her facile employment of which never fails to rouse her hearers. Not to enter into details, we many point to the concluding air in the scene of the madness, “Spargi d'amaro pianto,” and to the original and striking cadence by means of which she reaches a climax that would probably have surprised Donizetti. In level singing, especially where the middle voice has to deal with successive closely-knit “gruppettos,” Mdlle Gerster is less uniformly successful, and to obtain evenness of tone and quality in such passages exacts no less constant and assiduous practice than the other. An artist so well endowed and evidently earnest as Mdlle Gerster, however, is not

likely to neglect any necessary study that may enable her to approach nearer and nearer the goal of perfection which it should be, and doubtless is, her ambition to attain. *I Puritani*, Mdlle Gerster's next essay, was, we think, regarded as a whole, her most successful one. Elvira has a good many florid passages to execute, but also certain *cantabile* phrases demanding genuine and unforced expression. Among them stand conspicuous the reverie, “Arturo, a già ritorni!” when the suddenly deranged Elvira imagines that Arturo has as suddenly returned (*finale* to Act I.); to the touchingly melodious “Qui la voce,” when, absorbed in thoughts of her absent lover, she dwells sadly on the past; and one or two others that need not be specified. To these, and especially to the first named, Mdlle Gerster imparts all the essential feeling without a touch of exaggeration; but they hardly make as strong an impression on her audience as the well-known *polacca*, “Sen vergin vezzosa,” or the *cabaletta*, “Vien diletto,” with its florid embellishments. How and in what manner these would be executed by the young Hungarian lady might have been guessed in advance by those who have carefully watched her previous performances. The high notes introduced at the end of the *polacca*, of course, to employ a conventional phrase, “brought down the house” on each occasion, and to these again Mdlle Gerster was indebted for an encore and triple “re-call.” Much the same effect, though perhaps in a less demonstrative measure, was created by “Vien diletto,” already mentioned. Still, we prefer listening to her in snatches of such melody as occur in the great duet with Arturo (Act III.); for example, “Oh parole di amor!” and “Caro, non ho parola,” where she can use the medium tones of her voice in such a way as to let her hearers feel what their quality actually may be. Enough, however, has been said to show that the artistic progress of the new *prima donna* will be followed with increasing interest.

MARSEILLES.—A one-act comic opera, *Le Violon de Stradivarius*, music by M. Ginouvés, has been produced at the Théâtre-Michel.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Last week was taken up by repetitions of *La Traviata*, *Le Vispe Comari di Windsor*, *Faust e Margherita*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Aida*, added to one performance of *Hamlet*, with Mdlle Albani as Ophelia. The second, third, and fourth of these were respectively for the “benefits” of Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, Mdlle Adelina Patti, and Mdlle Albani; and it need not be told that these popular artists were greeted by their many admirers with reiterated applause and showers of bouquets. Verdi's *Aida*, which cost the Khedive of Egypt so much money, and by which the foremost of modern Italian dramatic composers earned fresh laurels, brought Mr Gye's season to a conclusion. The cast was as before—Mesdames Patti and Scalchi, as Aida and Amneris; Mdlle Cottino, as the Priestess; Signors Graziani, Scolara, Capponi, and Nicolini, as Amonasro, the King, Ramfis, and Radamès. The performance, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, one of the finest we remember since the opera first came out in the summer of 1876, was applauded with more than customary enthusiasm by an audience that filled every part of the theatre. Calls for the principal singers were frequent, and a more brilliant closing representation could hardly have been desired by the spirited manager himself. After the opera the National Anthem was given, Mdlle Adelina Patti taking the solo verse.

In the course of the season just over, Mr Gye has drawn largely on the catalogue of operas at his immediate command; three by Meyerbeer, two by Mozart, two by Rossini, five by Donizetti, two by Bellini, five by Verdi, one each by Flotow, Auber, and Ambroise Thomas, two by Gounod, and two by Wagner—26 in all. He has added to his repertory *Santa Chiara*, the *Vispe Comari di Windsor*, and the *Vascello Fantasma*. Mr Gye, in promising “at least three” out of five operas named in his prospectus, has fulfilled the pledge he gave to subscribers and the public. While the known works were all more or less effectively presented, every care was taken in the preparation of the new ones by his able and zealous conductors, Signors Vianesi and Bevignani. Besides the favourite artists of last season, Mr Gye has introduced the Spanish tenor, Signor Gayarre, the French tenor, M. Capoul, and a promising barytone, Signor Ordinas (also Spanish), into the bargain. The orchestra and chorus have been more than usually excellent; while the scenery (by Messrs Dayes & Caney), and the appointments generally, were such as we are always accustomed to expect at the Royal Italian Opera. To judge from results, moreover, Signor Tagliacoco, the new stage manager, is as active and efficient behind the curtain as he used to be before the lamps, his superintendence in this direction having been of eminent service during the season.

PRESENTATION TO HORTON C. ALLISON.

On Monday, July 23, Mr H. C. Allison received a gratifying testimonial from his pupils at Manchester, in the form of a Cambridge University Hood appropriate to his degree, together with an illuminated address of which the following is the text:—

“Presented to Horton C. Allison, Mus. B., Cantab., on behalf of his Pupils at Oakleigh, in commemoration of his taking his degree as Bachelor of Music at the University of Cambridge, and as a recognition of the pleasant and efficient manner in which he has imparted instruction during the long period he has been engaged here in teaching Harmony, Vocal and Pianoforte Music.”

“Higher Broughton, Manchester, July 23, 1877.”

MY ABSENT LOVE.*

Some tulips I send to my sweetheart;	For they have lain long in my bosom,
If you're willing that lov'd one to be,	And have felt the wild throb of my
I ask you to cherish and keep them,	heart,
As a pledge of affection from me.	With joy as I thought of that meeting,
	After which we are never to part.

And though they have blossom'd and faded,
And would hasten away to their doom,
'Twas my glowing breath that destroy'd them,
And my kisses that scatter'd their bloom.

July, 1877.

FREDK. H. DAVISON.

* Copyright.

To F. C. Burnard, Esq.



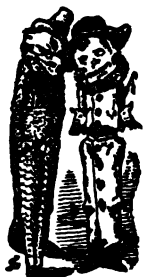
SIR,—You know the infinite lines beginning:—

"A time there was, ere England's grief began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man," &c.

Well, I should have preferred sustained its man, to avoid the alliteration, maintained—man (two M's, three N's, and three A's), to which you are addicted.

Did not Thackeray say, speaking about the heroes of the wreck of the Birkenhead—"succumbed

to the powers above, and went down in good order"? Of course he did. Mr Myers, however, gives "O Fons Bandusiae" as subjoined:—



"O crystal-clear Bandusian spring,
Well worthy thy sweet offering
Of wine with flowers engarlanding.

"A kid to-morrow morn I vow,
Whose budding horns upon his brow
Foretell his lustihood,
His fights and loves; but all in vain,
So soon his sacrifice must stain
The rills of thy cold flood.

"The fiery dogstar's angry heat
Touches not thee; thy cool retreat
The tired plough-oxen know and love,
And all the flocks that round thee rove,

Have found thy water sweet.

Thou, too, with famous springs shalt be
Enrolled in new nobility,
For sake of this thy song that sings
The oak-crowned rocks whereat thy springs
Come leaping laughingly."

Here (though Flaccus would have shook his sides) I like the alliteration. "Leaping laughingly" is better than "maintained its man"—although there are three L's, and M comes after L—which shows that you may give a man an inch, and he will take an ell (registered), if he can get it. Nevertheless—



"I can't endure this mental strain," though, as the Rev. John Donne, D.D., poet and erewhile Dean of St Paul's, saith—

"I am no libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) will say there are too many."

Sleep, therefore, in peace, my singular good sir, and believe that I am yours in deep sincerity,
Stephen Mount.

Round Tower, Ballyballaghany.

P.S.—Achtet auf den Kartoffel-Käfer. Have an eye or two upon the potato-beetle. In fact, the Käfer is little better than a Kaffir with more legs. Eschew all beetles, I would say—even black.

S. R.

LYONS.—Some years since, the Théâtre des Célestins was destroyed by fire. A new and larger theatre has been erected on the same site, and will be opened early in August. The façade of the old theatre was shut up by the surrounding houses; that of the new one occupies an entire side of the Place des Célestins.

"LE VISPE COMARI DI WINDSOR."

(From the "Examiner.")

Such is the somewhat incorrect Italian rendering of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the title of an opera by Nicolai, produced last Saturday at Covent Garden. The libretto, it need hardly be said, is founded on Shakspeare's play, and no severer test could have been applied to the intrinsic humour of that play than the transmogrifying process of operatic adaptation. But Shakspeare has painted with so broad a brush the amorous entanglements of the fat knight; his ignominious escape in the clothes-basket, or as the old woman of Brentford, are so indestructible in their main features, that no amount of miscellaneous airs and duets and ensembles can wholly deface them. Like a story after its migration from East to West from the Vedanta to Grimm's fairy tales, Sir John and his merry tricksters at first look strange on the operatic boards; but when we have once become accustomed to their singing Italian instead of talking plain English, we soon recognise our old friends, and are pleased accordingly. It is also but just to the German dramatist—for the original libretto was written in the German language—to say that upon the whole he has accomplished his difficult task with taste and skill. His adherence to Shakspeare's play in all essentials is especially laudable, his chief aim having been to simplify the plot and reduce the number of the *dramatis personæ*. Nym, and Pistol, and Bardolph, and mine host of the Garter, have had to submit to this process, and so has the valorous encounter between the Welsh parson and the French doctor. But these characters and incidents, after all, are but fanciful arabesques on Shakspeare's canvas, enlivening the course of the action with their humorous byplay, but without *raison d'être* in an operatic libretto. The only modification of the plot occurs in the last scene, where Dr Caius and Slender, instead of being wedded each to a "great lubberly boy," espouse each other to their increased mutual discomfiture. Of Nicolai's music not much need be said. The opera is not altogether new in England, having been twice before performed in London, for the last time in 1867, at Her Majesty's Theatre. The composer, although German by birth, betrays few of the peculiarities of the school of that country. His style is a mixture of French gaiety and grace with a distinctly Italian type of melodious formation, German training being apparent only in the more careful structure of the concerted pieces. Music of this kind, if produced by a master of his craft, may be listened to with undisturbed pleasure. Everything is sparkling and bright. There is no long-winded pretentiousness, no absolute triviality to shock our æsthetic feeling, but also no strong emotion of any kind such as is the result of high art-work. Nicolai knows how to write a sentimental love song, *vide* Fenton's charming "Odi canta l'usignuolo;" he also can depict two angry women bent on revenge—the exquisite duet between Mrs Ford and Mrs Page towards the beginning of the opera is sufficient proof of it; and his command of orchestral effect is evinced beyond a doubt by the overture, exquisitely rendered and rapturously encored on the present occasion. But here his faculty ends. He is wanting in that great test of true dramatic vocation—the power of developing, or, more properly speaking, of musically re-creating a character; a power as difficult to define but as easy to recognise in music as it is in poetry itself. The Page in *Figaro*, Nevers in the *Huguenots*, or almost any character in Wagner's later operas, are instinct with individual life; every phrase they declaim, every snatch of melody they sing, belongs to them, and is part of their being. The same cannot be said of Mrs Ford or Mrs Page, who are scarcely distinguished from each other, nor yet of their comprehensive admirer, a character eminently suited for musical delineation. Mozart or Rossini would have made a striking *tableau de genre* of the fat knight; in Nicolai's version, he indulges in musical tall talk and sings drinking songs, but there are few traces of sustained psychological conception on the composer's part. Another serious drawback of the score is its total want of local colour. Nothing more emphatically un-English could well be imagined than this opera. In a foreign composer, this is of course a pardonable offence; but the idea suggests itself, what a marvellous subject for a gifted English musician the *Merry Wives* would be—how he might, to borrow Falstaff's phrase, "thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves,'" and accompany the fairy dances and nummeries of the last act with music as charming as it would be characteristic of the temporal and local surroundings. But these of course are dreams of Utopia. In the meantime we must be satisfied with the charming bits of romantic horn music and the lively dance rhythms by which Herr Nicolai has illustrated the moonlit night and the fairy revels of Windsor Forest. The opera was a decided success, and will no doubt keep its place in the *répertoire* for many seasons to come. Nothing but praise is due to the performance.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Charles Bizet's *Carmen* will be the chief novelty next season.

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

COMMITTEE.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P.
Dr W. POLE, F.R.S.
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Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS.
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Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial-Fund—Messrs Drummond."

Portraits.

No. 5.

LE DERNIER DES ROMAINS.



"There was an old singer, called Tamberlik,
Whose feats would the fam'd fly in amber lick;
When his C sharp you hear,
Don't ask how he got there,
But how he'll get back, this old Tamberlik."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. B. (Leeds).—Communication arrived too late for this number. It shall appear in our next.

DR WAX.—Apply to Cuninghame Boosey & Co., Little Argyll Street, Or (private) care of Farmer Short, Billericay, Essex. Dr Wax is wrong about Vanhall. He means Gossec.

CLEOPATRA.—Needle, not noodle. Kalliwoda added some recitatives to the new version of Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*. The composer of *L'Irato* was Méhul.

INDAGATOR.—Both *Les Abencerages* and *L'Hotellerie Portugaise* are by Cherubino.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 24A, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877.

SALZBURGER MUSIKFEST.

(From a Correspondent.)

Salzburg, July 17.

"A MUSICAL festival in honour of Mozart will be held at Salzburg, his birthplace, towards the end of July. The orchestra will include most of the artists of the Viennese Opera."

Such was the paragraph in the *Illustrated News* which caught my eye one sultry day in June, while I was inhaling the murky atmosphere of London, longing for an "outing" of some kind. My imagination at once took fire. Do you know the wonderland of which Salzburg is the centre, dear friend? Have you looked down from the castle which towers above the old-fashioned Austrian town, and revelled in the beauty of a scene equalled by few—surely surpassed by none other on this Continent?—a view embracing vast tracts of fertile, richly cultivated country, on the one hand; on the other, an immense pile of jagged, precipitous mountains, along whose sides, bathed in a deep blue transparent haze, the lights and shades are for ever varying. Beneath the mountains villages and villas innumerable, nestling peacefully amidst the bright green meadows of the Salza—but you do know all this, and therefore I need not attempt to describe what beggars description. Well, looking out upon my chimney pots and my smoke, I began to dream of pure mountain air, of music, and of Mozart; and I said, I will go where all these attractions are combined. So I packed my portmanteau, and here I am. I will send you the programme of the Salzburg Musical Festival. You may, perhaps, like to compare it with those of our London concerts. A supplementary placard, posted on all the walls, sets forth how ticket holders will be received at the station, provided with lodgings, lionised, conducted, and directed, from hour to hour, during the whole of their stay. This part of the arrangement reminds one somewhat of Mr. Cook's railway tours; and though I did not care to avail myself of the proffered help, I was not a little edified at encountering in the street a long procession of hot, dusty pilgrims, laden with vast wreaths and garlands, looking like a detachment of the Ancient Order of Foresters. Shorn of their masonic insignia, their minds, to my thinking, had reached an *abnormally* flat pitch; so I avoided them, and confined my contemplation to the two houses where Mozart lived, and where Haydn (if an inscription on it be correct) died. And I also inquired my way to the pretty cottage where Joachim is wont to spend his holidays, though he is still detained at Berlin just now by the duties of his school of music.

The proceedings of the Festival commenced on the evening of Monday, by a gathering in the "Cur-saal," where musicians met

and exchanged salutes, and drank such quantities of beer that the whole might seem to be intended for a feeble charade on the words: "Ale fellow, well met!"—this to the tune of sundry not specially striking polkas and waltzes, performed by a military band—the performances varied by speeches still less striking. My own share of the beer was barely sufficient to keep up my spirits, and I joined but feebly in the vociferous applause bestowed on a *pot-pourri*, introducing Papageno's air from the *Zauberflöte* and the minuet from *Don Giovanni*. The music of Tuesday evening, however, was a different affair altogether. I have never heard a more perfect performance of Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* than that achieved by the admirable orchestra so ably conducted by M. Dessoff, formerly conductor at the Opera of Vienna—and thus no stranger to these artists—now, however, established permanently at Carlsruhe. I was very much impressed by the artistic intelligence evinced in M. Dessoff's readings; by the delicacy of gradation from absolute *pianissimo*—not (observe) a toneless *pianissimo*—to *fortissimo*, by the uniform beauty of tone and correctness of intonation; even those frequent sinners, the flutes and horns, being, as I thought, free from all reproach. There was, too, a vigour and *ensemble* of attack, a crispness of accentuation, "a go" about it all, which was most refreshing. A *Passacaglia* by J. S. Bach, with orchestral accompaniments by H. Esser, followed; but, well as it was played, I prefer it in its original form.

Whether the heat of the room may have told its tale before the Mendelssohn *scherzo* came on, I cannot say; certain it is that it sounded just a little tame, and did not quite realise the expectations raised by the admirably spirited rendering of the *Anacreon*. But in the C minor Symphony, which furnished the whole of the second part of the concert, and could, therefore, be listened to with the concentrated attention it deserves (in London I have known the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D of Beethoven crammed into one concert!)—in the C minor Symphony, the orchestral performers were "all there" again. I think I never heard so fine a performance of the slow movement, *scherzo*, and *finale*. The first movement I thought less remarkable. In the Symphony, as in the first overture, the unerring clearness with which the various subjects were given out; the alternate vigour and delicacy of tone; its fulness when most subdued; its invariably excellent quality, were very remarkable, and, no doubt, the conductor, so long associated with this orchestra, may be credited with a large share in the result.

Among ourselves we have had ample opportunity of observing how much a conductor may achieve, and how much he may mar. I must not omit to mention Mozart's *concertante*, for violin and viola, with orchestral accompaniment, efficiently played by Messrs Grün (viola) and Krancewicz (violin)—an accident having disabled Herr Lauterbach, who was to have taken the violin part. To ears accustomed to Joachim and Straus, comparisons would inevitably suggest themselves; and I thought that, though perfection is not within the reach of other than very exceptional talent, still the music of Mozart should rouse every educated musician to some degree of poetic warmth. The last movement of this work is, as you know, quite captivating in its melodious mirth. I wonder it is not oftener heard.

The singing, as is usual where instrumental performances are made the great feature, was not very remarkable. Mdme Gompertz-Bettelheim has retired for some years from the public exercise of her art, and her voice, formerly admirable, has lost some of its freshness. She has, however, great power and much dramatic feeling. She declaimed Handel's fine air very effectively. Herr Staudigl, a nephew, as I am told, of the *basso* once so well known in England, has a very powerful and well-trained bass voice of great compass and good quality; but he sang Spohr's

song, "Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe," with little warmth of expression or breadth of phrasing.

There was a large and very enthusiastic audience—good listeners, including members of the Imperial family of Austria. The whole orchestra, as well as their talented conductor, had several times to stand up in acknowledgment of the applause so deservedly bestowed upon them. This first evening was a very decided success, and was probably by none more thoroughly enjoyed than by your friend, just now a wanderer.

Wednesday, 18th July.

The second concert of the Salzburg festival opened with Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony"—the performance of which, however, was not of exceptional excellence. Throughout the slow movement the violins used mutes (*sordini*),* the effect of which, in *forte* and *crescendo* passages, was to produce a nasal tone far from agreeable, and destructive of that sustained power so essential to broad phrasing. The wood instruments seemed to have received such strict orders to subdue their tone, that even in passages where they had the lead, they were scarcely heard. The result was not a happy one. Then in the minuet the rhythm was marked and accentuated with a square-toed accuracy, recalling the sober old German waltz before the *deux temps rubato* which came into fashion. Thus, though the first and last movements were vigorously and well played, the whole performance was not of more than average merit. This symphony constituted the whole first part of the concert. The second part began with Wagner's overture, called by its composer *Faust*. His worshippers, being in the secret, would know why. To outsiders like myself many other titles might appear equally suitable. I should call it "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," or "*Jerome Paturot à la recherche de la meilleure des républiques*," or take it to symbolise the German idea before Bismarck, so vague and disjointed did it sound. But I had not "the Book" to guide me. Any how, the members of the orchestra were never for an instant puzzled, thanks possibly to their talented conductor, with whom they shared much well-merited applause. Then presently followed the variations on Haydn's theme, in which Brahms puts forth all the resources of his art with such consummate skill and sustained vigour, with such endless variety of rhythm and wealth of melody. This was again most admirably performed, and left nothing to be desired. Weber's *Euryanthe* overture, a very fine and most spirited performance, concluded the list of orchestral pieces—a most brilliant wind up. Besides these, was the pianoforte concerto of Schumann, very well played by Brüll, a most capable performer; himself composer, as well as *virtuoso*.

But in these days, when impossibilities are accomplished as a matter of course by the great stars, no pianist of average, or even more than merely average attainments, can hope to make his mark. He merely goes to swell the tail of one or other comet. Herr Brüll would always take rank as a very good pianist. He will never be gaped at, like Rubinstein, nor abused (let this be his consolation) like Arabella Goddard. Last, not by any means least, let me speak of Mdme Louise Dustmann. This is one of that school of great singers now growing so rare—an artist in every sense of the term—though considerably past her prime; her every note, her every movement (she is said to be a consummate actress) gives evidence of the highest artistic training. Her voice, though evidently but the remnant of what it once was, is still rich, powerful, and sympathetic; her style, broad, unaffected, and thoroughly musical. She sang Gluck's grand air very finely indeed; and in Mozart's well-known duet from *Figaro*, produced an effect which I have rarely heard equalled. She was capitally seconded by Herr Staudigl. The audience clamoured for an

* Mozart has so ordered it.—D. P.

encore, and I was partly consoled for her refusal by the admirable grace with which she made *la grande révérence*—the court courtesy—to the venerable Arch-Duke who presided at the Festival performance. May we often see her like again !*

This morning was dedicated to an "ovation," which consisted in this: that a gathering of (in every sense) warm Mozart admirers climbed up a steep hill, commanding a lovely view, to a sort of summer-house, where when the spot was not yet disfigured by a very hideous bust of himself, Mozart is said to have written the *Zauberflöte*—in proof of which an old chair and table are shown to this very day. The *ovationers* came furnished with huge wreaths. These they hung on pegs round the chair and table, speechified, and sang part-songs, till some one having incautiously pronounced the word *Beer!* the assembly abruptly dispersed. They remembered that they were thirsty. To-morrow we are to have a quartet and a farce. Till then, good-bye.

Thursday, July 19th.

This morning a very pleasant chamber concert took place in the Aula, or Concert Hall. A quartet in G by Haydn, and another in G minor by Volkmann were played with considerable finish and great accuracy of *ensemble*, as, indeed, might be expected from leading members of M. Dessoff's orchestra. Of course they would not bear comparison with those performances with which the Monday Popular Concerts have familiarised us. To me I confess the Volkmann quartet was a novelty; and if it is not already familiar to more regular frequenters of Mr Chappell's concerts,† the sooner his attention is called to it, the better. The noble *adagio*, the sprightly *scherzo*, the *finale*, with its charming melody, embroidered, as it were, with *pizzicato* cello accompaniment—in a word, the whole most genially tuneful composition—would certainly please all lovers of good music. The author, I am told, still lives at Pesth.

The great hit of the concert was Mme Gompertz-Bettelheim's fine declamatory singing of Schubert's beautiful songs, "*Der zwerg*" and "*Auf dem see*," which she delivered with such power and pathos (quite free from exaggeration) as to rouse her audience to loud enthusiasm. She responded to their unanimous wish by giving Rubinstein's romance, "*Wenn es nur immer so bliebe*." Her success was great and well merited. Mme Dustmann had selected songs less generally popular, by Schumann and by Brahms; but she sang them admirably, and, on being re-called, gave Mozart's "*Veilchen*."

Goldmark's *Suite*, a work of very considerable merit, was well played by Messrs Grün and Brüll, though the hypercritical might object that the pianist sometimes seemed to forget that he had not the leading part, and that the amount of tone to be got out of a piano is not necessarily proportionate to the strength of attack. M. Krancsewicz led Volkmann's quartet admirably, with fine tone, right good reading, faultless intonation. Everything was most satisfactory, and thus ended a most enjoyable concert. I should add, by the way, that a certain Countess Gatterburg sang some *Lieder* by Mozart, as countesses generally sing (when their husbands are not called Rossi), and won a *succès d'estime*, such as countesses generally win, even when they sing a little out of tune.

With the chamber concert the Festival comes to an end, so far as regular music is concerned. There will still be "social gatherings" and friendly beer meetings, in the principal out-of-door *cafés*; also two performances at the theatre, of a farce, written, I believe, in the Viennese dialect, and therefore intelligible to very few foreigners. All these matters, together with the proposed *Liedertafel* (Choral Union) performances with which they alternate, are carefully set forth in the book specially prepared for the guidance of visitors. They have, of course, no other than local

* Mme Dustmann, a good many years ago, sang at our Royal Italian Opera.

† It has never been played at the Monday Popular Concerts.—D. P.

interest; and the rain, which has set in resolutely and wholly veiled the lovely mountain views, will perhaps cause an early dispersion of the not very numerous musical guests.

It is proposed to repeat the Festival next year. And I can safely advise lovers of good music and of beautiful scenery to attend. W. S. R.

HERB MAURICE STRAKOSCH is still in London.

SIG. MERELLI, the famous Viennese impresario, has been in London.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, the celebrated Russian pianist, is paying a short visit to London.

MR EDWARD CHAPPELL, eldest son of Mr William Chappell, F.A.S., was married on the 19th inst. to a daughter of Mr Ward, the eminent Academician.

SIG. SCHIBA has gone to Milan, to pay his annual visit to his near relations, and to make further arrangements about his forthcoming new opera. *Buon viaggio!*

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON, on her return from America in September next, will give opera-bouffe at the Folly Theatre in a style hitherto unfamiliar to the English public.

MME ADELINA PATTI is taking a brief repose "by the sad sea waves," where she will be visited occasionally by Sir Julius Benedict, composer of the *Brides of Venice*.

THE interesting series of concerts given by the eminent pianist, Mr W. H. Holmes, at Langham Hall, for the exhibition of his professional pupils (the third of which took place on Thursday afternoon), will be noticed next week.

MR GYE has granted leave of absence to Mdle Zaré Thalberg during the autumn and winter months, but she returns to her duties at the Royal Italian Opera in the spring—for which at this period of posture-making (termed "natural acting") we ought to be thankful.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, Messrs Walter Macfarren, C. E. Stephens, F. B. Jewson, John Thomas, Arthur Sullivan, and Benson are elected directors of the Philharmonic Society for 1877-8.

"If," Paganini said, "I let a day go by without touching my violin, I immediately am aware of it; if I let two days elapse, it is the public who are aware of it."

At a recent meeting of Paris barristers, M. Bétolaud, *bétonnier*, in the chair, the question: "Is the translation of a literary work an act of piracy?" was decided in the affirmative.

THE musical collection left by the Viennese musicologist, Herr Ambros, includes the following works: *Missa cujusvis Toni*, by Jean Okeghem; "*Salve, Crux*," motet by Hobrecht; sixty-six compositions by Josquin des Prés, comprising the mass: *Super Voces musicales*, and his six-part motet, "*Victimæ paschali*;" songs in the fugued style by Loyset Compère; "*The Lamentations*," by Antoine de Ferrin; "*Jerusalem, luge*," motet by Jean Richafort; an eight-part "*Confitebor*" and an eight-part serenade, "*Angelus ad Pastores*," by Orlando Lasso; eight "*Magnificats*" by Morales; as well as numerous *Lieder* and motets by Heinrich Fink, besides a great number of compositions by old Italian masters.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" AT COVENT GARDEN:—Mdle Thalberg was a most fascinating Mrs Ford, and we never heard her fine voice to greater advantage, than in the somewhat lengthy *scena* in the first act, or in the duet with Mrs Page, rendered to absolute perfection by her and Mdle Scalchi. Equal praise is due to Mdle Bianchi's Anne Page, quite a little cabinet picture of innocence and half-childish love. Sig. Piazza, the representative

of Fenton, is the typical sweet-voiced tenor, and his *romanza* of the nightingale, already referred to, earned a well-deserved encore. Slender, perhaps the most successful attempt at characterisation in the piece, was well rendered by Sig. Rosario. It is true that he has to do little more than look sentimental and sigh "Sweet Anne Page" at certain intervals. It would be unfair to judge Sig. Capponi's Falstaff from an English point of view. The significance of Shakspeare's Sir John had evidently escaped him; but as a jovial reprobate, of somewhat indistinct type and nationality, he left little to be desired, and he showed too little of the gentlemen and boon companion of princes in his bearing. The parts of Mr Ford, Mr Page, and Dr Caius, were ably filled by Signors Pandolfini, Scolara, and Caracciolo. Dresses and scenery in the first acts were appropriate, and might pass for Elizabethan; but in the masque, the orthodox gauze and tights were painfully in the ascendant.—*Examiner*, July 21.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE "London Conservatory of Music" had a *matinée* at Langham Hall on Thursday, July 12. Mmes Ravenscroft and Labouchere, Miss Adeline Beecham, and Mr E. M. Deering made their first appearances as vocalists, and Mr George Pearce, as pianist, on the occasion. All acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr Lansdowne Cottell and Herr Heinrich Leopold conducted.

MDME ANITA QUEROL, a soprano, gave her first concert at Langham Hall on Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. She was assisted by Mdle Enequist, Mdme Marie Belval, Signori Perugini and Adelmann, and Mr Frederick Penna (vocalists); Mr Ganz (piano), M. Nathan (violinello), and Herr Oberthür (harp). The concert-giver was called upon to repeat both her songs, an aria by Verdi and Mr Ganz's "A damsel fair." Mdle Enequist sang some Swedish melodies and "Bel raggio" (encored). Two new songs were given by Mr Frederick Penna, the second of which, "The Victorine," a composition of a very taking character, was encored. Mr Oberthür, being called after his "Clouds and Sunshine," played another piece. Mr Nathan's performance on the violinello gave general satisfaction. Mr Ganz played his "Réverie" and new grand galop, "Allons Vite." Herr Lehmeier and Mr Ganz were accompanists. The hall was well filled.

MR GERARD COVENTRY'S morning concert took place on Wednesday, June 13th, at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street. The vocalists were Mmes Edna Hall, Louise Gage, Mdle Hélène Arnim, and Miss Agnes Larkcom, Messrs Gerard Coventry, Bernard Lane, Edwin Holland, Cecil Tovey, and Sig. Toretti. The instrumentalists were: pianoforte, Miss H. Prytherch; harp, Mr Frederick Chatterton; and violinello, Herr Schuberth. Mr Coventry has a tenor voice of agreeable quality, and sings with taste. After the "Rose Song," from Balfe's *Il Talismano*, he was re-called. His proficiency as a singer in concerted music was shown in the quintet from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, "E scherzo o l'è follia." The other vocalists were more or less successful, Mdme Louise Gage after "O mio Fernando," Miss Larkcom after a valse by Balfe, and Mdle Arnim after Mr Cowen's "Almost," being all called back to the platform. Miss H. Prytherch, a young, intelligent and clever pianist, obtained well-merited applause in pieces by Ketten and Schumann, added to Weber's *Rondo Brillante*, which was her greatest success. The conductors were Signor Zuccardi, Mr Parry Cole, and Herr Lehmeier.

MDME SIDNEY PRATTEN'S guitar recital, on Thursday, June 21st, at the Beethoven Rooms, was highly successful. The vocalists were Mdle Mathilde Enequist, Signor Alfonso Seneca, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union (Miss Jane Wells, Messrs Thomas Baxter, William Coates, Montem Smith, and William Winn); and the instrumentalists: guitar, Mdme Sidney Pratten; flute, Herr Oluf Svensden; and piano, Signor Romano. Mdme Pratten, acknowledged one of the best guitar players of the day, introduced a number of compositions, including "Introduction" (by Mdme Sidney Pratten), "Andante" (Ferdinand Sor), "Prestissimo" (Legnani), and "Village Children at Play" (by Leonard Schulz); "Treue Liebe" (by Mdme Sidney Pratten), "Kelpies' Dance" (by Leonard Schulz), and "Elfin's Revels" (by Mdme Sidney Pratten); a duet for guitar and flute (by Giuliani), with Herr Oluf Svensden; variations on the "Carnaval de Venise" (arranged by Mdme Sidney Pratten); and, with Signor Romano, two duets for guitar and piano, "German March" and "The Princess Louise Valse" (composed for her pupils by Mdme Sidney Pratten). The lovers of the guitar had quite a feast, and, gratified with all they heard, rewarded Mdme Pratten with genuine applause at the conclusion of each of her performances.

MR AUGUSTUS L. TAMPLIN (late of St James's, Westmoreland Street), gave a recital on the Mustel harmonium, at 13, Portland Place, Cavendish Square (by permission of J. Hamilton Craigmie, Esq.), on Saturday, July 21st, performing with remarkable precision and finish Rossini's Overture to *Guillaume Tell*; Sinfonia in F minor (Tamplin); Wagner's Overture to *Die Fliegende Holländer*; and, with Mr J. Munro Coward at the pianoforte, Handel's Concerto in B flat. Mr Tamplin was assisted by Mdme Edna Hall, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mdme Mathilde Zimeri, Mdle Holinberg, Miss Coyte Turner, Sig. Monari-Rocca, Sig. Urio, and Mr F. H. Cowen; Sig. Rotoli filling the post of conductor. The artistic singing of "Ti Rapirei" (Tosti), by Mdme Edna Hall; "Miei rampolli," *Cenerentola* (Rossini), by Sig. Monari-Rocca; "Angels, ever bright and fair," by Mdme Zimeri; "A Lost Chord" (Macfarren), by Miss Coyte Turner, with American organ accompaniment; and last, not least, "I hear thee speak of a better land" (Arthur Cecil), by Miss A. Butterworth, deserves especial mention. The audience, though not large, was appreciative. The Mustel harmonium was kindly lent by Messrs Metzler & Co., of Great Marlborough Street, and the grand piano by Messrs Broadwood & Sons.

MISS EDWARDS' annual *matinée musicale d'invitation*, at her residence, 100, Ebury Street, Eaton Square, was attended by a select audience. Miss Edwards sustained her twofold claim as pianist and vocalist. Henselt's study, "Si oiseau j'étais," and Tito Mattei's "Quatrième Valse" exhibited her lightness of touch, combined with other qualifications. Mozart's "Voi che sapete" and Frederic Clay's "The Sands o' Dee," her vocal contributions, were each perfectly rendered. Miss Alice Fairman sang, with her accustomed finish, "The Lost Chord" and "Gone, like the snows of winter,"—the latter from the pen of the concert-giver. M. Valdec and Mr F. Penna pleased equally, the former in a new Italian air (accompanied by the composer), the latter in two songs of his own, "Trusting the Compass" and "The Victorine." Herr Oberthür's harp solos, "Clouds and Sunshine" and "Cascade," were both encored and repeated. Herr Oberthür also played, with Miss Edwards, a brilliant duet for harp and pianoforte. A clever young lady amateur pianist, Miss Ethel Sharp, pupil of Miss Edwards, played a piece by Henselt, and a gigue and gavotte by Corelli, with great success. Miss Polhill Turner, also an amateur, pupil of Miss Edwards, sang "Nobil Signor" very pleasingly. M. Albert accompanied the vocal music.

THE concert of Mr Pratt, the young American composer and pianist, took place before a numerous and appreciative audience. The programme, as is usual on such occasions, was of a somewhat miscellaneous kind, the *répertoire* of the Italian stage being largely drawn upon by the various singers. Amongst the contributions of this class, we single out the refined rendering of the well-worn aria, "Qui la voce," from Bellini's *Puritani*, by Mdle Rosavella. Mdme Antoinette Sterling gave a highly interesting ballad, and Mr Shakspeare a spirited song of Mr Pratt's composition. Two pieces by Chopin, played on the pianoforte by Mr Pratt, were received with much applause, as were also two of his own *pièces de salon*, a charmingly simple "Melody," and a somewhat diffuse "Dream," remarkable chiefly for the clever introduction of an American tune. As a composer, Mr Pratt belongs decidedly to the modern German school of music. The influence of Liszt and Wagner is observable in the structure of his music, and actual reminiscence is not always avoided. Of this dependence, the young composer will no doubt free himself in time, and there are in his work hopeful signs of original power. His compositions produced a favourable impression on his audience, and the tenor song, especially if heard more frequently, might become a favourite at our chamber concerts. We have seen some of Mr Pratt's larger compositions, which show him to be a proficient writer for the orchestra. He has also composed an opera to a libretto of his own.—*Examiner*.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.*

<p>"Dear Mother," said a little child, "Oh, tell me where is God! His mansion must be beautiful, This mansion of the Lord." They stroll'd along the garden path, 'Mid verdure fresh and bright; The child look'd up with beaming eyes, All fill'd with wondrous light— "God dwells within the flowers," she "The lovely, lovely flow'rs," cried, All warm'd and gladden'd by the sun, And freshen'd by the show'rs.</p>	<p>"God may be in the shining brook, So joyous in its flow; Perhaps that babbling is His voice, That speaks to us so low. I hear a whispering in the trees, A murmur soft and sweet; Perhaps 'tis there He makes His home, Where waving branches meet; But then the sky is beautiful, He surely must be there. Ah! now, at last, I know the truth, That God is everywhere."</p>
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M. J. BARNETT.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Mdmé Campobello-Sinico was the vocalist at the Royal Aquarium concert last Saturday morning, and Mdmé Alice Barth, who concluded a successful week's engagement, in the evening. Mdmé Antoinette Sterling is to sing at the morning concert to-day.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(RETROSPECT.)

The late Otto Nicolai's best opera, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, was produced on Saturday night, July 14, at this theatre. In a new Italian version, entitled *Le Vispe Comari di Windsor*, with an English translation by Mr Joseph Pittman.

Thirteen years ago it was brought out by Mr Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of Signor Ardit, with Mdles Tietjens and Bettelheim, as the "merry wives," Mr Santley and the late M. Gassier as the two husbands, M. Junca as Falstaff, Mdle Vitali as Anne Page, and the late Giuglini as Fenton. The fortunes of this work have been varied. In Germany, where it was first presented (Berlin, 1849), it has always been a favourite, the libretto by Mosenthal, author of *Leah (Deborah)*—founded, of course, upon Shakspeare's well-known comedy—being almost as much admired as the music. At the Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris, where it was brought out (1866) by M. Carvalho, with a French adaptation (supplied by M. Jules Barbier), although well cast, its success did not come up to expectation. The admirable performances, however, at Her Majesty's Theatre were received with so much favour that it is difficult to understand why the opera did not remain a fixture in the repertory. Its revival at Mr Gye's establishment affords it a new chance, and we shall be surprised if it is not made a feature in the programme of next season. The music is, to say the least, as good as that of Flotow's *Marta*, and the piece quite as diverting. How Shakspeare has been handled by the librettist our readers have already been informed; and a detailed analysis of the score at this time would be altogether superfluous. Enough that, as has been stated more than once, the music of Otto Nicolai is in the German-French style, with, here and there, faint reflections of Mozart, proclaiming the composer's nationality. Nicolai (one of the greatest conductors of his time, by the way) was an excellent musician, and though, as his *Templario*, an Italian opera produced at Milan ten years before *Die lustigen Weiber*, had already proved, by no means overburdened with original ideas, wrote with the ease and fluency of a master, atoning by more or less finished workmanship for more or less poverty of invention. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* is, at any rate, pleasant to listen to, if only because it is never dull or wearisome, and because the third and concluding act is just as enlivening as the first. The melody, if rarely new or striking, is continuous, the dramatic treatment consistent and striking throughout. The opera, as might have been taken for granted, is most effectively put upon the stage at Covent Garden, and the performance generally is one of more than average excellence. The two "merry wives" could hardly be better represented than by Mdle Zaré Thalberg and Mdmé Scalchi. Mdle Thalberg's Mrs Ford is in many respects her happiest achievement. The development of her voice, fresh and charming when first heard among us—in the spring of 1875, the year of her *début*, as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*—and now rapidly acquiring the fulness and maturity which only years and experience can bring, has, on more than one occasion been the subject of remark. On Saturday night this was declared to conspicuous advantage, the recitative and air of Act I, with the lively sequel, "In questa vita é certamente burla innocente," delivered with no less point than brilliancy, at once establishing the position of the young and promising artist. Mdle Thalberg's acting throughout was full of liveliness and genuine humour. She had a worthy comrade in Mdmé Scalchi, whose Mrs Page, both vocally and dramatically, is all that could be desired. Mdle Bianchi was a pleasing Anne Page; and her lover, Fenton, with his pretty, lachrymose air, "Odi, canta l'usignuol" (encored and repeated) found a thoroughly musical and competent representative in Signor Piazza. The graceful and expressive duet in which Anne Page reproaches Fenton with doubting her affection was well sung by both, and no small attraction was added to it by the consummate playing of Mr Carrodus in the *obbligato* violin part, its agreeable and characteristic accompaniment. Signor Pandolfini was excellent as Mr Ford—although by no means effacing the memory of our own distinguished baritone, Mr Santley. There is no solo air for Mr Ford; and Signor Pandolfini, like his English predecessor, had the good taste to refrain from interpolating one. Mr Ford, however, has a great deal of music to declaim and sing, and much to do for which a certain histrionic talent is indis-

pensable. In both respects his Italian representative exhibits thorough proficiency. Mr Page, as set forth by Nicolai, is a personage of much less significance than his irascible comrade; but in his impersonation Signor Scolari shows both care and intelligence. To find anything like an acceptable Falstaff now-a-days would be a difficult matter on any stage—most of all, perhaps, on the Italian. We must therefore be content with saying that if Signor Capponi imparts no genuine humour to his delineation of the amorous knight, he at all events possesses a voice capable of giving due effect to a great deal of the music. The subordinate parts of Slender and Dr Caius are sustained by Signors Rosario and Caracciolo. The Mrs Quickly, Sir Hugh Evans, "Mine Host of the Garter," Shallow, Simple, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, &c., of Shakspeare's play are all omitted from the libretto of Mosenthal, and judiciously so, for, hardly amenable to musical illustration, they would have overcrowded the score to little or no advantage. Nor are they at all wanted for the purposes of the opera as it stands. In speaking of the performance generally, conducted with great ability by Signor Bevignani, we must bestow a word of unqualified praise upon the orchestra, the performance of the overture alone (unanimously encored) being a distinguishing feature. This overture is Nicolai's most effective—pleasing alike in concert-room and theatre. It is modelled after the operatic preludes of Auber; and if it may not compare with them in originality of invention, it exhibits a melodic fluency and spontaneity almost invariably characterising similar efforts by the greatest of French dramatic composers. The audience, to judge by the repeated applause, were evidently charmed with Nicolai's work. It was given again on Monday night, for the benefit of Mdle Zaré Thalberg.—*Times*.

THE PILGRIM.*

A BALLAD.

<p>The yule logs blaz'd and spark'd high, The blast was loud and keen, While mirth and childish revelry Made gay the hall within.</p> <p>The Pilgrim cast a wistful glance Upon the laughing crew: To hide a tear, across his eyes His wither'd hand he drew.</p> <p>He heav'd a sigh—a look of pain O'er his pale features pass'd; But soon regain'd his wonted calm, And thus he spoke at last:—</p> <p>"My heart was light when love's young dream Its first impression made, But now a weary weight of woe Has caus'd its joy to fade.</p> <p>"Bright beauty's smile no longer lures, Her arts are us'd in vain; Once having truly lov'd and lost, I ne'er can love again.</p> <p>"Ah me! how could I e'er forget My first and only love? Kind time alone could heal the wound, The poison'd dart remove.</p> <p>"My fancy thought thee passing fair, And soon was captive led: Erewhile my hope lay buried at Thy shrine, oh cruel maid!</p> <p>"But still I love thee, faithless one, My heart is still the same;</p>	<p>And death alone can quench its fire, Or kill its living flame.</p> <p>"Alone I tread my homeward path With feeble steps and slow; And youth and joy and love have left Me sorrowing below.</p> <p>"One only ray of hope remains, The last that cheers me on, I soon shall break these earthly chains That keep my spirit down.</p> <p>"My pilgrim's staff and shell I leave Without a pang behind, And no kind heart a sigh will heave When haply they shall find</p> <p>'Beneath a tree in some lone wood A pilgrim old and grey; His body cold in death's embrace, A heap of lifeless clay."</p> <p>His trembling voice betray'd the grief He vainly sought to hide: In tears at length he found relief The world to him denied.</p> <p>No kind entreaties could induce The aged man to stay; And having suppd and bless'd us all, He took his lonely way.</p> <p>A year has pass'd—beneath the ground The poor old Pilgrim lies; His soulless body now awaits The summons to arise.</p>
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September 10, 1876.

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R. F. C.

Mr JOHN RUSKIN, in his speech at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, observed that he thought it would be better by pictures and other means to call forth the feelings of kindness towards household pets, and thus towards animals in general, rather than rely too much on fines and other punishments. We think the admirable society will do well to act upon the sound opinion thus expressed, by offering prizes next year for those drawings and paintings (most calculated to develop a love of kindness towards animals) that may be sent in for competition, in addition to the essays.—*Choir*.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Tuesday, July 17th, Halévy's *La Juive* was given at the Salle Monnigny. Mlle de Gérardon (La Juive) and Mlle Nau, in the duet in Act 4, were twice "called." M. Eyrault (first tenor) seemed at home in the part of Eleazer, but the Cardinal, impersonated by M. Lamarche, left something to be desired. M. Descamps undertook the part of Léopold, and M. Lourde that of Ruggiero.

On Thursday there was "relâche" for a rehearsal of *Paul et Virginie*, which was produced on Saturday, July 21. The author of this tale, charming to our childhood, by name Jacques-Henri Bernardin de Saint Pierre, was born at Havre in 1737, and was descended from the famous Eustache de Saint Pierre, who saved Calais when Edward III. and his son, the Black Prince, made "ravages" in this part of France. Little could the engineer, and subsequent emigrant to *l'île de France*, dream that his *Paul et Virginie*, supposed to be recited to him by a *vieillard*, and penned by himself in 1788, would ever become an opera. Bernardin was an Intendant du Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, under Louis XVI. Napoleon I. decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Joseph, King of Spain, gave him a pension of 6,000 francs.

To say that *Paul et Virginie* was a success would be true, but to state that it was the greatest success I have ever witnessed at Boulogne would be more to the point. M. Herbert and Mlle Nau were perfect in the principal parts; Mlle Gérardon was the negress slave; M. Lamarche, Domingue (the negro); M. Lourde, Mlles Parent and Lambert, St Croix, Mde de Latour, and Marguerite. The chorus and orchestra were good, and there were two new and effective scenes painted for the occasion. X. T. R.

THE MANCHESTER TOWN HALL ORGAN.

(From the "Manchester Guardian," July 15.)

By invitation of the Mayor and Corporation, a large number of musical amateurs and others assembled last evening in the Town Hall to listen to an "inaugural recital," given by Mr Best, of Liverpool, upon the new organ, the erection of which has just been completed by the builder, M. Cavaille-Coll, of Paris. Mr Best has so long occupied the first position amongst English executive organists that it is scarcely necessary to say his playing was listened to with the greatest curiosity and interest by all, and not the least by those whose familiarity with the organ made them best able to estimate the difficulties which were surmounted. Mr Best is fortunately well acquainted with the characteristics of foreign as well as English organs. He is therefore able at almost a moment's notice to take his place at a strange instrument, and to display his capabilities in a manner which astonishes a less experienced organist. His selection of music was happily adapted to exhibit the separate stops and various combinations of the new organ. It is composed of three claviers or keyboards, each extending five octaves, from C to C, with a pedal-board of two and a half octaves, from C to F. One of the chief characteristics of the instrument, as compared with English work, lies in the immense number of *pédales de combinaison* which it places under the control of the performer. Of these there are no fewer than twenty-four, and the resources thus offered to the player enable him to produce effects which would be impossible on an instrument less complete in this department. The organ will not bear comparison in point of size with many already existing in this country; but from the experience of last evening we are satisfied that it is amply large and powerful enough for the room in which it is placed, and that in competent hands almost every legitimate effect may be extracted from it. M. Cavaille-Coll is already known as the designer and builder of several organs in England, and has gained especial commendation for the excellence of his workmanship and the artistic balance of the different *timbres* in his instruments. His reed stops have a broad clear roundness of tone which makes it possible to use them singly without the softening addition of flute stops, as is generally necessary. The harshness and impromptitude of speech so common in this department of ordinary organs is entirely overcome. Amongst the reed stops especially noticeable in the new organ are the *trompettes*—one on each manual and pedal—the *clarionette*,

hautbois-et-basson, and *contre-basson*. The flute work is also charmingly mellow, while it is round and full, as this fundamental portion of an organ should be. The *gambas* are of excellent and distinctive quality; nor should we omit to notice the very beautiful *voix célestes*, of which admirable use was made more than once by Mr. Best. The performance opened with one of Handel's organ concertos, that in A major, the *largetto* of which is a charming movement. This was followed by a most effective paraphrase by Mr Best of the *preghiera* from Rossini's "Maometto Secondo," an admirable medium for the display of such an instrument as he presided at. Bach's glorious "Toccata con Fuga" belongs to the older and perhaps more legitimate school of organ music. All who heard the first movement must have realised how grand were the conceptions of the old Liepsic Cantor, and some may perhaps be induced to enter upon the serious study of these immortal works, which, however, are so difficult that few are ever capable of rendering due justice to their massive conceptions and intricate details. A charming *minuetto* from a symphony by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett was succeeded by a religious march, the composition of L. Niedermeyer. A concert *fugue* by Mr Best was next given, "for the first time of performance." The *fugue* has a quaint trumpet-call subject, and is a favourable specimen of Mr. Best's skill as a composer. From Padre Martini a quaint gavotte was selected, the imitative motives of which were admirably contrasted by the selection of stops. An *Allegro con brio* by Morandi enabled Mr Best to display the crisp *staccato* which the lightness of the organ-touch makes it possible to obtain. An *andante* with variations from a serenade by Beethoven and a grand march by Henry Smart brought this interesting performance to a close. During the evening Mr Best had repeatedly to acknowledge the plaudits of a very critical audience.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.

Three Claviers, from CC to CCC :—Five Octaves.

Pedal-board, from CCC to F :—Two Octaves and a Half.

Clavier du Grand Orgue (*lowest keyboard*).—Principal, 16 feet; bourdon, 16; diapason, 8; viole-de-gambe, 8; violoncello, 8; flûte-harmonique, 8; bourdon, 8; prestant, 4; quinte, 2½; doublette, 2; plein-jeu (sept ranges); trompette, 8; clairon, 4; contre-basson, 16.

Clavier du Positif—Expressif (*in a special Swell*).—Principal, 8 feet; salicional, 8; unda-maris, 8; cor de nuit, 8; flûte-douce, 4; octavin, 2; carillon (1 à 3 ranges); trompette, 8; clarinette, 8; voix-humaine, 8.

Clavier du Récit—Expressif.—Bourdon, 16 feet; diapason, 8; flûte-harmonique, 8; viole-de-gambe, 8; voix-célestes, 8; prestant, 4; flûte-octavante, 4; plein-jeu (3 à 5 ranges); hautbois et basson, 8; trompette, 8; clairon, 4; contre-basson, 16.

Clavier de Pédalles.—Contre-basse, 16 feet; sous-basse, 16; flûte-basse, 8; bourdon-doux, 8; violoncello, 8; bombarde, 16; trompette, 8.

Pédalles de Combinaison, &c.—Effets d'orage; tirasse du grand orgue; tirasse du positif; tirasse du récit; anches des pédalles; anches du grand orgue; anches du positif; anches du récit; expression du positif; expression du récit; octave-grave du grand orgue; octave-grave du positif; octave-grave du récit; copula du grand orgue; copula du positif au grand orgue; copula du récit au grand orgue; copula du récit au positif; tremolo du positif; tremolo du récit; combinaison, No. 1; combinaison, No. 2; combinaison, No. 3; combinaison, No. 4; sonnette.

WAIFS.

Mr Handel Gear has gone to Ems.

Mad. Marie Cabel is suffering from a paralytic attack.

Mlle de Reszké has gone to her native town, Warsaw.

Mr Goldberg has left London to pass his vacation in Vienna.

Mlle D'Angeri is engaged for next season at the San Carlo, Naples.

Mr Shakespeare is engaged to sing at the ensuing Festival at Leeds.

The Nestor of Italian *Impresarii*, Vincenzo Jacovacci, has been stopping in Milan.

The principal Vocal Associations of Germany have been invited to take part in the Rubens Tercentenary at Antwerp.

The Princess Margherita, of Italy, has presented Sig. Salvini with a diamond pin.

Mr William Dorrell has left London to pass his vacation at his seat in Sussex.

Sig. Boito's *Mefistofele* is to be given next season at the Teatro de Oriente, Madrid.

There will be neither an Italian nor a French company next season, at Cairo.

Félicien David's *Perle du Brésil* will be revived next season at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

Sig. Masini is engaged for the tenor part in M. Gounod's *Cinq-Mars* at St Petersburg.

Signor Muzio has been offered the post of conductor at the Academy of Music, New York.

Mdlle Daram has made her *début* as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, at the Grand Opera, Paris.

A marriage is announced to take place next month between Mdlle Louise Gage and Mr William Courtney.

The first number of a new fortnightly review, *La Cronaca artistica*, has been published at Barcelona.

M. Victor Massé is at Brussels making arrangements for the production of his *Paul et Virginie* at the Monnaie.

Mdlle Ziméri and Mr Welby Wallace were the vocalists last week at M. Riviere's promenade concerts, at the Queen's Theatre.

The firm of Chickering, New York, celebrated the manufacture of its 50,000th piano, by opening a free library for the use of its workmen.

Signor Gomez, composer of *Il Guarany* and *Salvator Rosa*, is completing the opera of *Salambo*, which Enrico Petrella left unfinished.

The monument to the memory of Carl Wilhelm, composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," will be inaugurated at Crefeld, his native place, on the 2nd September.

Mdlle Heilbronn will re-appear on the 1st October, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, in *Le Bravo*. She is to play in two new operas by Offenbach and the Marquis D'Ivry (!).

The Chevalier Biletta has just finished a new opera, in three acts, entitled *Val di Fiori*. M. Biletta's opera, *La Rosa di Fiorenza*, is to be performed during the autumn season at Lecco.

Mr Brinley Richards has accepted an engagement to give his "Illustrations of National Music" at the chief towns in North and South Wales, during the months of August and September.

King Alfonso intends establishing a permanent French Theatre, at Madrid. The fact may be doubted. *Las Cosas de España* comprise a vast number of things, but not many permanent.

Raffaello Lambiasi, the Nestor of Italian violinists, died recently at Naples. Born in 1795, he was appointed professor at the Naples Conservatory in 1842, and held the post at the time of his decease.

It appears that the lady who died a short time since, Signora Pacifico, *née* Cimarosa, a grand niece of the composer, was not the last of the family. Two Cimarosas, Aurelio and Ippolito are still alive.

We understand that Mr W. H. Cummings has succeeded the late Mr Land as Secretary of the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club. A better selection from the professional members of the club could scarcely have been made, as Mr Cummings is not only well qualified for the post as a skilful artist, but his literary ability and research mark him out as a worthy occupant for the office.—*Choir*.

Mr W. Pyatt, of Nottingham has arranged with Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley for an autumn tour, commencing at Northampton, on September 25th, and ending at the same town on November 12th. Mrs Osgood, Miss Orridge, Mr H. Nicholson, and Mr Sidney Naylor will "assist."

The French Minister of Fine Arts has given the bronze for Rameau's statue, to be executed by M. Guillaume, director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The statue will be on view at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and permanently erected at Dijon in September, the month of Rameau's birth and death.

Signor Emilio Ueiglio, conductor next season at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, exercised the same functions at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, in 1875, when *Aida* was produced. He is also the composer of *Le Educande di Sorrento*, an opera which has been performed in Naples alone more than a hundred nights.

We have now before us the actual figures compiled from *Mackeson's Guide to the Churches of London*, to which we briefly referred last week, and we find that out of the 838 churches, of which full details are given in the *Guide*, there is choral service at 228, and partly choral service at 245; giving a total of 473, or considerably more than half, where psalms are chanted. The number of churches with a choral celebration of the Holy Communion has risen from 41 in 1869 to 114 in the present year. There are now surpliced choirs at 340 churches, as against 144 in 1869, a remarkable increase. The chorists are paid at 144 churches, while there are voluntary choirs at 400, no information, we presume, being given as to the existence or non-existence of choirs in other cases. The use of the Gregorian tones show a decrease on the previous year.—*Choir*.

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The final week of the season, one night excepted, was devoted to repetitions of operas which have already been noticed. In the *Trovatore*, on Monday week, Sig. Tamberlik made his last appearance, and again convinced every amateur of the value of finely balanced phrasing and legitimate declamation. Here we have a veteran from whom any existing tenor might take a lesson with advantage. Sig. Tamberlik, whose cordial reception was a just recognition of his merits, found worthy associates in the clever and versatile Mdme Marie Roze (Leonora), Mdme Trebelli (the Azucena *par excellence*), and Sig. Del Puente (Di Luna).

An alteration in the cast of *Rigoletto* imparted special interest to the performance of Verdi's best opera, which had already been given twice. Gilda was the fourth part essayed by Mr Mapleson's new Hungarian *prima donna*, Mdle Gerster; and though it does not offer so many opportunities for *ad captandum* display as either of its precursors, she maintained the ground she had won, and this by other means. Her conception of the part is natural, and she carries it out consistently to the end. There is no attempt at hyper-dramatic expression, and for this she merits praise, inasmuch as it would be inconsistent with the gentle individuality of the character. Nevertheless, in the first meeting with her lover, the supposed student, and in the great duet of the second act, where Gilda is restored to the arms of her despairing father, she is impassioned enough, a little more repose and a little less redundant gesture being all that is required to disarm criticism. In these situations we found most to admire, and in these, too, Mdle Gerster's vocalisation was most unreservedly to be praised. We expressed but recently a wish to hear more of her level singing, so as to enable us better to judge of the quality of her medium tones. A good opportunity for this was offered by her part in the duet with Rigoletto, "Ah! veglia O donna," the flowing melody of which, in response to its first delivery by the bass voice, was enunciated with equal purity and charm. That the *staccato* passages for soprano, in the variation of the second verse, were all that could be desired, few who have heard Mdle Gerster will be surprised to hear. Further occasion was afforded for *cantabile* singing in the *andantino* of the succeeding duet between Gilda and her lover, where the phrase "Ah de' miei vergini," &c., was uttered with real tenderness. We own to have been somewhat disappointed with Gilda's soliloquy, "Caro nome," cleverly as it was executed on the whole, and that we found the *cadenzas*, especially the concluding one, with *staccato* traits unknown to Verdi, out of keeping with so exquisitely simple a melody. At the same time we are bound to record that this not only obtained more applause than anything else during the evening, but was called for again and repeated. The duet between Gilda and the Jester, already referred to, was also the signal for a renewed demonstration, and more than one call before the lamps. Signor Del Puente, by his admirable impersonation of Rigoletto, has advanced considerably in the estimation of connoisseurs. Mdme Trebelli, with a new costume, by the way, not only handsome but characteristic and becoming, was, as always, the pearl of Maddalenas. Signor Talbo is somewhat overweighted in the important character of the Duke, being young, inexperienced, and as yet unable to turn to the best advantage a voice that, when he has obtained complete command of it, may serve him to excellent purpose. At present he is too apt to force it, and thus to deteriorate its quality, besides imperilling that most essential of requirements, correct intonation. Nevertheless, persevering study may do much, and we have good hopes of this young English singer.

There was also a modification in the cast of the *Huguenots*, Mdme Christine Nilsson taking the place of Mdle Sala, in the part of Valentine. Mdme Nilsson is now in the prime of her career, and it is hard to think that so great an artist should be always confined to the limited range of characters in which for some years the English public have been accustomed to see her. When, three years since, at Drury Lane, Mdme Nilsson first appeared as the heroine of Meyerbeer's admitted masterpiece, his most dramatic and poetic creation, the brilliant success she achieved fully justified the ambition of her choice. A second performance, in the following year, was no less happy; and why she abandoned the character in 1876 it is difficult to understand. If it was to study it more deeply in order the more completely to present her ideal conception, she may be congratulated on the result of her self-abnegation. Mdme Nilsson's Valentine, both in a vocal and a dramatic sense, is a performance of the highest merit. The two great duets, with Marcel, in the *Pré aux Clercs*, and Raoul, after the "Benediction of the Poignards," are enough to show this—enough, indeed, to convince the intelligent public that

Mdme Nilsson's venture into this new path has revealed to us another lyric tragedian. Avoiding details, we may mention that the duet with Raoul, which is necessarily, and as a matter of dramatic exigency, the culminating point, was also the triumph of the evening. A more forcible and striking exhibition of impassioned energy, combined with tenderness, and all the gradations of feeling indispensable to the sustained effect of this finely-imagined scene, has rarely been witnessed. The impression made upon the crowded audience was in proportion to the excellence of the display; and the applause, which had been suppressed during the progress of the duet, broke forth at the end without restraint. No manifestation of approval could have been more unanimous, sympathetic, and genuine. At the fall of the curtain Mdme Nilsson and Signor Fancelli (Raoul) were compelled to appear four times in succession. The other characters, with one exception, were as before—Mdle Valleria (Marguerite), Mdme Trebelli (Urbain), Signor Rota (St Bris), Signor Del Puente (Nevers), &c. The exception was Signor Foli, whom every amateur was glad to welcome once more in his old part of Marcel.

The opera on Saturday was *Il Flauto Magico*—better late than never. That it was an excellent choice for the closing night might be gathered from the thronged appearance of the house. There had been little time for getting up an opera to present which fitly demands a more than ordinary amount of preparation; and certain discrepancies in scenery and other accessories may, therefore, on this account, be overlooked. Still one could not but feel surprised at seeing a purely English landscape (Act II., Scene 1) in the near vicinity of the temple of the Egyptian Isis. Perhaps, however, the main point of attraction on this occasion was Mdle Gerster, to hear whom in the two airs of *Astrifiamante*, "Queen of Night," there existed a natural curiosity. Nor was curiosity doomed to disappointment. The part, as we all know, was written for an exceptional voice; and that the voice of Mdle Gerster is exceptional in its higher register need not be said. In the first air, which comprises a plaintive *largo* in the minor key and a brilliant *allegro* in the major, she was most successful with the *allegro*, where a mere inkling of what she has subsequently to execute is observed. In the second, by far the most trying and difficult, she was eminently successful throughout. Here she has high notes, *staccato*, and to spare, every one of which was given with marvellous ease and distinctness. Mdle Gerster adopts the version of the once famous Anna Zerr, who, to make the most salient passages still more difficult, used, at its repetition, to take the notes at the end of each division of the phrase an octave higher than Mozart wrote them, even for his "exceptional voice." Mdle Gerster does the same with the greatest ease, and the result was a hurricane of plaudits and an encore which she could not gracefully decline. Nevertheless, she ought not to alter Mozart's climax with the shake and high note she interpolates in the last two bars of the vocal part. It is "*les majesté*"; we have had, moreover, enough of high notes without that. The other characters were assigned to Madame Marie Roze (Pamina), Mdle Valleria (Papagena), Signors Carrion, Del Puente, and Rinaldini (Tamino, Papageno, and Monostatos), and Signor Foli—now, perhaps, the best Sarastro on the stage. We have heard, on the whole, much better performances of *Il Flauto Magico*; but the audience seemed to be pleased throughout; the orchestra, under Sir Michael Costa, was all that could be wished; and the chorus of priests, accompanying Sarastro's prayer to Isis and Osiris, "Possenti Numi"—where the trombones are so solemnly employed, in an under tone, not the less rich on that account—was remarkably well given. After the opera, the National Anthem was performed by chorus and orchestra. Then followed "calls" for the principals (Mdle Gerster came on four times), Sir Michael Costa, and lastly for the manager. Among the audience was his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with a large party.

Mr Mapleson, considering the difficulties which lay in his path, and the short time allowed him for preparation, has done wonders in bringing out, more or less creditably, no fewer than 19 operas in the course of a brief season of 63 nights. He has been much indebted to his stage manager, Mr Edward Stirling, and naturally to his conductor. What for a time threw a gloom upon the season was the severe illness, and consequent absence during ten out of thirteen weeks, of that distinguished artist, Mdle Tietjens, with whom for so many years all his undertakings have been associated, and whose final performance in *Lucrezia Borgia* none who were present can have forgotten.

MDME MARIE CABEL is slowly recovering from the effects of her paralytic stroke, but her voice is hopelessly lost.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

(From "Mayfair.")

The season of 1877 has been an unlucky one for Mr Mapleson, in more than one respect. Hardly had the difficulty of finding a house been overcome, when, as Edgar Poe has it, "disaster on disaster followed fast, and followed faster." The illness of Mdlle Tietjens excluded such works as *Fidelio*, and Cherubini's *Medée* from the repertoire—not to mention a number of Italian operas, which kept their places on the stage, chiefly owing to the magnificent acting and singing of that great artist. Moreover, the *débutants* of the early part of the season proved more or less incompetent, while Mdlle Salla, the most prominent exception to this rule, succumbed to the eccentricities of our temperature. In other cases again, Mr Mapleson showed unaccountable neglect of the talent at his disposal. Towards the middle of the season rumours suddenly gained consistency of the rise of a new star on the horizon—of a star, it was confidently predicted, sufficiently brilliant to retrieve the fortunes of the campaign. On the 23rd of the same month the first appearance of Mdlle Ethelka Gerster took place in Bellini's *Sonnambula*, and immediately a marked divergence of opinion with regard to her merits became observable amongst amateurs and in the press. Some critics placed her on the very top of the Mount of Fame. She was the rival, and more than the rival, of Nilsson, Albani, Patti—and, as even this were not enough, the great shades of Sontag, Grisi, and Jenny Lind in her prime, were conjured up to find sufficiently complimentary parallelisms for the new favourite. Enthusiasts of this class naturally were dissatisfied with the more moderate views taken by other authorities.

One point, as far as we are aware, has been overlooked by both parties; the fact, namely, that Mdlle Gerster, whatever she may be at present, will be something very different on attaining the full development of her power—and of her faults we feel bound to add. Want of stage experience may be observed in almost every gesture and movement. She has, for instance, in a marked manner, the peculiar shake or nod of the head, after the achievement of a high note, so characteristic of the novice, also the measured wave of the hand during a difficult passage, which betrays rhythmical uncertainty. A tendency towards over-acting her parts is another besetting sin of the same category. In the mad scenes in *Lucia* and *I Puritani*—operatic heroines the reader is aware, easily get rid of their senses—this tendency, especially as regards facial expression, is carried to an absolutely painful degree, a circumstance all the more to be deplored as Mdlle Gerster can, when she chooses, act charmingly, *vide* the natural grace of her bearing in the scene with her father in *Rigoletto*, and in the love duet following it. Altogether the perfect ease with which she moves on the stage, and her always expressive, and sometimes truly dramatic action, promise well for her future success. As yet, however, we fear she is unable to truly realise a character in all its bearings. But even for this deficiency there are attenuating circumstances. Few modern operas contain anything like a sustained dramatic conception; and even where this is the case, the prevailing attention paid by the public to vocal achievements naturally leads the artist's ambition in the same direction. We are, indeed, too apt to absolutely identify a part with a single tune or aria pertaining to it. We hardly ask how did a singer impersonate Elvira or Gilda, but how did she sing "Qui la voce" or "Caro nome"? and more especially certain high notes occurring in these pieces. Of these high notes a long tale might be told. We could name a tenor who for years has subsisted on a certain "ut de poitrine," and who, in consequence, had little inducement to cultivate the lower and more natural registers of his voice. He is now past his prime, but he still retains the high note—at once his glory and his bane. Similar apprehensions arise with regard to the new *prima donna* when we notice the immoderate raptures elicited both in and out of print by her "E in alt." Her middle notes are sonorous and full of charm; but she is evidently too much intent on enlarging the upward compass of her voice to rely much on their natural beauty—forgetful, apparently, of the fact that an elaborate vocal cadenza with the inevitable shake at the end of a simple tune, may "bring

down the house," but cannot satisfy, in the long run, the requirements of a more refined taste. Speaking of Mdlle Gerster's *bravura* style, we may add that here also she evinces natural gifts and artistic acquirements of no mean degree, but, as yet, falls far short of absolute finish. Her scale passages are enounced with great volubility, but she finds it difficult to sing them in perfect time, her rhythmical phrasing being altogether somewhat defective.

Here our remarks must end. Their chief purpose has been to protect Mdlle Gerster from her indiscriminating friends; and we have thought it our duty, while acknowledging her good qualities, to point out such defects as are, in our opinion, most detrimental to her future prospects. Many of these defects are not peculiar to her alone; they are the natural outgrowth of a perverse system. But we should feel sorry to see sacrificed to this system gifts which, if not of the very highest order, at any rate deserve, and will richly repay, the most careful cultivation.

A Voice from the Past.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—About twenty years ago I scribbled both the words and music of a song called "Your God is there," which was published by Messrs Leader and Cook (and is now the property of Messrs Metzler & Co.)

In your impression of July 28th I find a "copyright" poem called "God is everywhere," signed "M. J. Barnett." Now it is possible that "M. J. Barnett" and myself were inspired with the self-same idea, but, like the author in the comedy of *The Critic*, I happened to hit upon it first. Should any of your subscribers feel curious enough to compare the two they may do so, for I subjoin my own song:—

YOUR GOD IS THERE.

"Before you stands a mountain,
Whose summit is in air,
Now mark it with devotion,
For behold! your God is
there."

"Oh, dwelleth there our Father?
Is that His home above?
I mark it with devotion,
And I gaze on it with love!"

"Behold the sparkling ocean,
Rolling vast and wide:
Beneath its briny waters
The Almighty doth abide."

"Oh, dwells my heavenly Father
Beneath the liquid wave?
How blest must be the mariner
Who finds in it a grave!"

"Now mark you yon volcano,
From which dark vapours
rise:

Amidst its blazing fires doth
dwell
The God who never dies."

"Didst thou not say our Father's
home
Was on yon mountain dread?
Didst thou not say th' Almighty
Upon the ocean bed? [dwelt

"And now amidst the fires that
burst
From yon volcano's height,
Thou sayst our Holy Father sits
Upon His throne of light."

"Upon the mount thy Father
dwells,
'Neath ocean's depth pro-
found,

Amid the fierce volcano's fires—
There, there thy God is
found.

"Gaze where thou wilt, my gentle child,
On earth, on sea, in air,
In each His Spirit thou wilt find—
THY GOD IS EVERYWHERE!"

Yours obediently,

John Barnett.

Cotterwood, Leckhampton, July 30, 1877.

[We should like to see more of this old, much-loved, and venerated flat.—D. B.]

HAMBURG (from a Correspondent).—The event of importance in the musical circle here is to be the second centenary jubilee of the town theatre. On the 2nd of January, 1878, it will be 200 years since the first opera in Germany was performed. The theatre was begun in 1676 and finished in 1677. First adopted for plays and dramas, it was afterwards devoted to opera. The first opera given was *Adam and Eve*, libretto by Richter, music by Franz Sheil. This was followed by *The Devil is Loose*, which some believe to have been its precursor: to one of the two, at any rate, the distinction of being the first German opera ever played at this theatre is due. The coming festival on the 2nd January will be one of peculiar attraction, and if the score exists, to compare the past with the present, *The Devil is Loose* with *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual distribution of prizes at this Academy took place under the direction of the principal, Dr. Macfarren, and attracted the customary large attendance of interested spectators. As usual, the platform and orchestral seats of the new concert-hall were occupied by the students, whose numbers spoke well for the esteem in which the instruction imparted is held. Till recently, the results of that instruction were exhibited at the prize meetings by the performance of a lengthy selection of music. Now, however, the programme is short, and included, on the occasion of which we speak, no more than three works: Goss's Anthem, "O, Praise the Lord;" Bach's Toccata in C major, played by Mr G. F. Smith (organ); and Mendelssohn's Motet for female voices, "Surrexit pastor bonus;" solos, by Misses Brand, Aylward, Butterworth, and Orridge. So many opportunities are now given for estimating the gifts and acquirements of the Royal Academy students that it is unnecessary to regard Saturday's doings as a test. Enough that a satisfactory impression was made upon an audience more competent than usual to form a correct opinion. At the close of the musical proceedings, Mme Sainton-Dolby—herself one of the most distinguished among the artists produced by the Academy—was escorted to the platform for the pleasant purpose of distributing the year's prizes. This task, it is needless to say, she discharged in a manner which must have added no little to the gratification of the recipients, many of whom, moreover, were loudly applauded. The chief rewards were bestowed as follows:—

Lucas Silver Medal.—For the composition of the first movement of a string quartet: Richard Harvey Löhr. Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal.—For the singing of pieces selected by the committee: James Sauvage. Sterndale Bennett Prize (purse of 10 guineas).—For the playing of a composition by Professor Sir William Sterndale Bennett, selected by the committee: Nancy Evans. The Llewellyn Thomas Gold Medal.—For declamatory English singing: Ellen Orridge. The Christine Nilsson Prizes (purses of 20 and of 10 guineas).—For the first and second best singing, respectively, of pieces selected by the committee: Mary Davies, Marian Williams. Certificates of Advanced Merit.—The highest honour attainable at this examination, awarded only to students who have previously received the certificate next named: Mary Davies (Singing), Margaret Bucknall (Pianoforte). Certificates of Merit.—Awarded only to students who have previously received silver medals: Singing, Marian Williams; Pianoforte, Nancy Evans, Ethel Gould, Kate Steel; Violin, Ada Brand; Clarinet, Frances Thomas. Silver Medals.—To those who have already received bronze medals: Singing, Amy Aylward, Kate Brand, Annie Butterworth, Ellen Orridge, Hannah Turner; Pianoforte, Fanny Boxell, Jane Burrough, Fanny Ellis, Minnie Elwell, Alice Heathcote, Kate Lyons, Jessie Percival, and Isabel Thurgood; Violin, Julia de Nolte. Harmony.—Certificate of merit: Eaton Fanning. High Commendation.—H. Walsley Little (Silver Medallist, 1876). Silver Medals.—Oliveria Prescott, George Hooper. Male Department. Certificates of Merit.—Pianoforte, Edward Morton and Tobias Matthay; Organ, Henry R. Rose. Silver Medals.—Singing, Gordon Gooch and James Sauvage; Pianoforte, Charlton T. Speer, Alfred Luton, and Arnold Kennedy. Potter Exhibitioner.—Kate Steel. Westmoreland Scholar.—Marian Williams. Sterndale Bennett Scholar.—Tom Silver. Parepa-Rosa Scholar.—Clara Samuel. Sir John Goss Scholar.—Ernest Ford. Lady Goldsmid Scholar.—Ethel Gould. Sir Francis Goldsmid Scholar.—Clara Cooper. Professors' Scholars.—Violin, Julia de Nolte; Double Bass, Alfred Harper. Balfie Scholar.—William Sewell.

At the close of the distribution Mme Sainton addressed the students in the following terms:—

"Young ladies and gentlemen, my successors at the Royal Academy of Music, no one regrets more than myself that Mme Christine Nilsson is unable to be with us to-day. The rewards her generosity has offered for competition would have been largely increased in value had the successful candidates received them from her own hands. But not even Mme Nilsson, with all her keen artistic sympathies, could have bestowed those rewards with more earnest wishes for the future success of the winners than are mine to-day. I owe to Professor Macfarren the heartiest thanks for inviting me to perform the pleasant office I have just discharged. It recalls to my mind the happy time when I was a pupil here like yourselves—a time so happy that I have never forgotten it. Indeed, the day will ever live in my memory when it was announced that I had gained a prize. That day has long passed—how long can be seen on one of the boards in the hall; but the recollection of my joy no lapse of time can efface. To those who to-day have not received honours I can only say, 'Be not discouraged, but persevere.' A

philosopher has declared that 'everything comes to him who can wait.' Let me add that 'everything comes, and more quickly, to him who can work.' This is my counsel to you, and I leave it as the best possible motto for the academic year, upon which, after a welcome holiday, you will all enter."

That remarks so appropriate were loudly cheered—none the less loudly because they were unexpected—everyone will take for granted. The National Anthem brought the afternoon's most satisfactory proceedings to an end. D. T.

NEGLECTED COMPOSERS.—No. II

Nos. 2 AND 3.—STORACE AND SHIELD.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In my last letter, some little time ago, I spoke of two great but comparatively little known Italian composers. In the present case I beg to speak of two of our native composers who are almost equally unappreciated—Stephen Storace (who has been warmly praised in a spirit of just and generous discrimination by Dr Hullah, Mr Salaman, and, I think, by the late Dr Rimbault) was born in London in 1763. His father was an Italian, and Stephen seems to have blended much of the elegance of the Italian school with the more vigorous and healthy style of the English. He is best known as the composer of some beautiful operas, among the best of which are *The Pirates*, *The Haunted Tower*, *No Song no Supper*, *The Iron Chest*, *The Siege of Belgrade*, and *Mahmoud*. In all of these are to be found many beautiful songs, duets, &c., not a few of which still retain their popularity. The last of his operas was *Mahmoud*, but poor Storace was in his grave a few days before it was produced, dying of a sudden attack of erysipelas, in 1796, at the early age of thirty-three. Among his best pieces may be reckoned the songs—"Down by the river," "The sapling oak," "Toll, toll the knell," "From aloft the sailor looks around," and "There the silver'd waters roam; the duet, "Sweet little Barbara;" the trios, "Lanterns magica," and "We who wand'ring Arabs;" and the quartett, "Five times by the taper's light." For sweetness, purity and variety, Storace stands deservedly high; and, indeed, despite his youth, he may be looked upon as one of the best English composers of his day, and it is a matter of regret that his works are not better known. His elder contemporary, William Shield, was born at Smallwell, in the county of Durham, in 1749. Naturally musical in his tastes, he early acquired a fair knowledge of the violin, and having furthermore studied theory and harmony to some extent, he removed to London, where his talents soon brought him into notice. He composed many operas, single songs, &c., also a work upon harmony, and a "Canto" of glees, duets, &c. Of his operas I may name, *Rosina*, *Hartford Bridge*, *Lock and Key*, *Nelley Abbey*, and *Robin Hood*. His fame, however, rests chiefly upon his songs, the merits of which are so great that even now, after the lapse of well-nigh a century, many of them are popular all over the country. It is only necessary to mention "The Thorn," "Old Towler," "Tall her I'll love her," and "The Wolf," in proof of this statement. I may also add, "Ere around the huge oak," "On by the spur of valour goaded," "Whilst with village maids," and "The death of Tom Moody," as excellent songs, although scarcely so well known as the others; and it would be at once an easy and a pleasant task to note down many more, the perusal of which would be a rich treat to all who can properly appreciate the charms of a style of melody at once vigorous and refined, and at the same time by no means commonplace. This admirable composer died at London, in January, 1829. If the few remarks I have made should have the effect of causing any of my young musical friends to study the works of either or both of the gifted composers of whom I have written, my labour will not have been in vain.

D. BAPTIE.

[We think we might tell Mr Baptie something about Storace with which he is evidently unacquainted. A greater musical pilferer of other men's goods never existed.—D. B.]

SALZBURG (from an occasional Correspondent).—The profit of the festival of last week, it is calculated, will amount to between 3,000 and 4,000 florins. The music performed is said to have been of little or no interest. Only one great work of Mozart's was given—the Symphony in C, "Jupiter;" and it seems that most of the time was spent in eating, drinking, speechifying, and "hoch," added to excursions in the mountains—the last not at all unpleasant for Englishmen in such hot weather, and after the London season.

SIMS REEVES AT ALBERT HALL.

(From the "Musical Times.")

Whatever may be said of the acoustical properties of the Royal Albert Hall, no other concert room is to be found in or out of the metropolis where demonstrations of such magnitude as those organised for the reception of our distinguished foreign visitors can be so successfully given. We have often as a duty recorded the magnificent effect of this building when brilliantly lighted and filled in every part by a fashionable and excited audience to welcome some person high in position and influence; and have now as a pleasure to notice a gathering, as remarkable both for numbers and enthusiasm, to welcome one equally high in the world of art. Mr. Sims Reeves, whose concert on the 4th ult. attracted nearly ten thousand persons, is a vocalist whose intuitive musical perception has guided him so truthfully through a long career, that he has not only eloquently expounded but added a charm of his own to the tenor music of the many works in which he has been engaged. One of the most popular vocalists, he has never sought popularity at the expense of the composition he was interpreting; and, although so sympathetic a singer of the people's ballads as to win the suffrages of the multitude to an extent almost unprecedented, on no occasion has he endeavoured to gain the faintest mark of applause which was not thoroughly deserved. That the public can appreciate such qualities and will testify to this appreciation has been amply shown by the attendance at the concert under notice, at which, in addition to Mr. Reeves' rendering of Handel's "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, angels," and Dibdin's ballad, "Tom Bowling," several vocal pieces were given by Madame Christine Nilsson, Mesdames Trebelli and Antoinette Sterling, Misses Helen D'Alton and Anna Williams, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, and Signor Foli. The exceptionally fine singing of the *bénéficiaire*, and the readiness with which he gave the well-known song, "My pretty Jane," in response to an encore for "Tom Bowling," afforded a convincing proof to his auditors that they may confidently rely upon securing his best services whenever and wherever he can do full justice to himself and the art.

M. EDOUARD REMÉNYI.

(From the "Examiner.")

Mr Mapleson's benefit concert, as usual, took place at the Crystal Palace, and, as usual, consisted of an unlimited supply of miscellaneous music, drawn mainly from Italian sources, and performed in approved fashion by the leading members of Her Majesty's Theatre. There was, however, one striking exception to the ordinary routine. The audience, or at least its younger components, became here for the first time acquainted with an artist whose undeniable power must have been a surprise to many. M. Edouard Reményi, the Hungarian violinist, has, it is true, a widespread—one may say a European—reputation, but it resembles in its character that of some of our non-exhibiting painters. Most English amateurs have heard the name of Reményi, and know that he ranks amongst the first of living violinists, but few can vouch for this general impression by their personal experience. The artist himself is largely responsible for this state of things. For nearly sixteen years he has not been in England, and even his present visit to this country was not originally made with a view to public performance. It was only the almost sensational effect M. Reményi produced in private circles that caused him to accept Mr Mapleson's engagement on Saturday last. On this occasion his success was brilliant. But the transept of the Crystal Palace is not the right place to display qualities of tone, nor a Fantasia on themes from the *Huguenots*, chosen by M. Reményi in accordance with the general character of the concert, the right composition to throw light on the higher, intellectual side of his style. It is a brilliant piece full of varied effects, and in the romance from the first act much sentiment may be introduced, but the whole conception is not of a kind in which a first-rate artist would show at his best. Such an artist M. Reményi is, and as such he will be acknowledged beyond a doubt when, as is his intention, he returns to England early this autumn, and is heard under more favourable circumstances. Our readers will be glad to know a few personal details of a virtuoso evidently destined to take an important position in English musical life. These we can supply from authentic sources.

M. Reményi is about forty years of age, and was born at Miskolc,

in Hungary. His master on the violin at the Vienna Conservatoire, where he studied music, was Joseph Böhm, the same who instructed another Hungarian violinist—Joseph Joachim. His artistic career, which he began very early, was interrupted by the Hungarian rising in 1848, in which Reményi, then quite a boy, took an active part. After the defeat of the insurgents he had to fly his country, and resolved to go to England. But on his way to this country he made the acquaintance of his celebrated countryman Franz Liszt, who at once recognised his genius, and became his friend and artistic adviser. In 1854 the young artist came to London and was appointed solo violinist to the Queen. In 1860 he obtained his amnesty and returned to Hungary, where some time afterwards he received from the Emperor of Austria a similar distinction to that granted him in England. In the meantime he had made himself famous by numerous concerts in Paris and other European capitals. After his return home, he seems for a time to have retired from public life, living chiefly on an estate he owned in Hungary; but two years ago, he resumed his artistic career in Paris, where he was received with open arms, and has been living since. Towards the end of the present season he came to London, too late to appear much in public, but not too late to prepare for himself an enthusiastic welcome on his return next month, when he is engaged to play at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.

As an artist M. Reményi combines perfect mastery over the technical difficulties of his instrument with a strongly pronounced poetic individuality. His whole soul is in his playing, and his impulse carries him away with it as he warms to his task, the impression produced on the audience being, consequently, always on an ascending scale. He never tires, and one never tires of him. Nothing more impressive could well be imagined than hearing and seeing M. Reményi perform one of the stormier pieces of Chopin, transferred by him from the pianoforte to the violin, or a short fantasia of his own composition, aptly called the "Heroic." But tenderer accents are not wanting. The nocturnes of Chopin or of our own Field are given with the tenderest dreaminess, interrupted at intervals only by more impassioned strains. His rendering, also, of Schubert's well-known Barcarolle is a masterpiece of sustained *legato* playing. Another important feature of M. Reményi's style is the national element. He strongly maintains against Liszt the genuineness of Hungarian music, and has shown himself thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that music by writing several "Hungarian melodies," which have been mistaken for popular tunes, and actually adopted as such by other composers. The same half-eastern spirit is observable in the strong rhythmical colouring of M. Reményi's execution, seldom or never attained in its original raciness by artists of Teutonic origin. Such are the most striking features of the violinist's style, but it must not be thought that these qualities debar him from the serious and congenial interpretation of classic masterpieces. On the contrary his *répertoire* is rich in that direction.

We must not conclude this notice without a short reference to M. Reményi's pupil and faithful companion, M. Nandor Plotényi, like him, of Hungarian origin. We have hitherto made M. Plotényi's acquaintance only as accompanist, but in that capacity he has fully proved himself to be an accomplished musician, with an astounding memory and a sympathetic touch.

"God Save the King."

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

I see that the Rev. S. F. Smith, author of the Hymn: "My country, 'tis of thee," says of the tune: "It is, as most of you know, the English 'God save the King.' Perhaps the tune belongs to England, perhaps to Germany, perhaps to some other nation."

It may perhaps be of interest to Mr. Smith to know, that there is no *perhaps* in the case.

The tune was composed by Harry Carey, author of *Chrononhotonthologos* and of the song: "Sally in our Alley." Its date is about 1740, and it came into universal favour in England at the time of the Pretender's attempt in 1745 to recover the English crown.—It was, by the way, the victory over Charles Stuart, which Handel commemorated in *Judas Maccabæus*. A. G. Chappet.

M^{ME}. VIARDOT's younger daughter will shortly marry M. Faure, chapelmaster at the Madeleine, Paris.

Baron Golff.

A TRAGEDY.

Written on the Spur of the Moment.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A gully.

BARON GOLFF, wounded.

BARON GOLFF.—Ho!

QUASHEIM.

QUASHEIM.—Who's done this deed?

BARON GOLFF (*draws out poisoned arrow*)—Not I!

QUASHEIM.—Golff!

BARON GOLFF (*aside*).—'Twas he!(*falls*).

QUASHEIM.—I had my reasons.

"I swore to slay thee, and I did,
But thou shalt be avenged."[Exit QUASHEIM. *Golff motif in orchestra, while curtain slowly descends.*

SCENE II.

A morass.

GHOST OF BARON GOLFF.

GHOST.—I'll follow him through life with dead intent (*church bell*). I sniff the matin bell (*vanishes*).

QUASHEIM, with DARK LIEUTENANT and RETAINERS.

QUASHEIM.—Will none of you use means to lay this ghost?

DARK LIEUTENANT (*aside*).—Disturbed fanatic!CHORUS OF RETAINERS (*unison*)—

"You have his property!"

DARK LIEUTENANT.—His chateaux and preserves. (*Goods' motif*.)QUASHEIM (*musings*).—They're haunted! Woods and preserves eke.

DARK LIEUTENANT.—Ha!

(*Dark Lieutenant motif*.)CHORUS OF RETAINERS (*unison, fortissimo*).—Ha!QUASHEIM.—Then let me fall upon this sword (*attempts to draw sword*). St Botolph!—scabbard's empty!

GHOST appears, brandishing sword vaguely—

GHOST.—This murder will come out (*vanishes*).CHORUS (*unison*).—The ghost has vanished and the sword!

QUASHEIM.—I'll seek my dagger.

*Dagger seen.*DAGGER.—Hough! (*drops gout of blood*).

QUASHEIM.—What ho! the dagger speaks! Is this my dagger?

[Dagger vanishes.]

QUASHEIM.—Gone, gone! dagger and sword! My pistol then. (*Report*.)(*Sword, Dagger, Pistol, Scabbard, and Golff motives combined*.)

QUASHEIM.—I know that sound, and echoes verberate.

OTHER RETAINERS.

CHORUS (*unison*).—The ghost has shot himself. *Felo de se*.QUASHEIM.—I have avenged him and the secret kept. Alas! poor ghost! (*Ghost motif*).

BARON GOLFF.

GOLFF.—I am no ghost. The dagger was not dipt!

QUASHEIM (*forgetting himself*).—Who, then, has tricked me? I bought and gave the poison—(*Drug motif*.)

DARK LIEUTENANT.—'Twas I. Thou stand'st confessed.

QUASHEIM.—I did intend, but did not perpetrate.

DARK LIEUTENANT.—Thou liest (*pulls arrow from vest*). Behold the arrow that thou gav'st! (*Arrow motif*.)

QUASHEIM.—Restore the weapon!

DARK LIEUTENANT.—Take it. (*Sticks him—Quasheim falls*).CHORUS (*unison*).—Ha! ha! (*Curtain*.)

SCENE III.

A wood—thunder and lightning.

BARON GOLFF.

BARON GOLFF.—I am not dead. I could a tale unfold (*coughs*)—

DARK LIEUTENANT.

DARK LIEUTENANT.—Unfold it, then, and rid thee of that cold.

BARON GOLFF.—Quasheim! Quasheim! What, had I done to thee? (*coughs*).

DARK LIEUTENANT.—Cough not, my Golffy; tell it unto me.

BARON GOLFF.—I cannot, dare not—

DARK LIEUTENANT.—D—n it! Swear not. (*Oath motif*.)

QUASHEIM.

QUASHEIM.—Thou slew'st mine uncle!

BARON GOLFF.—'Twas but in jest.

QUASHEIM.—Such jests become thee not.

BARON GOLFF.—It was my plan. I knew none other. (*Curtain*.)(*To be discontinued*.)

SALZBURG FESTIVAL.

(*From a Letter of the 20th July.*)

Our pleasant Festival was brought to its artistic close to-day by a Musical Matinée. In the evening there were some additional farewell entertainments. After a lapse of some months our little Temple of the Muses once more flung its doors open to the public, who flocked to it in crowds. The attraction was something entirely original. Members of the Vienna Artists' Association, of the Salzburg *Liedertafel*, and other *dilettanti*, had united to represent "the grand Past Opera of the Present and Future Opera of the Future," entitled *Friedrich der Hezbare*, and written by Franz Mögele. The success of this original specimen of "German Tone-Art" was most triumphant. The charming music, as well as the superb way in which the piece was performed by the Brothers Udel, Herren Petter, Dux, and Mdle Tisca, met with warm appreciation. The merry jokes with which the parody is strewn excited continuous laughter. Everyone left the Theatre highly contented with the entertainment offered him, and directed his steps to the large saloon of the Curhaus, where the farewell banquet was to be held. The saloon already presented a most animated scene, and late-comers had great difficulty in obtaining a seat; many, indeed, were obliged to stand, for everything with the slightest resemblance to a chair was seized upon in a moment. The departing artists were hereby enabled to see that Salzburg knows how to value and honour her guests. Despite the fearful overcrowding, a most cordial tone of good humour prevailed without exception, as though those present constituted only one large family. The evening's programme comprised artistic performances and friendly toasts. In the latter, the Salzburgians did honour to their guests, and the guests to their hospitable hosts. The next day the visitors dispersed in groups, and went off to the Pongau.

Salzburg, July 20th.

WELSH CONCERT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will permit me to state that Mr Stephen Evans, chairman of the committee of the Welsh concert at the Crystal Palace, has authorised me to hand over ten pounds to Mr Owen Morgan ("Morien"), in consideration of his valuable services on the Press, in connection with the Tynnewydd accident; and the balance, £50 Os. 4d., towards the Mansion House fund for the miners. Very truly yours,

St Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington,
August 1st.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Concert at the Palmgarten on July 23rd, under the direction of *Capellmeister* Z. Staany. Programme: Overture, *Rübezahl* (C. Oberthür); duet from *Linda di Chamounix*; fantasia on Beethoven's *Fidelio* (Doppler); overture, *Zaide* (Mozart); aria from *Stradella* (Flotow); songs, arranged for orchestra (Staany); pot-pourri on Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*.

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P.
Dr W. POLE, F.R.S.
Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR.
Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.

COMMITTEE.

Rev. H. E. HAWES.
Dr F. HUEFFER.
Mr J. S. BERGHEIM.
Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

Portraits.

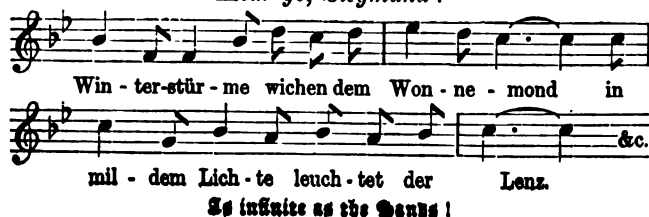
No. 6.

The Melos of Wagner is as infinite as the Sands!

A music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.



Hear ye, Siegmund!



To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.



A DR BLEACH asks us about Mendelssohn's London proclivities. Mendelssohn, when in London, was only associated intimately with the smallest conceivable fry of musicians. He was egged in by them, and nobody else could see him. He knew Sterndale Bennett intimately, a little of Macfarren, and a great deal of the late Dr Gauntlett; but

his favourite critic was the late H. F. Chorley; which may explain why, of the great majority of English musicians, though they adored him, he knew little or nothing. Nor did he take any pains to know them. They tried all they could to get a peep at him; but he was smothered in a cloud of "Philharmonic" commonplace. What he might have done for English musicians had he condescended to mix with them (which—the Horsleys and Attwood excepted—he never did), who can say?
Otto Reard.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF MOZART'S.

ON the 20th September, 1799, L. Nohl informs us in the *Allgemeine Augsburger Zeitung*, Constance Mozart wrote to the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, in Leipzig, who had just made arrangements for the first edition of her husband's collected works:

"I will forward you at the earliest opportunity all the letters which I still have. Negligently, that is, unstudied, but well written, they are without doubt the best standard whereby to judge his mode of thinking, his peculiarities, and his culture. One highly characteristic feature in them is the rare love they all breathe for me—is it not true that those he wrote in the last years of his life are quite as tender as those he must have written in the early years of our married state? I especially beg that a formal mention be made, at least once, of this, to his honour. There are magnificent passages in the letters, which, perhaps, deserve a place in the" (*Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.)

Unlike the voluminous correspondence with his father, which is preserved in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, the original letters of Mozart to his wife are scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and we seldom find aught but an old copy of one here and there. The original of the following—not included in L. Nohl's edition of *Mozart's Letters*—forms part of a private collection in the South of Germany. It bears out what his wife says, and is, moreover, interesting, on account of the writer's high spirits, because he was then working on the *Requiem*, and the shadow of death was already hovering over his head; as we know, he did not see the end of this year: 1791. The letter is addressed: "*A Madame Madame Constance de Mozart à Baden, Care of the Syndic.*" The lady was drinking the waters at Baden, near Vienna. Thus does Mozart write to her:—

"*Ma très-chère Epouse!* This moment received your letter, which has afforded me extraordinary delight.—I am yearning now for a second, to learn how the waters agree with you.—I regret not being

* "*A Madame Madame Constance de Mozart à Baden, bey Herr Syndikus abzugeben.*"

yesterday at your agreeable musical performance, not for the music, however, but because I should have been so happy at being near you.—To day I gave" (illegible) "a surprise—I first went to the Rochbergische—and the wife sent a daughter up to tell him that a good old acquaintance from Rome was below—and had been to no ends of houses without being able to find him!—He sent word that I was to wait a little. Meanwhile, the poor man put on, as though for Sunday, his best coat, and dressed his hair splendidly—you may imagine what a laugh we had at his expense.—I must, you know, always have a fool—if it is not" (illegible), "it is at any rate Snai."—Where did I sleep?—At home, of course. I slept very well, only the mice honestly kept me company; I had a regular discussion with them.—I was up again before five. Apropos, I would advise you not to go to church to-morrow—the country fellows are too rough; it is true you have a rough customer, but the country fellows do not care for him, per dant respectum, because they see at once he is a hunk. Snai!

"Stüssmayer" (his pupil) "I will answer orally; I grudge the paper."

THE DECADENCE OF MUSICAL JOURNALISM.

(From the "Musical Times.")

Not musical journalism only, but journalism as a whole seems to be passing through a very unsatisfactory phase just now. It is the one of our institutions which stands most in danger of becoming "Americanised," and to this position it has come by a rapid process. A few years ago, when a young lady from the States threw down the *Times* in our presence with a gesture of contempt, and exclaimed, "Guess your Old Country papers are not worth reading; they tell us nothing personal," we were able to point out that the freedom of English journalism from needless personalities was one of its proudest boasts. Since then, unhappily, such a change has taken place that many of our newspapers might challenge comparison with the most "spicy" among those issued by New York. We owe this chiefly to what are called the "Journals of Society," whose success, having been made by gossip, is dependent upon gossip for continued existence, and whose fate it is to be driven further and further in the direction of scandal, that the growing appetite they have created may be appeased. But while the unpleasant phenomenon thus presented is perhaps the natural result of a state of society, social and political, which has no high principle to assert, no campaign to carry on against wrong, and no noble end to absorb its energies and engross its thoughts, the extension of the mischief into the region of music affords cause for surprise. Nevertheless that extension is a fact of which lately we have had ample evidence. In some cases columns which should be devoted to real criticism, to the advance of true art-principles, the encouragement of those who conscientiously labour, and the putting down of those who would mislead or are unworthy—such columns, we say, are given up to the most petty and paltry details affecting individuals. Gossip like this, however eagerly it may be read, is not worth the paper upon which it is written in point of artistic value; while, in so far as it goes out of the legitimate range of journalism into that of personal, domestic, or social life, it is an offence and a cause of mischief. But while the collection and dissemination of gossip affecting artists and others is, to say the least, an unworthy business, much worse is that form of present-day musical journalism which violates its own rules, and strikes, for the mere love of scandal, at the principles by which the "fourth estate" has attained its rank and honours. One "journal of society" is now gaining an unenviable notoriety in this respect, *à propos* to a singer recently brought before the London public. It appears that the critic of a morning paper was not greatly struck by the merits of the new comer, and intimated as much in his observations upon the performance. It appears also that the "Society" writer entertained a different opinion. He was greatly struck, and, being so, had a fair right to challenge the opinion of his fellow-critic to prove its unsoundness, if he could, and demonstrate the correctness of his own. Conflict like this, when carried on in harmony with the rules not only of professional but social life, can do no wrong at all; rather must it work for good, and we trust the day will never come when critics will shrink from crossing blades in fair and honourable fight anent a worthy cause. But the journalist of whose conduct we complain "went behind," to use a now familiar Americanism, the article that drew forth his wrath. Ignoring the elementary rule of the craft which regards a journalistic expression of opinion as made by the paper wherein it appears and not by the actual writer, he assumed the offending article to be the work of a certain man,

* As we know, Mozart was very fond of these meaningless jocular expressions.

and then, naming him, treated that man as an enemy. It would have been bad enough had he done this while limiting his retort to observations fairly arising from the merits of the case, because we cannot too strongly insist upon the need for treating the anonymity of the Press as a fact, even in quarters where it must necessarily be a fiction. Above all should journalists themselves recognise and act upon this necessity, if only as an acknowledgment of the rules, for good or evil, regulating their profession. It appears, however, that neither the laws governing the journalist nor the gentleman have an authority over the writer to whom we refer. For what did he do? Acquiring a knowledge of the morning critic's private relationships, or at all events making use of information previously gained, he charged him with subordinating public duty to the interests of a friend, and backed up the charge with particulars that followed the victim home to his very hearthstone. If any of our readers hope to be told here the names of the people concerned, and the nature of the details affecting them, they will be disappointed. We cannot ourselves commit the offence we charge upon others, and it must suffice if we have made the nature of the transaction clear enough to secure its condemnation. An act more criminal in its way cannot be imagined, its criminality, let us add, lying wholly outside the truth or falsehood of the allegations made. We ourselves do not believe a word of those allegations; but, admitting their perfect correctness, the position of the offender is not changed one bit from the point of view at which we are concerned to regard him.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON is to receive 7,000 francs (£280) a night, at the Imperial Operas in St Petersburg and Moscow. She is to perform twice a week. Her engagement is for three months. In addition to this, two performances are to be given in her name as "benefits," for which she is to be paid 28,000 francs. Before leaving Vienna last spring Mdme Nilsson signed a new agreement with Signor Merelli, and will sing in German opera in the German language during the months of February and March, at the expiration of her Russian engagement.—(From a correspondent at St Petersburg.)

THERE are no signs at present of any progress in the works connected with the proposed new Operahouse on the Thames embankment. Has Mr Mapleson been selling old lamps for new, after the example of Aladdin?

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON, fresh from her triumph in the *Huguenots*, has gone to spend a summer fortnight on the banks of the Rhine, in the close vicinity of the Drachenfels. Happy Valentine! Only Heaven forefend that she should drown herself, like Ophelia, or be caught hold of, swimming, by one of the Rhine-daughters of Wagner's magical *Rheingold*—unless, peradventure, it be Mila Flosshilde, in which case we would rescue her, and be carried into the depths by that nymph. *Theophilus Querc.*

It is believed that Mr Mapleson intends giving promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mr Weist Hill as conductor. Mr Mapleson could not have appointed a more highly competent and zealous musician than Mr Hill in this very responsible post.

THE MESSRS GATTI commence their promenade concerts at Covent Garden on the 11th inst., with "*l'Ulustrissimo*" Arditi as conductor. Why does not Sig. Arditi give us Méhul's charming little overture to *Les deux Aveugles de Tolédo*?

M. ALBERT DE LASALLÉ has published, in *Le Monde Illustré*, the following list of the twenty-four musicians, together with the names of the principal works they got up, who have preceded M. Lamoureux as conductors at the Grand Opera, Paris. The first date is that of the foundation of the Grand Opera: 1659, Cambert (was at the head of fourteen musicians, and conducted *Pomone*, his own work); 1672, Lallouette (*Cadmus*, *Thésée*, *Athys*, and other operas by Lulli); 1677, Colasse (*Bellerophon*, *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, and *Phaëton*, by Lulli); 1687, Marais (*L'Europe Galante* and *Hésione*, by Campra); 1703, Jean Rebel (*Alcyone*, by Marais); 1710, Lacoste (*Callirhoé*, by Destouches); 1714, Mouret (*Sémiramis*, by Destouches, *Jephthé*, by Montéclair); 1733, Rebel and Francœur (*Hippolyte et Aricie*, *Castor et Pollux*, *Dardanus*, and other operas by Rameau); 1744, Niel (*Les Fêtes*

de *Polymnie*, *Le Temple de la Gloire*, and other operas by Rameau); 1749, Chéron (*Zoroastre*, by Rameau); 1750, Lagarde (*Ismène*, by Rebel and Francoeur); 1751, Dauvergne (*La Serva Padrona*, and the entire repertory of the Italian Buffo Company as well as *Le Devin du Village*, by J. J. Rousseau); 1755, Aubert (*Ente et Lavinie*, by Dauvergne); 1759, Montan-Berton (*Aline, Reine de Gokonde*, by Monsigny); 1767, Louis Francoeur (*Iphigénie en Aulide*, and *Orphée*, by Gluck); 1776, Rey (*Alceste* and *Armide*, by Gluck; *Roland*, by Piccini; *La Caravane*, by Grétry; *Tartare*, by Salieri; all the repertory of the Revolution; *Les Bardes*, by Lesueur; *Don Juan*, by Mozart; *La Vestale*, by Spontini; one hundred and eighty-five operas, ballads, and cantatas, got up and conducted by Jean-Baptiste Rey, during the thirty-four years he occupied the post of *chef d'orchestre*); 1810, Persuis (*Les Abencerrages*, by Cherubini); 1815, R. Kreutzer (*Stratonice*, by Méhul); 1824, Habeneck and Valentino (*Moïse*, by Rossini; *La Muette*, by Auber; *Le Comte Ory* and *Guillaume Tell*, by Rossini); 1831, Habeneck alone (*Robert le Diable*, by Meyerbeer; *La Juive*, by Halévy; *Les Huguenots*, by Meyerbeer; *La Favorite*, by Donizetti; *Giselle*, by Adam; *Charles VI.*, by Halévy); 1847, Girard (*Jérusalem*, by Verdi; *Le Prophète*, by Meyerbeer; *Herculanum*, by Felicien David); 1860, Dietach (*La Mule de Pedro*, by Victor Massé); 1863, Hainl (*L'Africaine*, by Meyerbeer); 1873, Deldevez (*Jeanne d'Arc*, by Mermet—the first new opera produced in the house built by M. Garnier). Of all these conductors, Jean-Baptiste Rey remained at his post the longest. Associated with Francoeur in 1776, he was the sole conductor from 1781 to 1810.

NEW YORKSHIRE ORGAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

A new organ, built by Mr Isaac Abbott, of Leeds (formerly with Messrs Hill & Co., London), for the Wesleyan Chapel, Chapel-town, was opened on the 21st ult. by Dr. Hirst, organist of Brunswick Chapel, Leeds. The committee acted wisely in securing the services of so able an organist as Mr George Hirst, whose playing was highly appreciated by a congregation which entirely filled the chapel. We were pleased to see the Leeds and Bradford organists assembled in strong force, induced to go three miles out of our town for the occasion. Mr Abbott deserves great credit for the excellent organ he has just completed; it will, however, be still more successful when the "spare slides" are occupied. The organ is badly placed, in a recess, which retains a large proportion of the sound, and neutralises many effects which the instrument would produce in a better situation. The softer stops and combinations are of charming quality. We must not omit to mention that the vocal music was nicely performed, though the choir might have been strengthened with advantage. We append the programme:—

PART I.—Organ, Kirchliche Fest—overture (Otto Nicolai); Anthem, "Praise the Lord" (Sir George Elvey); Organ, Sonata, No. 1 (Mendelssohn); Anthem, "As pants the hart," soprano solo—Miss Willans (Spohr's *Crucifixion*); Organ, Notturmo (Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*); Quartet, "God is a Spirit" (Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*); Anthem, "Come unto Him" (Gounod); Organ, "The horse and his rider" (Handel).

PART II.—Organ, Concerto in B flat (Handel); Air, "He shall feed His flock"—Miss Willans (Handel); Anthem, "O taste and see" (Sir John Goss); Organ, Grand Prelude and Fugue in E flat (J. S. Bach); Anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord" (Sir George Elvey); Organ, Larghetto, from the Clarinet Quintet (Mozart); Chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates" (Handel).

Between the two parts the Rev. W. F. Slater, B.A., delivered an address.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.

GREAT ORGAN, CC to A, 58 Notes.—Bourdon, 16 feet, wood and metal, 58 pipes; open diapason, large, 8 feet, metal, 58; open diapason, small, 8 feet, metal, 58; stopped diapason, 8 feet, wood and metal, 58; principal, 4 feet, metal, 58; harmonic flute, 4 feet, metal, 58; twelfth, 3 feet, metal, 58; Fifteenth, 2 feet, metal, 58; full mixture, 3 ranks, metal, 174; trumpet, 8 feet, metal, 58. Total, 696 pipes.

SWELL ORGAN, CC to A, 58 Notes.—Lieblich bourdon, 16 feet, wood and metal, 58 pipes; open diapason, 8 feet, metal, 58; pierced gamba, 8 feet, metal, 58; lieblich gedact, 8 feet, wood and metal, dulciana grooved, 8 feet, metal, 46; voix céleste, 8 feet, metal, 46;

octave, 4 feet, metal, 58; lieblich flute, 4 feet, metal, 58; fifteenth, 2 feet, metal, 58; sharp mixture, 3 ranks, metal 174; horn, 8 feet, metal, 58; oboe, 8 feet, metal, 58; clarion, 4 feet, metal, 58. Total, 846 pipes.

CHOIR ORGAN, CC to A, 58 Notes.—Dulciana, 8 feet, metal, 58 pipes; dolce, 8 feet, wood and metal, 58; gedact, 8 feet, metal, 58; flauto traverso, 4 feet, metal, 58; gedact flute, 4 feet, wood and metal, 58; clarinet, 8 feet, metal, 58. Total, 348 pipes.

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC to F, 30 Notes.—Open diapason, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes; bourdon, 16 feet, wood, 30; flute bass, 8 feet, wood, 30; violoncello, 8 feet, metal, 30; trombone, 16 feet, metal, 30. Total, 150 pipes.

COUPLERS.—Swell to great; swell to choir; swell to pedals; great to pedals; choir to pedals. Three composition pedals to swell organ. Three composition pedals to great organ.

SUMMARY OF STOPS.—Great organ, 10 stops, 696 pipes; swell organ, 13 stops, 846 pipes; choir organ, 6 stops, 348 pipes; pedal organ, 5 stops, 150 pipes; couplers, 5 stops. Totals, 30 stops; 2040 pipes.

The organ is blown by one of Joy's patent improved hydraulic engines.

BLINDNESS AND MUSIC.

Music seems the natural solace of the blind, and, so far as the pleasure of hearing music is concerned, the blind are at least on an equality with those who see. That, however, does not apply to highly-educated musicians, who follow with interest the progress of the art and look with eagerness for new works. The blind musician cannot make acquaintance with a new composition unless he has some one to play it to him. Of a full score, even with practical assistance, he could gain no complete knowledge. In the case, then, of a musician who loves to observe tendencies and developments, or who is simply desirous from ordinary curiosity to keep himself well informed as to what new music is being brought out, it may be doubtful whether it is not a greater misfortune to be blind than to be deaf. Nothing in the history of music is sadder than the account given by Beethoven's biographers of the first performance of the Ninth Symphony. Beethoven stood by the side of the conductor, but neither his own sublime music nor the enthusiastic applause which it called forth. Then, being told that he ought to bow, he turned for a moment towards the audience, who all at once became painfully impressed by the fact, now brought strikingly before them, that the creator of the work they had found so beautiful knew it only from having imagined it, and that as real music, audible and appreciable to the bodily ear, it had no existence for him. There is this compensation, however, for the deaf composer: that he can read and write music as though he had not lost the faculty of hearing. No sound can reach him; but he hears with his eyes. His mind's ear may be constantly exercised, whereas blind musicians, whatever pleasure they may derive from listening to music, cannot of themselves obtain from the engraved music-paper a single idea.

It must be remembered, however, that the number of musicians of the highest cultivation who in later life became totally deaf cannot be very numerous; while to persons born deaf music must always remain something inconceivable. The position of Beethoven deaf may have been less intolerable than that of Handel blind. But the generality of deaf men cannot read music, whereas the generality of blind men can find great enjoyment in listening to musical performances. It is remarkable, too, how many of the blind possess musical faculties; so much so that, besides being what we have already called it, the "natural solace of the blind," music would also seem to afford them the fittest occupation and the surest means of gaining a livelihood. Basket-making and such humble industrial pursuits as blind people are often employed in yield but little profit. Thus it is impossible to make an ordinary blind asylum self-supporting through the labour of its inmates; and the great majority of blind people who have no means of their own are maintained either through the parish rates or by private charity. It occurred, however, to Mr J. F. Campbell—who, if he did not originate the idea, was at least the first to introduce it and apply it in England—that blind children, if possessed of those musical aptitudes which belong to so many of them, might easily be enabled not only to keep themselves, but to gain very respectable incomes either as public performers, as teachers of music, or, in case of the higher positions being missed, as pianoforte tuners. Mr Campbell has himself been blind since early childhood, which has not prevented him from making a thorough study of music, so that besides being an admirable pianist—as those who heard him at a recent Crystal Palace concert must be aware—he has also a full knowledge of the theory of his art. Having cultivated music systematically under the best

* Stops marked thus * are prepared for but not yet put in.

professors at Leipsic and elsewhere, and possessing a remarkable talent for organisation, Mr Campbell is, of course, the director of that music school for the blind which he has succeeded in establishing on the heights of Upper Norwood. A performance given here a few days ago, in which a certain number of the pupils took part, would alone have sufficed to show that the institution must be producing good results. The invitations to this very interesting concert had been issued by the Duke of Westminster, one of the patrons of the academy; and among the most distinguished of the visitors were the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The concert, in a purely artistic point of view, was excellent. The programme included all kinds of music, vocal and instrumental, by composers of all periods, from Bach to Gounod. Thus solo singers, a choir, and several pianists were heard; and the execution, always satisfactory, was sometimes admirable. The students of the piano are remarkably well taught by Mr Hartvigson, who, besides giving practical instruction in the ordinary manner, analyzes the most celebrated pianoforte works for the benefit of his pupils, and makes them acquainted not only with the compositions but also with the lives and aims of the great masters. Most of them will only be able to gain their living as pianoforte tuners, some few may find employment as teachers, but all are taught as carefully and as thoroughly as though they were in training for a composer's career; and all will at least learn to play the piano with more than ordinary intelligence and skill. Thus, apart from the question of gain, the students at this musical training school for the blind are provided with an indestructible means of increasing their own happiness and the happiness of those around them. Although the school has been established only a few years, it has already turned out a certain number of pupils who are prospering as pianoforte tuners, and who, beginning at £1 and £1 5s. a week, found themselves a year after they had left the school earning from £2 to £2 10s. The school charge for tuition of all kinds and board is £50 a year; so that, to take a purely economical view of the matter, the establishment does some good by turning, at a comparatively small cost, those who would otherwise be useless and burdensome members of society into valuable workers. The blind have, indeed, far more need of education than those whom the blind call "sighted persons." A man with his eyes about him may pick up a good deal of useful information; but for the untaught blind there can be no hope, and persons of this class who are without private means must be supported by charity or starve.

The indigent blind are, by the way, specially cared for by an institution which aims at relieving their wants, spiritual as well as temporal, and at enabling them to support themselves. The Indigent Blind Visiting Society provides its dependants with readers, teachers, and guides, also with instruction in arts and trades suitable to the blind, with the exception of music, which, for any useful purpose to be attained, must be taught thoroughly and to those only who have special aptitudes for it. One fortunate idea conceived and duly carried out by the committee of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society is that of taking a certain number of poor blind children periodically from London into the country. Fresh air, the scent of flowers, the singing of birds—the numberless odours and sounds peculiar to the country—must be enjoyed by the blind even more vividly than by those who see. Most of the blind attending the classes, says the last annual report of this excellent society, "were enabled by the kindness of various friends to have a day in the country. Two hundred and sixty were invited on two days by Mr and Mrs W. Armitage, of Southgate, forty-eight were received by Mr Powys Keck, of Kingston; while the remainder went on two excursions—one to Hampstead, the other to Epping Forest, for the last of which excursions they were mainly indebted to the Rev. William Cuff."

The children of the Music School for the Blind have no need to be taken into the country; for there is no part of England more beautiful or more healthy than that in which their school is situated. One might fancy they were aware of this fact from their evident enjoyment in walking about the gardens; and the able director who walks, talks, and writes his letters (by the aid of a type writing machine) as though he had the full use of his eyes, is convinced from his own sensations that they can appreciate the charm of the landscape. In any case the grounds, even to the smallest flower-beds, were laid out under the director's orders; and he declares that he should be much annoyed if he found (for example) that geraniums had been placed where he had ordered that roses should be planted. Mr Campbell, it may be added, is familiar with the contents of the principal picture-galleries in Europe, and standing in presence of a work of art feels its influence as any man of imagination standing on the scene of famous exploits will realise to himself the circumstances under which the exploits were performed. As regards literature, one would expect a blind man to excel in abstract speculation or in

lyric poetry rather than in the description of external objects; but Mr Campbell, who possesses much literary talent, considers descriptive writing his particular forte. He has a very poor opinion of our great public buildings, and declares that if he had to begin life again he would adopt the profession, not of a musician, but of an architect. His school of blind musicians will certainly prosper; and it is probably the best blind school that exists, even for those who possess no great musical talent. A certain amount of musical capacity is, of course, an indispensable qualification for admission to the establishment at Upper Norwood. But, once admitted for a permanence, the pupil is by no means instructed in music alone. The children take delight in arithmetic and—what is more surprising—in geography. Geography, however, is here taught by means of globes with raised surfaces; and the sense of touch is called into activity as the child passes rapidly from one country to another, pausing only to say for what products the land he is visiting with his fingers are remarkable. One pretty golden-haired little girl, with a blue sash tied across her eyes—(her mother had begged that they might in this becoming fashion be always kept concealed)—flew across the globe from point to point, in bird-like style, without once hesitating or making a mistake. Geography seemed to be studied in a reasonable and connected manner, as travellers study it in sketching out the plan of a journey. The child who ought to have had blue eyes went in the most business-like fashion from London to Calcutta *via* Dover, Calais, and so on, by the overland route; and from Paris to New York *via* Havre, with an alternate route by way of London and Liverpool. In the arithmetical examinations very complicated questions were quickly answered. Each child was addressed separately; but when there was any delay in replying, those who were ready with a solution held up a hand in token thereof. Any, even the slightest, mistake was at once signalled in the same manner. It could be seen that the children concentrated all their attention on the questions placed before them. It was evident, too, that they were taught in such a manner as to keep them constantly interested in their work. Children, under ordinary circumstances, are not taught. They have lessons given to them which they are told to learn. This method, so simple for the so-called teacher, would not be applicable in the case of blind children. Of course books with embossed characters are used; but the teaching is chiefly oral, and every subject is abundantly explained. This was particularly noticeable in the music classes. Many imagine that the blind learn music "by ear." So the uneducated blind may. But the blind who study music at Upper Norwood learn, like other students, to play from notes which, by a very ingenious and very simple system are dictated to them. When, however, they have once learned a piece, they play it by heart; and in point of memory many of them might challenge Rubinstein himself. The characters in relief from which the blind may read such books as have been reproduced in this style are well known. Various contrivances have been introduced for enabling them to write; and of these the most suitable and the most perfect by far is the "type-writer" already spoken of.

A complete course of training for modern pianoforte playing ought certainly to include gymnastics. That form of "higher development," however, which consists in lifting the hands high above the key-board—sometimes even above the pianist's own head—and bringing them down with a crash on the keys, is not suitable to blind performers, who cultivate a much quieter style of execution; and the gymnasium in the gardens of the Music School for the Blind has been established with a view to the general health of the pupils. It is curious, and at first somewhat alarming, to see these blind athletes swinging, vaulting, climbing poles, and coming down head first, balancing themselves on high bars, and so on. But the exercise strengthens them, and gives them confidence, and no accidents take place. Sometimes a blind gymnast going down a pole meets another blind gymnast going up. No harm comes of such an encounter, but only a little amusement and a discussion as to which shall give way.

The School of Music for the Blind is open once a week to visitors. It is well worth seeing, and, better still, worth supporting.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

COLOGNE (*from a Correspondent*).—The veteran tenor, Herr Sontheim, is singing with great success, at the Flora Theatre, as Manrico (*Trovatore*), Eleazar (*Juive*), and as the Postillion of Longjumeau. His voice is reported "fresh and powerful." A merry wag says that Herr Sontheim for thirty years past has put his voice, every night, in vinegar and mustard before going to bed, to keep it in such good preservation to the age of sixty-nine. Or have the Germans lost their ears?

(From "Punch.")

*A Few Days in a Country-House.**Going a Fishing. Being some Notes of a short stay in the old-fashioned Country-house belonging to my friend Boodels of Boodels.*

"Haven't seen you for an age! Name your day, and come down. Place looking lovely."

This was from Boodels of Boodels. He is quite right. I have not seen him for an age; or, at all events, for a considerable time. It is, in fact, some years since I was invited to his place, to assist in dragging the pond. That ceremony was deferred *sine die*, and we did not drag that pond, brave boys, and "we did not catch that Whale"—or, rather, that Eel. There has always been a big Eel—a tremendously big Eel—in Boodels' pond. It's a traditional Eel: it is to Boodels' pond what the Sea Serpent is to the ocean. The Eel in Boodels' pond has been seen more than once: in fact, it must have been *seen* to have been appreciated; but it is difficult to arrive at the fortunate person who *has* seen him. The Head Gardener hasn't, but "he knows he's there." But why should a Head Gardener see an eel more than anybody else? He has nothing to do, professionally, with the fish-pond. Boodels' Head Gardener wears moustachios, and has a military air. He evidently delights in planting all his vegetables and fruit in lines. He passes along the lines, reviewing, as it were, his troops. When the right moment arrives, he will say, "Up, Strawberries, and at 'em!" The Under Gardener, who is, somehow, officially connected with the ducks, is reported to have seen the Eel. This individual, however, is of a taciturn disposition, and if he *has* seen the Eel, he won't tell. When asked about the Eel, he smiles, wags his head (a sign of pleasure with him when addressed, and, probably, a habit acquired from having a good deal to do with the animals on the establishment), and mutters something about there being a big "Eel" somewhere, (he is unintelligible beyond this), and walks on. My private impression, after awhile, founded upon observation, is that if this Under Gardener *has* seen the Eel, *he has eaten him*. Hence his silence, and hence the smile. Hence, also, the mysterious legends still current at Boodels', and in the neighbourhood, about the marvellous Eel. The Butler, in idle moments (of which, I fancy, he has several at command), has set lines for this Eel.

[*Happy Thought.*—The Butler and the Eel, a fine subject for a poem.]

No result. The Eel, if there, stayed where he was, and the Butler retired.

Everybody having nothing better to do at Boodels' wanders down to the pond, hears from some one (generally from Boodels himself, who finds this subject likely to interest his visitors—visitors being always interested where there is a probability of their getting something by it, and that something eatable), about the Eel, and immediately says, meditatively, as if it were quite a new and original idea, "I should like to catch that Eel."

"Why," the visitor diffidently adds, turning to his host, "why don't you set lines?"

Boodels smiles at this. It is what every visitor has said to him from the first day he took the house with the fish-pond. He only replies, in a guarded manner, that, from *what he has heard* (as the Police say, "from information received,") he believes that any one fond of the sport can have capital fishing in the pond.

[*Happy Thought.*—To say to Boodels, "There may be 'capital fishing,' but is there 'capital catching'?"

"That depends on the fisherman," replies Boodels, drily
I don't think so. It seems to me to depend upon the fish.]

There was a Poet stopping at Boodels' who made this suggestion about setting lines. I seconded the motion, for several reasons, *First*—Because it was something to do. *Secondly*—Because I had often heard of "lines," and wanted to find out what they were. *Thirdly*—Because I wished to find out if the Poet, who tried to appear so sporting, knew any more about it than I did. Judging from his blank look, when Boodels, pointing to something on the ground that appeared to me like a very large and very dirty-white tee-to-tum wound round with thick cord, said, "Here's the trimmer and the lines," I am convinced that the Poet had not the smallest idea what he had been talking about.

The Poet said "Oh!" and looked at the trimmer, then at me.

I had only found out a few minutes before that he was a Poet. I should have thought from his general appearance that he was clerk in something—not "in orders"—but something official. The only outward sign of genius about him is his nose. He has a low forehead (I don't believe in foreheads), and a very large nose. What he loses in forehead he makes up in nose. Most poets are strong in the nose. Boodels, who is always enthusiastic about his friends, specially if not recently made, tells me that Hamlin Mumley is a

very clever man, simply "the cleverest man," he (Boodels) "had ever met." This sounds as if Boodels' circle of acquaintances were limited. A consoling thought is "present company always excepted." "He has," adds Boodels, vaguely, "something coming out very soon; and he's had some wonderful reviews in the papers." "What papers?" I ask, as I don't remember to have seen the name of Hamlin Mumley anywhere.

"Oh," replied Boodels, evidently not expecting to be cross-examined on the subject, "I don't know. You can read 'em for yourself." And so the subject drops.

I eye Mumley distrustfully. At present "the cleverest man that Boodels ever knew" is throwing bits of stick into the pond, and frightening the ducks. Our attention is now centered on the trimmer. It looks to me such an awkward, antiquated piece of machinery that I cannot understand any eel, associated as he is with slipperiness, wriggling, and low cunning generally, could be caught by such a very apparent trap as this trimmer. It occurs to me that, as a boy, I used to learn "easy lessons" out of a trimmer. These were, if I remember rightly, *Trimmer's Guide to the Alphabet*.—(By the way, I wonder at what distance from the Alphabet one would require a Guide?)—and so, perhaps, a trimmer, piscatorially, is a sort of *Little Angler's First Step to Fishing*. The second title might be *Line upon Line*.

There is another friend (new to me) of Boodels staying here—a fresh-coloured, round-faced, light-moustached, small stout man, always ready to smile. His expression seems to be saying beseechingly, "Do, please, make me smile! I'm only waiting to be asked to smile!" I set him down at once as a Gentleman Farmer. I propose talking to him about crops. I will lay myself out to get some information about corn, hay, pigs, poultry, and turnips. I begin by a few remarks on the weather being bad for the country. He smiles, and fancies that it is worse in some parts than others.

"It is bad for crops," I suggest, throwing much sympathy with his supposed losses into my tone.

"Is it?" he replies; then adds, inquiringly, "Do you know this part of the country well?"

"No," I say; but I had thought *he* did. No, he doesn't: in fact, it's his first visit. The conversation flags. Getting Boodels alone, I ask him,

"Who's that?"

"Oh!" replies Boodels, "I thought you knew. That's Pogmore the Composer."

"What does he compose?" I ask.

"Why music, of course," retorts Boodels, rather testily. He never likes to be pressed too closely as to his friends' accomplishments. He accepts a clever friend as a genius, *en gros*, and disdains details as a disloyalty.

"He's one of the cleverest men I ever met," says Boodels, still speaking of the Composer. "He's got something coming out." He says this as if Pogmore was going to exemplify, personally, a Darwinian theory. He explains, however, "an Oratorio, I think—Sims Reeves, Santley; in fact," adds Boodels, rather vaguely, and, a little tired of the subject, "everybody's going to sing in it."

It occurs to me that the Oratorio must be a work of gigantic proportions. We all walk down the garden to the fish-pond. As a matter of fact, the walks in Boodels' garden are limited. You either go to the fish-pond, or you don't. The walks are:—*Towards* the fish-pond, which means loitering in a beautiful flower-garden; *to* the fish-pond, round the fish-pond, which includes chance interviews with curious looking creatures and big rats; half-round the fish-pond, and back the same way, nervously; and when you don't go to the fish-pond, you go to the kitchen-garden.

As a rule, every one on arriving for the first time at Boodels', looks out of the drawing-room window, and immediately exclaims, "Oh! let's walk as far as the fish-pond!"

There has never been an exception to the rule, except in the instance of a grumbling old Gentleman, who, on his arrival in the middle of summer, begged that all the windows and doors might be shut; growled out that the place lay very low; that the beauty of the flowers, specially the roses, was only a clear sign of the dampness of the atmosphere; and on being asked if he would like to walk as far as the fish-pond, replied surlily,

No; he didn't want to catch his death of cold, for the sake of looking at a duck-puddle!

Boodels never forgave this old man. "In fact," said Boodels, justly irritated, "if it hadn't been for his age, I'd have ordered a fly, and had him taken back to London at once."

As we walk to the fish-pond, Boodels and Mumley first, then Pogmore and myself, I start Pogmore on the subject of music, instead of crops. He informs me that he is composing an Oratorio on the subject of *The Ark*. "A grand subject?" he suggests, inquiringly, as if he had some lurking doubt about it himself.

"Very," I reply. "Only——"

"Only what?" he asks.

"Only," I say, "aren't the animals a difficulty?"

"Ah!" he exclaims, with the air of being evidently relieved by this being my only objection, "but I see my way to that. All I want is a good libretto. That's what I'm sticking for now—a good libretto. I wish you'd try your hand."

I feel highly complimented, but, with innate modesty, I suggest that he should ask Hamlin Mumley. "He," I point out, "is a Poet." I don't infer from this that I'm *not*. "And," I add, "he would write you a magnificent libretto." Implying that *mine* would be a more magnificent one. Pogmore has asked him. Mumley has replied, that *good* poetry is quite thrown away on music: that the librettist gets no fame—only abuse; and that no one ever yet heard the words of any song, or ever cared to ask who wrote them.

"I rather agree with him," says Pogmore.

So do I. But then why ask me to write the libretto?

"See what you can do for me, will you?" says Pogmore, carelessly. You *might* strike out something.

He says this much as he would have suggested that I *might* catch the Eel, if I only lived long enough, and fished regularly. I promise, however,—to think of it.

Tom Milburd,—younger brother of our old friend the Jester,—has run down to Boodels for a few days. Boodels says he likes to have him there because he's "invaluable in a country-house—he makes everything so lively"—which is not much of a compliment to us; as if we made everything so dull, and he had to be invited to counteract our depressing influence.

Tom Milburd, coming down the walk from the house, hears Pogmore say, *apropos* of the Oratorio, that there's so much "character in it." Milburd Junr. is a very loud man, and his laugh is overpoweringly noisy. He has got a trick of bursting into his loudest laugh, generally about nothing, or about something that only he himself sees the fun of, close by your ear. He keeps his laughs, as it were, in shells, and suddenly explodes them. He comes down between us, and exclaims, in a stentorian voice, "Oh, I know what he's talking about. His old Oratorio." Here he roars: no one can get a word in, and he continues, still roaring, "Capital subject—ha! ha! ha! Noah and all his little men—ha! ha! ha!—with long coats, and sticks, and flat hats. Which are the wives, and which are the sons? Eh? Whichever you like, my little dear; you pays your money and you—ha! ha! ha!" And here he is off again, as if this venerable quotation were one of the raciest things he had heard for years. We look serious. Pogmore is annoyed. But Milburd doesn't care. He takes Pogmore by one arm and me by the other, shaking us both as if to get a laugh out of us by sheer force—he is very muscular—and begins again, just as loudly as ever.

"Then the music!—ha! ha! ha! The March Past of the Animals into the Ark! and the songs!—ha! ha! ha! I say, though, how do you get over their being all duetts?" Here Milburd goes into convulsions of laughter, but he won't leave go of our arms, which he shakes and squeezes during his laughter. And this is the man whom Boodels says "is invaluable in a country-house, and keeps everything lively!" Why, he'll drive me wild with his voice alone. As to Pogmore, he'll be mad before he reaches the fish-pond. Milburd shouts out, still bursting with laughter, "They must be duetts, because they went in in couples. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Nonsense!" says Pogmore, irately. "The music will be descriptive."

"Of course," exclaims Milburd. "I see it. Bassoon for the Elephant."—here he makes noises which he thinks represent the instruments in question, and, thank heaven, releases our arms, in order to pretend to be playing first double bass, and then the ophicleide,—"ophicleide for Lion; the Black-beetles will be a difficulty. The Donkey's easy enough."

"Yes, you can play that," cuts in Pogmore, quickly.

I feel this retort was weak on Pogmore's part.

"No objection to learn, if you'll teach me," returns Milburd. Then he suddenly seizes my arm again, and squeezes it roughly, as if to point his repartee, which he repeats three times, and roars and shakes with laughter.

At this point I should like to come to Pogmore's aid, and put Milburd down, only I haven't got the right thing to say. Milburd never knows where to stop, except at Boodels', where he certainly knows how to stop.

This is the first half hour after my arrival (we are expecting dinner), and we are all down by the fish-pond. The fish-pond has a quieting effect, momentarily, on Milburd. He is silent. Then the influence of the place overcomes Hamlin Mumley, the Poet; and, turning to Boodels, he says, solemnly,

"There must be a great many fish here. Why don't you set some lines?"

Happy Thought.—(Suggested politely to both the clever men.) If Mr Mumley will compose the lines, Pogmore will set them. Both eminent men much pleased. So is Boodels. He considered this compliment, he tells me afterwards, very neat, and "so epigrammatic." Milburd (who is evidently jealous, and who never turned a smile when he heard it, though I feel sure he'll go and use it afterwards as his own) says, "Oh, very epigrammatic! What's 'epigrammatic' mean? ha! ha! ha! eh?"

This offends Boodels, as it implies that he (Boodels) has used a long word without knowing its meaning. We walk silently towards the house. Boodels begins to doubt whether Milburd is as funny as he had once thought he was, and whether he hasn't become rather coarse.

"How about the trimmer?" calls out Pogmore from the pond, and he is seconded by the Poet.

Boodels turns. Personally he doesn't care about fishing, considering it dirty work, and, from long experience, he does not (I am convinced) believe in his own pond, or in the Eel. But these doubts he keeps to himself.

"If you like to go and dig for worms," he replies—(this to Pogmore and the Poet!—fancy the two cleverest men Boodels had ever met being sent to *dig for worms!*—so thoughtless of Boodels. If you *do* have a Poet and Composer staying with you, they ought to be treated properly, and not sent to *dig for worms*. I am quite hurt by it: and I'm sure *they* must feel it, though they say nothing)—"you can get some very fine ones near the Fig-stye, and then you can set the lines yourselves. But," he adds, looking at his watch, "you won't have much time now, as the gong for dinner will sound in five minutes. See about it to-morrow."

So nothing is settled about the catching the Eel in the pond. But we've got at least a week before us at Boodels'.

[*"Risum movere,"* and no mistake. Also "*lachrymas excire*"—tears of laughter!—D. P.]

Amphigouri.

Te Catharinam laudamus.

Te Dominam confitemur.

Bayreuth, 16 Aug. Im allgemeinen Interesse machen wir darauf aufmerksam, dass alle hier ankommenden Fremden, welche Privat-Wohnungen nehmen, vom Hausherrn binnen 24 Stunden auf der Magistrats-Kanzlei angemeldet werden müssen, und dass Unterlassungen mit 15 Mark Strafe bestraft sind.

*"Seventy-six dozen moones and odd
A stewardship I held of God."*

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.

GRAZ (AUSTRIA).—Mars and Apollo never agreeing well together, war, with its horrors, is detrimental to art. In such times people's spirits are depressed, the necessities of life become dearer, business declines, and, although perhaps not so much observed in outward appearances, curtailment of expenses is inevitable—at all events, in respect of theatres and concerts. The attendance at our theatre furnishes ample proof of this, for if bent on a few hours' solitary retirement, one could hardly accomplish it better than by spending an evening there. Not long ago a renowned opera singer from Berlin received for her half share at the first night the sum of four florins, although matters improved on subsequent performances, so that the receipts were at least respectable. Concerts on the whole fare better, but these are generally given by societies, whose subscribers alone secure a fair attendance. The "Graz Musical Union of Chamber Music" gave an interesting concert, at which a new piano quintet by Richard Heuberger met with a flattering reception. At the same concert the first scene from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* was performed. Some *tableaux vivants* have been held in the theatre (for a charitable purpose) by certain aristocratic ladies. Among them was *Loreley*, which gave the greatest satisfaction. The Baroness Caroline von Ludwigstorff represented the golden-haired nymph of the Rhine. The musical illustration to this *tableau* was Charles Oberthür's *Loreley*, for harp and orchestra. A local paper remarks:

"The melodies from C. Oberthür's legend, *Loreley*, made a charming effect. The harp as played by Herr Scerlé brought before us the murmurings of the waves, a real example of effective tone-painting."

There has also been an interesting performance of Schumann's *Manfred* at the theatre, Gustave Starke taking the part of Manfred. The music was under the direction of Capellmeister Horak.

WAIFS.

Herr Richard Wagner has gone to Weimar from Ems, and is busy writing his new opera, *Parcival*. Some who have been privileged to hear extracts from *Parcival* say it is to be "colossal"—the conventional admiration-word used by Wagner's proselytes—better, in fact, than anything the master has hitherto given to the world.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

Mr David Keppel is engaged as first flute for Mr Mapleson's tour.

Mr F. B. Jewson has left town, to pay his annual visit to Ramsgate.

Signor Badia and Mdles Badia have left London for Aix-les-Bains.

Miss Minnie Hauk has been singing with great success at Baden-Baden.

Mr and Mrs Wallworth have gone to Great Malvern for their vacation.

On leaving London, M. Faure paid a visit to Royat, whence he proceeded to rejoin his family at Etretat.

M. Capoul will "create" the part of Paolo in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini*, at the Paris Opera.

We understand that "Rita," has just completed an operetta, entitled *The Missing Heir*, music by Carli Zoeller.

The Association des Artistes Musiciens, founded by Baron Taylor in 1843, now possesses an annual income of 60,330 francs.

There were sixty-nine candidates for fifteen or twenty professorships at the Benedetto Marcello Lyceum of Music, in Venice.

Signor Bevigiani has taken Eden Villa, East Worthing, to pass a month there with his family, previous to his departure for Moscow.

A grand festival of classical music is to be held at Bruges next year. The town has subscribed 10,000 francs, and the province 6,000.

The third volume of Alexander Wheelock Thayer's admirable and exhaustive *Life of Louis van Beethoven* will shortly be published at Berlin.

M. Ambroise Thomas has been appointed by the French Government a member of the Superior Committee of International Exhibitions.

Herr Edouard Reményi, the famous Hungarian violinist, has left England for the Continent. He will return, however, some three weeks hence.

Franco Faccio has gone to Udine to conduct *L'Africaine*. He will shortly visit Trieste, to superintend the getting up of *Mefistofele*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Robert le Diable*.

Mr George F. Gear, the promising young pianist (son of our reputed professor of the vocal art, Mr Handel Gear), has undertaken the post of accompanist in the tour of Mr and Mrs German Reed.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Mr Frederic Archer has not resigned his post as organist at the Alexandra Palace, and the report circulated to the effect that the appointment will very shortly be vacant is utterly untrue.

We much regret to hear that in the great fire in Castle Place, Belfast, on Sunday last, the music establishment of Messrs Cramer & Co. was entirely destroyed. We have reason to believe, however, that the property is largely insured.

The Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has acquired the right of representing *Le Roi l'a dit*, by M. Delibes, a right formerly belonging to the ill-fated Komische Oper. M. Delibes is expected in October, to superintend the rehearsals of his *Sylvia*.

TO ————.

From the sun the earliest, loveliest beam
Flew down in the dawn,
And floated like love-thought in a dream,
'Mid the mists of the morn.
That beam was dissolved to a soulful glow
In the watery sky,
While its light, diffused by the breeze's flow,
Paled to die.
Just now, so fair, and frail, and weird,
On the sea you lay;
Like beauty disembodied, I feared
You'd fade away.

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MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

By JOSEPH SEILER.

(Concluded from page 505.)

Though the verdict pronounced by Reichardt, who was by no means free from vanity and egotism, and who had, moreover, himself written for the Grand Opera, Paris, may appear severe, it was not too severe. The composer of the *Scherzo d'Amore* and *La Molinara*, lightly and gracefully disporting with flowers of tone, was not the man, especially at his advanced age, † to paint truthfully and movingly, after Gluck, the horrors of the world below. A better composer than Paisiello would have succumbed to the task. But the sensitive Italian was fully conscious of a failure, which he had long foreseen. He only awaited an opportunity of retiring permanently from the scene of his defeat. He found it soon enough. When the populace of Paris, intoxicated with vanity and *gloire*, uttered for the first time, on the 18th March, 1804, in many-thousand-voiced chorus their enthusiastic "*Vive l'Empereur*," Paisiello—loaded by the Emperor with a large store of honours and money, but not regretted or missed by the people—hastened back to Naples, where, after writing some few more pieces of church music, long since forgotten, he departed this life in 1816, at a very great age.

Napoleon—who had no mind to be put to the blush himself, or to allow his favourite to be exposed to the censure of impertinent critics—made known, immediately after the first performance of *Proserpina*, that he was highly pleased with the work, and that in Paisiello France as well as Italy should admire and respect one of the greatest composers. As a matter of course, the papers lost no time in publishing this strange puff. Everyone smiled—to himself—but no one ventured to contradict the absurd assertion. *Proserpina* was, for appearance sake, performed two or three times again, and then its name, as well as that of its composer, was for ever forgotten in Paris.

A diametrically contrary turn was taken by a similar transaction, which occurred a few years earlier between Napoleon and Méhul.

Etienne Henri Méhul was, during the concluding years of the Consulate, frequently admitted to the small and select evening parties which Napoleon Bonaparte was then fond of giving, and which were mostly attended by artists, scholars, and diplomatists. When at these gatherings—where at that time everyone was still allowed to express his opinion freely—the conversation turned upon music, the First Consul never failed to advance his favourite assertion that the Italians were the only operatic composers; by them alone could comic opera be treated with certain effect, and by them alone had it up to that period been so treated. This became at last more than the young and fiery-tempered Méhul could bear. He offered to compose a French comic opera, strictly after the manner of the Italians, and have it played at the Feydeau in the same manner and style. Napoleon took him at his word, and Méhul found himself under the necessity of at once looking out for a suitable libretto. His friend Marsollier quickly supplied him with one in one act, *L'Irato*, wherein the long received and stereotype masks of the Italian *opera buffa* once more represented the well-known situations in the old way. There was the ever roaring, storming uncle, Pandolphe, with an affected sweet-spoken Monsieur Lysandre, as a butt; there was the ridiculous Signor Dottore, with a niece in love, and a coquettish waiting-woman; there was Scapin, the Signor Capitano, and the ever tipsy Bramarbas; and finally, there was a chorus of loutish servants, with whom the old blusterer Pandolphe indulged in his peculiarities to his heart's content.

Let the reader fancy all this operatic apparatus, borrowed from the comic singing-pieces of the Italians, carried out with continuous and never-resting movement; constantly spiced with comic scenes, and constantly renewed with fresh complications and intrigues of the maddest description. The action was, moreover, such that the entire work offered the most thorough parody, the most ruthless caricature of Italian *opera buffa*. The clever composer, on his side, showed in every number, in every bar, and in every chord, that he not only knew how to seize on and carry out the elegant forms of Italian operetta, but that he was perfectly equal to his librettist in bantering humour and biting irony. In

a then highly popular rondo of a celebrated Italian *maestro* the words "*morire d'affanno*" were wedded to the sweetest flourishes, which always threw the public into ecstasies. To the similar French words: "*afin de mourir de douleur*," introduced into his operetta in a burlesque and exaggerated manner, Méhul made his artists sing and sigh, twitter and shout much sweeter jingle, much more extravagant vocal trickery, much more dazzling series of shakes, so that the audience did not know whether they ought to admire or laugh. A similar strain of banter, sometimes, indeed, too palpable, runs, like a red thread, through the whole of the capricious little piece, from the long-winded overture to the final chorus. The composer, at first concealing himself under the pseudonym of "Fiorelli," subjected the judgment of the Parisians to a very ticklish ordeal. The performers—in caricature operatic costume, by the bye—entered so fully into the intentions both of the poet and of the composer, that the success of *L'Irato* was complete and brilliant. After the first performance, Napoleon complimented the composer on having so well attained his object. That he meant seriously what he said was something which, as subsequent events showed, Méhul ought not to have supposed. In his operetta, Méhul introduced without disguise the principal personages of the Italian singing-pieces, with their traditional complications, effects, and rhodomontade, as well as all the sweet cabalettas, rondinos, and ritornellos, which entranced Naples and Venice. But, if we look at the matter carefully, both author and composer pushed their roguish satire too far where a Napoleon was concerned. Méhul especially, by sentimental and occasionally almost tragic touches, had pointed too sharply the comic contrast, and thus turned into the most glaring caricature passages like the refrain: "*mourir de douleur*"—every stanza of which was, in addition, followed by an instrumental portion, thoroughly Italian in style, almost commonplace and farcical. In short—if such a comparison is here allowable—Méhul's opera bore the same relation to the jingle-jangle vocal hurdy-gurdy-like pieces of the Italians, as the tragico-comic history of the noble Knight of La Mancha bears to the romantic tales of *Amadis de Grèce* or *Florismarte d'Hyrcanie*. If, however, crushing satire was the object of Méhul's composition—as it undoubtedly was—Gluck's pupil ought to have accepted the First Consul's smile of satisfaction only at its real worth: banter and biting irony. Napoleon could not allow anyone to ridicule his Italian favourites with impunity. Still less could the First Consul pardon the audacity with which Méhul begged permission to dedicate to that high dignitary a magnificently engraved score of his composition, which had been overwhelmed with unexampled success. Napoleon accepted the dedication, but never again invited to his evening parties the composer, who rejoiced too much in his victory. Even in later years the Emperor still cherished his antipathy for Méhul, and the feeling had probably some share in the fact that some of Méhul's later operas met with a very dubious reception. The public were compelled to be cold towards Méhul, when the Emperor was so. It is fortunate that the composer had already produced his celebrated "*Ouverture de Chasse*," and that he afterwards wrote *Joseph en Egypte*. Thus, Méhul does not quite belong to the "Musicians who have died away"—not quite!

AUGUST.*

The wheat we'll now be binding,
The bearded barley too,
This bonny month of August,
We're quite enough to do.
While lasts the fine bright weather,
The reaper should not roam,
But take his well-earned pleasure,
At the merry harvest home.

* Copyright.

The fertile months of summer,
Are pleasant one and all,
But the very best is August,
When the corn begins to fall.
For it tells of peace and plenty,
And of good cheer yet to come,
So we'll haste to fill our garners,
For the merry harvest home.

S. P. HOWELL.

WEIMAR.—Franz Liszt has arrived here on a visit to Richard Wagner.

COPENHAGEN.—The Viennese Boys' Orchestra have been playing at Tivoli. They have performed at Court, and are now located at the Boulevard Concert-Hall. They next visit Stockholm. Nothing has been heard lately of the promised appearance of Mad. Treballi at the Theatre Royal.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.† Paisiello was then above sixty years old, and *Proserpina* his 148th and last opera.

THAYER'S LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.*

(Continued from page 471.)

In the next chapter, Thayer begins to explain the long series of errors which have been constructed with such care around the two brothers of Beethoven. The author gives us in this chapter, as the result of his powers of investigation, the very probable supposition that Beethoven studied quartet music with the composer Emanuel Aloys Förster, at that time so deservedly celebrated. The next chapter brings us to the year 1801. Besides the most interesting information concerning the origin and arrangement of the *Prometheus* music, in which we find also great exactitude with respect to time and place; besides the letters of the composer given in other works, but here gaining additional interest on account of their correct chronological order; in addition to these matters of interest, we have also here laid before us a hitherto unknown letter, addressed to Messrs Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig. The following chapter contains biographical explanations of the letters of 1801. Here the author pours forth from his "horn of plenty" such a glorious mass of fresh facts, that we are almost overpowered. The fourth chapter gives an account of the year of suffering, 1802. The following chapters of this truly deserving work throw fresh light upon the author's skill in the art of solving problems, and are one continuous stream of entirely new matter. The fresh letters which the author here brings before our notice are all very interesting to admirers of Beethoven, illustrating as they do, more fully, the nobility of his character and affording us new and brilliant glimpses of the outward life of the great master. But all this is only what we might reasonably have expected when such a man as Thayer set his hand to the work; for whatever he undertakes is accomplished with a thoroughness which must satisfy even the most critical reader. The nine parts of his appendix also contain very important additions. To these belong the communications from Czerny and Louis Drouet concerning Beethoven's life, which form the natural introduction to "Beethoven's character and person."

So far as the description of Beethoven's outer life is concerned, our author succeeds in laying before the reader the most surprising discoveries, and in maintaining them with great plausibility. In conclusion let me add that, though this book, like every other human production, is marked by some defects, it is a most superior work; and the trivial shortcomings are swallowed up by the wonderful excellences it possesses. And I can only hope that the much esteemed author will quickly give us his continuation of the biography of this immortal composer.

The *National Zeitung*, of Oct. 24, 1871, writes:—From among recent musical literary productions we single out A. W. Thayer's *Ludwig v. Beethoven's Life*, translated into German from the original manuscript. When five years ago the first volume of this work lay before us, we hailed it as one of the most valuable productions of the Beethoven literature.

After many attempts had been made, and as many failures, an American at length took it into his head to make the life of the great master an object of the closest and most minute personal investigation. With the energy, tenacity, and practical forethought natural to his race, he devoted himself to an undertaking which offered him, as the sole reward for overcoming difficulties and obstacles almost insurmountable, the simple satisfaction of feeling that he had to the best of his ability assisted in the spread of truth. The first matter for him to settle was the limit to which his material allowed him to go. He has only to deal with facts; and therefore all professional and scientific leanings, as also all æsthetic critical discussions, must be laid aside. The reader must not, then, expect to find in this work the subject completely exhausted in all respects. What is offered to us is simply a narration, made after the most careful investigation, of the great master's life, and an account of his productions arranged in chronological order. Putting all other matters aside, the author confines himself to a narrative of bare facts given in a plain practical style. As he himself declares, he has only accomplished the difficult and laborious preparatory work; he has but laid the foundation upon which some future historian of Beethoven may erect a fair and stately structure. We owe, then, to Mr Thayer the warmest and deepest thanks for the earnestness, zeal, love, unshrinking perseverance and patience with which he has

prosecuted a task which will never perhaps receive its full meed of appreciation.

The sources of information respecting Beethoven as a man and a composer, which are available to the general public, are but few and scanty. The most valuable part of his correspondence consists of a few letters addressed to the friends of his youth (which however are scattered over a very long period of time), and also some letters to his publishers. Besides these we possess a number of notes and scraps of letters to all sorts of persons, of the most varied contents, which, for biographical purposes, are of no great value. Beethoven was not at all communicative, and on very rare occasions was he disposed to speak about himself. We possess, further, solitary expressions of his views and opinions in albums and sketch books, scattered about here and there as chance would have it. In the communications of Wegeler and Ries, who were both friends of the composer, we have a vein of information of the greatest value; for these biographers relate what came under their own personal notice. The biography of Schindler is a much more uncertain source: and any other information we can glean lies scattered over the widest field of literature. All this material Thayer has brought together with most praiseworthy conscientiousness, and has reduced to the most perfect order. He has also carefully sifted it and enriched it by the most assiduous and unwearied inquiries from the contemporaries of the composer.

The second volume of Thayer's work comprises the decade from 1796 to 1806. The arrangement of the matter contained in this work has an almost lawyer-like appearance of exactitude and regularity; and he who expects to have his emotions pleasingly excited, or his idle moments agreeably amused in reading this book, will find himself utterly disappointed. The author starts with the supposition that the reader possesses a clear comprehension of the importance of the subject; he engages him in the most laborious and minute investigations; spares him the examination not even of the minutest object, if it has the appearance of being able in any degree to assist in unfolding the truth. We have not only the final results set before us, but also the external and internal proofs of everything advanced; the author making us throughout the partners of his toil. If in spite of all his painstaking he has only been able to glean a few meagre notices, as the biographical gain of many a year of the composer's life, this is fully explained by the scantiness of all the sources of information available to us. One especial service rendered by the work of Thayer is the severe criticism with which he has handled all the legends concerning Beethoven. The inclination so common to most biographers to deify their heroes is quite wanting in him. Although, however, he treats his subject with such moderation, it loses nothing by this treatment, but rather the very simplicity of the description adds beauty and grandeur to the theme.

PORTRAIT BROYÉ.

Cette épreuve unique ? Hélas ! elle n'existe plus ! A la mort de son père, M. Pierre Gavarni avait offert ce petit cadre, ce précieux daguerréotype à M. Charles Yriarte qui l'avait appendu, comme un joyau, dans sa jolie maison de Saint-Cloud, entre ses tableaux aimés. L'invasion vint. Lorsque M. Yriarte rentra dans sa maison, il la trouva dévastée. Que lui importaient d'ailleurs certains meubles ? Il songeait surtout à ses œuvres d'art, et, avant tout, à ce portrait au daguerréotype d'Honoré de Balzac. Il le demandait, il le cherchait. Tout à coup, au coin d'une cheminée, il ramassa des débris de verre, de verre mis en poussière. C'était l'unique portrait de Balzac qu'avait broyé le talon d'un soldat allemand.—(To Sutherland Edwards, Esq.)

En Passant.

Deux rapins râpés causent dans la rue :—"Ce qui nous manque, ce ne sont pas de bons tableaux, ce sont de bons cadres !" "De bons cadres !... parle plus bas, tu insultes l'armée !" "Ce qui nous manque encore, c'est un bon atelier avec un bon éclairage et un bon parquet." "Un bon parquet ! motus !... tu insultes la magistrature !" "Ce qui nous manque enfin, c'est de l'argent, c'est un ordinaire substantiel. Car, enfin, notre chère est faible." "La chaire est faible !... malheureux !... tu insultes le clergé, maintenant !"—(To Shaver Silver, Esq.)

* From Dwight's *Boston Journal of Music*.

THE TELEPHONE.

Few of the recent applications of science have attracted so much popular curiosity, and few, perhaps, have been the subject of such extravagant and erroneous statements, as the telephone. It has been said that the sound of a speaker's voice has been recognised after travelling through 500 miles of wire; that an orchestra can play to a dozen audiences a hundred miles apart, and so on. These are, indeed, only American reports, and perhaps it would be uncharitable to say that that accounts for their character. Yet the invention is indeed a most startling one—too remarkable, indeed, to be discredited by any amount of exaggeration.

That musical sounds should be transmitted by telegraph is, in fact, less remarkable than it at first appears. To see this we have only to consider the conditions of the problem. Sound is, of course, only the result of air vibrations. If it is possible to produce at any place an exactly similar series of vibrations to that occurring at any other place, the same sounds will be heard at both spots. The vibrations must obviously be precisely similar—of the same rapidity, to give the tone or pitch; of the same amplitude, to give the intensity or volume of sound; and, more difficult to explain, they must also be such as to give the quality, which Helmholtz has shown to depend on the "harmonics" accompanying the primary tone. The first two conditions several telephones fulfil; the third is as yet unattained, and is perhaps unattainable.

It is not difficult to see that the vibrations of a tuning-fork, making and breaking an electrical circuit, will produce pulsations in the current which can, by their action on a magnet, alternately magnetise and demagnetise at each interruption and formation of the circuit, produce exactly similar vibrations in another tuning-fork, no matter how long the circuit and how distant the forks. This idea suggested itself to Phillip Reuss in 1861, and resulted in the construction of the first telephone. In this the sending instrument consisted chiefly of a membrane stretched over a box in such a way that the membrane was put in vibration by the voice of any one speaking into the box. On the membrane was a piece of platinum, which, as it moved to and fro, formed and broke the electrical connexion in a properly arranged line of wire. By this line the electrical pulsations were transmitted to a coil of wire surrounding an iron bar, this having on the bar the curious effect of causing it slightly to expand and contract at each pulsation. These slight alterations in length, rapidly succeeding each other, produced a musical note, which corresponded in the number of vibrations with that sounded in the box, and was, therefore, identical with it. But though the note is the same, it is not of the same quality. The instrument cannot reproduce that; it merely, as has been said, sings with its own voice, which has been compared to a penny trumpet. The idea once started, inventors were not wanting to take it up and develop it. In America, Mr. E. Gray and Mr. Graham Bell have been most successful, and, in this country, Mr. Cromwell Varley. It has already been announced in the *Times* that the telephone of the last named gentleman is shortly to make its appearance at the Queen's Theatre, and on the 12th inst., a private trial was made of the instrument before submitting it to the public. To describe the instrument minutely would be impossible without the aid of drawings, and without entering into technicalities uninteresting and indeed unintelligible to any but practical electricians. Still, perhaps some account of its general action may be worth giving, inasmuch as it is certainly the first by which musical sounds have been conveyed by telegraph in this country.

Like all telegraphic apparatus, this telephone consists of two instruments, a sender and a receiver. On Thursday both these were at the Queen's Theatre, so that both could be examined, and the wire was laid across to the Canterbury Hall and back, a distance in all of some three miles. In the public performances, of course, the sending instrument will be at one place and the receiver at the other. Let us consider the receiver first, for it is in it that the greatest novelty of the instrument consists. The only thing visible to the audience is a large drum-head, or tambourine, inside which is stretched what appears to be a sheet of tissue paper. Nor is there very much more. Mr. Varley discovered the curious fact that if a pulsating electric current of "high tension" be sent into a "condenser," an arrangement of thin plates alternately of conducting and non-conducting materials, the plates will vibrate, and if large enough and of construction, they will produce a musical note. The note thus formed is greatly magnified by the drumhead, and can be made to sound quite as loud as the ordinary note, say as a hautboy, which, indeed, it much resembles. It is understood that this condenser has some special features of construction, but to all appearances it differs little from the ordinary condensers of tinfoil and paraffined paper which are used in electrical operations. No satisfactory explanation of this curious phenomenon has yet been given, but of its existence there can be no doubt.

The sending instrument is much more complicated. A number of tuning-forks, sufficient to enable a simple tune to be played by their means, are employed. Each of these has, mounted near its end, a small electro-magnet, worked by a battery, by which it is kept in constant vibration, precisely; to take a familiar instance, as the striker of an electric bell is kept going when the button is pressed down. The vibrations of the fork are then caused to make and break a second separate electric circuit passing through an "induction coil," by which the "low tension" electricity of the battery is transformed into the "high tension" electricity required to produce the vibrations of the condenser. All these forks are then kept vibrating simultaneously, producing, of course, a rather discordant hum; but the current from none of them passes into the condenser until, by the depression of a key, the circuit is completed between one of the forks and the condenser, when the note belonging to that fork is instantly sounded. A number of keys, one for each fork, are mounted on a key-board, and they are manipulated just like piano-forte keys. The instrument at the Queen's has a compass of an octave and a half, from C below the staff to G above it, and there are consequently 12 forks with their attendant apparatus.

Of the music produced it is impossible to speak in very high terms. Some of the notes were good enough, but others were quite false, and the impression it gave was that the instrument was not properly adjusted and tuned. It was stated that its action is somewhat uncertain, and that it depends partly on atmospheric conditions. This is doubtless to be attributed to the use of high tension electricity, which, as is well known, is difficult to manage over long distances. It did not appear quite evident why a single coil placed near the condenser would have not acted equally well; but there are doubtless considerations of adjustment and the like which cannot be appreciated on a mere cursory inspection.

The whole apparatus has been put up in considerable haste and under considerable difficulties. The Post Office refused to lend a wire, and so it became necessary to erect a private one. This, involving as it did the getting the permission from the proprietors of houses in the route, was a troublesome undertaking; but it was successfully accomplished by the Gutta-Percha and Telegraph Works Company, of Cannon-street, who undertook the work. The span of a quarter of a mile across the Thames is an unusually long one, and seemed to present the greatest obstacle, but this was eventually crossed, and the line completed.

Should the present instrument prove all that is expected, we are promised a speaking telephone; and it must be confessed that such an instrument would be of far greater utility, as well as of greater interest, than a telephonic organ such as that of Mr. Varley. The weak point of the American speaking telephone of Bell is the extreme lowness of its sounds. This is certainly not the case with Mr. Varley's apparatus. We shall look with interest for a combination of the two, for some apparatus in which the vibrations received by Bell's stretched membrane shall be given out by Varley's condenser. Such an arrangement, if the instruments can be cheaply worked and easily kept in order, would soon replace all the "A B C" instruments used for short distances on our private wires, even if it did not come into use for all our telegraphic communications. The instrument at present shown cannot transmit the sound of the voice, nor can it take up and reproduce the music played by an orchestra or even a single musical instrument. All it can do is to produce in its own voice whatever tune is played on it. That it should do so at a distance of several miles is strange enough, but more than this is expected from the perfect telephone, and more than this will certainly be accomplished before very long.—*Times*.

EXOTIC SCENERY.

Mr Thomas Rogers, scenic artist, writes to *The Times* (Aug. 6) from 63, St George's Road, S.E. :—

"I noticed in a recent issue of *The Times* a report of the opera, *Il Flauto Magico*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, wherein you state you could not but feel surprised at seeing 'a purely English landscape, Act II., Scene I, in the near vicinity of the temple of the Egyptian Isis.' I beg you will, in justice to myself, through the medium of your columns, allow me to explain that the view in question was in no way connected with me, or permitted by me to be added to the scenery painted. The Egyptian portion is but a trifle of what was intended for the opera of *Semiramide*, when Mlle Tietjens sufficiently recovered to reappear. Unfortunately, she has not been able to do so; therefore the scenery has been appropriated, 'as much as could be used,' for *Il Flauto Magico*."

So, then, the "Egyptian portion," such as it appeared, in this opera "mounted with great magnificence," was really intended for *Semiramide*, in which everything should be *Assyrian*? We look to Mr Ruskin for an explanation.

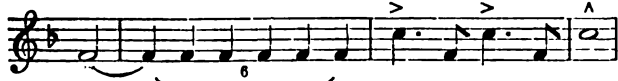
T. QUERR,

Amphigouri.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.
[Private.]



SIR.—Agriole ayant en pensée d'écouter ce qu'elle auoit encommencé, estoit merueilleusement troublée : Dont s'aperceurent ses Damoysselles, & s'en vindrent ses plus priuées lui demander qu'elle auoit. Ie me trouue bien mal, respondit elle, aprestez tost mon lit que je me couche.



P.S.—*Atque hæc uera sunt rerum naturalium fundamenta, in quibus nihil (NIHIL) est repugnans.*

This can best be explained by the legend of the

Braconnier and the Gendarme.

Un braconnier fuyant devant un
bon gendarme,

A son chien, en courant, disait :

Bon Médor, viens !

Et le chien aboyait . . .

Ce qui donna l'alarme . . .



Gendarme means armed
gent. Nevertheless, the *moralité*
comes to this :—*On n'est jamais trahi que par les
chêns !*



Pardon this intrusion, and believe me, sir, yours as previously,
Groket Roetes.

VIENNA (from an occasional Correspondent).—The Grand Opera closed its doors on the 1st of July with *Hans Heiling* (Marschner), and will only re-open on the 15th of August. Then I shall be happy to send you always the musical *feuilletons* of Professor Hanslick, if they interest you. (Of course they do.—D. P.) Yesterday the Conservatory finished its last musical exhibition. It will re-open on the 21st of September. The "concours" lasted from the 20th of June until the 7th of July, under the direction of Professor and Director Helmesberger. The number of pupils are at present 716—in all branches. At the "concours" 115 were admitted, from among whom the following received first prizes by unanimous consent :—for Singing—Frl. Stahl (a splendid contralto), pupil of Mad. Marchesi and Frl. Klunzinger : for *Piano-forte*—thirteen received first prizes, the best three being Herr Robert Fischhof, Herr Bruno Schöneberger, and Frl. Caroline Geissler, pupils of Professor Door ; for *Violin* the only first prize was awarded to Arnold Rosenblum, a little genius, twelve years of age, who already creates a sensation ; he is a pupil of Professor Heigler's. Mad. Rosa Caillag, an old favourite in England, who has been a short time professor at the Conservatory, has already some excellent pupils. L. L.

THE LATE MR TOWNSHEND SMITH.

(From the "Hereford Times.")

Mr Townshend Smith, organist of Hereford Cathedral, died suddenly on Friday evening (Aug. 3). Deceased had been to Gloucester during the day, making arrangements in connection with the approaching Festival of the Three Choirs, and was to have conducted a practice of the Choral Society on that evening, but, feeling fatigued, the meeting was postponed. Shortly afterwards the city was thrown into gloom by the announcement of his death. Mr Smith has been organist of Hereford Cathedral for upwards of a quarter of a century, and was well known in the musical world. It was only last year that the stewards presented him with a handsome testimonial in recognition of his valuable services in the management of the Three Choirs Festival. The deceased gentleman was brother to Mr Montem Smith, the well-known cathedral tenor.

MR CARL ROSA IN DUBLIN.

The history of English Opera is a peculiarly chequered one. It has been said "English Opera has no history, no unbroken line of traditions, and has no regular sequence of operatic works by native composers." It were long to investigate the value of this *dictum*, but there can be no doubt that of recent years—that is to say within the last quarter of a century—the vicissitudes of national opera have been many and curious, and the general result does not point to brilliant success. Looking back to the days of Arnold and Bunn, Macready, Pyne and Harrison, E. T. Smith and the National Opera Company, not to mention the numerous small travelling companies which under one name or another, have looked for public favour, we encounter failure almost at every step ; nor is there much of a satisfactory character to contemplate until we meet the name of Mr Carl Rosa, who, with his rarely gifted wife, the lamented M^{me} Parepa-Rosa, succeeded in popularising English Opera in America—gaining fame and profit beyond anything which other *impressarii* were able to achieve. The success which Mr Rosa accomplished beyond the Atlantic was due to his wonderful pluck, energy, perseverance, and remarkable talent as a conductor and a man of business. In Great Britain and Ireland he has inaugurated a system which we have no doubt, will have as agreeable results. Possessed of an ample fortune, he stands in a very different position from those less fortunate speculators who could not afford to deal in the same generous and enterprising manner with the public. At the London Lyceum he has achieved brilliant successes, and in the provinces his name is a "tower of strength." Great expectations are naturally rife with regard to his present company, and so far as last evening's performance at the Gaiety is concerned, those expectations have been adequately fulfilled. Rarely have we seen a more complete performance of *Il Trovatore*. A large and enthusiastic audience filled the theatre. M^{me} Blanche Cole, whose reception was particularly flattering, proved how well she deserved the plaudits of her Dublin lieges, with whom she has been for some years a prime favourite. Miss Josephine Yorke's Azucena was a highly commendable performance. Mr Snazelle, whom we have already heard in Dublin, did well in the part of Ferrando. Mr Packard, whose voice has gained strength, while it retains its sweetness, sang "Ah si ben mio" delightfully, and received a spontaneous encore. In the "Di quella pira," with his "Ut de poitrine," he brought down the house. Mr Ludwig was very warmly received, and gave his music in capital style. "Il Balen" was sung with artistic feeling, and encored. The small part of Inez was capitally filled by Miss L. Graham. For a long time we have not heard better chorus singing. Mr Rosa's, in short, is a *troupe d'ensemble*, in every detail well regulated. This evening *The Lily of Killarney* will be given. —*Irish Times*.

PARIS.—An interesting event to the theatrical and musical world occurred on Saturday in the distribution of prizes to successful pupils at the Conservatoire. M. Brunet, Minister of Public Instruction, opened the proceedings with an appropriate speech, at the end of which he expressed pleasure at being able to proclaim, in the school at which Gounod gained his first laurels, that the President of the Republic had promoted the composer of *Faust* and *Cinq-Mars* to the grade of Commander of the Legion of Honour. The distribution of prizes was followed by a concert and dramatic recitations, in which laureates and prize-winners took part.

The Fury of Higher Development.

(Read Joseph Bennett on Ghouls.)



DR BRAY.—Old 'oss, your eyes are starting out of your head—you foam at the mouth—you are disturbed?

MAJOR NEIGH.—The Polacca and Polonaise of Weber could not stand apart (neighs loudly).

DR BRAY.—Calm yourself—take a pill.

MAJOR NEIGH.—I have knit them together with orchestral threads (neighs).

DR BRAY. Say cords. Be calmer—take a sedative.

MAJOR NEIGH.—They now house nob by nob like two peas in a shod (neighs louder).

DR BRAY.—Say two pills in a box (brays nervously, aside). You're feverish. Take a sudorific.

MAJOR NEIGH.—And Schubert (neighs vociferously). Haven't I knit his thoughts together with orchestral threads?

DR BRAY.—Say ropes—say grapnels. You are delirious. Take an opiate, and go to bed.

MAJOR NEIGH.—Ass! Give me the pill (swallows opiate). Ha! He! Hi! Ho! Heu—cauda!

DR BRAY.—I knew 'twould come to this. Glanders! Why can't he leave Weber, Schubert, and all of 'em alone?

[Exit, braying fearlessly.]

REPLY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—May I crave a few lines of reply *à propos* of my last letter. Mr Dishley Peters has appended to it an emendation which I should be grieved to believe true. Speaking of Storace he says that I evidently am not aware that "A greater musical pilferer of other men's goods never existed." That I certainly was not aware of; nay, even now (begging Mr Peters' kind forbearance), I am not convinced of it; nor do any of the gentlemen whose opinions I have alluded to seem to say so. Take the latest of them—the only one I have at hand to refer to—Mr C. K. Salaman. He says (*vide Musical Times* for April last): "The style of Storace's melodies differs materially from that of Purcell, Arne, and Shield." Again: "Storace, avoiding plagiarism, wisely availed himself, as all great musicians have done, of the accumulated experience of his predecessors and contemporaries, famous in his own and in other countries." True, Mr Salaman also admits, "On perusing the two latest operas of Storace one cannot fail to notice that the composer was not insensible to the captivating, all-powerful influence of Mozart;" but he immediately adds, "yet retaining his own individuality of style and expression." With the exception of the italics, which are mine, I believe I have fairly quoted Mr Salaman, a gentleman whose opinions are entitled to considerable weight, and which I take pleasure in endorsing. If *this* be the head and front of Storace's offending, I fear my friend Mr Peters will agree with me that nearly all the great composers, from Handel and Mozart downwards, must be voted plagiarists as well as he; but if otherwise, will Mr Peters kindly say *which* of Storace's pieces he considers to be stolen, and *from whom*?" Awaiting his reply, believe me, yours truly,
D. BAPTIE.

P.S.—By the way, I see, in my notice of Shield, you have made me say that he published a "Canto" of glees, duets, &c. The word should be "Cento."

[Wait awhile. "No Song no Supper."—D. B.]

ANCIENT MUSIC.

The valuable library of the late Dr E. F. Rimbault, well-known in the musical world, has just been sold by Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. It contained several very curious works, especially in the collection of ancient music, and these were eagerly contested for and fetched high prices. Among them were—Arbeau Orchesographie, £6 6s.; Bathe's Skill of Song, £3 12s.; Bevin's Arte of Musicke, £5 5s.; Butler's Principles of Musick, £3 2s. 6d.; Clifford's Anthems, £2 7s.; Mersenne Harmonica, £4 4s.; Alison's Psalmes, £3 14s.; Banquet of Music, £5 15s.; Beaujoyeux Ballet Comique, £14 10s.; Byrd's Parthenia, £9; Chambonnières Pièces de Clavessin, £3 15s.; Choice Ayres, £4 4s.; Dancing Master, £3 8s.; D'Anglebert, Pièces de Clavessin, £2 16s.; Day's Morning and Evening Prayer, £5 2s. 6d.; Day's Psalmes, £3 5s.; Delicieux Musics, £2 11s.; Division Violin, £5 2s. 6d.; Farmer's Plain Song, £10 10s.; Finger's Sonates XII., £5 15s.; Gamble's Ayres, £3 16s.; Greeting's Pleasant Companion, £4 10s.; Hilton's Catch, £4 6s.; Holborne's Pavans, £8 10s.; Ireland's Psalm Tunes, Cantus and Bassus only, £2 3s.; Lawes's Ayres, £5 7s. 6d.; Leighton's Teares, £5; Le Jeune Psalmes, £5 2s. 6d.; Luther's Geystliche Lieder, £7 15s.; Marot Psalmes, £5 15s.; Morley's First Booke of Consort Lessons, the treble viol part only, £13 13s.; Nederlandtsche Geneek-Clanck, £3 5s.; Ornithoparcus his Micrologus, £4 12s.; Hole's Parthenia inviolata, £7 7s.; Playford's Musick's Delight, £7 10s.; Playford's Catch that Catch Can, £3 5s.; Psalmes for Scotland, £7 7s.; Purcell's *Te Deum*, £3 3s.; Ravenscroft's Psalmes, £3 2s. 6d.; Reggio's Songs, £3 18s.; Rossetor's Consort Lessons, £5 7s. 6d.; Simonetti, Ghirlanda Sacra, £3 14s.; Songs and Ayres, £5 10s.; Theatre of Music, £3 10s.; Treasury of Musick, £3 13s.; Vinculum Societatis, £2; Wanless's Anthems, £3 10s.; Whythorne's Songs, £3 2s. 6d.; Motets in Manuscript, £21; Mulliner's Collections of Motets, Hymns, Autograph MS., £82; Manuscript Services, £14 14s.; Manuscript Songs, £13 13s.; Virginal Music, £25 11s.; Playford's Introduction, £10 10s.; Vinotilla de Musica, £9 9s., &c. The entire library, including a pair of virginals made by Adam Liversidge in 1666, which sold for £26, produced £1,977 13s. 6d.

VIENNA.—A new operetta, *The Haunted Castle*, by Mellöker and Berla, has been tried by director Steiner. The scene is laid in the Tyrol amongst peasants and mountaineers. The result of the trial is yet undecided.

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P.
Dr W. POLE, F.R.S.
Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR.
Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.

COMMITTEE.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS.
Dr F. HUEFFER.
Mr J. S. BERGHEIM.
Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

Portraits.

No. 7.—Pessimus Optimus.

Tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles.



PESSIMUS OPTIMUS.—Say—nothing could be worse? Humph!—so much the better.—But say—nothing could be better?—Humph!—so much the worse. I must talk about Schopenhauer, at Godesberg. Hueffer will reconcile him with Wagner. *Tant mieux*—no, *Tant pis*.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877.

THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA.

ABOUT a fortnight since the subjoined paragraph appeared in a morning paper:—



"THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.—It will be remembered that the works were suddenly suspended a few months ago, and have since that period been at a stand, after an expenditure of about £60,000 on the building so far as it has at present proceeded. We understand, however, that the works will be actively resumed in the course of next week, and that, in accordance with an undertaking entered into by Mr Mapleson and the proprietors with the Metropolitan Board of Works,

the building will be covered in and internally finished by Lady-day next. We are further informed that Mr Webster, who has hitherto held the contract, has withdrawn from it, and will take his seat as a member of the committee of proprietors, and that an eminent firm of builders have entered into an undertaking to complete the building."

After ten days had elapsed—employed, doubtless, by Mr Mapleson in endeavouring to find out from what quarter the paragraph, the major part of which he must have known very well to have been untrue, emanated—he very advisedly addressed the following letter to the *Times*:—

"THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "*Times*.")

"SIR,—About a week or ten days ago a paragraph appeared in the *Times* setting forth that the works in connexion with the National Opera House would be 'actively resumed in the course of next week,' and that 'in accordance with an undertaking entered into by Mr Mapleson and the proprietors,' the building would be 'covered in and internally finished by Lady-day next.' This news astonished and saddened me; for it is without basis. I read on, and was as much mortified as I was surprised to find it stated that 'an eminent firm of builders have entered into an undertaking to complete the building.' My one objection to these assertions is that they are not true. I do not complain of their being inaccurate, I only regret that they are so. And now that the termination of my Opera season places me at liberty to attend to other matters than those which have engaged the whole of my attention for the last few months, I trust I may be allowed to make known through your columns the exact position in which the affairs of the National Opera House stand.

"A sum of about £80,000 has been spent on the building, and, apart from this outlay, I have paid a large premium for the land and the ground-rent up to the present time. The land-tax, moreover, has been redeemed and paid for. The engineering and mechanical difficulties which were considered insurmountable have been overcome and foundations have been secured on 40ft of concrete. An additional £40,000 is required to enable us to put on the roof, which practically would finish the building, as all that might afterwards be needed could easily be raised at a very low figure on mortgage. The whole of the debenture-holders are willing to stand on one side to permit a first mortgage to be thus obtained; and they will, if necessary, forego all claim to interest, so anxious are they to see the National Opera House finished. There is no charge whatever on the building as it now stands. It is fully available, then, as security; and £40,000 lent on the existing construction, which has cost £80,000, would enable us to get the roof on. Then a much larger sum might

be procured; certainly, quite enough to pay off the £40,000 and complete the Opera House both internally and externally. The theatre once finished and furnished, it is a mistake to suppose that the cost of mounting the first few operas would be very ruinous. I speak with some authority on this head, for a large number of operas have been newly mounted this season at Her Majesty's Theatre—every one, as a matter of course, that has been played—they have all been mounted with great magnificence, and the whole expense of mounting has been paid for out of the profits. In these circumstances, is it impossible in a rich, art-loving city like London to obtain a sum of £40,000 on security which has cost £80,000.

"I have hitherto said nothing about the unusual attractions which an Opera House of the finest architectural proportions, standing on a site which cannot be matched in Europe, would present. But, other things being equal, it is obvious that an Opera House standing by itself on a river esplanade of great beauty, accessible on all sides, visible from all points, would possess some advantages over theatres built upon two, if not three, sides, and situated in such crowded, such unhealthy neighbourhoods, that to ventilate them is simply to let in bad air. At this moment not one of our theatres adds to the architectural beauty of London, for, in the first place, not one of them can be seen. They form part of the street in which they are situated, and as a rule can only be approached by the public on one side, or at most on two. It would be something to have in London one theatre which could be admired as a piece of architecture. It should be remembered, too, that if the National Opera House is diverted from the purpose for which it was intended there will be no other chance of the West-end possessing an Opera House worthy of the name; for the ground I succeeded in securing on the Victoria Embankment, besides being the best possible site, was, in fact, the only one. As far as I personally am concerned it cannot be said that the completion of the National Opera House is a matter of the very highest moment. The lease of Her Majesty's Theatre has still twelve or thirteen years to run, which will be quite long enough for me. But at the end of that time the West-end will be without an Opera House. Her Majesty's Theatre will be wanted for other purposes than those to which it is applied, and the National Opera House must within a very short time be either finished as an Opera House or turned into something else. This poor result of much earnest endeavour would not only be vexatious to me—it would be a misfortune to London. Such a misfortune, moreover, may easily and even profitably be avoided.

"To give some idea of what would be the real value of the National Opera House when finished, and to encourage any one who may wish to take it off my hands to finish it, I am ready to engage to pay rent for it at the rate of from £12,000 to £14,000 a year. Sorry as I should be to see the undertaking pass from beneath my control, the terms I have just proposed would be advantageous as compared with those under which I held a theatre not nearly so large, not nearly so commodious, as the National Opera House will be. I paid at Drury Lane £250 a week, with the right of adding as much as I pleased to the stock, scenery, and costumes belonging to the theatre, but with no right to take anything out. Thus, my tenancy being only a temporary one, it could not suit me to mount grand operas in the style in which I should mount them at a theatre placed permanently under my direction. I had hoped to be something more than lessee of the National Opera House. But as an Opera manager of some experience, I say confidently I would rather be tenant at that theatre on the terms mentioned than proprietor or paid director at any other. If, then, no one will help me and my associates to complete the building, will any one complete it for himself on the understanding that very good interest for his money will be secured to him in the shape of rent. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"Her Majesty's Theatre."

"J. H. MAPLESON.

We can sympathise with Mr Mapleson, and hope earnestly that the £40,000 may be forthcoming. Nevertheless, the lease of Her Majesty's Theatre has, we understand, more than "twelve or thirteen years to run;" and though it may be "wanted for other purposes," it cannot be got "for other purposes," seeing that, according to the terms of the lease, it must only be used as an Opera House.

Mynyddog.

WHO now will believe that no man is a prophet in his own country? Here but lately among us was "Mynyddog;" and now he is gone! Is he remembered? Is he regretted? None present at the Llandyssul *Eisteddfod* can surely have forgotten the preliminary bardic address, delivered, in Welsh,

by Ioan Cynllo, himself a bard of bearded eminence, referring in touching language to the loss sustained by the death of the Poet of Montgomery—after which, if we may believe the *Carmarthen Journal*, the entire company rose and remained for some minutes, erect, in solemn silence, as a suitable token of respect? None!—we may depend upon it. Mynyddog has departed; but, in the absence of Brinley Richards, John Thomas, Edith Wynne, Annie Edmonds (apostate!), and our beloved Lewis Thomas ("Pencerdd Gwffyn"), there were others present anxious and able to render justice to his memory. Listen to T. E. Lloyd, M.P., as reported by our once esteemed contemporary:—

"Nor can I refer in adequate terms to the loss which all Wales has sustained in the late demise of the genial, witty, talented, and bardworking Mr Richard Davies, better known as 'Mynyddog.' He was a man who did more than any other, so far as I know, to promote the success of *Eisteddfodau*, but he has now departed from us for ever, leaving us only his memory to dwell on. He had great talents, not the least of which was his rare wit and humour; he possessed great kindness of heart, and was the life and soul of our national gatherings. I first met him two years ago, at the Lampeted *Eisteddfod*, and was from the first charmed with his vivacity and cleverness. He conducted the Tregaron *Eisteddfod* last year, and appeared to be in perfect health. Last winter, however, he visited America, and attended various *Eisteddfodau* amongst the Welsh settlements, delighting his countrymen with his humour, and giving them a taste of that enjoyment we have so frequently experienced here. He took cold in America, returned home in ill health, and died a few weeks ago at his farm near Cemmase, Montgomeryshire, deeply regretted by his countrymen. As an *Eisteddfod* conductor he had no equal; and such was his influence with the people, that any disturbance was quickly put down by his ready tact and wit. He was an excellent poet, and composed comic and other songs which I have heard him sing with such effect as to produce roars of laughter. I feel as if I had lost a friend in the death of Mynyddog, and I am sure his loss will be long felt at our national gatherings. I could not take the chair at this *Eisteddfod* without uttering a few words of praise in memory of poor Mynyddog. I am pleased to find that a memorial is to be erected to him; I have subscribed to it myself, and I hope as many lovers of Wales and Welsh talent as possibly can will do the same. The desirability of such a memorial is too patent to require any utterances of mine to recommend it."

You are right, Mr T. E. Lloyd, and we join you hand and heart. Yet another M.P., Mr David Davies, who spoke in Welsh (rare faculty for all but *Aborigines*!) paid eloquent tribute to Mynyddog, as thus (again we call to our aid the *Carmarthen Journal*):—

"Our late friend Mynyddog was to have taken a most prominent part in this day's proceedings. I have no doubt the committee have done their best to fill his place, but must of necessity fail to some extent, as he was a man for the purpose. I am happy to know that steps are being taken to keep his name alive in our country. I trust that the memorial will be worthy of his name in every sense. I am sure we shall all be very pleased to contribute something to it in order to show our estimation of his talents and to keep his name familiar for generations to come."

Hear! Hear! But why, Oh Pencerdd Gwffyn, didst thou absent thyself? From thine inspired pen we should have had fitting homage to one whom thou lovedst (thou hast declared as much), in prose or poetry—for both become thee. From the genial, enthusiastic "Talhaiarn," with whom we made acquaintance at Rhuddlan, when his *Messiah* gallery gave way (1850), to the last Welsh bard we ever met, we cannot recall one who has failed to exercise upon us a certain fascination, causing sympathy to spring up, suddenly, like mushrooms of a night, and leaving the impression that there was still something in the world worth thinking about. As "high mountains" to Lord Byron, so have always been enthusiasts to us—"a feeling;" and if there are enthusiasts under the moon, Welsh bards may claim to belong to that fraternity. Therefore, Pencerdd Gwffyn, unless we receive from thee an appropriate monody on Mynyddog, thy sins will not be forgiven thee, but weigh heavily till such time as thou art shriven.

Gishley Peters.

Clenchus.



DR HANS VON BÜLOW—Mr Arthur Sullivan having declined to renew his engagement on the same terms as in 1875-6—has accepted the post of conductor at the evening series of Glasgow Subscription Concerts. It is to be hoped that the irascible Doctor may get on more smoothly at Glasgow than he did at New York and Boston, and that he won't be "hinterviewed" by Mr —, the cute (and amiable) critic of the — (and, by the way, our very dilatory "Own Correspondent").

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR GRIPE.—On the contrary. The article on the New Philharmonic Society referred to, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* (May 15), spoke of the young violinist as follows:—

"The new comer was *Mdlle Pommereuil*, a youthful, graceful, and accomplished Belgian lady, who on this occasion made her first appearance in London as a violinist with marked success. The Concerto in G minor of *Max Bruch* was selected by *Mdlle Pommereuil*, and exhibited remarkable taste and considerable powers of execution. The young débutante is a disciple of the broad school of violin playing observed by *Vieuxtemps*, and there is little doubt that such evident talent will result in a distinguished career in the profession so successfully adopted. *Mdlle Pommereuil* was recalled unanimously after her performance, and received the hearty congratulations of all who were present."



In speaking of the sisters Milanollo, Dr Gripe is evidently running his head against the sisters Ferni, who had no more to do with the sisters Milanollo than the sisters Milanello had to do with the sisters Neruda.

IGNACE GIBSONE.—Every scrap of music, good, bad, or indifferent, from the pen of a master should be accessible, because having a value for the genuine amateur—the amateur, that is, who not only reads or listens, but reflects. At the same time, it does not follow that every scrap should be publicly performed. In this matter discretion is needful, the point for decision being whether any actual good is likely to result, apart from the gratification of curiosity. Mr Gibsone is entirely wrong about Nicolai and Nicolai. The harpichord sonatas of Nicolai, the Italian, were composed long before Nicolai, the German, was thought of. Mr Gibsone should perfume his kerchief with "Otto" of Roses. The opera called *La Rosa Bianca e la Rosa Rossa* was composed by Simon Mayr, who also wrote the *Medea* in which Pasta—poor Cherubini!—took delight, and also Parodi, who was a parody (no pun) of Pasta. But "Otto" is "Otto." Mr Gibsone should "meditate" a book or two onward. Nicolo Leonard had nothing in common with either "Nicolai" mentioned.

MR EDWARD OXENFORD.—We entirely agree with the contents of Mr Oxenford's letter; but, as it has already appeared in other papers, we can see no advantage in inserting it.

ALEXANDRA PALACE CONTEST.—Too late for this week.

MARRIAGE.

On the 7th August, at St Saviour's, Maida Hill, by the Rev. F. S. May, M.A., of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, **HENRY WILLIAM WIENER**, to **EMILY KATHLEEN**, daughter of the late Desmond Ryan, B.A.

DEATHS.

On the 3rd August, at The Close, Hereford, very suddenly, of heart disease, **GEORGE TOWNSHEND SMITH**, Organist of Hereford Cathedral, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Friends will please accept this intimation.

On the 7th August, suddenly, at Saltburn-on-Sea, **GRACE**, the beloved wife of G. A. Osborne, Ulster Terrace, Regent's Park.

On the 7th August, at St George's Hospital, through an accident while driving, **MRS GEORGE MARCH**, well-known to the musical world as "Virginia Gabriel."

VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

Mrs George March ("Virginia Gabriel") met with an accident on Sunday last, August 5, which proved fatal. Mr and Mrs March had been driving in Hyde Park, and when returning home, through Grosvenor Street, the horse took fright. Mrs March was thrown from the carriage, and received injuries of so serious a nature, that it was found advisable to convey her forthwith to St George's Hospital, where she died about 2.30 on Tuesday morning. Mrs March was not only an excellent musician, as her various compositions show, but an amiable and thoroughly accomplished lady, an ornament to society, and respected by all who had the good fortune to enjoy the advantage of her personal acquaintance.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

FREDERIC VON FLOTOW, composer of *Stradella*, *Martha*, *L'Ombre*, &c., has sold his estate in Reichenau, and retired to his villa in Mecklenburgh. He has finished a new romantic opera, *Die Musikanten* (*The Musicians*), libretto by Richard Genée. The story, taken from one of Mozart's early adventures, is said to be highly amusing, and the music is well spoken of. The opera, already translated into Italian, will be performed for the first time at Turin, next October.

We regret to say that the health of *Mdlle Tietjens* is anything but reassuring, and that the necessity of another operation for droopy is apprehended. Her appearance at the Festivals at Gloucester and Leeds, a month or so hence, is, under the circumstances, out of the question; and if she ever sings again in public there will be cause to rejoice. We should only be too pleased to find these sad prognostications unfulfilled.

MDME ADELINA PATTI has, says *Galignani*, paid M. Escudier, manager of the Italian Theatre at Paris, 100,000 francs as forfeit for her breach of engagement. She has also telegraphed to M. Strakosch, of New York, to say that she accepted his proposals for the United States, namely, 10,000 francs for each performance and a benefit; fifty-one performances guaranteed, or more than half a million of francs.

THE Covent Garden Promenade Concerts commence to-night. The fine band of last season has been re-engaged, with Mr Alfred Burnett as leader, and Mr Howard Reynolds as principal *cornet à pistons*. The vocalists are *Mdles De Maessen*, *Rajmondi*, and *Celeste*, *Signori Gianini* and *Medica*, with *Mdlle Pommereuil* as violinist, *Mdlle Debillmont* as pianist, and M. Marlois as accompanist. *Mdme Rose Hersee* will appear August 25th; M. Henri Ketten (pianist), September 8th; *Mdlle Moisset*, September 15th; and M. Maurel, September 22nd. This evening an orchestral arrangement of themes from Gounod's latest opera, *Cinq-Mars*, will be performed, and a new polka, "The Drummer Boys," composed by Signor Arditì, accompanied by all the drummer boys of the Coldstream Guards. When it is added that the musical direction of the concerts is in the hands of the able and popular conductor, Signor Arditì, it will be seen that every endeavour has been made to secure success.

INFORMATION has been received by the Department of Science and Art, through Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that it is intended to hold an Art Congress at Antwerp, on the 19th of this month, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the birth of Rubens. Further details with respect to the proposed celebration may be obtained on application to M. Leopold de Wael, Burgomaster of Antwerp.

MR CARL ROSA left London for Dublin on Sunday night. The opera selected for the first performance of his company (on Monday, the 6th inst.) was *Il Trovatore*. Mr Rosa is having M. Ambroise Thomas's semi-serious opera, *Mignon*, translated into English, for the sake of exhibiting Miss Gaylord in the character of the heroine. He gives no London performances this year.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE third concert given by Mr W. H. Holmes and his professional pupils (including some of his class at the Royal Academy of Music, by permission of the Principal, Professor Macfarren, Mus. Doc.), assisted by eminent artists, took place on Thursday morning, July 26th, at Langham Hall. We subjoin the programme:—

Part I.—Motive, from W. H. Holmes's opera, *The Elf of the Lake*—pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes (W. H. Holmes); Chromatic Fantasia—pianoforte, Mr Laton (Bach); Gigue, in G minor—pianoforte, Miss Lindsay (Handel); Air with Variations—pianoforte, Miss Pamphilon (Haydn); Fantasia, in C minor—pianoforte, Miss Robie Dunn (Mozart); Duet—pianoforte, Miss Fleming, violin, Mr Palmer (Dussek); Storm Rondo—pianoforte, Miss Edith Collins (Steibelt); Fugue—pianoforte, Mr Harvey Löhr (Beethoven); Duo, in D—pianoforte, Miss Maud Baglehole, violoncello, Herr Lütgen (Mendelssohn).

Part II.—Air with Variations—pianoforte (Frank Davenport), Carnevall—harp, Miss Mary Chatterton, pupil of Mr F. Chatterton, on the harp (F. Chatterton); Solo, violoncello, on Themes by Schubert—Herr Lütgen, accompanied by Mme Lütgen (Servais and Lütgen); Song, "The Desert"—Mr Frank Holmes, kindly accompanied by the composer (L. Emanuel); Trio—pianoforte, Miss Grace Gye, violin, Mr Palmer, violoncello, Herr Lütgen (Brahms); Fugue—pianoforte, Miss Florence Sanders (Rubinstein); Trio—pianoforte, Miss Isabel Thurgood, violin, Mr Palmer, violoncello, Herr Lütgen (Max Bruch); New Transcription Bravura, by W. H. Holmes (expressly for this concert, MS. of the "Dance of Herodias's Daughter," from *St John the Baptist* (G. A. Macfarren); Selection from Pauer's new *Gradius ad Parnassum*: "Study on the Shake" (Hummel); "Study on Thirds and Sixths" (C. Mayer); "Study on the Arpeggio" (Chopin)—pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes.

The selection of the works from Bach to Mendelssohn was of course made with the object of showing the rise and progress of the schools of composition and pianoforte playing. The pianoforte was a splendid instrument from the manufactory of Messrs John Broadwood & Sons. No concerts of their kind can be more varied and interesting than these. Mr Holmes is a great professor, and has done more than any other for the legitimate study of the instrument on which he is himself so justly renowned an executant.

PROVINCIAL.

RAMSGATE.—The splendid hall built at the foot of the Granville Hotel, on the Marina, St Lawrence-on-Sea, Ramsgate, was opened on Monday with a miscellaneous concert under the direction of Herr Schubert. The concert began with a Grand Duo Concertante, by Golttermann, played by Herr Hause (pianoforte) and Herr Schubert (violin-cello); the next piece being a vocal quartet, "England," sung by Miss Davies, Miss Dones, Mr Stedman, and Mr Thurley Beale; Mr Thurley Beale then followed with the "Moss Trooper" (encored); Miss Davies with "In a distant land," Taubert (encored), and "Robin Adair;" Mr Stedman with Reichardt's "Love's Request," and "The anchor's weighed;" Miss Dones with "Three Fishers" (Hullah), and "When the tide comes in" (Barnby); the duet, "I would that my love" (Mendelssohn); "I Naviganti" (Randegger); and "The fisherman's good night." Herr Hause (piano) and Herr Schubert (violin-cello) each contributed a solo. Herr Schubert conducted. The hall was crowded, and the concert was highly successful.

HAMBURG.—The representations in the Carl Schulzetheater, under the direction of Herr Schmidt, are discontinued, for the simple reason that the director told the artists he had no money.

MAYENCE.—We have had concerts here every day, alternately, one day in the Aulage and the next in the Raimundi Garden, with the band established by Burgermeister Schott (the late well-known publisher). In the winter the band belongs to the Town Theatre.

WIESBADEN.—M. Jules de Swert (the violoncellist), who has been playing with success at Vienna, and at a concert at our Kurhaus, is putting the finishing touches to his opera, *Parcival*, which is to be brought out next season.

MR CARL ROSA seems to be always changing his mind. It is now Wagner's *Meistersinger*, now Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, now Weber's *Oberon*, now Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and so on. The enterprising impresario has at last hit upon the *Mignon* of M. Ambrose Thomas, for Miss Gaylord. What next? Mr Rosa abandons the idea of giving performances in London this year. Alas! for poor English opera (or opera in English); no one has any faith in it.—*Graphic*.

DE CAUX v. DE CAUX.

The Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"The Caux-Patti suit came on late on Friday afternoon before the Civil Tribunal. President Aubepin took the greatest care to prevent even barristers knowing that he was to hear it that day. It was placed at the end of a long list of cases, some of which could be very rapidly heard, and the rest of which he knew he would be asked to adjourn. The usher muttered in a scarcely audible voice the words, 'De Caux contre de Caux,' as M. Senard and three more advocates were quitting the court, where they had been to ask for more time for the further preparation of briefs. President Aubepin then hurried through the reading of the judgment.

'We hereby rule the separation of persons and of goods asked for in his petition; and we moreover commit to the care of Maitre Champetier de Ribes, notary, the liquidation of the community, and to M. L'Evesque, judge, the drawing up of the report on said liquidation;

the Marquise de Caux to pay the costs of the suit.' The property vested by the Marquis de Caux for his wife in France amounts to nearly £80,000 sterling. As they were married without a contract, he will at the winding-up or liquidation get the half of it. Her diamonds and other jewels and trinkets, and I am told also laces, velvets, and shawls, which come under the head of articles of luxury, will be sold; or, if she chooses, she can take one half, and the other at a valuation."

LETTERS FROM BAYREUTH.

Under the title of "Letters from Bayreuth," the well-known musical critic, Mr Joseph Bennett, has republished, in a compact volume, a series of very interesting articles, originally addressed to the *Daily Telegraph*, on the performance of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, in August, 1876. A perusal of this little book, as unpretending as it is full of solid information, accompanied by searching and highly intelligent critical remarks on the subject treated, will amply repay the time spent upon it by an attentive reader, whether he be a proselyte to Wagner, or a disbeliever in Wagner's theories. Nothing could be clearer set forth, in that genuine Saxon English of which Mr Joseph Bennett is unquestionably a master; and whether we may agree with all his conclusions, or the contrary, a consideration of his arguments, *pro* and *con*, will not be the less entertaining and instructive. What was said once upon a time, by an eminent critic, about the late Lord Lytton, to some friend who disputed that prolific author's claims to original genius, applies with equal truth to Mr Joseph Bennett—"His diction, sir, alone is a charm." And to this may be added the subdued gravity of Mr Bennett's style, his strong common sense, and the logical acuteness of his reasoning, from whatever point of view he may regard the topic he discusses. Apart from all this, however, the "Letters from Bayreuth" deserve to be universally read. They give us Wagner in a nut-shell—that is, according to the impression created by the arch revolutionist upon the mind of the writer.—*Graphic*.

SEVEN YEARS AGO.*

The moon, like a soft and shining pearl, Gleams white in yon sapphire sky, And slowly the leaves, with tuneful Are gently wafted by. [swirl]	Just seven years! yet thy comely face Is as young and fresh to me; Nor age nor care have left a trace That my fond eyes can see.
Full many an argent August moon Hath passed since I knew thee, And (like life's joys) passed all too soon, Whene'er thou wert with me.	And, best of all, thy tender heart, Thank God! is still as true; And mine has ne'er had cause to smart, Nor yet its trust to rue.
Thine eye is still as fond and bright, And thy words still kindly flow, As when first we met that August night Just seven years ago.	My love and my life are knit in one; That love no change can know; 'Tis deeper, firmer, stronger now, Than seven years ago!

July 24, 1877.

MARIA XIMENA HAYES.

* Copyright.

BERLIN.

(Extract from a Letter.)

The theatrical season is at present very dull. The comedians of the Imperial "Burgtheater" at Vienna, who gave a series of performances at the National Theatre, have left again for home. The excellence of their representations and the good selection of pieces draw better houses than was expected. Quite a sensation was produced by Miss Wessely at Leipsic, a very talented artist, who promises to become one of the leading actresses of the future. She is now only seventeen years of age, but shows a wonderful perception in delineating human character. On seeing her as Marie, in Goethe's *Clavigo*, I was struck by her marvellous rendering of this difficult part. At Wallner's Theatre the *Hypochondra* continues to be appreciated by comparatively large audiences. The Friedrich Wilhelmstadt has come out with *The Portrait Lady*, a new *opéra bouffe* in the style of Offenbach, not containing much originality. The lessee at Waltersdorf's Theatre, after vainly endeavouring to attract the public by representations of Anzengruber's moral plays, chiefly depicting the life of the lower classes in Austria, has been obliged to close. A like fate seems to await the Thalia Theatre, which is changing from hand to hand without any proprietor being more fortunate than his predecessor. In the Städtgarten, a public place of recreation in the centre of the city, where open air concerts are nightly given, the ascension of balloons has a more magnetic influence than the music of Beethoven or Mozart. Last Sunday, to the amusement of the Berliners, a young actress accompanied the aeronaut in his ascent. They had a voyage of three hours, and effected a landing without injury to the fair occupant, who afterwards sent to the papers a description of her experiences in balloon travelling. For the next voyage a member of the Japanese Legation has bespoken a seat in the car. Our Eastern friends have become quite popular here, especially among the fairer sex.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS.

On Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, the first of a series of ten operatic performances by the Rose Hersee Opera Company was successfully given, and attracted a large audience. During the last two years no operas have been heard at the Palace, and it was in compliance with numerous requests that the directors arranged for a reproduction of that form of musical entertainment, which for many consecutive years was one of the leading attractions in their annual programme. The opera selected for Saturday was Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, which had never before been introduced at the Palace, and had not been presented in London in an English dress since it was performed by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Princess's Theatre in the autumn of 1875. Two of the principal artists engaged on Saturday, Mdme Rose Hersee (Countess Almaviva) and Signor Campobello (Count Almaviva), occupied prominent positions in the cast of the opera at the Princess's Theatre, two years back; and about these, with the proviso that the two airs of the Countess could hardly have been rendered with more purely Mozartean expression than by Mdme Hersee, it is only necessary to say that on Saturday they maintained the high reputations they have long enjoyed. Mdme Cave-Ashton appeared for the first time as Susanna, and made a highly favourable impression, singing the music with a fidelity to the text and correctness of phrasing bespeaking the well-trained musician, and acting with much vivacity and intelligence. Miss Florence St John, a young lady who has never before been heard in London, has a telling *mezzo-soprano*, and acts with spirit. Mr Richard Temple was a remarkably good Figaro, while Mr Marler (Dr Bartolo) and Mr Arthur Howell (Antonio) were all that could be desired. Basilio and the minor characters were efficiently represented. By some mischance more than half the chorus failing to reach their destination, the few choral pieces were less effective than they might have been. As every one knows, it is on the efforts of the principal artists that the success of any performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* must depend, and it is due to all concerned to say that not only were the familiar solos, duets, and trios successfully sung, but that the glorious *finale* of the second act was executed with faultless precision. The fine band of the Palace played the overture in admirable style, and rendered full justice to the accompaniments. To the conductor, Mr Sidney Naylor, who has had a long experience as a *chef d'orchestre*, much of the success of the performance was due. The *mise-en-scène* reflected credit on the ability of the stage manager, Mr Arthur Howell.

On Tuesday Vincent Wallace's ever-popular *Maritana* was performed with the following cast:—*Maritana*, Mdme Rose Hersee; *Lazarillo*, Miss Florence St John; *Don Cesar de Bazan*, Mr George Perren; *Don José*, Sig. Campobello; the Marquis and Marchioness,

Mr Arthur Howell and Mrs Dixon; and King Charles of Spain, Mr R. Temple. It would be difficult to provide a better cast, and the manner in which the opera was executed would have satisfied the composer himself. It is no slight advantage to have a body of instrumentalists such as the Crystal Palace orchestra, with such solo players as MM. Dubrucq, Clinton, Wells, Wootton, &c., to execute *obbligato* passages—saying nothing of the leader, Mr. Watson, whose violin solo was admirably played. Of the manner in which such artists as Mdme Rose Hersee, MM. Perren, Campobello, and Temple acquitted themselves, it is needless to speak; but special praise is due to Miss St John, who, as *Lazarillo*, enhanced the favourable impression previously made by her *Cherubino*. Her delivery of "Alas those chimés!" was unanimously applauded. The quality of her lower notes surprised those who had supposed her to be simply a *mezzo-soprano*; and, although her vocalisation needs further polish, she has every chance of being successful as a contralto pure. *Il Trovatore* was the opera on Thursday, and *Don Giovanni* will be presented this afternoon.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival Play.*

(From Dwight's Journal of Music.)

[We translate here the concluding chapter of a little book by H. M. Schletterer, Director of the Conservatory at Augsburg, a cultivated musician and an admirable critic. The volume is made up of his letters from Bayreuth to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in which he records his impressions after each day's performance of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy and Introduction. We think it embodies, on the whole, the best account that we have yet seen, both in the way of description and of critical appreciation, among so many good ones, of Wagner's master effort. We wish some publisher and competent translator might be found for the entire work, which exceeds the narrow bounds of our fortnightly journal.]

We find ourselves at the end of the gigantic work. Congratulating ourselves on having happily survived it, and registering a vow of renunciation for all time of all repetition of the enjoyment, we will now attempt a *résumé* of the impression of the entire work, and try to see what prospects for future artistic realization these bold innovations, which Wagner has here for the first time brought partially before the world, may offer. Wagner we know, is proclaimed by the Hotspurs, who follow his flag from various motives, as the greatest poet and greatest composer of his time, as the perfecter of all dramatic-musical strivings. Possibly he believes all that of himself; he has at least given abundant proofs of bold self-consciousness. But let it remain undecided, whether he is fond of hearing himself compared to *Æschylus* and other men not altogether insignificant. Whether, as poet, he stands immediately next to Schiller and Goethe, the experts may determine. But, in our deepest, firmest conviction, the place next to Mozart and Beethoven is to this hour unoccupied. The performance of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy, apart from the manifold shortcomings in the more or less successful representation itself, could not yield any real satisfaction, not to speak of enjoyment. Even the most glowing of Wagner's followers had to confess, that helpless dreariness and dullness, infinite exhaustion and prostration, were the lot of all who attended the festival plays. The dramas of our great poets also move and thrill us, penetrate and stir us; and it would be terrible to think that people could always go away from the temples of Art only humming or laughing. It will ever remain the highest task of poetry and music to reach what is deepest in man and make him bow beneath the weight of imperishable impressions. But true and genuine Art elevates and refreshes at the same time, for in its inmost nature it conceals the balm for the griefs it brings. With Wagner's dramas it is quite otherwise.

Who has carried away from the *Rheingold* anything but nervous irritation and physical prostration? What artistic or dramatic idea was there to compensate us for the torturing prolixity of this prelude? In the first drama, Siegmund and Sieglinde interest us perhaps, and at the end the noble Walkyrie; but we cannot feel our whole soul warm for the guilty pair, the victims of a dark fate; and before Brünnhilde's destiny is finally fulfilled, we have long since been blunted for all impressions. Siegfried offers no moment that could lift us above the commonplace of life; and in the *Götterdämmerung*, of which the text, in

* By one of Wagner's compatriots!—D. P.

point of invention and execution, may be designated as the best and most consistent portion of the Trilogy, it is at bottom only magic draughts that govern destinies. Even the underlying thought of the whole, that all for wretched gold and the guilt that cleaves to it, both gods and men must be brought low—(in the murderous drama all the actors, from Wotan down to the horse Grane, find annihilation,—only the insignificant Guttrune remains alive)—has nothing for us that really takes hold of us, at all events nothing to fill our soul throughout four evenings.

What chiefly enchains us in other poems, the mild relations of sympathy and love, the feelings and emotions of the acting persons, is almost wholly wanting in Wagner's dramas. He succeeds better in describing wild passion and fiery lust, than in expressing in tones the tender blissful feelings of the soul. Cheap effects may always be obtained by a thick laying on of colours. To our heart, which surely has some claims upon a drama, too little is offered in the four *Nibelungen* evenings, to enable us to begin to talk of satisfaction. Not the slightest interest is awakened in us for the fate of the *soi-disant* Gods; their uncouth progeny, governed by the most unbridled sensuality, soon become repulsive to us; to the men clings not a trace of moral character. Only in a few rare moments is any warmer sympathy excited; as when in the second act of the *Walküre* the love of husband and wife, and in the third, that between child and father, breaks out; when Siegfried yields himself up to the magical charm of the forest, and when Brinnhilde is awakened by him out of her long sleep. For the almost entire want of scenes and traits which work upon our inmost feeling, we are not compensated in the long run by beautiful decorations and costumes, which one very soon sees to satiety, nor by the bold scene shifting and the interesting writs of identification (*Leit-motiven*) which chase one another restlessly about in the orchestra; least of all by lengthy scenes, spun out with evident fondness, in which sensuality is raised to boiling heat and voluptuousness goes up in steaming, stifling vapours. How far a stage play may go in this direction, we will not here inquire; we are far from wishing to preach up absolute virtuousness and the diverting of the drama from any sort of sensuous delight. In pictures, under certain circumstances, even the nude can appear chaste and pure; yet there is a great difference between such noble works of plastic Art and those which purposely present voluptuous scenes merely to excite sensual passion. With Wagner it is too strikingly the case, that the description of wild, reeling sensual ecstasy is often what he aims at; he understands that like a virtuoso, and with a faun-like zest he riots in such exciting tone-pictures. By this means his Art becomes immoral and corrupting, an ideal for hysterical women and nervously exhausted men. The conception of love or sexual relations in his operas is unspeakably unsound, unnatural, and loathsome. One must actually find a peculiar satisfaction in risking swoons of the senses, when we can resolve to hear such music often.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.*

The setting sun o'er the waving corn
On the hill which looks over the sea,
And the soothing sound of the breakers borne
In the ocean breeze by me,
Whilst the skylark's song in the evening chill
Echoes faint through the corn-waving breeze o'er the hill.

Or musing, a placid summer's night
Dreamily into the black
Of the death-silent wood where the moon trembles light
On the shadows demoniac,
And the air seems alive with the pure emotion
Of a few musicians at their devotion.

O! that my soul could sail in the sighs,
Hear, nay feel the beat
Of a throbbing heart to sympathise
With a rapture so tender, so sweet.
O! for the wondrous joy divine
Of a love-lighted face upturn'd to mine!

Polkato.

* Copyright.

WAIFS.

Sig. Schira was in Milan a short time since.

Mdlle Marie Heilbron has been singing at Vichy.

M. J. L. Heugel, editor of *Le Ménestrel*, is at Dieppe.

Signor L. Savartal has returned from his tour in Italy.

The Paris Conservatory of Music will re-open on the 8th October.

Dr Ferdinand Ludwig has gone to Königstein to pass his vacation.

The Professorship of the Violin at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin, is vacant.

A sportive American has named his pig "Maud," because it frequently comes into his garden.

Mdles Victoria and Felicia Bunsen are on a visit to Mrs Trafford, Michaelchurch Court, Hereford.

Mdlle Thalberg is at present stopping at her residence, No. 17, Calle Fernando VII., in Barcelona.

A new four-act opera, *Etienne Marcel*, by M. Camille Saint-Saens, will be produced next winter at Lyons.

Mdme Irma Marié (Mdme Edouard Colonne), sister of Mdme Galli-Marié, is engaged at the Opéra-Comique.

Signor Badia and the Mdles Badia have gone to Scarborough for the season, instead of Aix-les-bains, as they intended.

The Cassel Cithern Club has convoked a congress of German cithern players for the 8th, 9th, and 10th September.

Herr Wilhelmj is, with his family, at his villa near Biberich, on the Rhine, slowly recovering from his recent indisposition.

The principal characters in M. Rubinstein's *Nero* at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, will be sustained by Mdle Albani and Sig. Tamberlik.

M. Ambroise Thomas has gone to his country house at Argenteuil to complete the ballet music of his *Françoise de Rimini*, and his new opera, *Psyché*.

An Arabic performance in the theatre in Alexandria and an Italian representation in the open-air theatre in the garden in Cairo are well supported.

On his passage through Luchon, M. Ernest Reyer, composer of *La Statue* and musical critic of the *Débat*, was invited to dine with the King of Holland.

There is a rumour that Richard Wagner contemplates a journey to America—but in what capacity, whether as conductor of concerts or composer of operas, is not yet known.

Mdme Franchita Barri, (wife of Signor Odoardo Barri, the composer) is to be the vocalist, and Miss Madeleine Cronin, pianist, at the Brighton Aquarium Concert, to-day.

Herr Theodor Wachtel, having returned from Switzerland to Vienna, has concluded engagements for next season with the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, and the Theatres at Prague and Leipzig.

Mdlle Sangalli left Paris, for her holiday, on the 1st inst. After her return, she will remain with M. Halanzier till the end of the year, and then proceed to Vienna for M. Leon Délibes' *Sylvia*.

Mr Charles Lyall returned from Normandy last week, and almost immediately started for Dublin, to join Mr Carl Rosa's company, of which he is one of the most versatile, original, and invaluable members.

The well known firm of Chickering & Son (New York and Boston), have celebrated the manufacture of their 50,000th pianoforte, by instituting a library for the exclusive use of their overseers and workmen.

Anton Rubinstein, in his quality of knight of St Wladimir (4th class), and at the demand of the Grand Duchess Catharina Mikhailowna, has been raised by the Emperor to the rank of hereditary nobility.

We understand that Mr Charles K. Salaman, the Hon. Sec. of the Musical Association, will retire from that office at the close of the present season, viz. on the 30th October. The third volume of the Association's proceedings is now issued.

The clear receipts of the Salzburg Festival amount to between three and four thousand florins. The second day was the best in a pecuniary sense; 540 florins were paid at the doors in addition to the money received for tickets in advance.

Besides the two Cimarosas, Aurelio and Ippolito, who cropped up after it was reported that no descendants of the composer were living, another member of the family, Luigi Cimarosa, a nephew by the father's side, has made known that he also is alive, and is now residing in Madrid, where he has been established some twelve years, as musical composer.

Herr Jean Becker (who played many years ago at the Monday Popular Concerts), leader of the Florentine Quartet Union, lately instituted a *concours* for a new string quartet. From among 50 competitors, the prizes have been awarded to Bernhardt Scholz, of Breslau, and Herr Friedrich Lutt, of Mayence. Johannes Brahms and Robert Volkmann were members of the jury.

ITALIAN OPERA ENGAGEMENTS.—Additions have now been made to the list of artists seeking engagements in Italy, and in Italian operas. The list now numbers 132 first sopranos, 54 leading contraltos, 144 first tenors, 98 first baritones, 29 basses, and 8 buffos. In all, there appear to be on this list 465 vocalists who want berths, and these are wholly irrespective of the large number of German, English, and American artists who are unconnected with Italy, and about whom the list does not profess to trouble itself. [*Mr Carl Rosa has travelling room for them all.*—T. Q.]

There were two of them hanging over the front gate the other night. She was standing within the yard, he on the side-walk, both leaning on the top rail, and as happy as pigs in a cornfield. He was saying: "Now, my own little darling, sweet idol of my soul, whose image is always on my heart," when, perceiving the old man coming down the front walk, he continued in a different strain. "The potatoe bugs haven't destroyed our crops so much since we purchased Paris green, and you will find also that cabbages can be raised better on richer soil." The old gentleman turned back, remarking: "These young people take more interest in agricultural matters than is generally supposed."

M. Sellier, who has carried off the first vocal prize at the Paris Conservatory, formerly served in a wine shop of the Rue Drouot, behind the old Opera House. At a meeting of the composers employed on the *XIX^e Siècle*, printed in the above street, each sang something. At length, one asked the shopman to try like the rest. It was a Wednesday. The chorus-singers of the Opera, lounging on the pavement, were surprised to hear an air from *La Juive* sung by a voice so pure and strong. This occurred several days in succession. At the request of M. Léon Thivet, a composer, M. About went down from his editor's room one day to hear the phenomenon. Shortly afterwards, he persuaded M. Sellier to sing in the office, and, thanks to him, the young vocalist soon obtained a hearing from MM. de Leuven and du Locle, managers of the Opéra-Comique. They wished to secure him, but M. Halanzier undertook M. Sellier's musical education, and allowed him 400 francs a month till his *début* at the Opera, which will shortly take place.

LLANDYSSUL Eisteddfod.—The committee of the British School at Llandyssul, having handed over to the local school board the institution hitherto under their charge, and finding that a considerable debt remained, thought some time ago of getting up an *Eisteddfod*, the proceeds of which should tide them over the difficulty. The idea was warmly taken up by the promoters of secular education; and, notwithstanding the semi-party character of the project, it was supported by almost all classes and creeds over the district, as it took the form so dear to the Welsh heart, to which music and song can never come amiss. It was, consequently, no very difficult task to form an influential committee, and the enterprise of these gentlemen has been rewarded by the result. An audience of some 3,000, the attendance of a number of bardic gentlemen of note, who acted as adjudicators, choir-conductors, &c., two members of parliament, as presidents (Mr T. E. Lloyd, Coedmore, member for Cardiganshire, and Mr Davies, Llandinam, member for the Cardigan boroughs); with some promising choral parties in South Wales were among the distinguishing features which the *Eisteddfod* of Wednesday last owed in a great measure to the exertions of the committee. The marquee, erected on an eminence above the town, the accommodation provided for audience and reporters, with other preparations, gave unqualified satisfaction. — *Cardarthen Journal*.

MILAN.—Signori Gasseau and Steffanoni have opened the Teatro Dal Verme. The season is to last during August and September. The programme includes, among other things, Verdi's *Macbeth*, and a new opera with ballet, words by Sig. A. Ghislanzani, music by Sig. C. E. Pasta.

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17. I LOVE MY LOVE	Allen.
18. AROUND THE MAYPOLE	Hatton.
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20. TO ALL, GOOD NIGHT	Wass.
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GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

Pictures from the Life of the first German Operatic Singer.

BY W. LACKOWITZ.*

I.

Pine heath with sand, fathomless sand underneath it, sand in which the wheels of a carriage turn but slowly and the horses progress but slowly, step by step—such is a landscape in the Brandenburg Marches, and such it was likewise a hundred years ago. It possessed then as few attractions as it possesses now, even though the moon sheds over it her silver light, as it did at the moment of which we are about to speak. Yes, the moon shone fully upon the arid, sandy expanse. The wheels of the carriage turned slowly with a monotonous creaking on the heavy axles, and the horses, snorting and tossing their heads, advanced only step by step. In vain did the occupant of the lumbering vehicle cry from the window:

"Get on, coachman, get on! Fresh horses are waiting in the village."

"It's no good, sir!" was the stereotype reply to the oft-repeated exhortation.

The driver was right. It is true that the clacking of his whip had the effect of causing the horses to raise their heads and appear as if about to make a greater effort, but they got no further than the mere attempt. As if answering in the negative, they shook their heads, let them fall again, and then relapsed into their old snail's pace. The gentleman's head would then be drawn back, with an oath, into the carriage, and its owner would continue to rail inside, while a woman's voice was also heard from time to time. But all this did not make the coach go quicker. After a continuance of hot, dry weather, such as there had been uninterruptedly for weeks previous at the period to which we are referring, the sandy tracks of heath were very bad for travelling; they were the terror of coachmen and horses. It is true that the clouds had gathered on the horizon and threatened a storm; yet the following day had been accompanied by, if possible, still greater heat than the day before. At last—at last—the wood opened, and a village appeared in sight. As a matter of course, everything in it was buried in the deepest sleep. Only a dog, disturbed in his dream by the rattling of the carriage over the rugged stones, began barking, and a dozen of his comrades joined in furiously. The moonbeams fell full upon the little village street, and the driver's practised eye soon discovered the thin pole stretching from the thatched roof of one of the houses like a gallows, and bearing at its free end the picture of some undefinable primæval monstrosity. That must be it, "The Pitcher," to wit, the inn where the horses of which the gentleman had spoken were waiting. But here, too, all was buried in the deepest sleep. The Coachman smacked his whip loudly in the air, but no one stirred. The carriage stopped, and the gentleman, jumping out, looked with astonishment at the house, the monstrosity at the end of the pole, and the Coachman.

"Why, what can this mean?" he asked at length, evidently in a state of thorough perplexity.

"Don't know, but will soon find out," grunted the Coachman, getting down clumsily from the box. He now began knocking violently at the door with his fists, and, when this proved of no avail, commenced kicking against it with the heels of his heavy boots.

"What's the matter, Baptist?" enquired the female voice from the carriage.

"God knows, Gerty! But there is nothing to be seen either of Mademoiselle Clarichon or of fresh horses."

"*Mon Dieu*, how terrible!" replied the voice.

Meanwhile the Jehu's indefatigable exertions on the door had at length some effect; shuffling steps were audible, and a bolt was shot back inside. The door opened and the form of the Landlord, with the inevitable sheepskin flung over his primitive toilet, stepped forth into the moonlight. He gazed in stupid astonishment at the gentleman and the Coachman, who both addressed him simultaneously; but, at all events, he understood neither of them. During this time the Lady, also, had scrambled out of the carriage and joined the other persons. She was thickly wrapped in a travelling cloak, and wore twisted round her head a black veil, which served as a frame to a small, pale face. It was easy to

perceive in the bright moonshine that the face had passed the first bloom of youth and was not exactly handsome, but the features, and the large speaking black eyes, indicated considerable intelligence. The Lady began taking an active share in the conversation, but her intervention did not mend matters. The travellers were soon convinced that there were no fresh horses any more than a Mademoiselle Clarichon.

"Good Heavens! Good Heavens! what is to be done—what does all this mean?" sighed the Lady, in the greatest anxiety.

Again did they begin parleying with the Landlord, and, by dint of questioning and cross-questioning that rustic and sleepy individual, got something to the following effect out of him:—About noon the previous day, a young horseman had stopt at the house, and, after asking for something to eat and drink, had made enquiries concerning carriage horses. He struck the Landlord as being a very remarkable individual. By his speech and appearance he might have been taken for a woman rather than one of the male sex, and the Landlord still believed his visitor was a female in disguise. Soon after the stranger, a hussar officer had arrived, and a violent scene had occurred between the two. But the Landlord understood nothing of it, as they spoke a foreign language. The end of the matter, however, was that the Officer took the youth in his arms, and regularly covered him with kisses. The two then refreshed themselves thoroughly and rode off, without saying another word.

"*O, mon Dieu!*" sighed the Lady, with blank despair painted in her countenance, "All is lost; Clarichon has betrayed us!"

"As yet nothing is lost!" cried her companion, with awakening energy. "Coachman, we must make an effort. We must go on at once with the same horses."

"Can't be done! can't be done, sir! Just look at the poor brutes."

"It's no use talking, Coachman. We must go on at all risks. We will pay double. The frontier cannot be far off now."

"No, that it isn't," grumbled the Coachman, for whom the double pay was a terribly powerful bait. "We'll see what we can do; but it's more than the poor brutes can stand. Well—I'm contented. Here we go, then."

The travellers again climbed into the carriage and the Coachman on to his box, and the lumbering conveyance jolted noisily off, accompanied by the furious baying of all the dogs in the village. Shaking his head, the Landlord gazed after it. He did not grumble, however; with a contented smile he pocketed the gold piece which glistened in his hand. The door was closed, and the bolt noisily shot forward. But the good man was not destined to find rest. He had not finished answering the questions of the stout partner of his married bliss in the gigantic tent bedstead, anent the remarkable incident of the night, before someone again thundered violently at the house door. What an idea! Was there another piece of gold to be earned? Far more quickly than on the first occasion the Landlord went down and opened the door. But, this time, to his no small alarm, a detachment of Prussian dragoons was waiting in the street, and their commander, with military brevity, inquired in a peremptory voice about the vehicle which had started scarcely a quarter of an hour before. The Landlord, urged thereto by fright, gave the required information as curtly and concisely, and the troopers spurred after the carriage. Of course there was nothing in the shape of a gold piece.

The carriage, after leaving the village, had not penetrated far into the wood ere the horses manifested the greatest desire to fall once more into their old snail's pace.

"For Heaven's sake, Coachman, get on, get on! Shall we not soon be at the frontier?"

"We are not there yet," replied the Coachman from his box. But, in expectation of double pay, that worthy individual really tried to urge his nags, who were thoroughly tired out, into a quicker pace. "You see yonder eminence—directly behind it, is the frontier-post."

"Good Heavens! Good Heavens!" sighed the Lady aloud; "help us, or we are lost."

And lost they were. They had only got half up the eminence mentioned ere they heard behind them a jingle and rattling with which their ears were but too familiar, while immediately afterwards there resounded through the silent forest the terrible order:

"Stop, in the King's name!"

* From the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

At these dread words the Coachman mechanically pulled in his reins, and the nags were only too ready to stop. The next moment the troopers clattered up. A glance into the carriage convinced the Officer he had found the right persons, and come in the nick of time. A little later and the fugitives he was pursuing would have been in safety on the other side of the frontier.

"I am sincerely sorry, Madame," began the leader of the detachment, "that I have unavoidably for the second time the honour of taking your carriage under my care. This time, however, you must go, not to the Operahouse, but"—and here he stopped short.

"Do not hesitate; pronounce the terrible word!" answered the Lady firmly, seeing that escape was no longer possible. "We are to go direct to—Spandau."

Despite the Lady's apparent firmness, her pale lips quivered as she pronounced the terrible word.

"No, not exactly," replied the Officer with a consoling smile; "for the present we are only going back direct to Berlin. It is true that his Majesty is extremely indignant; that I cannot deny."

"Aye, I can very well believe it," interposed the Lady's companion; and it was undecided whether scorn or courage predominated in the tone of his voice.

"You have to be silent," observed the Officer harshly. "I have orders, at the slightest resistance, to put Monsieur Mara on horseback, and have him at least transported between two troopers to Spandau. As for Madame Mara, the purport of my orders is different."

"Act according to your orders, sir," the Lady replied almost inaudibly. "I answer for my husband." And, covering her face with both hands, she sank down sobbing upon the cushions. Her resolution had deserted her.

"Right about, Coachman; in the village we will procure fresh horses. Yours seem to have had enough of it."

"Humph," grumbled the Coachman to himself, as he obeyed the order, "I wonder where my double pay is!"

It was indeed Mdme Mara, Frederick the Great's celebrated singer, who, in the middle of the night and in the depths of the forest close to the frontier of Saxony, had been arrested as a runaway by Royal Prussian dragoons, in the name of the King of Prussia, and conveyed back to Berlin. It was Mdme Mara, the first German operatic singer, who, as a young girl, as Gertrude Schmahling, had entered on, and emerged victorious from, the struggle against the monopoly of Italian vocalists. The favourite of Frederick the Great, the idol of the Berlin public, had fled secretly from Berlin, and been apprehended as a deserter close to the frontier by dragoons. The King's anger might have terrible consequences. Yes, she had, indeed, good reasons for sinking down in mental prostration on the hard cushions of the carriage, for she was only too familiar with the anger-flashing eyes of her sovereign. And it was to meet those eyes, before which she trembled in the inmost recesses of her heart, that she was now being conveyed, without the power of resistance or delay. How different, however, things might have been! From the hut of poverty she had ascended to the sunny heights of fame. She was the renowned artist, the great singer cherished by princes and by their peoples; yet, at that moment, how did she yearn for the joyless obscurity of her youth, which now, despite all its bitterness, floated almost like past happiness before her mind's eye. Let us plunge with her into the reminiscences of her romance-like life.

(To be continued.)

INJUBE.

He must send the *cliché*, which should be taken on a plate (plaque) about 8½ inches high by 6 inches broad, for a publication similar to *La Galerie Contemporaine*.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.

Liszt and Wagner have been staying together at Weimar, consulting, it is believed, about the fittest means of producing in public the now nearly completed opera, *Parcival*, latest composition of the author of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival Play.*

(Continued from page 545.)

Wherein chiefly lies for so many hearers the peculiar charm, and for the followers of the classical direction the weakness and repulsiveness, of Wagner's music? For the most part, probably, in its harmonic treatment and peculiar modulation; but also in its formlessness and its extravagant instrumentation, exhausting all means of effect. The ideal matter, the musical thought and inspiration, are always only alight with Wagner. He is a very skillful workman; but what he gives is after all only ingenious mosaic, in which his reckless sort of counterpoint and modulation mocks at all laws of Art. The inexplicable tone combinations which one meets in him have an inexplicable effect upon the laity, fearfully exciting to the nerves, while they confound and fail to satisfy the connoisseurs. Besides, often as you hear it said, do not believe that Wagner has created so much that is new in harmony, in imitation and in instrumentation. Most of his effects are found singly in older works. What makes his compositions appear new is the unartistic heaping up of all conceivable means of effect; the startling, often ugly combination of instruments, which only when heard from a cellar, as if from a distance, do not offend the finer ear; the planless grouping in all keys; the modulation never arriving at repose and reeling from one deceptive cadence to another; and the continual use of altered (i.e., augmented and diminished) chords. The great masters of the past purposely employed their effects always sparingly; hence the extraordinary effect which they produce even when often heard. Wagner, heaping effect upon effect, appears here too as a spend-thrift; but the consequence of these perpetual stimulants is a speedy satiety which sets in against his music, and a rapid wearing out of even the most brilliant combinations.

But even more than all these sickly symptoms of his compositions, the lack of melody in his operas will always stand in the way of their popularity. Just on that side where an opera composer ought to have superabundance, with him we find the most striking poverty and impotence. Do not speak to us of the sporadic melodies into which he now and then exceptionally goes astray. To be sure, we find such, but, for the wide compass and the pretentious nature of his operas, far too few. Wagner who gives with full hands what he does possess, would not be a miser in melody, if there were really melodic treasures in his possession. And then, divest his melodies of their harmonic and melodic accessories—and what remains? Allusions to what is well known, nothing conspicuous for originality or grace. Wagner, who constantly appeals to Schopenhauer, is unfaithful to his teachings, the moment he has to do with melody; for this wise man says:—

"In the compositions of the present time more regard is paid to harmony than melody; but I hold to the opposite view, and regard melody as the art of the music, to which harmony bears the relation of sauce to roast meat."

And about the Opera especially he has these very remarkable words:—

"It ought never to forsake its subordinate place, to make itself the principal affair and music the mere medium of its expression, which is a great mistake and sheer perversion. At bottom it is but the product of the somewhat barbaric idea of heightening the aesthetic enjoyment by the accumulation of means, by the simultaneousness of wholly different impressions, and by the strengthening of effect through the multiplication of the operating masses and forces; whereas music, as the mightiest of all arts, by itself alone, can completely fill the soul that is susceptible. But instead of this, during such extremely complicated opera music, the mind is impounded at the same time through the eye, by means of the most motley pageantry, fantastical images, and the liveliest impressions of light and colour; with which the fable of the piece has most to do. By all this the mind is drawn away, distracted, stunned, and rendered by no means susceptible to the holy, mysterious, interior language of tones. It all works directly counter to the attainment of the musical end."

Wagner's efforts to renew the life of Opera in subject matter and in form, are highly meritorious. Hitherto a single means of expression (music) has been made too much the end, while the end of expression (the action) has been made the means. Yet the

* From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

relation of the two does not admit of being precisely reversed, unless the musical Art is to renounce all it has achieved for centuries and grant only a very subordinate position to what has always borne the burthen of dramatic music, the human voice. Poetry and Music, essentially hostile rather than friendly, can only work together to the same end through mutual concessions. Had Wagner as much melodic invention as he has dramatic fire and intellectual reflection, he would never have thought of the Music Drama—essentially a monstrosity—but would have contented himself with bringing what is a hybrid in its very nature nearer to all possible perfection. As we have just spoken of Schopenhauer, we may mention an interesting anecdote we lately read. A gentleman from Zurich, a zealous admirer of the great thinker, paid him a visit at Frankfort-on-Maine. As he took his leave, the philosopher said to him: “*A certain Wagner in Zurich keeps sending me his writings. Please tell him he had better spare me; he understands nothing of music.*”

We have spoken repeatedly of the poetic form in which Wagner clothes his poems, and have shown how no other measure offers greater and more whimsical difficulties for musical treatment than the so-called *Stabreim* (alliterative rhyme). Granting that the poet knows how to fit together his alliterations often very poetically and with graceful ease, and not taking into account the senseless un-German passages, which unfortunately occur in almost every Opera poem, every page of the *Nibelungen* text affords proofs that knotty, twisted and uneven passages, scarcely intelligible even to the reader, offer almost insuperable difficulties not only to the composer, who through the never changing movement of the verses is doomed to endless rhythmical monotony, but also to the singer. Nothing shows more clearly the wide departure which Wagner has taken from song music proper, than this tendency to the old alliterative rhyme, whose centre of gravity consists mainly in an arbitrary play with syllables and words, vowels and consonants, entirely worthless for a text for singing. While the Italian poets and the best German librettists have constantly endeavoured to furnish the singer with soft, euphonious sentences, rich in vowel sounds, so as to make his task more easy, here is required the enunciation of a text, which sticks already in the reader's throat, and which, apart from its general unintelligibility, is also musically fatiguing, because it admits of scarcely any but three-fold rhythms.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSICAL PITCH.

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—Absence and domestic engagements have delayed my reply to Mr. A. J. Ellis's letter of July 14. If he will read mine again, he will find that the first three-quarters of a column of his reply was quite unnecessary, because my charge was not that he advocated “equal temperament,” but that he entirely misconceived the meaning of those words. Equal semitones are not intended. As there never were six equal tones in an octave, so there never can be “twelve equal semitones.” Mr. Alexander J. Ellis kindly reads papers to the Royal Society and other societies on the science of music, although his numerous engagements have hitherto precluded him from acquiring a knowledge of the ratios of the semitones of a scale.

In the paper which he last contributed to the Society of Arts, although the subject was “On the Measurement and Settlement (?) of Musical Pitch,” he diverged to inform the Society that “The piano-forte shows us an octave divided sensibly into twelve equal parts, called equal semitones.” All had before been taught that diatonic and chromatic semitones were not alike. I had noticed so many elementary mistakes in the writings of this gentleman that, while answering upon the main subject of his paper, musical pitch, I could not refrain from informing him that there are no two equal semitones in an octave. In his reply he admits that he had not learnt those “small intervals,” but attributes that trifling deficiency in his musical education to the late Prof. Donaldson, of the University of Edinburgh, whose lectures upon musical science he attended between November, 1856, and April, 1857. Mr. Ellis's account is, that Prof. Donaldson “never proceeded above the sixteenth harmonic, and hence did not get into the small intervals, 16 to 17, 17 to 18, 18 to 19, and 19 to 20, which Mr. Chappell calls semitones.” As the lectures were given twenty years ago, and Mr. Ellis has been exercising great self-restraint for that long period, he must now be overborne with anxiety to know what is a semitone in music. It would be un-

fair to keep so actively employed a penman longer in suspense; but I must remind him that the late Professor cannot but have taught him, although the remarkable pupil did not learn. I introduced the name of Professor Donaldson, because I had known him, and had an opportunity of hearing him epitomise the subjects of his lectures at his own breakfast-table. Moreover, my recollections are confirmed by excellent authority. It was quite unnecessary that Prof. Donaldson should have carried practical illustration “above the sixteenth harmonic,” because he gave his pupils the rule for dividing tones into semitones, as well as into smaller intervals. Mr. Ellis speaks with great contempt of his deceased master; therefore, permit me to show which of the two was in fault.

Mr. Ellis admits having been taught up to 16, necessarily including 8, 9, and 10. Does our fluent writer contend that he was not taught, and does not know, that the interval of 8 to 9 is a major tone, and that of 9 to 10 a minor tone? or is it that he was not taught, and has not yet learned, how to divide a simple ratio? Mr. Ellis may choose his alternative. Donaldson told him to double the 8 and 9, and the intermediate number, 17, was the semitone; hence the 16 to 17 and 17 to 18. In the same way the minor tone gives 18 to 19, and 19 to 20. All the numbers are multiples of the vibrations of No. 1. If Mr. Ellis had ever read any book upon the subject, it would have taught him the same; or he might have learned it without book, from the harmonic scale, which includes every degree of consonance, and is therefore the one authority for music. Mr. Ellis informs us that he is “now perfectly familiar” with the above-named intervals, “thanks to Appun's tonometer.” I congratulate him, and hope that his ears have at length convinced him that they are not equal, as he said they were before the Society of Arts. “As Helmholtz did not publish the first edition of his work till 1862,” says Mr. Ellis, “Prof. Donaldson was of course profoundly ignorant of the elementary science of music.” Which of the two, Donaldson or Ellis, was or is the “profoundly ignorant” one may now be left to the judgment of the reader. It is certainly rather cool that Mr. Ellis should sweepingly condemn all who died before 1862 as ignorant—he not having read any of their works, or being no whit the wiser from their perusal. Among the “of course profoundly ignorant” of Mr. Ellis is the late Sir Charles Wheatstone, who cut away the base from Helmholtz's theories by anticipation forty years ago. In one of his earlier lectures, Wheatstone showed that a two-octave scale could be sounded from a tuning fork by sliding the piston in a resonating tube up and down. I have one of his resonating tubes, and can prove it still. Helmholtz mistook the sounds of resonators to be primary instead of secondary causes—to fortify the ear, instead of to deceive it. It is unnecessary to say how many men superior to Mr. Ellis in knowledge of the subject are now convinced that Wheatstone was right. No counter-proof has been, or is likely to be, attempted. One passage in my letter has bewildered Mr. Ellis. It is the following:—“It is impossible to consider Mr. Ellis's proposals for tempering the musical scale as at all happy. He would have certain numbers of vibrations and fractions of vibrations, which, added together, shall equal the two to one of the octave. But the calculations are purely geometrical, without consideration for the consonance of the intermediate intervals, and he has fallen into this error by a thorough misconception of the nature of a musical scale.” To all this I adhere; but I was wrong in adding that “Mr. Ellis selected 24 to 25 for the model semitone in a recent communication.” Twelve equal semitones in an octave are impossible, geometrically or musically; and I ascribed the proposal to take a *real* semitone in the centre of the octave to the wrong person. Mr. Ellis does not intend semitones of that class. With him a “semitone” is a purely geometrical calculation, which, like much else that he proposes, has no connection with music. “The equal semitone,” says Mr. Ellis, “is always stated to be nearly 1.0594, or as I put it in my paper, . . . very nearly $1\frac{1}{12}$, which is true within limits that the ear cannot perceive.” In music, semitones must diminish in ascent, and any two of the same ratio would be abominable to the ear. As all semitones in a true scale are unequal, equal temperament must leave them unequal. Mr. Ellis thoroughly confounds two opposite branches of science—geometry and music. Decimals are no parts of music, nor are semitones of geometry.

W. CHAPPELL.

LA DOLOROSA.*

Silent, tearful, and forsaken,
Dwells apart a grieving maiden;
Nothing can, alas! awaken
On her lips that smile so bright!
She is like a sunset laden
With the shadows of the night!

* Copyright.

For 'tis said that, all believing,
She was wooed by faithless speeches;
Now behold, how sad with grieving
Is that gentle, loving breast!
All she asks, all she beseeches,
Is to find in death her rest.

REGINALD BARNETT.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

On Saturday night Messrs A. and S. Gatti began their series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, before an audience that crowded not only boxes, dress-circle, and galleries, but, as might have been anticipated, the area before and behind the orchestra. The decorations, by Messrs Dayes and Caney, Mr Gye's well-known "scenic artists," equal any similar display in former years; and among other expedients for neutralising the atmospheric pressure incident to pent-up throngs within a given space, were observed huge blocks of Wenham Lake ice, behind the reserved stalls separated by a barrier from the "shilling pit." These not only afforded refreshing coolness to all within their immediate neighbourhood, but, being lit up with variegated colours, gratified the eye. While, however, the general aspect of the interior is a matter of importance (as are to many visitors the refreshment tables, which, at appropriate or inappropriate moments, attract so many to the rear), of still greater importance is the programme, vocal and instrumental, provided by the Messrs Gatti for their exclusively musical patrons. About this feature of the entertainment anything like disappointment was unlikely, so long-experienced and distinguished a conductor as Signor Arditì being answerable for the result. Signor Arditì has engaged a company of instrumental performers of tried excellence—comprising sixteen first violins (Mr A. Burnett "leader," with Mr Viotti Collins at his side), twelve second violins (Mr Val Nicholson, principal), eight violas (Mr W. H. Hann, principal), nine violoncellos (Mr C. Ould, principal), ten double basses (Mr E. Ould, principal), and the usual complement of "wind," "brass," and percussion—such eminent professors as Messrs Svensden (flute), G. Horton (oboe), Lazarus (clarinet), W. B. Wotton (bassoon), C. Harper and J. W. Standen (horns), H. Reynolds, with three others (cornet and trumpet), W. Webster and T. Harvey (trombones), S. Hughes (ophicleide), Pheasant, Middleditch, Austin, and Orchard (instruments of percussion), and E. Lockwood (harp), representing their several departments, and supported by others quite equal to the task. There are eighty players in all, according to the printed catalogue of names. These, however, in the "Selection" and other special pieces, were reinforced by the fine band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr Fred. Godfrey, which helps to complete the "one hundred performers" announced. The colossal structure representing the orchestra, occupying its customary place between area and stage, and looking as imposing as ever, could hardly be filled by a more thoroughly efficient body of musicians. The hearty and unanimous welcome accorded to Signor Arditì, on taking his place before the conductor's desk, marked the general esteem in which he is held; and the irreproachable execution of Mendelssohn's fiery overture to *Ruy Blas* (which followed the National Anthem) at once satisfied good judges as to the quality of the performers. This was further exemplified in music of quite a different character, by the genuine feeling which characterised the *Larghetto* in F major, from Spohr's Third Symphony (C minor), including that wonderfully expressive theme for violins, &c., on the fourth string, known and admired by connoisseurs. It is a genuine treat, now and then, to hear a specimen of Spohr's too-much neglected symphonic music; and this *larghetto* is one of the choicest specimens that could have been hit upon. The brilliant overture to Auber's opera, *Marco Spada*, in which the melodious charm of the second theme contrasts so happily with the always busy figure of the *tartarella*, was another ordeal from which Signor Arditì and his followers came forth with well deserved honours.

The remainder of the programme, though "miscellaneous," was distinguished by great variety of interest. The "selection," built upon prominent themes from *Cinq-Mars* (now playing at the Paris Opéra-Comique), was particularly welcome; and Signor Arditì, who has arranged it expressly for these concerts, may claim the credit of having introduced the first notes of M. Gounod's latest opera to an English public, just as some time ago he had introduced, under similar circumstances, the first notes of Verdi's *Aida*. A more effective *potpourri* of its kind could not easily have been contrived. Its performance not only called into requisition the band of the Coldstreams, but also the aid of skilful solo players, whose names in connection with their respective instruments it is unnecessary to recite again. We cannot pretend to offer any opinion about the absolute merits of M. Gounod's most recent effort with such assistance only as is obtained from a series of fragments, however ably put together. Enough that the audience, to judge by the applause, were evidently gratified. A new valse, entitled "Le Tortorelle," by Signor Arditì, lively and tuneful in itself, was given with such spirit by the orchestra, that a repetition was asked for and accorded; while, later on, a still livelier piece, from the same pen, called "The Drummer Boys' Polka," in which eight drummer boys belonging to the Coldstream Guards, headed by a very small drummer in plain clothes, who played with extraordi-

nary vivacity, and was generally believed to be Master Luigi Arditì (a son of the composer), won a similar compliment. Among the singers were Signor Gianini (tenor), and Signor Medica (baritone), both favourably known last year, each of whom was called upon to repeat a solo—that of Signor Medica being "Di Provenza," from *La Traviata*, that of Signor Gianini the barcarole from the second act of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Mdlle Giuditta Celega (her first appearance) sang "Quando a te liete" (*Faust*), and, though apparently nervous, pleased by a nice quality of voice and an unobtrusive manner. Mdlle Maria Derivis (another new comer), with a fresh soprano voice, already telling, but in need of further cultivation, made a favourable impression in "Ah! fors è lui" (*La Traviata*), and, being called for, returned and sang a French air in the popular Spanish rhythm, assisted by M. Marlois—again the able accompanist wherever the pianoforte is required for vocal solos. In the second part of the concert, Mdlle Derivis essayed the "Valse" from Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, which just now is a little beyond her powers. Nevertheless, this young lady exhibits decided promise, which depends chiefly upon her own assiduous perseverance to fulfil. Yet a third aspirant, Mdlle Lucia Rajmondi, also with a good soprano voice, and who in the first part joined Signor Gianini in a duet from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, winning general approval, and in the second attempted the famous Bolero from the *Vespres Siciliennes*, written by Verdi, more than twenty years ago, expressly for Sophie Cruvelli. This is an arduous piece for one whose experience has not yet ripened, and we should have preferred hearing Mdlle Rajmondi in something less ambitious. How many beautiful and less exacting things are at the immediate command of young and eager vocalists need hardly be insisted on.

The programme of this unusually varied entertainment also included solos for violin, pianoforte, and violoncello. The violinist was that young and graceful artist, Mdlle Pommereul, Belgian by birth, and promising to reflect credit upon the Belgian school, of which Vieuxtemps and Léonard are the acknowledged representatives. Mdlle Pommereul's execution is not only accurate and pure, it is prepossessing in the bargain—because, while playing with all needful expression, she seems wholly and solely absorbed in her music, never venturing upon the slightest evidence of self-assertion. As Mdlle Pommereul advances in years, her tone, already sweet and legitimately musical, will gain in fulness. We confess that we should have preferred hearing her in something of higher pretensions than M. Sarasate's fantasia, an air from *Faust*. Her performance, however, was so much to the taste of the audience (as it was to our own) that not to welcome the "encore," and a repetition of that part of the fantasia which begins from the waltz of the scene of the Kermesse, was out of the question. In short, we expect much—very much—from Mdlle Pommereul. The pianist was Mdlle Jane Debillemont, who, like her fair sister of the fiddle, had previously been heard in London. Mdlle Debillemont, who selected Chopin's Polonaise Brillante for the occasion, has an elastic touch, a full tone, and plays with considerable brilliancy. She was called back at the end of her performance. The violoncellist was M. Antoine Bouman, a musician attached to the service of the King of the Netherlands. Although this gentleman only came forward near the end of the second part, and his choice of a piece was the somewhat monotonous "Andante and Allegro" of Goltermann (accompanied, not with the orchestra, but on the pianoforte)—by his subdued playing, his legitimate tone and well-balanced phrasing, he entirely won the sympathies of the audience, and was re-called amid well-merited applause. Signor Arditì should on a future occasion allow this clever artist a fairer chance. Even after the violoncello solo there was another "encore," for the *finale* to the third act of Verdi's *Ernani*, in which the solos were allotted to Mdlles Rajmondi and Celega, Signors Gianini and Medica, the orchestra taking its accustomed part, strengthened by the band of the Coldstream Guards. The concert ended, characteristically enough, with a "Quick March," during the performance of which the musical section of the audience, fairly tired out—thanks to the repeated exercise of the assumed privilege of "encoring," a privilege which, we have repeatedly urged, cannot be too emphatically set at nought—dispersed as quickly as the measures of the march were redoubled.

On Wednesday night the first part of the concert was exclusively given to what is termed "classical" music. The orchestra played the overture to Cherubini's *Anacreon*, the *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *andante* from Schubert's unfinished symphony, and Mozart's delicious E flat symphony (the 47th out of 49)—a splendid selection. *Bravissimo illustrissimo Arditissimo!* And all went to perfection. Mdlle Pommereul played Beethoven's Romance in F, on the violin (*encored*), Mdlle Debillemont, the pianist, giving the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (last number of Handel's *Suite* in E major), and a somewhat hackneyed gavotte by J. S. Bach (*encored*). Mdlle Derivis sang "Batti, batti,"

(violinello, Mr C. Ould), and Sig. Medica "Non più andrai"—the whole concluding with "See the conqu'ring hero comes," in which the regular orchestra was strengthened by the band of the Coldstreams.

ADELINA (AIDA) PATTI

(From the "Daily Telegraph," July, 1846.)

Whatever may be the fate of *Aida* in this country—and a more complete acquaintance with the work by no means disposes us to look upon it as an abiding attraction—the performance at Covent Garden will not, for more than one reason, soon pass from memory. Amateurs will speak of it years hence with the admiration due to a scenic magnificence of the highest order, pleasantly recalling picture after picture—each a work of art, and each the result of an endeavour, earnest if not always perfectly successful, to reproduce in the nineteenth century the life of a well-nigh pre-historic time. But they will speak of the Egyptian opera with equal frequency and greater emphasis because of its connection with one who, taken for all in all, must be regarded as the most accomplished artist upon the lyric stage of our day. We sometimes declaim, not without reason, against the domination of those who merely interpret great thoughts and act as the mouthpiece of genius. We object, naturally, to any exercise of power which subordinates the interests of art to private ends, and we demand that whatever is first in consequence shall be first considered. But while we ask for all this, and are quite right in doing so, it must not be forgotten that the mission of executive talent is both lofty and of vast importance. We may say this with reference to the concert-room, when the interpreter, having received into brain and heart the ideas of the composer, reproduces them instinct with a vitality partly derived from his own inner life. How much more may we say it in view of the lyric stage, where not only are musical thoughts and feelings expressed, but where the individuality to which they belong is created and offered to the judgment of both the senses and the intellect. Hardly inferior to the genius which invents is that which, under such conditions, reproduces; especially when, as sometimes happens, the one with commanding power improves upon and lifts to a higher rank the creation of the other. It is unnecessary to demonstrate this fact. The public, in all stages of artistic development, have practically recognised it, and, indeed, from public indulgence springs the power which artists—men and women—of like passions with ourselves—often exercise under the influence of narrow and selfish, rather than broad and generous, views. Having regard to these considerations, and to the position occupied by Madame Adelina Patti in connection with Signor Verdi's latest work, no apology can be necessary for dwelling, in a special manner, upon the merit of an assumption which, more than anything else, distinguishes the performance of the opera, and entitles it to a place on the tablets of memory.

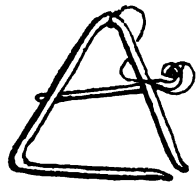
In a former article we pointed out the fact that Signor Verdi and his librettist work together in striking unanimity for the purpose of keeping all their chief characters in an agony of passion. Their object is certainly attained with *Aida*, who, from first to last, knows no amount of repose, or even of relief from poignant distress caused by laceration of the most sensitive among human feelings. In the first act, *Aida* the slave finds a powerful and jealous rival in Amneris the Princess, while her love for Radames is pitted against that of kin and country. The second act witnesses the outrage of her affection by Amneris, the danger of her father, and the seeming death of all her hopes. Next she is compelled to betray the confidence of her lover by dread of the paternal curse, and lastly, with nothing for which to live, she voluntarily shares a fate her agency has in part entailed. Always, therefore, *Aida* is kept at the utmost stretch of painful emotion, without rest, or more than a doubtful prospect of relief. How much this increases the difficulty of the part must be obvious after a moment's thought. It is not alone that a strain hard to bear is imposed upon the physical powers, but also that the greatest tact and skill are required in order to avoid wearying the audience by monotony of circumstance and expression. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, is charmed by play of light and shade, and by gradation and contrast of colour, whereas in the absence of such things it tires, and is disposed to turn away. Giving due weight to these facts, we can better appreciate the result of Madame Patti's latest impersonation. Her *Aida* nowhere fatigues us, but sustains its interest to the end, though in less able hands the character would be as oppressive as one of those leaden skies which stretch, riftless, from zenith to horizon.

Madame Patti, it is true, cannot transform the character, but she accomplishes a still higher feat; taking the part as given to her, she contrives, by the power of her genius, so to present it that defects of construction are for the time concealed. This result, it should be observed, is not gained by any sacrifice of the original idea. The *Aida* of Madame Patti is the *Aida* of the story up or down to the

severest stretch of passion. Nothing is shirked, but everything is ennobled by a dramatic instinct which, even amid the restraints of the lyric stage, gives the character a perfect command over the springs of our emotion. This general effect is, of course, due to a multitude of details, each deserving consideration. But it will suffice to indicate a few commanding situations wherein Madame Patti most powerfully demonstrates her surpassing gifts. We pass over the soliloquy wherein *Aida* expresses the conflict of her affections in view of the Ethiop war. Here the artist's success arises chiefly from singing which combines the highest vocal skill with profound natural expression; but, later on, when Amneris discovers *Aida*'s love, and threatens vengeance, the dramatic artist comes to the front. It was a happy idea of the librettist to make the poor slave remember, under the taunts of her rival, that she, too, is of Royal rank, and Madame Patti makes the most of it. Her utterance of the words, "Mia rivale—Ebben sia pure—Anch'io—Son tal—" is a splendid outburst of pride and indignation, followed by a contrast which never fails to thrill the house. Shrinking from an avowal of her identity, *Aida* suddenly checks herself, and, falling at the feet of her mistress, exclaims, "Che dissi mai?—pietà! perdono!" Here we have a master-stroke of dramatic art, for in voice, bearing, or facial expression, the transformation is as swift and thorough as fancy can conceive. In the interview of *Aida* with Amonasro, Madame Patti again triumphs by means perfectly natural and highly artistic. For a time the Ethiop maiden resists her father's entreaty, but the extent of her love for him appears when her submission is demanded on pain of a curse. *Aida* yields at the sacrifice of her conscience and at the expense of her affection for Radames, but only after a struggle which Madame Patti makes obvious in all its intensity, and in all its stages up to the point of a terrible decision. The subsequent meeting of *Aida* and her lover, wherein it is her turn to play the part of tempter, and his to yield, exhibits art equally elaborate and perfect, earnestness in this case being accompanied, and its end almost condoned, by an intensity of affection that alone might make the pleader irresistible. Worthy of all that has gone before is the scene in the fatal dungeon, where Madame Patti, by art apparently simple, shows how love can conquer death, and make the victory seem the most natural thing in the world. No more touching display of pathos, powerful but unexaggerated, has been witnessed on the lyric or, for that matter, any other stage. It comes with the climax of the story, and it exemplifies the climax of art.

We have dwelt, all too briefly, upon Madame Patti's embodiment of Verdi's heroine, with no more than a casual glance at her vocal achievements. These, however, will be taken for granted, and need no setting forth. It may be urged that Madame Patti is not less famous for dramatic than musical skill; but, without disputing the assertion, we must insist that in *Aida* she has, as an actress, taken higher rank than ever, and achieved a success which will be remembered when, perhaps, the opera itself is little more than a name.

(From "Punch.") MUSICAL EGOTISM.



MAESTRO (who has been indulging the company with two masses, three symphonies, a dozen impromptus, and a few other little things of his own).—Vill you not now zing zomzing, Miss Anghelica?

MISS ANGELICA (with diffidence, pulling off her gloves).—H'm!—h'm!—I'm afraid I'm a little hoarse to-day; but if—

HERR MAESTRO (with alacrity).—Ach sôh! In zat case I vill not bress you. I haf gombôset a zonata in F moll—shall I blay it for you? Yes? (Proceeds to do so.)

"MISUNDERSTOOD."

OUR FAMILY CHOIR (practising Byrd's madrigal).—"Sweet little ba . . . by—"

GEORGE (our conductor).—Keep your time! One—two—Mind that long B flat on "Baby!"

MAMMA (who had been dozing, with a shriek).—Meroy on us! My child! (Rushes off to the night nursery. Sensation!)

A SENSITIVE PLANT.

(Herr Pumpnickel, having just played a composition of his own, bursts into tears.)

CHORUS OF FRIENDS.—Oh! what is the matter? What can we do for you?

HERR PUMPNICKEL.—Ach! nossing! nossing! Bot ven I hear really coot music, zen must I always weep!

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

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Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.

Rev. H. R. HAWES.
Dr F. HUEFFER.
Mr J. S. BERGHEIM.
Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

Portraits.

No. 8.

Così fan Tutti!

STAGYRITE.—C. C. is here. Have you seen him?

DIAGENES.—No.

STAGYRITE.—How's that?

DIAGENES.—He's forgotten his sense of the beautiful (*pinch*).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR GRIPE.—On the contrary. We have the *leaderette* before us, cut from the *Daily Telegraph* of May 26. Here it is:—

"In his letter of Tuesday last our Paris Correspondent noticed the revival, at the Opéra-Comique, of *Cendrillon* with a success as great as that obtained years ago, 'before the artificial talent of contemporary composers had eclipsed the genuine musical genius of former masters.' There are four works in the repertory of lyric drama bearing the name of *Cendrillon*, and founded on the same story—that of *Laruelle*, produced at the Opéra-Comique in 1759; that of *Steibelt*, first played at St Petersburg in 1809; that of *Nicolo Isouard*, the composer of *Joconde*, brought out at the Théâtre Feydeau in 1810; and that of *La Cenerentola* by Rossini, heard first at Rome in 1817. We must conclude that the opera of *Nicolo* is the one referred to by our correspondent; and if so, the fact of its being received with so much favour by the Parisians, stands in marked contrast to the recent failure of *Joconde* amongst ourselves, and points to a reaction against the highly coloured effects of modern art. This is not the first time, however, that *Cendrillon* has been revived in the same theatre. It was played in 1845, with Mesdames Casimir and Darcier, M^{lle}. Grignon and St Fay in the cast, Adolphe Adam having first strengthened *Nicolo's* weak orchestra, and even added an air for the *prima donna*. If M. Carvalho has now produced the work as *Nicolo* left it, and that with success, its failure in 1845 may have been due to Adam's temerity in adapting the *naïve* favourite of one generation to the more vulgar taste of another."

Dr Gripe is perpetually confounding one French composer, before and during the period of Isouard, with another. It was Boieldieu, not Monsigny, who was alarmed at the success of Isouard; Monsigny, not Dalayrac, composed *Le Déserteur*; and Berton, not Bierrey, wrote *Aline Reine de Golconde*. Dr Gripe's letters are much too lengthy to print in *extenso*; but if he would send us one of reasonable proportions, we might possibly find space; for, errors notwithstanding, Dr Gripe has really something to say—which cannot be admitted of all our would-be correspondents.

SICUT VELUM.—We are at a loss to explain whence the original paragraph emanated. It had a sort of fountain-head odour about it.

DEATH.

On the 14th inst., at 27, Lorne Gardens, Hanover Gate, SELINA, the wife of Adolphe Pollitzer. Friends please accept this intimation.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877.

More Blackmailing.

OUR English musical critics are sad dogs. They either get a percentage on the percentage of the agents of *prime donne*, or they obtain it direct from the *prime donne* themselves. In either case they are sad dogs. Richard Wagner insinuated as much, so far back as 1855; and the charge has been reiterated over and over again. Only just now, a new *prima donna* has suffered materially because she declined to fee an agent, who was thus disabled from paying a critic—or critics—who helped that agent in his transactions. We pity the new *prima donna* for giving credit to such stupid nonsense, more especially as she has those about her who know better, and ought, as people of experience, honesty, and good faith, to have taught her better.

Our last experience of the conviction entertained among foreign artists, that the English critics are a set of unprincipled scoundrels, is in a letter addressed to the editor of a paper called *The Adrian Times*. We never heard of *The Adrian Times* before; but we have an idea that there is some such place as Adrian in Michigan (U.S.). Next week we shall print this letter, and the sensible comment on it

made by the *New York Music Trade Review*, in their entirety. Mad. Florence Ricca Knox, who, on the 16th of April, made her *début*, in the *Favorita*, at the Royal Italian Opera, is the authoress. At present we only quote one passage:—

"I knew that the critics were there in full force, to tear me to pieces, first of all because I was an American (!) and a 'débutante,' and because the favour and praise of the English press had not been bought up. That species of blackmail is carried on here as elsewhere, I find, much to my sorrow."

We shall not comment upon this infamous calumny just now, but merely beg to call the attention of Mdme Florence Ricca Knox to the fact that Miss Kellogg, also an American, received in this country the cordial welcome due to her exceptional ability. And Mdme Albani?

If there was something like an *esprit de corps* among English critics, such grossly insulting libels to their disparagement would be impossible. But, unhappily, there is nothing of the kind; and of this artists, and occasionally managers, have endeavoured to make capital. A remarkable instance of this has occurred lately, into the particular details of which, however much against our inclination, we may be forced to enter.

Quid pro Quo.



RIPPINGTON PIPE.
(H....k.)

SAMUEL TOPER TABLE.
(T....t.)

A SHORT time since, Herr Tappert* indited an attack in the *Musik-Wochenblatt* against Dr. Hanalick, with reference to Herr Wagner's now familiar "Letters to a Dressmaker." In an article on the Salzburg Musical Festival, Dr. Hanalick incidentally puffs out his assailant as follows:—

"But these chiefs of Associations have recently been fearfully enraged about the Dressmaker-Letters published by Spitzer in the

* Or "Tapper."

Neue freie Presse, in which letters 'the martyr and re-awakener of the German nation' draws his own portrait, with such sweet details, in pretty little white satin trowsers and a pink silk dressing gown. I perfectly understand these gentlemen's anger at such wonderfully curious revelations—but I fail to understand the impudence of calling to account one who has nothing at all to do with them—viz., myself. A Berlin teacher of the piano, Herr Tappert, affirms in the leading organ of the Wagnerian Inquisition that without my consent Herr Spitzer would not have been allowed to write these feuilletons. The editor of this paper will readily testify that I had not the slightest knowledge of the letters to 'Dear Miss Bertha' previous to their publication, and that—far from Vienna—I read them in the *Neue freie Presse* with as much astonishment as anyone else. But Herr Tappert is not content with merely inventing this flippant charge. Supposing, probably, that the 'Master' would feel better pleased that I should be sacrificed on the altar of the Future instead of Herr Spitzer, he let loose upon me all the scorn excited in him through 'dear Bertha.' He states that my opposition to the Music of the Future springs from a purely personal grudge, because, in May, 1861 (!), Wagner 'greeted me curtly, as he would have greeted a person utterly unknown to him.' No one in Vienna ventured, we are told, to revive *Tristan*, which had been laid aside because 'Herr R.' (Raymond?), 'the Hofrath, and the Imperial Chief Chamberlain were afraid' of me. But after Wagner adopted at an evening party a more friendly tone towards me, I met him, it is stated, with tears and sobs, and painfully avowed that I was misjudged by him. (How anything in my Wagner criticisms can be misjudged or misunderstood is certainly unintelligible.) Hereupon Wagner promised me 'his unconditional participation in my subsequent efforts' and—an order for the resumption of *Tristan und Isolde* at the Imperial Operahouse immediately followed! Such is the miserable old women's twaddle, bearing on each word the stamp of untruthfulness or impossibility, dished up for his Wagner Associations by Herr Tappert—who, by the way, is a perfect stranger to me—in order that he may be revenged—on Herr Spitzer and the *Neue freie Presse*. But let us get rid of this drivel which the black companions of the pink silk master squirt as far as these peaceful mountains. Let us bathe in the purifying spring of eternal beauty and music, clear as crystal, such as Mozart gives us!"

It is understood that Herr Rappert* is preparing an elaborate rejoinder to this spicy onslaught. D. J.

THE BARKER FUND.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The result of the appeal made on behalf of Mr Barker, the inventor of the pneumatic action, having fallen somewhat short of the anticipations of the committee, they have determined to make a final effort to obtain additional funds before closing the list of subscriptions.

The committee feel sure that there are many musicians, both professional and amateur, who would gladly contribute towards this object, and that the absence of their names from the present list can only arise from want of knowledge of the urgency of the case. The committee venture, therefore, earnestly to press upon such of your readers as are interested in organ matters the desirability of their assisting as speedily as possible in efforts to procure a small annuity for this most deserving artist.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, F. Davison, Esq., 24, Fitzroy Square, N.W.

(Signed), J. F. BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., F. DAVISON, Hon. Treas., H. Y. SMART, J. STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc., E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Sec. Coll. Org., GEO. CARR, Hon. Sec. (Sub-Committee Barker Fund.)

MR JOHN SIMON.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at a recent meeting of the committee of the Simon Testimonial Fund, it is determined that the funds subscribed shall be spent in a bust of that gentleman, which will be placed in the hall of the Royal College of Surgeons. Mr Robert Lowe, who had presided at the meeting referred to, observed that there were no more valuable contributions

* Or "Rapper."

to medical literature than the Reports Mr Simon had sent out to lighten the work of the medical profession. At the present moment he believed the value of those Reports was underestimated, but at some future time they would be properly regarded, and the nature and importance of their author's services more publicly acknowledged. It has been arranged that a small copy of the statue shall be presented to each subscriber of two guineas and upwards. Donations will be received by the honorary secretary, at 1, Adam Street, Adelphi; or at the bank of Messrs Roberts, Lubbock & Co., Lombard Street.

MDLLE TIETJENS.

The secretaries of the Leeds Musical Festival have received the following letter:—

"*Her Majesty's Theatre, London, August 11th, 1877.*

"DEAR SIRS,—I am very sorry to say that Mdlle Tietjens is not making the progress we had all wished. Her medical attendant, Dr Spencer Wells, up to last Saturday gave me full assurance that her services were to be relied upon. During the last three or four days, however, she has become much weaker, and feels she will be unable to undertake the engagement. She, therefore, desires me to write to you to request you will remove her name from the programme. I need scarcely say it causes her great sorrow in having to abandon all idea of singing, although she desires me to add, should any change take place for the better (as you have still six weeks before the Festival takes place), she would only be too delighted to be of any service to you.—I remain yours faithfully,

"J. H. MAPLESON.

"P.S.—On inquiry this morning, I have received the enclosed telegram from her medical attendant at Worthing, which I send for your information:—

"*'Mdlle has passed a restless night, but is not in absolute pain. Has had no sickness. This morning she feels very weak.'*"

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDLLE TIETJENS.—We regret to say that the health of Mdlle Tietjens has undergone no improvement. On Tuesday, at Worthing, she had to submit to another operation, which has left her naturally in a state of great exhaustion.—*Times, Aug. 11.*

THOUGH he himself commenced as an infant phenomenon, Mozart showed a marked dislike for the performances of immature artists. On one occasion a precocious boy played the piano to him. The great composer listened, but not without exhibiting, from time to time, signs of impatience. At length he said to the young virtuoso: "You are not without talent. Work, and you will obtain a high position."—"Ah! I should so like to compose!" exclaimed the boy. "Tell me, please, how I ought to set about it."—"In the first place, you must learn a great deal more and grow a little older. It will be time enough to begin composing when you have done that."—"But you composed when you were only thirteen," observed the boy.—"That is true," replied Mozart, smiling. "But then I did not ask anyone how I ought to begin."

A SHORT time since an individual requested an interview with the manager of the Grand Opera, Paris. On being admitted, he said: "Sir, I am a professor of living languages. I speak English, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, Wallachian, Roumanian, Turkish, Slavonic, Arabic, Swedish, Norwegian, and a little Chinese. I am completing my course of the last language. Here are the certificates given me by the professors of the Collège de France, and certifying that I am no impostor. Despite all I know, however, I am starving. You can save me. Engage me at your theatre as interpreter. People from all parts of the globe come to see M. Garnier's new house. You have frequently a difficulty in understanding foreigners in your box-office and at the pay-places. Accept my services, and all this will be avoided." M. Halanzier at once engaged his visitor.

WHEN directing recently his concerts at the Albert Hall, Wagner took a strange delight in getting up conversations with those near him. At the last concert, during a by no means easy piece from *Tristan und Isolde*, he chose as the recipient of his utterances Herr Tombo, the harpist from Munich. But that gentleman did not appear particularly inclined to reply. At length, in answer to an oft repeated question of Wagner's, he rose and said: *Seven—*

please do not talk to me—eight—for I cannot reply—nine—I've seventeen bars' rest—ten—or I shall mull the whole thing." Hereupon Wagner made a low bow, and counted the remainder of the eventful seventeen bars with his neighbour. The upshot was that Herr Tombo got triumphantly over the seventeen bars' rest, and Wagner gave him a friendly shake of the hand.

THE oldest of existing Conservatories of Music is the School at Palermo, founded in 1747. Then come in the order of their respective dates: The Conservatory of Paris, 1795; the Liceo di Bologna, 1798; the Conservatories of Naples, 1806; of Milan, 1808; of Prague, 1810; of Parma, 1825; of Madrid, 1831; of Brussels, 1832; of Leipsic, 1843; of Berlin, 1850; of Cologne, 1850; the Musical Institute of Florence, established in 1860, and opened in 1862; the Conservatories of St Petersburg, 1862; and of Moscow, 1866. More recently founded were the Conservatories or Schools of Music at Vienna, Warsaw, Buenos Ayres, and the Liceo Marcelllo, at Venice.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI.—Having, through her agent, Sig. Franchi, paid M. Léon Escudier the "débit" of 100,000 francs, as agreed upon should she be disabled from fulfilling her engagement with that impresario, it seems evident that she will not appear during the forthcoming season at the Théâtre-Ventadour. On the other hand, should circumstances be modified, she can only sing at the Italian Opera; so that, in any case, M. Escudier may congratulate himself on having made an excellent bargain. According to the generally well-informed *Ménestrel* (which is at variance with *Galignani*), Mad. Patti, for the present, abandons the idea of visiting the United States. There is, in other quarters, some talk of a winter series of performances in the principal Scandinavian towns, to precede those for which she has already stipulated in the Austrian capital. One thing is, however, certain—that she will be one of the company at the Royal Italian Opera next year.—*Graphic.*

AMONG recent deaths announced by foreign journals are those of Mad. Montessu (Asnières), one of the most famous operatic dancers when "ballet of action" was in its prime, and the original of Hérold's *Sonnambule*; Auguste Pilate (Hospital St Louis, Paris), for many years *chef-d'orchestre* at the Porte Saint-Martin, a composer of some distinction, who assisted M. Flotow in his four-act opera, the *Naufrage de la Méduse*, and, in 1837, wrote music to the *King of the Danube*, for our London Adelphi; Warot, father of the well-known Belgian tenor of that name (Bois des Colombes), composer, conductor, actor, and singer in one, whose works comprise examples of every style, instrumental as well as vocal; and Giuseppe-Maria Luzzi (Naples), for many years impresario of the San Carlino, a theatre in which the old Neapolitan style of comedy has always found a home.

THE new opera of M. Camille Saint-Saëns, called *Etienne Marcel*, will not be brought out in Paris, as had been expected, but at Lyons, next winter. If we may judge from the impression created by the *Timbale d'Argent*, M. de Saint-Saëns' most recent dramatic work, the Parisians are not greatly to be commiserated. Without a shadow of Wagner's genius, this newly extolled French composer becomes day after day more hopelessly Wagnerian.

CHERUBINO informs his readers, in to-day's *Figaro*, that "Mr Weist Hill has declined the offer made him by Mr Mapleson, to conduct a series of promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre." From the same authority, however, we learn that Mr Weist Hill has consented to direct a series of orchestral concerts which Mdme Viard-Louis intends giving, early next spring, at St James's Hall. Mdme Viard-Louis could not well be in abler or more zealous hands.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Miss Florence Sanders (Mr W. H. Holmes's highly gifted pupil) was pianist at the Alexandra Palace "classical concert" on Friday, Aug. 10. Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, selected by the young artist for the occasion, was played in a style which showed the pupil to be worthy a master who has few equals. On Saturday, Aug. 11, Miss Carina Clelland (re-called after "Casta Diva"), Miss Marion Severn, and Mr Sidney were the vocalists. The band, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, played, among other pieces, the Overture to *Guillaume Tell* splendidly. The concert-hall was crowded.

August—August—August!

(From our Monthly Collector.)

August is remarkable for the following events in connection with music. The 3rd August recalls to mind the death of the Padre Giambattista Martini, Bologna, 1784—the first performance of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, in 1829, at the Grand Opera, Paris—and the inauguration of the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, in 1778, with Salieri's opera, *Europa riconosciuta*; the 4th, foundation of the National Institute of Paris, in 1795, thanks to the exertions of Sarrette; the 5th, death of Nicola Vaccai, Pesaro, 1848—birth of Ambroise Thomas, at Metz, 1811; the 7th, first performance of three oratorios in one, *Putifar, Giuseppe e Giacobbe*, by Pietro Raimondi, Teatro Argentino, Rome, 1852; the 8th, death of Carl Heinrich Graun, Berlin, 1759; the 10th, death of Hippolyte Monpou, Orleans, 1841—inauguration of the statue of Lesueur, Abbeville, 1832; the 12th, inauguration of the Beethoven Monument, Bonn, 1845—death of Giovanni Gabrieli, Venice, 1613; the 13th, death of Francesco Durante, Naples, 1755—death of Bernard Romberg, Hamburg, 1841—death of Giovanni Battista Ferrari, Venice, 1845; the 16th, birth of Gioachino Selvestro Serrao, Setubal (Portugal), 1801—first performance of Verdi's *Aroldo*, Teatro Nuovo, Rimini, 1857; the 17th, death of Lorenzo da Ponte, melodramatic writer, and author of the books of *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, New York, 1838; the 17th, death of Giuseppe Scarlatti, Vienna, 1777; the 18th, death of P. Lichtenthal, Milan, 1853; the 19th, birth of Antonio Salieri, Legnago, 1750—birth of Nicolo Porpora, Naples, 1686; the 20th, first performance of Rossini's *Comte Ory*, at the Théâtre de l'Opera, Paris, 1828; the 21st, death of P. G. Lindpaintner, Nonnenhorn, 1850—inauguration of the Teatro della Canobbiana, Milan, with Salieri's opera, *La Fiera di Venezia*, 1779—death of Emanuele Astorga, Bohemia, 1736—inscription in honour of Rossini placed over the door of the Liceo Musicale, Bologna, and the substitution of his name for that previously borne by the adjacent square, 1864—inauguration of a bronze statue of Rossini, Pesaro, 1864—funeral solemnities in honour of Rossini—execution of Cherubini's *Messa per Defunti*, Pesaro, 1869; the 22nd, death of Luca Marenzio, Rome, 1599; the 24th, death of Claudio Goudimel, Palestrina's master, Lyons, 1572; the 25th, death of Nicola Jommelli, Naples, 1774—first performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Birmingham, 1846; the 27th, death of Josquin Desprès, Condé, 1521; the 28th, first performance of R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Weimar, 1850—death of Antonio Caldara, Venice, 1763; the 29th, first performance of Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, Birmingham, 1855—death of Félicien David, Saint-Germain en Laye (near Paris), 1876; the 30th, birth of Bonifazio Asioli, Correggio, 1769—first performance of Ponchielli's *Promessi Sposi*, Cremona, 1856; the 31st, death of André Philidor, London, 1795—first performance of F. Liszt's *Messa solenne di Gran*, Gran, 1856.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Paul et Virginie has proved a great success. Since its first performance, on July 21st, all the artists have much improved, and all goes well with the "sad tale of our childhood!" *La Favorite*, *Faust*, *Trouvère*, *Robert le Diable*, and the ever adolescent *Fille de Madame Angot*, have also been given at the Salle Monsigny, which has been entirely re-decorated. M. Froment has begun his season well. He has a large troupe of artists and plenty of resources; hence his success.

Boulogne is very attractive this year in the way of amusements. We have some visitors, but not so many as we could put up with; whether this is the result of some badly informed, or malicious correspondents to some English journals, I know not. All I know is that, during the last twelve years, the death rate is lower than at many English watering-places. The drainage question has been a subject of discussion ever since the creation of the town, or since B.C. 55, when Cæsar sailed from Portus Itius, as

he calls the formerly-named Gesoriacus—which, translated from the Celtic, means: "ges," a wood, "or," country, "iach," healthy—in other words, a "healthy wooded country."*

I think Cæsar might have drained it then in the same way that the inhabitants drain their visitors now—a-days—or, as Cæsar drained the people of Cornwall—viz., of their tin. But, drains and joking apart, Boulogne must be healthy, or why should so many of those hard-working people, who play to please others, and on whose perfect health "in wind and limb" depends their bread, always frequent Boulogne? I mean that, despite our usual number of general visitors, we have our usual influx of artists—vocal, instrumental, &c.—this year. In fact, at the present time, more than usual.

I may conclude by stating the number of attractions to which I have alluded: Grand Circus Cottrelly, with the usual ring, sawdust, and merry clowns (the latter very good), and the usual vaulting through hoops and *haute école* business, not to mention an ancient elephant, a camel, two antelopes, and dogs. Grand Menagerie, where a Mme Pezon, who has assumed the management since her late husband departed this natural life in the clutch of a lion, and who, nevertheless, nightly puts her head into the jaws of the same king of the forest.

Last, not least, the Fair; with all the fun of the same, including a very good conjuror, Marcketti, by name; panorama; and some 250 shops, where you can purchase anything you may wish for, even Turkish sweetmeats or Russian leather purses; and games of chance and merry-go-rounds, where you can gamble, or gambol, or grumble, as you wish.

Prospective affairs:—Concert at the Etablissement, on Saturday, 11th, at which Mlle Boulanger (violinist), M. Nathan (violin-cello), M. Magnus (pianist), and a soprano and tenor from Paris, will appear. Grands Saluts, at St Nicholas, 11th, 12th, 13th. Races on 29th and 30th.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 8th Aug., 1877.

MRS GEORGE MARCH (VIRGINIA GABRIEL).

In being driven down Grosvenor Place in her Victoria, on Saturday week last, the horse suddenly took fright, bolted, and became perfectly unmanageable until it reached the end of Lower Belgrave Street, where the carriage gave a lurch, which hurled the lady head foremost on to the road. She was at once placed in a cab and conveyed to St George's Hospital, when it was ascertained that her skull was fractured. The unfortunate lady lingered until Tuesday week, Aug. 7th, and then died.

Poor Virginia Gabriel! What a sad, untimely end to have come to at the age of 52, surrounded by all the influences of life that make it enjoyable. Her career must have been a pleasant and happy one—of good birth; a daughter of General Gabriel of H.M.S.; handsome in person; winning and attractive in manner; popular in society; in an influential position of life; with a rare talent for a woman as a musical composer; a fluent vein of melody in her nature. A clever musician, having studied under Molique for Harmony, she had many successes with the numerous songs she composed and published. Although she was independent in worldly means, she derived a large income from royalties on her works. In addition to her smaller efforts she composed two cantatas for voices and orchestra, which were publicly performed and met with success. She will be sadly missed in society, where the halo of her presence always constituted a charm. And thus it is—

"A little sorrow and a little pleasure
Fate metes us from the dusty measure
That holds the date of all of us.
We are born with travail and strong crying,
And from the birthday to the dying,
The likeness of our life is thus."

H. W. G.

* And—"O World! O Life! O Time!"—the birth of the poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, in 1792!—D. Peters.

* Since Cæsar's arrival in Northern Gaul, the wood-cutters must have been busy. The only tree within some miles of Boulogne-sur-Mer is to be seen by curious observers at the Chateau Sainton-Dolby Conteville, formerly (before enlargement) high Chateau Reichardt Conteville.—D. P.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr Lyster's Royal English and Opera-Bouffe Company is again at the Prince of Wales's. There is a galaxy of favourites. Mr and Mrs Bracy (Miss Clara Thompson), returned from California, were warmly received at the Operahouse. In addition to these popular artists, Miss Catherine Lewis continues her engagement with Mr Lyster. The "stars" also include Miss Lambert (a young lady of essentially Australian education), Messrs Templeton, Annie Beaumont, and George Leopold. The last-named does the comic business, and always well. Mr Beaumont, the first tenor, has been compared to Mr Sims Reeves; but, perhaps, this has been some of that Australian "blow," which Anthony Trollope has found to be a characteristic of the people of this colony. The pieces so far produced have been *La Fille de Mme Angot*, *Giroflé-Girofla*, *La Pêrhole*, *Maritana*, and *La Grande Duchesse*. Since the 4th inst., Mr J. Levey, the cornet player, has been performing twice each evening at the Operahouse. Lazar's Italian Opera Company returned from Adelaide, on the 1st inst., and appeared the next night in a concert at the Melbourne Town Hall. On the 2nd inst. the company appeared in *Il Trovatore*. The same evening they left for Sydney. Mrs Howitz, a young lady who has created a favourable impression in the concert-room, is announced to make her *début* shortly in opera as Maritana. Simonsen's English Opera Company are now performing at St George's Hall, and have already produced *Martha*, *Satanella*, and (for the first time in Melbourne) *The Hermit's Bell*. J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, 11th June, 1877.

LETTERS FROM BAYREUTH.†

(From the "Sunday Times.")

The Wagner Festival is over, but still there are more Wagner concerts to come: the Wagner sensation has subsided, and yet Wagner is all the talk of the town; we live, so to speak, in a Wagnerian atmosphere (no allusion to the biting East winds intended), and acknowledge the sway of the despot of Bayreuth. The man who fails to comprehend the dire significance of the "Purely Human" writes himself down an ass; as does he likewise who professes ignorance of the "homogeneity of the lyric drama," the relation of *leit motives* to the Art-work of the Future, or the bearings of the ancient myth upon Stage-Festival-Plays. It is the fashion to affect Wagnerism, and not to know something about "the man, don't you know, who writes music without any tune—but awfully quite too jolly, give you my word!" would be voted the worst possible "form" by our gilded youth. In fact, a gigantic bubble has been blown, and all the world gapes at it, as it shines in the unexpected light of popularity, and thus will they gaze and admire until it bursts and disappears from sight. Meanwhile, those who would keep pace with the times, and would know something of the matter, could do no better than to dip into the pages of Mr Joseph Bennett's *Letters from Bayreuth*, contributed last year to the columns of a daily contemporary, and now published in a collated form by Messrs Novello & Co. Here is a close and concise history of the whole of the *Nibelungen Ring* business, from the evolution of the theory from the Prophet's "inner consciousness" to its practical presentation at Bayreuth during the Festival; and it is a matter for congratulation that these records have been preserved, for, although the author is most modest in his pretensions, and albeit these letters were penned in the hot haste demanded by modern journalism, they contain most valuable criticism, searching analysis, and a grasp of subject such as are to be found in very few contemporary writings. Apart from the critical faculty possessed in so eminent a degree by Mr Bennett, and which is so ably displayed in these essays, the *Letters from Bayreuth* have an additional value from being written in terse, healthy, vigorous English, marked here and there by a subtle touch of humour of the keenest description. Eminently readable as these pages are, it must not be inferred that they belong to that class of light literature which

dallies with a subject in the bright but ephemeral manner often mistaken for criticism. Mr Bennett's work has a higher mission to fulfil, and is in the main a serious and thoughtful disquisition upon the vexed subject of Wagner's theories and their method of tangible presentation. Permitting himself to be biased by no extraneous influence, such as a love for formulated music, a taste for opera as at present known, or a leaning towards the delightful art of the vocalist, the author gives both theory and practice the benefit of an impartial judgment, admitting readily the salient features of the new doctrine, but dealing unhesitatingly with its shortcomings. English writers have of late given us so little in the way of exhaustive criticism, that Mr Bennett's book will be all the more welcome; under any circumstances, however, a very high place amongst artistic efforts would be justly its due. In his preface he states that the letters, written from day to day during the performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, have not been retouched, "and are, therefore, a statement of first impressions which, however erroneous, may at least claim the merit of genuineness." Notwithstanding this depreciation, there is nothing crude or unformed about the opinions expressed; rather do they appear the result of careful research and close application than the hasty jottings of one who writes, so to speak, against time.

But it is time that we quitted this preamble and took a glance at the book. The introductory letter not only anticipates the Festival and gives some particulars of the manner in which the *Nibelungen Ring* grew from its nucleus, *Siegfried's Tod*, but takes a comprehensive view of the principles which guide the Futurist in his search after highest art. A few extracts will show how Mr Bennett approached his task:—

"First of all it is necessary to clear the ground of a notion that the *Nibelungen* 'stage plays' make any pretensions to be regarded as operas—in other words, that, appertaining to the same class as *Don Giovanni* and *Fidelio*, they invite judgment as an advance upon those masterpieces. If it can be established that no such pretensions are raised—that, in point of fact, Wagner now brings forward a new thing, to be estimated for itself alone, and not by comparison—a huge difficulty is at once removed, and the question becomes liberated from a great deal of encumbering matter.

The result is that, while we are entitled to reject the music-drama if it do not satisfy us, we are debarred from abusing it because it fails to coincide with something else. For my own part I gladly recognise the distinctions Wagner lays down. It enables me to approach the *Nibelungen* dramas as M. Ollivier went into the German war—with a light heart, and to accept them, if I must, without violence to the affection entertained for other things, seeing in the art-work they illustrate an addition to sources of pleasure, not a substitute for any of them."

It must be borne in mind, however, that these words were penned before the occurrence of the Bayreuth Festival. We now pass to the description of the Festival and its surroundings. Of *Das Rheingold* Mr Bennett says:—

"Wagner tells us that the true materials for a national music-drama lie here. If so, I can only marvel that pantomime-writers have been so long unconsciously hovering on the verge of a great discovery."

In the following words are the impressions produced by the music epitomised:—

"We have, in *Rheingold* the continuous flow of formless music, the vocal phrases supposed to grow naturally out of the verse, the characteristic *motivo* associated with each personage, and the rich orchestration that never ceases to pour over the whole a flood of musical colour. Each of these features produces its own result. The formless music streams along the mind, so to speak, without passing into it. Speaking generally, we are not drawn to a consciousness of its presence, since it offers but little of an intelligible character to lay hold of. That it works upon the emotions in harmony with the drama—assuming that such a fantastic story touches us at all—cannot be denied. Wagner's music intensifies the poetic beauty of his dramatic subject when beautiful, and makes its ugliness more pronounced when ugly."

It has been frequently said that Wagner, an unsympathetic and unskillful writer for voices, would do well to abandon them altogether or to relegate them to a task like that of the actors in the old melodramas, whose blood-and-thunder sentiments were "spoken through music." And so, apparently thinks Mr Bennett, who writes as follows about *Die Walküre*:—

"A word for the orchestral writing must be added, because in it

* A good look-out for art in the Antipodes!—D. B.

† *Letters from Bayreuth, Descriptive and Critical, of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," with an Appendix.* By Joseph Bennett. London: Novello, Ewer and Co.

lay the greatest source of pleasure. So rich and satisfying were the instrumental passages in the scenes where Wagner's theory allowed him to produce beauty that the ear resented the intrusion of the voices as an offence. 'Let the orchestra alone' was the instinctive command to the actors. Need this have been the case? Is the negation of vocal charm a necessity of the system? We truly hope not—of this system or of any other; should it indeed be so, we may expect our stage-musical-drama actors to cultivate Punch's art, and gain in penetrating power what they lack in 'vocal charm.'

We pass over the details of the plots of the various concomitant plays for the simple reason that we have already been at great pains to relate them fully. Mr Bennett regards *Die Walküre* as superior in merit to *Siegfried*, though he says of the second act of the latter that it is "recognised as a masterpiece of compound art—a grand addition to the world's store of beauty." Without the music serving to express the abounding life of Siegfried the drama becomes "wonderfully clever as a piece of musical mosaic, and fertile in resource of expression;" but "no pleasure is given to the listener who cannot find all his interest excited by the verses and incidents with which it is connected." Of *Die Götterdämmerung* our author says:—

"The story of the *Götterdämmerung* is one which Verdi might have set to music, so rapidly do the situations follow each other, so intense is their dramatic interest, and so great are the opportunities for the effects which modern opera loses. By comparison, the earlier sections of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* are merely dialogues with an orchestral accompaniment; whereas here we have a libretto closely approaching the generally accepted model."

Götterdämmerung, however, is placed third on the list in point of artistic excellence; *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried* being first and second, and *Rheingold* last. For the masterly manner in which Mr Bennett sums up the case and delivers his judgment thereon, we must refer our readers to the "booklet" itself; there is much agreeable material to repay its perusal, and, if we mistake not, *Letters from Bayreuth*, notwithstanding the circumstances under which they were penned, will be sure to be regarded as standard productions. The writer also has something good to say about the town of Hans Sachs, the Birthplace of Mozart, Three Famous Graves (of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert), and A Supper with Wagner.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The contest between the bands and choirs of schools, under the superintendence of the Local Government Board, took place with great success on Wednesday last. Cornets, with all recent improvements, as well as a euphonium and a trombone (ranging in value from 15 to 12 guineas), were given as band prizes by Messrs F. Beason & Co. and Mr W. Hillyard, and these were supplemented by purses of money offered by the lessees of the Alexandra Palace and the chaplain to the Strand Union Schools, together with a gold-mounted *bâton* to Mr T. Graham, bandmaster of the Milton Schools, Portsmouth, for having sent the greatest number of boys (thirty) into the army and navy since the last competition. The prizes for the school choirs comprised purses of 15 and 10 guineas, presented by Sir Frederic Fitzwygram, Bart., and 5 guineas by the lessees. Eight bands competed. The boys, whose ages vary from 8 to 14, performed successively in the Central Hall, each band playing a quick march of its own selection and a contest piece, with solos, from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, specially arranged by Mr R. Wheatley, to whom all the arrangements were confided, and who acted as one of the judges. Both the instrumental and choral performances were of real excellence. The competition was very close, and resulted in the award of the following band prizes:—1. Strand Union School, Edmonton. 2. St Pancras School, Levensden. 3. West London District School, Ashford. 4. St Mary's Orphanage, North Hyde, Hounslow. 5. "Exmouth" Training Ship. 6. Milton Schools, Portsmouth. The singing prizes were awarded to the best of the six competing choirs, as follows:—1. St Mary's Orphanage. 2. Milton Schools, Portsmouth. 3. South Metropolitan Schools, Sutton. In presenting the prizes to the band and choirmasters, Sir F. Fitzwygram expressed his gratification at the success of the competition, and his intention to give similar prizes in the next competition.

HALEVY'S *L'Eclair* and Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche* are both in preparation for the re-opening of the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

WAIFS.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI will not sing this year in Paris; nor has any arrangement been concluded about her visit to America. Mr Gye, however, has secured her services for next year at the Royal Italian Opera.

WE regret to learn that Mr Gye, since the closing of the Royal Italian Opera, has been seriously indisposed.

MR H. JARRETT, of Her Majesty's Theatre, has gone for a short holiday to Switzerland.

Sig. Bottesini has been playing at the Politeama, Rome.

Wagner recently paid a visit to the Grand-Duke at Weimar.

Sig. Gayarre made a short stay in Milan after leaving London.

Mad. Ethelka Gerster and her husband, Sig. Gardini, are in Paris.

Mdlle Albani has been stopping at Spa—simply to drink the waters.

The Royal Operahouse, Berlin, will re-open on the 23rd inst. with *Lohengrin*.

Mdlle Heilbron is at Trouville, where she will remain till the end of the month.

Herr Wirsing has retired from the management of the Czech Theatre, Prague.

An opera, *Wanda*, by a Czech composer, M. Dvorzak, has been produced at Prague.

Twenty-nine theatres in Italy are still without managers for the next Carnival season.

The Italian operatic company under Sig. Ferrari has left Buenos Ayres for Rio Janeiro.

Gounod's *Cinq-Mars* will be produced next season at the Imperial Theatre, St Petersburg.

Madame Rose Hersee is announced to sing at the Brighton Aquarium Concert to-day.

In 1857, there were only 57 dramatic companies in Italy. At present there are about 100.

M. Leo Delibes has been created a knight, and M. Gounod a commander, of the Legion of Honour.

Flotow, the composer, has disposed of his estate at Reichenau, and now resides at his villa in Mecklenburg.

The Franco-Belgian operatic company, who have been singing at Valparaiso and Santiago, are now at Lima.

Portions of Wagner's *Nibelungen Tetralogical Trilogy* are to be given next season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Members of the English colony at St Petersburg have arranged private theatricals for the benefit of the Russian wounded.

Mdlle Marimon will sustain the principal female character in *La Chef d'Or* at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Mdlle Salla has succeeded.

The duty on pianofortes has been raised to 100 roubles by Russia. The German manufacturers will be the greatest sufferers.

Mr Carl Rosa and his opera company remain in Dublin till the end of next week. We understand they are doing excellent business.

The rehearsals of *Fandango*, the new ballet by MM. Meilhac, Halévy, and Salvayre, commenced at the Grand Opéra, Paris, last week.

We are glad to hear that Auber's charming pastoral opera, *Le Philtre* is about to be revived in Brussels, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

The Paris Opéra-Comique will re-open with *L'Eclair*. This will be followed by *La Dame Blanche*, for the débuts of M. Engel and Mdlle Ploux.

The net receipts of the late Spohr Festival at Cassel amounted to 2,900 marks. Herr Joachim, in consequence of Mad. Joachim's illness, could not appear.

Herr Lauterbach is slowly recovering from the effects of his accident in the Alps. There are hopes that he may not have to undergo amputation of any kind.

Herr Albert Hahn, editor of the *Tonkunst*, has left Berlin and again settled at Königsberg, to resume his duties as teacher of music, while still carrying on his paper.

The Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, will re-open early in September with *Les Huguenots*. Miss Minnie Hauk makes her début shortly afterwards in *Faust*.

The revival of Halévy's *La Reine de Chypre*, at the Grand Opéra, Paris, on the 6th inst., can only be recorded as a *succès d'estime*. A vast deal of money has been wasted on it.

According to report, Sig. Merelli will give M. Ambroise Thomas's *Amleto* and Sig. Böito's *Mefistofele* during the approaching Italian season at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A bust of Chopin, by Mad. Beaumont-Castries, now exhibited in Paris, represents the composer on his death-bed, with closed eyes. The likeness is considered successful.

At the *début* of the great Lablache one of the audience remarked that in future no one ought to be astonished at anything, since they had just heard Heaven's thunder turned into a singing bass.

Sig. Giacomo de Angelo Levi has presented 500 pieces of music to the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, Venice. The collection includes the overtures and symphonies (in score and parts) of Beethoven and Mozart.

Previously to his leaving Munich to enter on his functions as *Capellmeister* at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, the University of the former capital conferred on Herr Willner the degree of Doctor, "honoris causa."

Mlle Mahlknecht, formerly *prima donna* of the Leipsic Theatre, and now occupying the same position at Hamburg, is about to marry Herr Albert Payne, member of the well-known publishing firm in Leipsic.

For the present the idea of holding premenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre seems to be in abeyance; but in place of them, we understand, Italian operatic performances at moderate prices are to be instituted. We shall see.

The Woltersdorff-Theater, Berlin, has been taken by Herr Carl Soherbarth, who will open it on the 15th September. His intention is to play old operas, such as *Adler's Horst*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *La Fiancée*, &c. (Why not *Le Philtre*?—D. P.)

M. Ambroise Thomas is busy at Argenteuil, where he has a country seat, putting the finishing touches to his *Francesca di Rimini*, and composing ballet-music for that long-expected work, as well as for his last projected opera, *Psyché*.

Mr and Mrs German Reed have been giving their entertainment, (assisted by Messrs Corney Grain, Alfred Reed, Arthur Law, Misses Fanny Holland and Leonora Braham) in the banqueting room of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, during the week.

Dr Hans von Bülow has accepted the post of conductor at the Glasgow autumn and winter Subscription Concerts, in place of Mr Arthur S. Sullivan, who has resigned. *Tout est pour le mieux (dans ces meilleurs des concerts possibles)*; we doubt, nevertheless, if the change will be advantageous.—*Graphic*.

Mdme Rosa Csillag, once, at Vienna (1852-3), the rival of Mlle Tietjens, and remembered by frequenters of Mr Gye's theatre in *Fidelio*, *Orphée* (Gluck) and other operas, is now established as a professor of singing and declamation at the Vienna Conservatory.

The idea of Mlle Tietjens appearing at either the Gloucester or the Leeds Festival is, according to recent information, not for a moment to be entertained. She has had a relapse, and a fresh operation. We regret to impart such bad news to her many admirers among the English public; but it is of no use concealing the truth. A week since there appeared to be some prospect of amendment; but this is proved to be illusory. Mlle Tietjens remains at Worthing, there being little chance just now of her being removed to her home in St John's Wood.—(See another page.)

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THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16th:—

Organ Concerto, D minor	Handel.
Romanza, "Disperso il crin"	Meyerbeer.
Toccata con Fuga, D minor	Bach.
Selection from the Music to the Drama, <i>Jeanne d'Arc</i>	Gounod.
Allegrette from the Sonata in E minor	Weber.
Wedding March	W. T. Best.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 18th:—

Organ Sonata, C minor.	G. Merkel.
Adagio, D flat major, Op. 77	Dussek.
Marche Hongroise	F. Liszt.
Pastorale and Fugue	Bach.
Trio, "Tantum ergo"	Rossini.
Overture, composed for a Military Band	Mendelssohn.

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Falsity in an epitaph, be it never so absurd, is readily pardoned if dictated by affection. Few have the heart to speak or write harshly of the immediate dead, and eulogy over the newly occupied grave is an act of grace becoming one destined soon to be a fellow-dweller.* Seldom, however, do funeral orations find an echo; generally they fall like "earth to earth," and are buried with the object of their sorrowful adulation. Not so the words of Mr T. E. Lloyd and Mr D. Davies at the Llandysul Eisteddfod, on the death of Mynyddog, quoted in your sympathetic article in a late number of the *Musical World*. The respectful sorrow uttered by those gentlemen finds response in the hearts of all Welshmen not bigots; for the missed and lamented one, cut down in his prime, was perhaps the best known and most popular man in the Principality. Your English readers may ask "Who is this great man that has fallen?" He was neither great nor anyway noble, but a simple yeoman who secured the affection of his countrymen. Mr Richard Davies, better known by his bardic name, Mynyddog, was a farmer at Cemmes, Montgomeryshire, who quitted his plough for the more attractive, if not more remunerative, occupation of public entertainer and singer. It was not until he had reached middle life that his talents were discovered, when at a bound he became chief Eisteddfod conductor, and the most notable song writer and vocalist of his class. Possessing a commanding stature, a cool brain, ready tongue, and powerful voice, he moved and spoke on the platform as one having authority; and to Englishmen, perplexed by Celtic phrensy and strange crazes, he appeared the unraveller of mysteries. Retaining the quiet traits of the yeoman, and never assuming the swaggering dignity of the *professional*, he travelled from town to village, from one end of the country to the other, and was everywhere received, by high and low, more as a friend than as a rhyming songster. His popularity was scarcely caused by the quality of his voice, which was twangy and less melodious than many; nor by his piano playing, which was of the "tum-tum" order; neither were his tunes above commonplace; nor was his poetry of an elevated character. But he had wit that was electric; a wit that could set a thousand stolid faces into grinning motion, kindle in each eye a sympathetic spark, and call forth from tired throats redoubled peals of laughter. It was wit that knew no bitterness and scorned the aid of coarseness; wit inclined to virtue, that knew not scoffing; wit that invested common objects with a fresh interest, and never turned goodness into contempt; wit that saw the comic side of things, without vice, spleen, or spite; wit, in his native language, like flint to steel—which cannot meet without a flash.

Mynyddog fed the Welsh folk with jokes. The Celt hungers for amusement as much as the Saxon. The latter has, perhaps, the more robust appetite, and it is certain has more to gratify it. The Welshman has no theatre; the drama has never taken root in the Principality. Mimic life has been allotted to the cities of the plains. But amusement of some sort must be got, to season the insipid food of everyday life, and at times will be sought for, though death and retribution stand in the way. To those, called Fortune's favourites, who make pleasure the business of their lives, the Welshman's amusements seem poor and mean. Still they are enjoyed with a surprising zest. Mynyddog's conceits were invariably relished. The Welsh miner, after long hours' imprisonment in the dark bowels of the earth, if Mynyddog was announced to appear in the neighbourhood, would pass the alehouse, hurry to his home, dress himself in his best, and trudge, with his Ruth, through rough roads and rougher weather, to partake of and join in the harmless mirth. The tiller of the soil and tender of the flocks would gladly quit the glories of the field and grandeur of the mountain when Mynyddog sang of things other than the silent stars and misty hill-tops. And a dweller in the dull town would welcome him—for he was comedian, singer, and punster in one; maker and utterer of homely ditties and tuneful jokes, well nigh sole entertainer in the Welsh tongue.

Mynyddog's loss will be felt most at Eisteddfods, where he was not only a singer of comic ditties, but conductor of the meetings, a post entailing important duties, which have no equivalent in English assemblies. Perhaps the office nearest to it in character

is that of toastmaster to civic feasts. But in Eisteddfodau, chairman, speakers, and secretaries are for the moment really subservient to the conductor. Mynyddog had not the fervid eloquence of Talhaiarn, his predecessor, nor the poetic ability of other bards, his cotemporaries; neither had he the education and social position of some of his brother officials; but he had more tact than all of them put together. His humour never deserted him. Lear's Fool uttered no plainer speech to "Nuncle" than Mynyddog the jester to that many-headed majesty—"Eisteddfod." No object, no incident, escaped him. For the prize winners he had a "quid" of compliment; for losers a "pro quo" of encouragement. If the meeting, like a jaded horse, flagged, his wit whipped it into good-humoured activity. Differences, rows, and quarrels will occur occasionally at these meetings; in fact, they are natural to them; but a song or jest from him was often sufficient to cool down the hot blood, and restore order and good fellowship. Mynyddog has left no son to perpetuate his name, nor any work, poetical or musical, to make his fame perennial. Like an exhausted melody he has passed away, leaving traces only to be soon effaced. But mountain winds will chant his dirge, whilst ever and anon his name shall conjure up tender memories to the fleeting generation of Welshmen. PENCERDD GWFFYN.

A Canard about a Duck.

An occurrence not devoid of piquant interest is announced from Vienna. It relates to last season. The celebrated Italian-French-Spanish-American singer (Mad. Adelina Patti) was, in the Austrian capital, greatly admired and greatly run after, as she always is. Even the mighty of the earth paid her some little homage, and thus it happened that she was among those invited to an evening party given by Baron Rothschild. Of course, not "without an object," like the other guests, but to delight the latter by her singing. On such an occasion it is customary for those who indulge in the luxury of serving up, among other delicacies for the benefit of their friends, a few songs from the throat of a famous vocalist, to pay her a fixed honorarium, frequently settled beforehand. On the evening in question Mad. Patti enchanted all present, including the Princess Pauline Metternich. When the fair artist had concluded her pieces, the Princess went up to her, and, mentioning a favourite song, begged her in the most friendly manner to sing it. Mad. Patti consented, but whispered a few words to Rothschild's Secretary, who was standing near her. The Secretary immediately reported the words to the Baron. They were to the effect that "she could, of course, sing the song only on the same terms as the other pieces." The Lady had—oh! Idealism, hide thy weeping face!—fixed her honorarium at so much "per song," and she desired to be paid at the same rate for the song the Princess wished to hear. It is superfluous to say that the original honorarium was something unusually large. Baron Rothschild hastened to communicate Mad. Patti's message to the Princess Metternich, begging her, under the circumstances, to forego the song, and promising, in return, to place eight thousand florins* at the disposal of the Princess for her poor pensioners. The Princess immediately renounced her expected treat. Among those to whose ears the proceeding of the artist found its way was the Empress Elizabeth, who, in consequence, ordered that the name of Mad. Adelina Patti should be erased from the list of vocalists at the next Court Concert, and that of Mad. Ethelka Gerster substituted for it.—*Berlin Echo*.

[How very amusing this would be, were it not a—a—a—Canard! —A. S. S.]

FRANKFORT.—Weber's *Abu Hassan* has been revived at the Stadttheater after a lapse of many years. *Abu Hassan* was composed in 1811, at Darmstadt, and Weber dedicated it to the Grand Duke of Hesse. The opera was first performed at Munich, June 4th in the same year, and subsequently at Frankfort, Stuttgart, Berlin, and Vienna. Translated into Danish, it was given at Copenhagen, and in an English version at Drury Lane (1825). Weber improved the work, touched up the orchestration, and composed the air for Fatima, which is now one of the most striking pieces. *Abu Hassan* was in its time considered a master work; but *Der Freyschiütz*, *Preciosa*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon* somewhat disturbed that belief, and a revival at the present time is not a sure speculation.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Franz Nachbaur, of Munich, opened a starring engagement at the Stadttheater as George Brown in Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*. His second character was Massaniello.

* Consult Thackeray.—D. P.

* Why not 10,000?—A. S. S.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

Pictures from the Life of the first German Operatic Singer.

By W. LACKOWITZ.*

II.

(Continued from page 552.)

We must enter the abode of the bitterest poverty, if we would become acquainted with the early history of the most eminent German female singer of the last century—Gertrude Elizabeth Mara; an abode deficient in even the most necessary conveniences of everyday life. The fact is, poor Schmähling, musician, and teacher of music at Cassel, scarcely earned sufficient to enable his wife and himself to drag on a wretched existence. When, however, after many years of a joyless union, and just as he was turning the half century of his life, a daughter was born to him, and the little creature's mother soon afterwards died, his condition would have been much more desperate than it was before but for the fact that it could not be so. The child was sickly from her infancy. Her rickety limbs had not strength enough for her to walk or stand. There she sat, poor little thing, from morning to night, bound fast in her chair, and confided to the care of an old servant when Schmähling went out to give lessons. Her field of view was bounded by invalid fiddles, which had been sent to the musician to mend, and which lay or hung all about the small room. Of God's beautiful world outside little Gertrude had never seen aught; her entire range of thought was encompassed by musical ruins. One day, when her father came home, he heard the sounds of a fiddle in his room. He listened in astonishment. Who could have come during his absence? It was evident that someone was waiting for him, and whiling away the weary hours by playing the fiddle. It was a scale, almost perfectly in tune, which he heard repeated again and again. He opened the door. Who can paint his astonishment! The performer was little Gertrude, the poor sick child. When her father stood before her, so unexpectedly, she nearly let the violin fall from fright. It had been so near her chair that she had been able to reach it. The talent slumbering within her had sought and found an outlet in her imperfect performance. But no word of reproof passed her father's lips; his astonishment was joyous astonishment. Had there arisen a solace for his old age, a source of assistance in his need? He felt a presentiment of the divine spark in his child, and, to her indescribable delight, she now had regular instruction. The result exceeded all expectations; her progress was surprising. News of the miracle presented by the little weakling soon flew, as a matter of course, beyond the limits of the sorry room. The story seemed incredible. The poverty of his domestic arrangements prevented Herr Schmähling, however, from inviting to his own dwelling the unbelievers who would fain have convinced themselves by their own senses of the truth. So, as the mountain could not go to Mahomet, Mahomet was obliged to go to the mountain. Then commenced in Cassel the wonderful peregrinations, about which the subsequently so celebrated lady used herself to speak when a matron; for her memory had faithfully preserved them. Her father went first with the violin-case, followed by the old servant with the child-prodigy, seated in her little chair and carefully wrapt up in shawls. Thus did the strange procession wend its way to the worthy tailors and glovers who were old Schmähling's good friends. In time, the doors of the more well-to-do, also, were flung open. People overlooked the father's utter want of culture, nay, roughness, and were lost in wonder at the weak child, who handled the bow so energetically. Richer presents than the father had ever been able to make her flew into the family coffers. It was at one of the above visits that a rich Frankfort merchant heard the child, and offered to take her—of course, not without her father—with him, and have her talent further cultivated. Schmähling, we need scarcely say, accepted the offer, and Gertrude created no less astonishment in Frankfort than in Cassel. Her health, moreover, gradually improved. During the two years of her stay at Frankfort, she learned to stand and walk, though not for any length of time. After she had completed her course of study, her father resumed his pilgrim's staff. He visited Vienna with Gertrude, then nine years of age—she was born on the 23rd February, 1740. On the road, however, he had an opportunity of convincing himself that Germany was not a sufficiently rich mine

to be worked by such a prodigy, and Vienna fully confirmed the experience he had gained. But to make money, to make a great deal of money, was his principal aim. He eagerly seized, therefore, the notion suggested by the British ambassador at the French Court, of going with the child to London. Aye, London was the place where people would certainly appreciate such a wonderful phenomenon, and the recommendations given him by the art-loving Englishman could not possibly fail in their object. Thus did father Schmähling start for foggy England. His expectations seemed not to be ill-founded. The reception of the two new comers was, indeed, brilliant. The ambassador's recommendations were a golden key which opened the most aristocratic houses. Every one was speaking of the wonderful child, and at length the Queen, also, who heard scarcely any other subject discussed by those around her, expressed a wish to become acquainted with the little girl. The right moment had now arrived! The golden shower could no longer fail to pour down upon father Schmähling. Unfortunately, the latter counted without his host. . . . The Queen could not bear to see anything ugly, and little Gertrude Schmähling was most decidedly repulsively ugly. The young virtuosa, moreover, when giving a performance, worked her arms in the air in such a manner that she became almost like a spider, and at the same time made the most horrible grimaces. The Queen was startled and could not be induced to receive "the ugly thing" a second time. This was, of course, a signal for all the sycophants attached to the Court: their doors were thenceforth closed to the wonderful child. The golden rain did not come, and the posture of affairs began to grow critical. Fortunately a lover of art turned up at the right moment, and interested himself for the two beings who, without him, would soon have been sorely pressed. He was not only a rich, but a practical man. He had observed that little Gertrude possessed a very agreeable voice, and, thanks to her musical talent, easily learned and retained short songs. He proposed to the father, therefore, that the latter should discontinue the fiddle, and have her instructed in singing, adding that, if he did so, he should have no need to trouble himself about the expense. It would not have been necessary to use any of the arguments adduced by the welcome Mæcenæas to the effect that violin-playing was naturally unpleasant and unbecoming for a girl; that as a violinist Gertrude would always produce the most disagreeable effect, &c. The old musician did not take long to consider. On the one hand, the aristocratic houses had gradually closed their doors on him, and the gold-springs threatened soon to become entirely dried up. On the other hand, he saw beckoning to him a new future, and the almost certain prospect that all the doors which had been shut against the violinist would one day be thrown open to the singer. The new Mæcenæas, too, was really in earnest, for, hardly had Schmähling agreed unconditionally to the proposed plan, ere Gertrude began taking lessons of the celebrated Paradisi. The latter had been a world-renowned singer. After retiring from the public exercise of his art on the stage, he became the most eminent singing-master in London. He was paid a magnificent price for his lessons, and had accumulated great wealth. He was magnificently paid for Gertrude Schmähling, and so she became his pupil. What she learned of him we do not know. It is possible that, in his school, she laid the foundation of her subsequent extraordinary skill, which reached such a point, that there was no living singer who could serve her as a model, and she had to imitate the roulades of celebrated flautists and violinists. Enough that she became his pupil, and that with her name the name of Signor Paradisi as well has been permanently handed down to posterity.

Nor are we acquainted with the particulars concerning the immediate results of the instruction she enjoyed. It would seem, however, that those results were not such as father Schmähling probably expected, as far at least as regards the material effect on his purse. It appears certain, that London as persistently refused to open its doors to the singer as it had done to the violinist, and that consequently gold and jewels did not fall into her lap. Papa Schmähling cared only for pecuniary success, and, as the flesh-pots of Egypt, for which he so ardently yearned, appeared, despite the new era, only very sparingly on his table, he suddenly determined to return home. In his opinion, Gertrude could not now fail to be considered a wonderful phenomenon in Germany. Remarkable perverseness of Fate. The good people of Germany

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

his compatriots, took the liberty of entertaining a different opinion to that of the old musician. Schmähling proceeded at first to Cassel. But, as we know, a prophet is nowhere worth less than in his own country; this always was and always will be the case. The Seven Years' War had emptied men's strong chests. The country of Hesse especially had been drained most fearfully by the French before the battle of Rossbach, and can sing a song about the glorious traces of the Grand Nation. People limited themselves to what was absolutely necessary. Under the head of what is absolutely necessary, we must include, however, an Italian Opera, for there was still one in Cassel despite exhausted purses. But what was to be made of a singer who had fallen from the clouds on the other side the Straits of Dover, who was a native of Cassel, and could boast neither of name nor reputation? It was impossible to employ her at the Italian Opera, even though she had been pre-eminently beautiful, which was not the case. The fair Italian artists would never have allowed such an engagement, and it would not do to offend them. In a word, all the steps taken proved fruitless, and even the recommendations from England proved worthless in every instance. Nay, father Schmähling was actually unable even to obtain his daughter's appearance at a Court concert, which would at any rate have brought him in a few louis d'or. Week after week, and month after month, did he wait and exert himself in vain. At length he had no alternative left but to grasp his pilgrim's staff and once more set out upon his wanderings. In 1766 father and daughter reached Leipzig during the Easter Fair, and it was here that Gertrude's destiny as a singer was to be decided.

(To be continued.)

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Violas.—W. H. Hann (principal), S. Webb, W. Waud, T. Lawrence, W. Burnett, J. Thompson, G. Cubitt, W. Egerton.

Violoncellos.—C. Ould (principal), J. Boatwright, A. Bouman, A. Guest, E. T. Quinton, L. Snyders, L. Shepherd, J. Saunders, H. Trust.

Double Basses.—E. Ould (principal), S. Jakeway, W. Griffiths, J. P. Waud, W. J. Strugnall, W. Castell, A. Kleigl, J. Beresford, W. A. Wade, Albert Collins.

Flutes and Piccolo.—Oluf Svensden, A. Jensen. *Oboes*.—G. Horton, T. A. Smith. *Clarionets*.—Lazarus, G. Tyler. *Bassoons*.—W. B. Wotton, T. Anderson. *Horns*.—C. Harper, J. W. Standen, Preatoni, W. Hinchey. *Cornets and Trumpets*.—H. Reynolds, J. Scotts, F. A. Backwell, St Jacombs. *Trombones*.—W. Webster, John Harvey, T. Antoine. *Ophicleide*.—S. Hughes. *Tympani*.—Pheasant. *Grosse Caisse*.—Middleditch. *Side Drums*.—Austin, Orchard. *Harp*.—E. Lockwood. *Conductor*.—Arditi.

WIESBADEN (from a Correspondent).—The sixth Kurhaus Concert took place on the 17th August. Who does not know the beautiful Marble Hall, the concert hall, and banquet hall, the monuments of the days past, when roulette went round and round, and people won and lost fortunes. The indefatigable Kur-director, Herr Heyl, still administers with taste and judgment, to the gratification of his patrons. M. Saint-Saëns from Paris being here, was invited to play his fourth pianoforte concerto, which he did like a genuine composer who knows best how to give effect to his own music. He was warmly received. His well-known "Danse Macabre" and his poem symphonie, *Phaeton*, for orchestra, were played with great success. Mdlle Orgeni and Herr Sontheim were the vocalists, singing, as we have often heard them sing before, "Les tenors sont rares;" and Mdlle Orgeni will be remembered at your Royal Italian Opera. The performance of Flotow's *Maria* was marked by the debut of Mdlle Rolandt, young and beautiful, with a voice so sweet and sympathetic, and such faultless execution, that she took the house by storm.

Mozart.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The following humorous poem is from the pen of the *Concertmeister*, August Müller, who died, in 1862, at Darmstadt. We give it in a free translation from the German original:—

"Mozart was a Musicus—Extraordinarius.

That he was sublime and grand is well known through ev'ry land. Besides a master of his art, was clever in other things, Mozart; What else he could besides yet be, will tell you all, this litany; Mozart was a joiner good, although he used not glue nor wood; But his "fugues" were such a hit, as made the very walls to split. He was a *turner* excellent, since ev'ryone will apprehend That nothing in his works is found, which is not smooth and very round.

Mozart was a *mastersmith*, who, without trouble, could forthwith, Play with keys of every sort, that is sure, upon my word.

Mozart was a *blacksmith* brave, in his works the proofs we have, For in truth it must be said: he hits the nail firm on the head.

A *metal-founder* he was besides, but this profession much derides, For wanton use of too much brass he thought was fit but for an ass. As maker of an *instrument*, was Mozart really excellent,

And you may for certain take, no man such "Magic Flute" could make.

As *diplomate* quite grand was he, and this we even now can see, For notes once issued by his hand are honoured yet in ev'ry land.

In "*fencing*" he was also strong, and never out nor ever wrong, For his tierces and his quates were in their right places everywhere.

As *hairdresser* I do believe that no one did so much achieve As Mozart when he dressed so fair a Titus for an Empeur.

A *gravedigger*, though one excellent, was Mozart, yet before his end. Who wouldn't be proud if he became, in "*Memoriam*," performed his Requiem?

By such great versatility, one must declare implicitly, That Mozart was the most sublime and greatest artist of his time."

You will detect, sir, the expediency of giving immediate publicity to the foregoing, which if you fail to do, I am by no means your obedient servant and slavish admirer. I have rendered it into English from the German (or, in some sense, Teutonic) of the *Leipzig Journal*, and am, yours under consideration,

O. O.

THE THREE CHOIR FESTIVAL.

The programme of the 154th Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, to be held at the first-named place in the first week in September, has been issued. Although hopes were entertained a fortnight since* that Mdlle Tietjens would be sufficiently recovered to fulfil her engagement as principal soprano, that hope is abandoned. Mdlle Albany will take the major part of the music originally assigned to Mdlle Tietjens. The Festival opens on Tuesday, the 4th of September, with full morning service at the Cathedral, on which occasion the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who has hitherto held aloof from active participation in these Festivals, will preach the sermon on behalf of the widows and orphans. In the afternoon *Elijah* will be given; on Wednesday morning Bach's *Passion* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and in the evening Mendelssohn's *St Paul* and Part I. of Haydn's *Creation*; on Thursday morning a miscellaneous selection of sacred works, including Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Brahms' *Requiem*, "Blessed are they," and the late Dr Wesley's anthem, "The Wilderness;" on Friday morning Handel's *Messiah*. There will be secular concerts at the Shire Hall on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and Evening Service, with band and chorus, in the nave of the Cathedral on Friday. The list of stewards includes the names of nearly two hundred noblemen and gentlemen.

HANOVER.—On the 14th August the highly-esteemed Court Kapellmeister Fischer, successor of Marschner, died at a public dinner given by a few friends in his honour on his return from a long journey. He was recounting to them in jocular manner how he had travelled from Munich to Cassel in seven hours—when, just as he was going to say "Cassel," he fell back dead. He was one of the giants of the old school, like Marschner, Spohr, Guhr, Esser, &c. The Court Theatre now, a few days before its re-opening, is without a conductor.

* They were not and could not be entertained.—C. D.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

(Reminiscences of 1877, from the Scrap-book of a Dilettante.)

No. 1.

ZARE THALBERG'S ZERLINA.

Fortunately, Mdle Thalberg, whose entrance was greeted with prolonged applause, did much to compensate for the deficiencies of the others. Her voice is more beautiful than ever, and has become richer and stronger since last season. Whether it has gained in flexibility and compass remains to be seen; but it was evident last night that she has been endowed by Nature with vocal gifts which, with proper cultivation, must speedily place her in the highest rank of the operatic profession. . . . Her voice is of such remarkably rich quality throughout its entire compass that it will bear any amount of cultivation, and abundantly repay it. Last night its freshness and brilliancy imparted an irresistible charm to her execution of "Batti, batti," and other portions of her rôle, and her intonation was faultless. The return of this charming young artist (now only in her nineteenth year) will enhance the attractions of the Royal Italian Opera, and her popularity was attested by the warmth of her reception.—*Globe*, May 5.

No. 2.

EMMA ALBANI'S OPHELIA.

Beyond the fact that the Ophelia of Mdle Albani becomes year after year a more finished impersonation (more poetical it could hardly be), and that, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, it may fairly take rank with her Senta, Elizabeth, and Elsa—her Wagnerian trilogy—there is nothing to add to what has already been said about it. To follow Christine Nilsson in this, one of the brightest of her creations, was no grateful task; but here success has recompensed ambition, and the Ophelia of the fair Canadian is pronounced by competent judges only second to that of the fairer (blonder) Swede.—*Graphic*, June 23.

No. 3.

ADELINA PATTI'S CATARINA.

L'Etoile du Nord appears to be growing in favour. . . . At any rate, the opera that used to be played once at the close of the season for the benefit of Mdme Patti, is now a more prominent feature. . . . It attracted an enormous house on Tuesday night, not a place being anywhere vacant, while the highest expectations of the audience were more than satisfied. . . . Mdme Patti was, of course, the "star" of the occasion, and never shone more brightly or with a steadier lustre. Her representation of Caterina amounted, indeed, both in a dramatic and musical sense, to one long triumph. The "Bohemienne," the prayer "Veglia dal ciel," and the important music of the last act, including the well-known and ingenious trio for voice and flutes, were all given to perfection so obvious that it was not possible to conceive anything better. As to the great artist's acting, the power of it is so well known that no word of description or of eulogy is needed.—*Daily Telegraph*, May 31.

No. 4.

ETHELKA GERSTER'S GILDA.

On Tuesday night *Rigoletto* was performed, with the new singer, Mad. Gerster, as Gilda. We are inclined to think that were Mad. Gerster to turn aside for a time from parts the prevalent characteristics of which are florid passages, more or less elaborately embellished, and devote her attention seriously to the study and practice of the plain *cantilena*, where level singing is indispensable, she would improve the quality of her middle voice, without in any way endangering the supremacy of her favourite high notes. The manner in which she sang more than one *cantabile* phrase on Tuesday night convinced us of this. As examples, we would especially point to her delivery of the melodious passage, "Quanto affetto," &c., which begins Gilda's share in the expressive duet with Rigoletto ("Veglia, O! donna, questo fiore"), and the recital of the story of her clandestine meetings with Walter Maldé, the pretended student. The charming soliloquy, "Caro nome," but for two florid cadenzas out of keeping with its character, would have been irreproachable.—*Graphic*, July 14.

No 5.

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S RETURN.

The palmiest days of this historic house* were suggested on Saturday, when Madame Christine Nilsson made her first appearance

* Her Majesty's Theatre.

for the season. Rank and fashion once more thronged to the Hay-market, amateurs of all classes crowded the interior, which by the way looked the picture of cheerfulness, and the rule of the evening was enthusiastic applause. In the experience of many present the occasion may have derived added zest from the fact that Madame Nilsson first trod the new stage in the part chosen for her *début* on the old. Whether this was by design or not matters little. Nothing could have been more appropriate, and all among the audience who were present when, 11 years ago, a new *prima donna* burst upon their gratified sight, must have witnessed Saturday's doings with special interest. Since she first played the Violetta of *La Traviata*, the Swedish artist has undergone no inconsiderable development as regards both the scope and character of her genius. There have been times when it seemed doubtful whether that development took precisely the right direction, but the strong good sense and quick perception of Madme Nilsson never fail in the long run to discover and correct mistakes. To these qualities the remarkable success obtained on Saturday night may in a large measure be attributed. Whatever tendency was once manifested towards an exaggerated style of acting has apparently been conquered, and Madame Nilsson now makes a careful and artistic use of the larger resources accumulated by her experience and by the natural growth of her eminent talent. All the more interesting on this account was it to compare her present Violetta with that of her earliest appearance amongst us. None could have forgotten the winning gentleness and grace of the *débutante*, and none could fail to see that those qualities still exist in all their charm, united to the dramatic power of a ripened artist. The advantage is thus in favour of the present over the past, and opera-goers have thus good reason to congratulate themselves that Madame Nilsson is not only again engaged in their service, but better qualified than ever to satisfy their most exigent demands. We need not describe for the hundredth time all the incidents of an "ovation," such as the public bestow upon the prime favourites of the lyric stage. The reader may imagine all he can of the enthusiasm without much risk of going beyond the truth. Animated by so warm a greeting, the Swedish artist exerted her whole powers, both as actress and singer; and when we say that her voice was as distinguished as ever for that undefinable quality which makes it so eminently *human*, and therefore sympathetic, it may be assumed that the effect she produced was immense. In point of simple fact, Madame Nilsson has not often so thoroughly conquered the enthusiastic approval of her audience by means so legitimate. No matter whether it was the brilliant music of the first act, the passionate strains of the second, or the pathetic melodies of the third, in each and all she sang like a great artist. Higher praise we cannot give; praise less high would fail in justice. We might dwell long upon the dramatic characteristics of Madame Nilsson's Violetta, but, as they are perfectly well known, to do so would be superfluous. Let us say, however—what, indeed, we have already indicated—that the assumption was one of exceptional finish as well as breadth of outline. While made a sufficiently striking figure in the earlier scenes, Violetta never appeared overdrawn, so that a perfect consistency was established between the gay reveller of the "Libiamo" and the girl whose love, in the last scene, conquers the assurance of coming death and conjures up a vision of happy life. This may be an idealised Violetta; but, if any one makes the fact a ground of objection, the answer is that no other would be tolerated, even if it were not the business of the stage, as a branch of art, to improve upon the realities of common, and, too often, repellent life. How much the audience admired the representation, and applauded the artist's *tours de force*, we need not stop to tell. Enough that Madame Nilsson re-established herself in the highest favour of the public.—*Daily Telegraph*, May 7.

COPENHAGEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Uncommon musical activity has reigned here lately. On his way back from more northern latitudes, M. Henri Wieniawski gave two concerts. He was followed by an entire concert company, headed by Mad. Trebelli, who gave six concerts in the course of a week, at Tivoli. The company included Mad. Trebelli, Mdle Valleria, Sig. Talbo, and Herr Behrens. On leaving here, they will proceed to Sweden and Norway, first visiting, however, Helsingør, famous as being the place where Hamlet was buried—at least, so antiquaries assert—and where the celebrated organist Dietrich Buxtehude, a son of Johann Buxtehude, and the immediate predecessor of Johann Sebastian Bach, was born about 1635. Dietrich Buxtehude died in 1707 at Lübeck. He was greatly indebted as an organist to the two Dutch organists, Reinick Schweling, of Deventer, and Scheidemann, his pupil. Reinick, or Reinecke, was nearly a hundred at the time of his decease.

Adelina Patti.

The Marquise de Caux has taken proceedings for annulling her marriage, on the ground that the priest who officiated at Clapham was not provided with a special licence to solemnize marriages, from the Archbishop, but was simply delegated by the parish of St Philippe de Roule to give the nuptial benediction. Other informalities also are to be disclosed. Her petition states that she discovered shortly after the marriage that her husband's only object was to profit by her earnings, and that he never occupied any other attitude towards her than that of an *impresario*, seeking to make the most money possible out of her talent. She repeats complaints of violence, and urges that the judicial separation was accorded to her husband without her being allowed an opportunity of substantiating her charges.—*Times' Paris Correspondence, Aug. 24.*

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23rd:—

Triumphal March	Moscheles.
Andante Cantabile	Omer Giraud.
Prelude and Fugue, B flat major	Bach.
Fantasia on an old English Psalm Melody	W. T. Best.
Air, "Love in her eyes sits playing"	Handel.
Overture, <i>Gemma di Vergy</i>	Donizetti.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 25th:—

Toccata and Fugue, C major	Bach.
Pastorale	Paul Trillat.
Sarabande, <i>Cinq-Mars</i>	C. Gounod.
Marcia Eroica and Finale	W. T. Best.
Adagio, from the Fourth Symphony	Beethoven.
Offertoire, sur l'Hymne, "O Filii" (Pour le jour de Pâques)	C. Collin.

EISTEDDFOD AT CARNARVON.—The Welsh National Eisteddfod was opened at Carnarvon on Tuesday. In place of the ordinary temporary pavilion, a large iron structure for the permanent use of the town has been erected at an outlay of £7,000. The proceedings were prefaced by a Bardic meeting at Carnarvon Castle. At its close, the Mayor (Mr Pugh), president of the day, was escorted by a procession to the pavilion. In his opening remarks, the President alluded to the value of these national gatherings as developing the latent talent of Wales, and encouraging a love for literature and music. He trusted that the other National Institution recently brought into prominence, the University College for Wales, would be successful in obtaining Government aid. The chief feature of the programme was a choral competition for 100 guineas, awarded to the Carnarvon Choral Union, the Waenafwr Choir taking a second prize of 20 guineas. The Carnarvon Amateur string band won the prize, and their leader, Mr. Howell Williams, a medal for violin. Mr D. Jones, Llandoverly, took the prize for musical composition, Miss Rees, of Neath, and Miss Williams, of Llanlyfyn, prizes for vocalisation. Professor Macfarren, who, with Dr Rogers, organist of Bangor Cathedral, was musical adjudicator, spoke very highly of the ability displayed by the various competitors. In the evening there was a concert, at which Mmes Patey, Edith Wynne, Mary Davies, and Marian Williams, Signor Foli, Eos Morlais, J. Sauvage, and Dr. Frost, assisted. Unfavourable weather militated against the success of the Eisteddfod on Wednesday, under Lord Penrhyn's presidency. His Lordship was glad that at gatherings productive of such beneficial results to the community, there was no longer a desire to praise and uphold everything Welsh. He had protested against such a tone when occupying the chair at Carnarvon sixteen years ago; and it was satisfactory now to find all joining heartily in objects calculated to promote culture and raise moral and social position. The chief choral prize, 100 guineas, subscribed by Welsh quarrymen for choirs from the quarrying districts, fell through, owing to the absence of competitors; and the chief literary honour for an essay on the state of society in Wales shared the like fate. Mr Bryant, of Corwen, won the prize bass. Mr Pritchard, of Bangor, won the forty guinea pianofortegiven by Messrs Brinsmead, for amateur pianists, Miss Jenny Davis, Llangollen, taking second prize, and Miss Cox, Threapwood Vicarage, third. The oration was delivered by Professor Mackenna Hughes. Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Patey, Signor Foli, and Professor Macfarren were again actively present.

Touching Eels.

"I'm an eel, I'm an eel, I'm a spitchooked eel," &c.
(Popular Tune.)

"Heal me of that Eel, Ilkwhelk!"

(Old Play.)

And yet were I to choose my lot,
And say I'd be an eel,
Would that be happiness or not?
Should I contented feel?
My aching heart, my puzzled brain,
Cannot support this mental strain.



Garret or Jarret.

(To Danophylin.)

DEAR DANOPHYLIN,—I am perplexed. Is it Jarret or Garret, either or both, who acts Mephisto to Dishley Peters' Fisto (Fausto)? I am resolved to know. You among men and Christian managers—you alone among mortals who have risen to immortality (*dei Khiva*), can decide—unless it be the great "J. H. M." himself. Your predecessor—or rather your revered T. T.'s predecessor, the late incomparable Shirley Brooks—engendered a quintain, beginning:—

There was an old fellow called Jarret,
Who kept (somebody) up in a garret (*sic*).

I forget the rest; but does not this sound like the prediction of a postaction? Answer, dishly (or rather *frankly*), and believe me, yours in sincerity,
Rooses.

P. 8.—I saw Shaver Silver yesterday, reading Dr Donne. I tapped him on the shoulder (it was in St Paul's belfry). "You are," I said "at the beginning of Elegy XVIII." "Well?"—he replied, inquiringly—"it's the last—'Come, Madame, come.'" To which I answered, with some disdain, "Off with that girdle!" Here the conversation dropped; but, strange enough, I saw Arthur Sullivan, M.D., two hours later, on the Thames Embankment. He was looking for the roof which is to cover the new grand "National Opera" (conductor, Sir Michael Costa), because, *without that roof*, his *Marie Stuart*, and Christine as Marie, can hardly be given by "Lady Day."† Not finding the roof, he dined at the Garrick, met Sambourne, and slept soundly.

Catch that eel, or have the under-gardener disembowelled and quartered.‡ If that eel is not speedily soothed (alliteration intended) instead of Boodell it will be Bodeil.§ Your companions said all they had to say (and that was trenchant) in "Chapter I." Now they do nothing but walk about the garden, and stare at a trimmer. This does not look well for the sequel—for which you will naturally seek well (*not new*). Woodman, skin that eel!—

Skin that eel
Or you'll never be weel.

Buy a new horse, and trot back to Khiva, with "Pig"—you may then make some new dishkivaries.||
R.

* Registered.

† I don't mean Earl Day's lady, but the 25th of March, 1878.

‡ Double meaning. Registered.

§ Registered.

|| Registered.

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RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

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A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

Portraits.

No. 9.

mentiri nescio; librum,

Si malus est, nequed laudare

I know not how to lie; if a book (picture) is bad I cannot praise it. *Ne Sator ultra, &c.*

BARKER TESTIMONIAL FUND.

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THE above Committee having learned with deep regret that Mr CHARLES S. BARKER, Inventor of the Pneumatic Action, is, at 70 years of age, in reduced circumstances, without means of support, are desirous of providing him with an annuity for his declining years, and beg to solicit contributions in furtherance of this deserving case. Owing to the Franco-Prussian war, Mr BARKER had to seek an asylum in this country after many years' residence abroad, when, unfortunately, it was too late in life to turn to profitable account those researches which had cost him so many years of patient and assiduous labour, resulting in the successful application of pneumatic action to the touch of organs, without which modern instruments and modern performances on them would be impossible, and more recently in the electro-pneumatic system, besides other minor but invaluable details to organ mechanism. As it is of urgent necessity that immediate steps be taken with a view to save him from actual want, the Committee put forth this appeal. Contributions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, F. DAVISON, Esq., 24, Fitzroy Square, London, W., as early as possible, the Committee being anxious to close the Subscription List before the 29th September next, by which time, it is hoped, a sufficient amount will have been obtained to enable them to carry out their object.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1877.

Mad. Florence Ricca Knox.



WE promised last week to lay before our readers the letter addressed by "Mad. Ricca" to the Editor of the *Adrian Times*, in which our musical critics as a body are so handsomely treated, and such civil things are said about managers, about the English and Italians, about artists in general and Mad. Scalchi in particular. Here it is (the italics are our own):—

"MDME RICCA'S DEBUT IN LONDON.

"To the Editor of the *Adrian (Mich.) Times*.

"So many false reports have reached me, coming from the American press, and particularly from Michigan, about my recent *début* in opera at Covent Garden, that I feel, in simple justice to myself, I ought to send to my old home a truthful account of that event. I write to you personally, because the *Times* has ever been friendly to me. I know that I have many kind friends in *Adrian* who are interested in me, knowing how I love the art, and having faith in my success. It is to them and to you, therefore, that I address myself. You all, doubtless, heard of my success in Malta, when I sang to critical Italian audiences during four months. A complimentary benefit was offered me, to take place immediately after Easter; and I wrote to Mr Gye, the director of the Covent

Garden Opera, asking if I might remain in Malta until the 7th of April. His answer was a telegram that I must be in London by the 1st of April, to sing Leonora in *La Favorita*. Therefore I left Malta at a day's notice, and at a great sacrifice came by land at double the expense, and arrived here on the 29th of March, in perfect health and voice. Imagine, then, my surprise and indignation when Mr Gye gave the part of Leonora to Mme Scalchi, an artist who had been eight years at Covent Garden, and is a favourite with the public. The reason alleged for the change was that he (Gye) did not wish to present two new artists to the public on the same evening (meaning Gayarre, the great tenor, and myself). Of course, I believed him then, but I know now that, as he did not need me this year, he would not pay me, nor continue the liberal terms of his five years' contract with me. He intended to sacrifice me by making me follow a great artist in the same part, and give me no sort of a chance. The *Favorita* was a success, thanks to the tenor.

"After it had been given twice, and I had been in London two weeks, I saw my name announced to sing the part on the 16th of April. No rehearsal was granted me, and nothing was done by either the manager or the press to help me in this trying ordeal. I had not a dozen friends in all that great assembly to greet and encourage me. Yet, from the moment I appeared, I was warmly cheered and welcomed. I knew that the critics were there in full force to tear me to pieces, first of all because I was an American and a 'débütante,' and because the favour and praise of the English press had not been bought up. That species of blackmail is carried on here, as elsewhere, I find, much to my sorrow." I had splendid support in the artists. The second act was immensely successful, the duet with the King being rapturously applauded and re-demanded, and we were obliged to repeat it; also, after my aria, 'O mio Fernando,' in the third act. The last act did not go so well, for I was excessively nervous, and my emotions paralyzed my efforts; but I went through without faltering, and was called before the curtain at the close. Was this failure? Was it not a favourable success for a first appearance in the first theatre in the world, and with a great orchestra that I had never sung with, and without a rehearsal?

"But the English and the Italians will not let an American succeed if intrigue and cruel jealousies can prevent it. Mme Scalchi said to an artist of Covent Garden: 'I will not have Mme Ricca succeed. I will have no rivals here. Whoever applauds her is my enemy.' (!) The Italians do not relish the Americans coming to take their place on the lyric stage, and sing in their language. No one has any idea of the jealousy that exists among artists.

A *début* at Covent Garden is a great ordeal for an old artist. What must it have been to a *débütante*, who had only four months' experience on a small stage, to be put on that immense stage, with a strange orchestra of eighty players, with new artists, without a rehearsal, without being certain of the dramatic part of the business, to rush out into a blaze of lights, and sing and act a rôle as important as that of Leonora? The miracle is that I did not die of stage fright, or was not 'struck dumb,'—as one of the home papers reported.

"The critics (so called) were very unkind and very untruthful—at least some of them; and Mr Gye, only too glad to get rid of paying me, wriggled out of his contract, saying that my voice was not powerful enough for his theatre. It is so absurd that I could laugh over such a poor excuse if I did not rebel at the injustice. My voice was never stronger or clearer in my life, and I have been entirely free from cold or sore throat since last year. I have many projects and plans for the coming fall and winter, and I intend to show these people what I can do before I quit this cold country. I had the honour of singing at the Earl of Darnley's mansion last week, and met with great success. Pardon my long letter. I wanted so to give you a true and minute account of my experience, and my *début* in opera in England.

"FLORENCE RICCA KNOX.

"London, June 20."

Comment on such a letter as the foregoing would be superfluous. Never having heard Mad. Ricca, or read a single article in any paper concerning her, *pro* or *con*, we are unable to offer any opinion as to her merits; but whatever these may be, they do not entitle her to insult a body of gentlemen of whom she knows absolutely nothing. Here we have, in another and more



* Who may have been the lady's informant? Mad. Ricca was not in the Haymarket, where nothing but *truth* is spoken, even concerning critics, but in the Coventgardenmarket—bucolic paradise!

offensive form, the impertinent reflection of Herr Anton Rubinstein—"En effet, c'est l'argent—c'est toujours l'argent!"

[Herr Rubinstein prefers *Or* to *Argent*—"Higher Development." B. B.]

MAD. FLORENCE RICCA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Permit me to say a few words in reference to an article copied from an American newspaper, in which it is averred that I accuse the English critics of being "blackmailers." The article in question was copied from a private letter, and was not, therefore, intended for the public. So far, I may be acquitted of any intent to cast any imputation upon the gentlemen connected with the English press, in the estimate of the American people or any considerable portion of them.

With respect to the charge itself, the word "blackmail" is, I know, an ugly one. I beg to say, in explanation of it, that it was based upon some unfortunate experiences which I had on the Continent, and through whose occurrence I was misled by some events which took place soon after my arrival in London.

I herewith most expressly disclaim any knowledge of "blackmailing" by the English press, and have further to say that I was labouring under a misapprehension when the charge was originally made.

FLORENCE RICCA.

London, Aug. 22, 1877.

[This letter came too late for immediate consideration. It will keep, however.—D. B.]

Herr Rubinstein on England.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It is not so very long ago that Herr Rubinstein is said to have said to Dr Hans von Bülow—"The English people are the least musical of any." Some flippant wag, on being told of this, observed, "the remark was justified by the fact that, in the course of two seasons (1876 and 1877), Herr Rubinstein had earned from £10,000 to £12,000 of English money." Supposing this to be true, it has made no change whatever in the Moldavo-Bessarabian artist's opinion of England, English amateurs, and English musicians—that is, if we may credit a gushing account of "An Evening with Rubinstein," copied by the *New York Music Trade Review* from another American periodical. The article itself, though too "high falutin" for ordinary English tastes, I should recommend you, as a *cumini sector*, to put by for the attentive perusal of your readers on a future occasion. Meanwhile, I would merely call attention to a particular part of it. The after dinner conversation turned on the relative merits of English and foreign orchestral players. Herr Rubinstein—the authoress of this epileptic table-narrative informs us—"admitted a 'certain power of tone in English players—that is, in English bands, so largely made up of German and other foreigners'—but denied the existence of 'any individuality, delicacy, or intelligence in the interpretation of the leading violins.' * * * 'Sluggish and heavy; they did not leap out to meet him, as at the great Conservatoires. 'Et il me faut ça—il me faut ça. En effet, c'est l'argent—c'est toujours l'argent'—or, in other words, the one aim of art in this country is not art, but money; and a man labours so incessantly, no matter how, to accumulate wealth, that he has not the time, even had he the requisites, to become a great artist."

This is cool from a *virtuoso* who has mastered a certain repertory which, compared in extent and variety with that of Hans von Bülow, Charles Hallé, Clara Schumann, or Arafella Goddard, is as a bunch of grapes to an entire vineyard, and who at each of his visits to London, since 1857, with the addition, from time to time, of sundry compositions from his own pen (not invariably of the choicest), has given the identical series of pieces over and over again—one and all familiar before he had perplexed our tip-

toed, squeamish lady amateurs, our shrinking, pusillanimous, ostrich-like, head-hiding professors, with his erratic method of interpreting them. "Oh"—it will be said, by the Duchess of Fitzbattlease—"the dear! he plays everything without book." So much the worse. Though, for upwards of twenty years, he has toyed with the same string of pieces, the book would now and then be of as much service to him as the sun to the steel clasps and buttons with which M. Ferulus, the pedagogue, in Paul de Kock's novel, diverts the company's attention from his threadbare suit. If only as an occasional "refresher," moreover, it would be acceptable. I am of opinion that all or any of the pianists I have cited would play by memory twenty compositions to Herr Rubinstein's one,—instead, for example, of three or four sonatas of Beethoven, *all* Beethoven; three or four preludes and fugues of Bach, *all* Bach; three or four pieces of Mendelssohn, *all* Mendelssohn; three or four pieces of Schumann, *all* Schumann. With the Variations, in D minor, of Handel, those unhappy little improvisations, the *Gigue* in G major, and *Rondo* in A minor of Mozart, and the eternal *Moto continuo* of Weber, one gets almost surfeited, bearing in mind the vast number of compositions by the same masters which Herr Rubinstein never attempts, any more than he attempts (why not?) the Op. 106 of Beethoven.

One would imagine, by the way, to hear the talk about his performance of Mozart's *rondo*, that such a thing as a *pianissimo* was never before heard upon the instrument. This he *does* play charmingly, though not more charmingly than I have heard it played by others. With his rendering of the *Gigue* I am less satisfied. It is quick—quicker certainly than Mozart ever dreamed of. Could Handel have heard the *finale* to his D minor variations, he would have taken off his wig, scratched his bare poll, and cried "Vat is dat?" In Weber's always played faster-than-possible *Moto continuo*, one may picture Herr Rubinstein with Etna in one hand, Vesuvius in another, and Hecla, or Oakeeiko-pōki on his head. *Delirium tremens!* To the *Dii minores* (demigods in their way), such as Dussek, Clementi, Woelfl, Hummel, Sterndale Bennett, &c., it cannot be expected that a *virtuoso* of Herr Rubinstein's stature would condescend; but it might be supposed that Schubert had written more than one sonata worthy his attention. Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, despite its vaunted Funeral March, and delicate, simpering, boudoir-perfumed episode, is, on the whole, an inferior work to its companion in C minor, neither of them, however, presenting even a tolerable idea of the genuine sonata form, despite the vapouring rhodomontade of Friar Liszt. Then, is there only the "Cat's Fugue" (G minor) in Scarlatti's "Lessons?" Is there not one in F minor, far more beautiful?—and a third, in D minor, equally spirited? Like all sensational pianists, Herr Rubinstein shoots heaps of Chopin, who stands in peril, with his morbidly elegant sentimentality, of becoming something of an infliction. But wherefore so shy of Bülow-Beethoven-Raff?

I always like to hear this fiery *virtuoso* interpret his own music, though I don't greatly care to hear it interpreted by others. When Herr Rubinstein is in tranquil mood, his playing is absolutely beyond reproach; but when, to employ a homely expression, he "lets loose," and gives the reins to his Pegasus, despite his almost incredible mastery of whip and spur, that famous steed becomes unmanageable, and treats him as Phaeton was treated by the horses of Apollo. Seeing that, according to Herr Rubinstein, the one aim of art in this country is not art, but money, it may be asked why so fierce and uncompromising a champion should, by his visits, make certain epochs historical among us. Of course he does not come for money. Oh no! He comes for art. It is only the poor devils of orchestral players, many of whom, in the time that it takes Herr Rubinstein—with the smallest conceivable stock in trade, and rarely a new article—to gain £12,000, scarcely gain half as many shillings, that think of money and leave art to take care of itself! Being at the most but tepid art-lovers, they will not "leap out to meet" Herr Rubinstein; though, if their salaries were raised, they might probably make a venture, at the risk of breaking their necks. And since the Moldavo-Bessarabian pianist appears to regard "leaping out" as a genuine test of that reverence for art (*vice* money) which he pronounces non-existent in this country, it might be worth his while to double the salary of every orchestral performer who, on his ascending the steps of the platform, would "leap out to meet him." "Leapers" by the score

would be the result, which though it might temporarily incommode Herr Rubinstein, notwithstanding "*Il me faut ça*" ("*en effet*"), would certainly amuse the audience. The advertisement of the day might be thus worded:—"Concerto in G major, composed and performed by Herr Rubinstein—previous to which the conductor



(Herr Manns), and members of the orchestra will 'leap out' to meet him." The "very nodding" ("very nodding" is good) "Chinaman on the mantelpiece," to which the greatly moved authoress of *An Evening with Rubinstein* alludes, would be affected. There is a lovely peroration, by the way, to this palpitating effusion:—

"And the last I saw of him was the deep red of a monster cigar, gleaming through the

darkness, as he said, 'Good Night!'"

So that Herr Rubinstein had been metamorphosed into "a monster cigar," and, like a Jack-o'-lantern, disappeared, with a faint laugh.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham, Aug. 21.

[We can insert no other letters from "An English Musician," unless he favours us with his name. We are not answerable for his opinions, or for his manner of expressing them; and three letters, addressed to him at the Clarendon Hotel, remain unanswered. D. P.]

Episode.



At the Bee and Bottle.

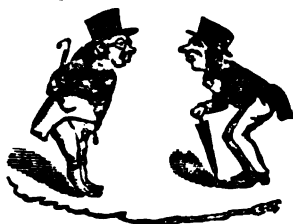
SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (alone—perusing score of G major concerto).—By Jove! This is odd. I wonder if they'll leap out to meet him. Humph! (*meditates over score*). I wonder if they—

A peal. Ghost of Barrator-Deforsor.



GHOST OF BARRATOR-DEFORSOR.—They went! (*a pause*)—They'll—(*sepulchrally*) They'll leap at extra pay. (*Vanishes.*)
SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (*shivering*).—By Jove! It's cold. I'll go and ask Arthur. (*Exit, uncomfortably, at postern.*)

Episodes on Change.



DR QUINCE.—Well, have you heard?
 DR SHIPPING.—Oh yes!
 DR QUINCE.—Who coached him?
 DR SHIPPING.—Crammed him?
 DR QUINCE.—Coached him.
 DR SHIPPING.—The Lieutenant-Colonel.

[Exeunt to Bulgarian.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HERR WILHELM TAUBERT, of Berlin, has just published, at Schlesinger's, his Opus 180—a concerto in A major, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniment. This gentleman is almost as prolific as Joachim Raff, the "Beethoven" of Dr Hans von Bülow.

THE performances of Mr Carl Rosa's company in Dublin appear to be more and more in vogue. As usual everywhere, among the most successful are Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* and Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. A new singer, Miss Emma Beasley (soprano), has made "her first appearance on any stage" in the leading part of Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*. She was received with great favour, and the local press speaks highly of her. The operas played during the week which ends to-day were to be *The Flying Dutchman*, *Maritana*, *Robin Hood* (Macfarren), *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Faust* (with a new tenor), and again (to-night) *The Flying Dutchman*. *The Irish Times* has the following:

"Mr Rosa is a staunch believer in the musical talents of the Irish. He has already several Dublin vocalists in his company—notably, Messrs Ludwig and Crotty—and next season will probably have a young Dublin lady amongst his *prime donne*."

Mr Ludwig has distinguished himself as Vanderdecken, in Wagner's opera, Mr Crotty as Michel in the *Siege of Rochelle*—both of which parts belonged to Mr Santley, when that famous baritone was a member of the company.

WAGNER, finishing his *Parceval* at Bayreuth, with another opera in contemplation, is working with his mind at ease. An enthusiastic patron is reported to have paid the deficit of last year's festival.—(From a suspected source.)

MIDLE FERNANDA TEDESCA, the young and highly-promising American violinist who was in England last winter (and whom we hope at some future time to hear in England), has gone to Heiden, in Switzerland, on a visit to some relations. She returns at the end of next month to Paris, to continue her studies under her distinguished professor, M. Henri Vieuxtemps, with whom, we understand, she is making genuine progress.

AT the last classical concert in the Alexandra Palace, under the direction of Mr H. Weist Hill, a young pianist—Miss Florence Sanders—gave a brilliant performance of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, which was received with more than ordinary favour. The young lady is a highly promising pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes.—*Tatler*.

BUDA-PESTH.—The National Theater re-opened with *Aida*, the principal characters being sustained by Mad. Thérèse Singer, and Herr August Perotti, the latter from the Stadttheater, Leipzig.

DARMSTADT.—The Court Theatre, being shut up for three months in consequence of the mourning for the death of the Grand Duke, will re-open on the 6th September under the direction of Capellmeister Seydlmayer.

AMERICAN DÉBUTANTES.

(From the "New York Music Trade Review," Aug. 3.)



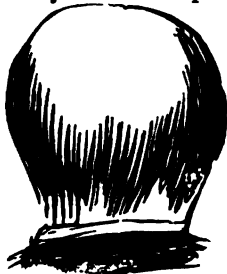
We publish in to-day's issue a letter sent by Mrs Florence Rice-Knox to an American newspaper, which contains statements worth consideration. If Mrs Knox, or, better, Mdme Ricca, is right, she is the most injured artist that ever lived; insulted by Mr Gye, insulted by the London critics, insulted even by her friends, who—clapped their hands at her *début*, when there was no earthly reason for doing so. But, if Mdme Ricca exaggerates, she deserves blame and punishment. As far as we are concerned, we hardly believe a word of the whole statement the American lady ventured to volunteer, and we are bold enough to give our reasons for disbelieving her assertions. Mdme Ricca speaks of her success in Malta as of an event in musical history. A success in Malta does not mean anything, and a young, handsome woman can easily gain it there, even if her artistic merits are somewhat inferior, because the officers of the British garrison form the principal part of the operatic audiences; and those gentlemen are very lenient towards operatic attempts of fair *débutantes*. A success in Malta would be of about the same value as a success in Adrian, Michigan, to the inhabitants of which place Mdme Ricca's letter is directed. But the letter is sent to an American newspaper for publication, and, consequently, belongs to the world. If the letter were a communication to a private person, we should refrain from entering into this affair of a lady; the communication is made by an "artist" to an "Editor," and Mdme Ricca has to bear the consequences of her, at least, imprudent step. Mdme Ricca was engaged by Mr Gye, of the London Covent Garden Theatre, sang Leonora in *La Favorita*, and the contract between her and her London manager was cancelled, or, as the technical term reads, she was "protested" by her manager. Mdme Ricca accuses Mr Gye, Mdme Scalchi, and the London critics; she dreams of a premeditated conspiracy against her, but confesses, in her own statement that the last act did not go so well on account of nervousness. Whoever knows Donizetti's *Favorita* must own that this last act is the climax of the *prima donna's* rôle, and a singer who has failed in this act has made an undeniable *fiasco*. People in Adrian, Michigan, might not know that exactly, but opera-goers in New York, London, and Paris do. Besides, we lack comprehension of a lady singer who gets nervous at the end of her *début*. We know of many *débutantes*, who appeared trembling during the first scene, and mustered courage so far that their talents were developed and shown to their best advantage while the opera proceeded, but we cannot understand how a success of three acts (such as Mdme Ricca claims for herself) can intimidate a *débutante* so that the climax of her rôle falls flat. It is absurd to say such nonsense, but still more absurd to presume that other people will believe it. Mdme Ricca, it is clear, made what we should call a *fiasco d'estime*, and is either too proud to own it, or does not know her own capabilities. Why should Gye intrigue against her? He is glad enough to get cheap artists, and would be still more glad in keeping those artists, their success having been assured. But even cheap artists are too expensive for an *impresario*, after their *fiasco* has been established through the entire press, and very likely through the verdict of the audience, except the friends of the *débutante*. As to Mdme Scalchi, it is rather cool on the part of Mdme Ricca to accuse an accomplished artist, with a long-established reputation, of being jealous of her, a mere beginner. If Mdme Ricca were really better than Mdme Scalchi, no intrigues would have helped the latter lady. A real success can impossibly be prevented; the public of a metropolis is not to be so easily guided or misguided in this regard. Mdme Ricca charges the English press with black-mail—a serious charge, which ought to be resented by every honest journalist throughout the world. *There is no doubt that some of the London critics will sell their favourable opinions, as some critics do everywhere.* But this transaction deserves by no means the charge of black-mail.† As long as Mdme Ricca cannot prove that her "*début*" was unfavourably criticised in the papers on account of her not seeing the writers, she has made a grave accusation without being able to sustain it. Among the thirty or forty London musical critics there are surely honest men enough who would scorn any monetary offer made to them by an operatic "*débutante*," and are not

* It would have been only fair to those who don't "sell their favourable opinions" to specify those who do.—D. P.

† In the name of honesty what else is it?—D. P.

likely to sell their frank opinion for a couple of pounds, through which a singer, with a very limited salary, might try to bribe them."

Mdme Ricca accuses the English and Italians as two nations which will prevent the rise of American talent. Shall we prove, with one single instance, that Mdme Ricca is entirely wrong? We name Emma Albani. This lady, being an American, is one of the leading stars in London, and in her own country the public showed her the cold shoulder. When Mdme Ricca, in the last paragraph of her letter, declares that the critics were untruthful, and Mr Gye's assertion, that her voice was not powerful enough for the stage at Covent Garden, an absurdity, she does not say anything new. It is just the same thing hundreds of singers have said before her, but not one of those singers ever made a success in all their lives. Take the worst possible singer in the world, and he will tell you just the very words Mdme Ricca has uttered. If the American lady would study seriously, instead of sending letters to American editors, she would act very wisely, and, maybe, avoid in future time any necessity of further correspondence in the same tenor. Otherwise, we are afraid Mdme Ricca will have the chance of writing some more letters, in which she will be obliged to accuse managers, critics, and singers of other cities. The result, however, might be more injurious for the plaintiff than for the defendants.



The letter Mdme Ricca has sent is that of a spoiled, naughty child, and we hardly had thought it worth while paying any attention to it, if we did not consider it as a specimen of a quantity of letters which American operatic *débütantes* send over to this country. It is true, not all of these letters find their way into newspaper columns; but often enough we read of successes American ladies made on operatic stages in Europe, and, we regret to say, only in one case out of fifty the report has the truth on its side.

Only last winter we had the best proof of falsified European criticisms. Fact is that Mdme Emma Abbott never made a success on any operatic stage in Europe, and when she came over here, her manager, the renowned De Vivo, tried to explain to the public the reasons why the lady had left the European stage. Religious feelings had to lend their aid. Mdme Abbott had refused to sing *La Traviata*, on account of moral objections, and the managers in Paris and London, for the sake of these moral objections, had to renounce her services. Glorious idea! Well, we have heard the *Daughter of the Regiment*, and we could easily understand that any manager might willingly renounce the services of Mdme Abbott, and that, if not moral objections, artistic ability would prevent the lady from singing *La Traviata*. Christine Nilsson and Clara Louise Kellogg have both the *Traviata* on their repertoire, and neither of these renowned artists had ever the slightest stain on their reputation. Mdme Abbott wanted the assistance of the church-people here; therefore, the moral objections to the *Dame aux Camélias*. Mdme Abbott might last for one or more seasons in concerts in America; for the operatic stage she is to be considered dead, as well in America as in Europe.

We have some renowned American *prime donne*, Albani, Kellogg, Cary; America can boast of very valuable operatic singers, who will build up their career in an honourable way; but when all the American girls and women who study for the stage with European teachers believe that a study of two or three years makes them great, secures them a position, when puffs will do the rest, they are decidedly mistaken. Let Wartel, Lamperti, Manuel Garcia, Mdme Marchesi, San Giovanni, Pierini, and all the other singing-masters of reputation take the money of these ladies; they might teach them a good deal, but, where the real talent is lacking, the best teacher in the world will not help them to a reputation which managers, critics, or the public will recognise. There are too many American singers in the market. Everybody wants to be a "star," and in most cases darkness takes the place of shining splendour. Genius makes the operatic star; Talent, the good singer; if talent pretends to be genius, the *fiasco* is unavoidable, and leads good artists to ruin. *Suum cuique*.

An opera-comique by M. Codes, entitled *Le Chevalier de Lartignac*, (libretto by M. Dias) has been produced at Dieppe. Another, music by Delfès, libretto by MM. de Leuven and Adenis, has been given with success at Rouen. It is entitled *La Trompette de Chamboran*.

* This is remarkably considerate on the part of our New York contemporary! Call us at once the "Forty Thieves,"—D. P.

DR CROFT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Among your list of notable events connected with music, for August, you have neglected to mention the death of Dr Croft, on the 14th—an event surely noteworthy by all English musicians.

Yours truly,
[Although the list was not ours, "E. P." is heartily thanked.—
D. P.]

WAIFS.

ALEXANDER PALACE.—The Promenade Concerts at this popular resort continue to be well attended on the Thursday and Saturday evenings, and the various performances by the fine body of instrumentalists under the direction of their admirable conductor, Mr Weist Hill (Alfred Mellon's successor as our English Costa), are highly appreciated. The vocal portion of the entertainment is also well worthy notice. On Thursday evening, the 16th inst., the singers were Mdme Ziméri, her first appearance at the Alexandra Palace, and Mr Wilford Morgan. Mdme Ziméri who gave the Page's song from the *Huguenots*, and Donizetti's cavatina, "O luce di quest' anima," was warmly received and called after each performance. Mr Wilford Morgan, a general favourite here, sang Meyerbeer's "Fishermidwife," and the "Bay of Biscay," being unanimously summoned back to the platform after the latter.

Mr and Mrs J. B. Jewson and family are now in Ramsgate.

Dr Hans von Bülow has been drinking the waters at Creuznach.

M. and Mad. Lemmens (Sherrington) were at Paris a short time since.

L'Africaine will be put in rehearsal at the Grand Opera at the end of the month.

Mdme Ethelka Gardini-Gerster will remain at Pesth till the autumn season.

Herr Wilhelmj is slowly recovering from his severe illness, at his villa at Mosbach.

Herr Theodor Wachtel contemplates fixing his permanent residence in Berlin.

Mad. Marie Cabel is gradually recovering her speech and the use of the paralyzed arm.

Herr Franz Nachbaur is engaged to sing at Rome, next spring, the part of Lohengrin in Italian.

Only 16,000 marks have, up to this time, been collected towards the Spohr Monument at Cassel.

A catalogue of Richard Wagner's Literary Works has been published by E. Kastner, in Vienna.

Mdlle Aimée, with a small operatic, or rather operettatic, company, has left for the United States.

Mdlle Teresa Singer, the Paris *Aida* at the Opéra Italien, has been performing in Verdi's great work at Pesth.

Mdlle Richard, a new member of the Paris Grand Opera company, will make her first appearance in *La Favorite*.

Mr Handel Gear has returned from his visit to Germany, and will join his family next week in the Isle of Thanet.

Herr Richard Wagner has returned to "Wahnfried," Bayreuth. He is working at *Parcival*, and still another opera.

A new three-act comic opera, *La Lectrice de l'Infante*, by M. Serpette, is in preparation at the Bouffes Parisiens.

Before being created a Russian noble, Anton Rubinstein had received a patent of nobility from the King of Denmark.

Herr G. Beck, the bass barytone, is about to marry Mdlle Maria von Hamm, "leading juvenile lady" at the Töplitz Theatre.

The Cluny Theatre, in Paris, has in preparation a scientific play, by M. and Mad. Louis Figuié, entitled *Six parties du Monde*.

It is proposed to found in Rome a school for female students of music, sculpture, and painting, on the model of the Art School at Milan.

Herr Georg Unger, the Siegfried of the Bayreuth Festival, will shortly become a member of the company at the Leipsic Stadt-theater.

The King of Holland has conferred the order of the Oaken Crown on MM. Emile Bourgeois and Edouard Broustel, pianists and composers.

A new play, entitled *England in the days of Charles II.* (founded on *Peveril of the Peak*, by W. G. Wills, is to be produced shortly at Drury Lane Theatre.

Offenbach, in association with MM. Calvot and Duru, has finished a new comic opera entitled *Mademoiselle Favart*, the leading part in which is destined for Mdlle Girard.

The Campobello-Sinico Concert Company will give two grand promenade concerts on the Covent Garden system, towards the end of October, at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin.

Mad. Mathilde Ziméri, the attractive young vocalist, who met with so favourable a reception at the Alexandra Palace last week, is to sing again at the concert to be given this day (Saturday).

Herr von Flotow's new opera, *Die Musikanten*, the libretto of which is founded (as we have said already) on an episode in the life of Mozart, will be produced in Italian, at Turin, next October.

The proceedings of the third session of the Musical Association for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the art and science of music, have been published by Messrs Chappell.

Liszt will shortly leave Weimar for a prolonged stay at Rome. Since the death of Cardinal Antonelli, the relations between his Holiness and the musical Abbate have re-assumed somewhat of their former cordiality.

M. Victor Massé, who has been in a bad state of health for a considerable time, is taking a six months' holiday. It is not announced who temporarily replaces him as Professor of Composition at the Conservatory.

M. Edouard Philippe, business manager of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, formerly director of *Les Enfants de Paris*, has been named "Officier d'Académie" for his ten years' services rendered to Orpheonic institutions of France.

The Conservatory has this year furnished seven young artists to the operatic stage of Paris—M. Jourdan, Mdme Castillon, Mdles Carol and Mendez, to the Opéra-Comique; M. Talazac, to the Théâtre-Lyrique; M. Sellier and Mdle Richard to the Grand-Opéra.

Herr Josef Gungl, at present in Hamburg, and favourably known as military *Capellmeister*, has entered the lists as operatic composer, and set the libretto of *Rothkäppchen* (*Little Red Riding Hood*). Some of the music, introduced at his concerts, was favourably received.

We hear that Mr Francis Howell has completed a new cantata entitled *The Song of the Months*, the libretto by Sarah Phoebe Howell. The copyright has been purchased by Messrs John Boosey & Co. Songs from the work have been appearing in the *Musical World* during the last seven months.

The Meyerbeer Prize has been awarded by the Royal Academy of Prussia to Herr Arnold Krug, teacher in Stern's Conservatory, Berlin. In 1869, the same gentleman carried off the Mozart Foundation Prize, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and in 1870 the Prize of the "Musikalische Gartenlaube," Leipzig.

In this day's *Figaro*, "Cherubino" writes:—"Mr and Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington have been staying in Paris, where the lady has, I am told, been engaged for a series of concerts at the Exhibition Palace at the Trocadéro next year. At one time there was a feeling against British-born artists in Paris, but now, since the success of Mdme Patey and Mdme Arabella Goddard in the French capital, more liberal ideas have prevailed, and the artistic *entente cordiale* between the two nations bids fair to be further strengthened.

Miss Furtado's death leaves a distinct gap in the ranks of our *comédiennes*—I would use an English word if I could, but there is not one. I saw her first appearance in *Ixion* at the Royalty, a piece which, curiously enough, introduced to the public at least four distinguished actresses of the present day, and I ventured then to predict for her a brilliant future. My prediction, I am glad to know, was more than verified; and, had Miss Furtado lived, she would probably have become the best actress of her day in a certain line of parts.—*Tattler*.

Several papers have asserted that Mdme Patti was not asked to sing this year at the Royal Concerts. Mdme Patti was not only asked to sing, but her name was announced in the official list. Some few days before the concert for which Mdme Patti was engaged she was compelled, by the advice of her medical attendants, to decline the honour intended her, and Mdle Gerster was, I believe, substituted. It has further been stated that Mdme Patti telegraphed to America her acceptance of an engagement with M. Strakosch. That gentleman is at present in this country, and the engagement is still under Mdme Patti's consideration.—*The Theatre*.

A curious theatrical case has been before the Vienna law courts. Some time ago Herr Loewe, a theatrical critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, received a letter from Fräulein Olma, enclosing a bank-note for a hundred florins, and requesting him to speak favourably of her performance. He sent back the bank-note, with a letter saying that he and his colleagues were guided in their criticism by the merits of artists and not by money considerations. Fräulein Olma apologised, and explained that she had acted upon the advice of the leader of the *claque*. Thereupon Herr Loewe commenced criminal proceedings against the leader of the *claque*. The defence set up was that Fräulein Olma had mistaken the name, and that the defendant had referred her to a nephew of his, named Löwy, an advertisement canvasser. But, unfortunately for this defence, he had given the address of the critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, and,

moreover, Fräulein Olma had received a visit from the nephew, and had given him a note for a hundred florins. The court sentenced defendant to three months' imprisonment.—*The Theatre*.

Mdme Liebhart's concert scheme in connection with the Flower and Fruit Show at the Agricultural Hall, and announced in the *Figaro* of July 28th, is taking definite proportions. Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Kingsbury, G. B. Allen, and Ganz will conduct; there will be an orchestra of eighty, and four military bands; while the solo vocalists already engaged are Mesdames Edith Wynne, Liebhart, Anna Bishop (who will make her first appearance since her return from the Antipodes), Osborne Williams, Enriquez, and Sterling, Misses Giulia Warwick, Frances Brooke, Sinclair, Rhoda Temple, Derby and Elton, Messrs Lloyd, Cummings, Parren, Pearson, Wilford Morgan, Vernon Rigby, Maybrick, Wadmore, Thurley Beale, and Lewis Thomas. In addition to this imposing list of singers there have been engaged, as solo instrumentalists, Misses Albrecht, Brouil, and Frances Thomas, Messrs Ganz, Tito Mattei, Cheshire, Watson, Pettit, White, Young, Hutchins, Sanders, and T. Harper. The concerts will begin next Tuesday, August 28th, and for the first Saturday concert, on September 1, Miss Giulia Warwick has been retained.—*Figaro*.

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III.

(Continued from page 569.)

Musical matters at that time in Germany were entirely swayed by Italian opera. Not only to Germany, but to all parts of Europe, did Italy send forth her art-versed sons and daughters. Italy was then regarded as the high school, properly speaking, of music, as of sculpture and painting. Whoever wished to achieve anything in his own country had to prove he had studied in Italy. Otherwise he was held of no account. It was more especially the pupils of the so-called Neapolitan school who helped Italian music to this unconditional supremacy; and it cannot be denied that the school in question had really produced masters of great eminence. We will here mention, besides Scarlatti, only Francesco Durante, Leonardo Leo, Niccolò Porpora—Farinelli's master—Pergolesi, Jomelli, Piccini, Sacchini, Traetta, and Paisiello. These eminent men were certainly not to blame because, in course of time, the outward accessories began to overweigh the internal substance; that a period of general deterioration set in; and that, instead of being the fruit of a progressive system of development in a talented brain, the act of composing an opera was a mere speculation, the result of simple machinery set in motion to order. The machinery, however, did its duty. It brought the composer fame, profitable places, and princely presents. These were the sole objects at which he aimed; art as such was quite a secondary matter, and necessarily so, for the princely customers and sovereigns he served did not want art-pleasures; they desired amusement for the senses, and with such it was the first object of opera to supply them. Brilliant scenery, marvellous mechanical effects, gorgeous processions, sweet melodies, and beautiful female singers, together with the sensually intoxicating tones and virtuosity of the castrati—all had to be combined to make opera what it ought to be. The Italian opera which then ruled supremely everywhere turned on one single point: love-making, nothing but love-making. It had little of the drama, or indeed of aught like action about it; it was merely a vehicle for spectacle, in which music as music was but a secondary consideration, while the mounting of the piece and the virtuosity of the singers constituted the first. Musical art was restricted to the composer's writing the greatest possible number of airs for the leading lady and the first singer, who were always rivals—airs in which both could exhibit all their artistic skill. As for a passing situation or a gleam of truth—who ever thought of such trifles? It was the singers, male and female, the machinery and the scenery, which made up the entire substance of the opera. The heads of Italian-German opera, also, Johann Adolf Hasse in Dresden, and Carl Heinrich Graun in Berlin, followed strictly in the paths struck out by the Italians. If German feeling peeped forth now and then, the instances of it were only shooting stars, and possessed no importance. Italian opera became more and more vapid. The once so proud stream, flowing through smiling meadows, had terminated in a scanty desert, and crept along only with difficulty to its goal. German art, I may here parenthetically observe, pursued totally different paths. It might be inspired by Italian art, when the latter was flourishing, but it could not rise from the ruins of that art. At the time of which we are speaking, however, Italian opera was still exclusively dominant. In every large city all musical life revolved around Italian music alone—and such was the case in Leipsic, also, though other influences managed to assert themselves to a certain degree there, as Leipsic was somewhat distant from Dresden, the seat of the opera. With the termination of the Seven Years' War, the so-called "Grand Concerts" had once more sprung into life under the direction of Johann Adam Hiller. They were intended to introduce to the public the best instrumental and vocal works. Each concert consisted of two parts. The first part comprised a symphony—an overture, as we should now call it—an aria, a concerto, a divertissement for several instruments, sometimes a quartet, and sometimes a solo or a chorus from an opera; in the second part, another symphony, an air, and, to wind up, a piece for the entire orchestra were given. All these compositions were selected with the greatest care, and well rehearsed, every piece being fully explained in all its details to the executants. Thus it

came to pass that the concerts quickly obtained an exceptional reputation, extending far beyond the walls of Leipsic, and this reputation they owed to their "Father Hiller." This worthy man's portrait greets us from his own biographical sketches, which render perfectly intelligible the love and respect he enjoyed among his pupils and the public. How different is the expression of his face from that characterising the stern features of Johann Sebastian Bach, his great predecessor as Cantor at St Thomas's School, though Hiller did not, it is true, fill the post till many years after Bach's decease. Bach was already dead when Hiller went as a student to Leipsic. This Johann Adam Hiller is a strange figure, but he is the more important, because, though living in the very palmiest days of Italian art-supremacy, and penetrated with the deepest respect for Italian masters, he was the father and founder of German operetta. The first impulse was given by Koch, a Leipsic theatrical manager. This person had a comic subject taken from the English and arranged by an author called Christian Felix Weisse, as early as 1752, and a musician, named Standfuss, wrote the music for it. Under the title: *Der Teufel ist los oder die verwandelten Weiber* (*The Devil is let loose, or the Women Transformed*), the piece, with a second part, *Der lustige Schuster* (*The Merry Cobbler*), proved extremely successful. In consequence of the war, it soon disappeared, however, from publicity, not cropping up again till 1765. Weisse remodelled it, and wrote some fresh songs, the setting of which was entrusted to Adam Hiller. The latter displayed such felicitous skill, and took such interest in this new kind of stage composition, that he tried his own hand upon some books by Schiebeler. But the notion of an original German *Singspiel* (singing-piece, piece interspersed with songs) was first awakened with full force in Weisse by the movements to which *opera buffa* had given rise in Paris, and, to ensure the notion's speedily bearing fruit, he allied himself with Adam Hiller. It was thus that the operettas of *Lottchen am Hofe*, *Die Liebe auf dem Lande*, *Die Jagd*, *Der Erntekranz*, and many others, sprang into existence. And this happened at a period when no male or even female German singer could be found on the German stage. What was thought in musical circles of the matter, even after Hiller's operettas enjoyed the most general approbation of the public will be best seen from a letter written by Reichardt, who observes: "With regard to the representation of the operettas, I will simply say thus much: I have invariably pitied the composer with all my heart for taking the trouble to write any more than street ballads for such singers; whenever there was one of Hiller's airs, full of noble sentiment and expression, I pictured him to myself singing it, full of warm feeling, to me at the piano, and then had to listen to the singing of that big-mouthed, screeching woman and the watchman's voice of the lover." Adam Hiller is even a still more important figure than he would have been, from the fact of his having remedied this evil as well as others. It is he who formed the first great German women singers, such as Gertrude Schmähling and Corona Schröter, who were eventually able not merely to compete with Italian singers of their own sex, but victoriously to drive them off the field. Gertrude Schmähling went to this remarkable man, who no sooner perceived her great vocal talent than he firmly resolved to undertake the task of training it. The father's avaricious plans formed, it is true, no inconsiderable obstacle; in Hiller's opinion a great deal, nay, almost everything, was wanting to complete the young vocalist's education, while, according to the view taken by her father, she required no more instruction, but simply an introduction to the musical world. As concerns the girl herself, she was already sufficiently sensible to entertain grave doubts of her own capabilities. She had heard singers enough to know that she was no particularly shining light. The separation of father and daughter was, therefore, the principal condition, if the plan was to come to anything. But this was difficult of accomplishment, for even Gertrude's firm refusal to follow her father one step more on the path hitherto pursued, remained without effect. Paternal tyranny was not overcome till Gertrude promised to allow her father a fixed annual sum. Whence, however, was she to obtain it? Father Hiller hit upon a scheme. The encouragement with which his concerts had met enabled him to engage her as leading vocalist with a fixed salary. This had the desired result. Old Schmähling at length yielded, and handed his daughter over unconditionally to her new teacher.

(To be continued.)

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival Play.*

Heretofore it has been held sovereign law, in an opera text, to compress the action as much as possible; because, through the greater space which the music by its very nature always occupies, the progress of the work must drag somewhat in any case. Now whether what is sung consists of recitatives, arias, or duets, etc., or of unmelodic "infinite melody;" whether the orchestra is treated only as an accompaniment, or as a principal person in the conversation; whether the centre of gravity be placed in the human voices or in the instruments, always the word sung demands more time than the work spoken. Hence in a good libretto all that is unessential, all unnecessary repetitions had to be excluded, while reflections and philosophical inquiries had to be renounced as far as possible. But Wagner, we know, will write no operas in the traditional sense; so all these rules never trouble him. The drama of the future, therefore, has become a drama of long-windedness for the present. Such never ending, wearisome, indifferent jabberers, chewing over and over what is already familiar, the stage has never seen except in the *Ring des Nibelungen*; never was the action dragged out to such length; or, to the dismay of the hearers, expanded to such breadth through unessential and uninteresting episodes; never was a public and its claims to artistic enjoyment so recklessly disregarded and kept upon the rack, as here. Often have we heard the text-book of the *Nibelungen Ring* celebrated as a master-work of dramatic poetry. But it was by those who knew it only from reading it. The reading of a play very often produces a wholly different, even an opposite effect from its performance on the stage. Readers of the Wagner poems might feel no shock at many faults in them, which to the public, present at the representations, were intolerable. One who was never weary of praising the book, must have been of another mind after attending the performance. A judgment on the text or music for an opera is only possible after its right to live has been tested on the stage. And just as little as from a book, can an authoritative judgment pass upon an opera from a pianoforte arrangement or a score. Poetry and music singly, each in and for itself, may appear excellent, yet both united fail of all effect.

The song as such, the voice part, in the *Nibelungen* Trilogy, is likewise a monstrosity, a brutal mockery of all that the world has hitherto recognised as beautiful and desirable. It throws us back at once three centuries, into the time when the first attempts at Opera were made. These too consisted solely of recitatives. But the singing voice, not enslaved and crushed by the instrumentation, was at least able to predominate a perfected declamation, a simple *Cantilena*, satisfying to the ear, a natural and unconstrained conduct of the parts, was even then regarded as the composer's most important task. And notwithstanding, when we read, in the enthusiastic descriptions of these performances, that an Italian public at the end of the sixteenth century listened to the *Musica Dramas* (this designation also is an old one) of Caccini, Peri, and Monteverde in the highest rapture, we can scarcely believe it. These *Dramas per musica*, sung in the *stilo rappresentativo* or *recitativo*, certainly bored the hearers then, as much as the Trilogy has bored us to-day; the reports of such proceedings were just as deceptive, as many which were sent out to all the world from Bayreuth; and the great mass of the seventeenth century, in its opinions and expressions about Art, was just as much terrorised and tricked into a hypocritical enthusiasm, as that of the nineteenth, while in its heart it certainly thought quite otherwise.

But not only do we see ourselves transported back to these beginnings of dramatic efforts. Wagner's treatment of the voice parts resembles in a fearful manner that of the Madrigalists of Orlando Lasso's time. Then it was the practice to print vocal works in several parts under the title: "To be sung or used on instruments." One could, for example, set a five-part song with three voice parts and two instruments, or with one voice part and four instruments, according as the fitting voices or instruments were available. This barbaric manner of song writing is what Wagner has brought back to us; for his voice parts are in fact only middle parts, without independent personality, only made to fit as well as may be into the thematic wild beast hunt of the orchestra. Drop out the part of Wotan altogether, or let a bass trombone

* From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

blow it, the effect will be all the same, and the singer not be missed a moment.*

As a further musical absurdity, it must be mentioned, that the ideal contents (the musical subject matter) of the Trilogy reduces itself to an immense number of leading motives (*Leit-motiven*), which float up and down and cross one another in the orchestra, incessantly, as if caught in a process of fermentation. Down in that "mystical abyss" it boils as in a witches' cauldron; down there, in fact, you have to seek for the main matter; but the attention is continually drawn thereby away from the action and to mere accessories. And, as a further consequence of this arrangement, the musical interest, to which there is less and less that is new offered as the work goes on, and which sees itself continually referred to the same old motives, towards the end grows weaker and weaker, till it finally dies out. But what musical enjoyment has a hearer, who cannot understand and follow the leading motives at all?† If, poetically, the *Götterdämmerung* is the most successful part of the Trilogy, musically it is the weakest and most tiresome, the poorest in invention, since it is made up almost exclusively of old and long since played out phrases. Of all Wagner's vagaries this on the field of the *Leit-motiv* is the most unfortunate; for in no way could he more evidently betray the weakness of his creative power to the world, than through this helpless mania of wishing to enchain a theatre public with tone-figures which for the most part say nothing, and which keep repeating themselves through four long evenings?

Not less pernicious than the musical are the scenic innovations—with the exception of the removal of the prompter's box. The excessive importance attached to decorations, machinery, and effects of light, is oppressive and unartistic; and the darkened auditorium is a worthy side-piece to the underground orchestra. The *Rheingold* and *Walküre* have always made a certain effect in the Munich performances; in Bayreuth by the second evening the exhaustion and satiety were universal. Whence came it? In Munich, during the intolerable length of the representation, one could at least occupy himself with his surroundings, with his fellow-sufferers; but in Bayreuth every help was cut off. There, if one found not a mild comforter in sleep, he could only count in despair the bald pates which glimmered faintly through the deep twilight of the auditorium.‡

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.*

Borne down by the cares of the world, and oppress
In mind as in body, I laid me to rest;
The exquisite couch and the stillness profound
Well promised to hush me to slumber as sound.
But that fickle Somnus, of whom the control
Seems but to the cottager given,
Denied me his boon, till, like balm to the soul,
There came the sweet music of heaven.

I lay in a trance;—oft a clear, silv'ry note
On the vast sea of ether so softly would float;
And lower and fainter 'twould melt in the skies,
Then quickly return, and majesticly rise.
I listen'd enthral'd to the harmony grand,
As it echoed through infinite space;—
The whirlwind which sweeps from the desert its sand
Is a zephyr compared in the race.

Alternately swelling exultant and gay,
And then in rich cadences dying away;
As billows upheaved from an ocean of sound
Roll proudly afar, and a ripple is found.
I rose with a feeling of thankful delight
To Him who such solace had given,
Who had wafted my spirit from earth that night
To hear the sweet music of heaven.

* Copyright.

F. H. DATSON.

* This by no means applies to Siegfried, to Brünhilde, to Siegmund, to Loge, to Mime, to the "Rhine-daughters," &c. Our author is really too clever.—D. P.

† That is not Wagner's fault.

‡ This is impertinent. I am bald, and yet was wide awake, and interrupted from beginning to end.—D. P.

John Hullah Speaks.

[REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1876, BY JOHN HULLAH, ESQ., INSPECTOR OF MUSIC, ON THE EXAMINATION IN MUSIC OF THE STUDENTS OF TRAINING COLLEGES IN GREAT BRITAIN.]

MY LORDS,—I beg leave to submit to your Lordships my report on the training colleges of Great Britain for the year 1876, the fifth I have had the honour to lay before you since my appointment as Inspector of Music.

One college (Aberdeen Free Church, for schoolmistresses) has been added to the number of those I inspected last year, making, in England and Wales, 40, and in Scotland 7, four of which latter have departments for students of both sexes, raising the whole number practically to 51. The number of students, with a few exceptions all of the second year, presented for examination has been unprecedentedly large, 1,964, being 116 in excess of the largest number, 1,848, of any former year—that of 1874.

Though the quality of the instruction given in the colleges continues to improve, and the number of students who take advantage of it to increase, I regret having again to record that there is no sensible decrease in the number of those who enter them without any musical skill or science whatever, and that even of those who know something of the art the accomplishment of the majority is very small indeed. Of the 1,964 students, the majority of whom had been pupil-teachers, 803 reported themselves as having entered their colleges wholly ignorant of music. All that need now be said—not for the first time—in respect to this is, that the majority of these unprepared students can only be enabled to teach children to sing from notes “satisfactorily” by a sacrifice of time which the colleges are unable to make, and by an amount of labour on the part of the students which it is unreasonable to expect should be long sustained. The musical *knowledge* needed for this may be attainable at any age, and it is often attained in a very short time; but the musical skill, or rather the power of associating musical symbols with musical sounds is a power the difficulty of attaining which—altogether unconnected with the particular symbols employed—increases with every year of our lives. This association is easy for children, difficult for “young persons,” and all but impossible for those in and beyond middle life. Being the basis of all real musical accomplishment, it is easy to see how important it is that it be attempted—and if attempted it will generally be acquired—early. I am not without hope that the practical examinations in music of candidates for admission into training colleges recently instituted will do something to raise the standard of skill among such candidates. I am more sanguine concerning the future preparation of pupil-teachers by means of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who have left the training colleges during the last few years. But the only certain remedy for this evil, to which I have so often referred, is the more general real teaching of singing in elementary schools, a subject on which I shall venture to speak at greater length presently. To return for a moment to that immediately before us.

The difference between the prepared and the unprepared students has been more strikingly brought before me this year than on any former occasion by an anxious musical instructor, who poignantly expressed his regret that I was not authorised to examine his first-year pupils instead of his second. The former, he said, already knew and could do more than the latter, an assertion I found quite justified by their subsequent combined performance, and by their answers to a few questions I put to some of them individually.

These “unprepared” students are an interesting subject of study for one who, like me, has occasion to test their powers in so many instances. They are to be recognised directly—I had almost said before—they begin to sing, by a variety of nervous and awkward tricks; by the manner in which they receive and hold the books or music given to them to sing from, by beating time with their heels, toes, knees, heads, or whole bodies—anything but their right hands—and especially by poking at, often actually hiding, with their fingers, the notes they are trying to sing. But I have already, perhaps, said enough—if not enough to be effectual—on this subject. I will only quote an observation made to me recently by an experienced musical instructor in a training college, *apropos* to it: “What our students *begin* here they generally learn with difficulty, do badly, and forget soon.”

I am glad to have to report that the number of “failures”—instances in which the candidates have exhibited so little practical skill that I have had to forbid their taking the music paper at the Christmas examination—has been this year unprecedentedly small, amounting only to 16. Of these no fewer than 15 were in Scottish training colleges. It would be unfair to argue from this any inferiority, incapability, or inclination for music, on the part of the Scottish people. It is the simple result of a very obvious cause. Music is an imitative art, and in the remote and thinly populated

parts of every country musical performance is rare. Many of the students in the Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen normal schools come from districts answering this description. “Till I came here,” said a Glasgow student to me once, “I never even saw a piano.” This inaptitude, still absurdly called “natural,” will gradually disappear as competent teachers multiply; and this they are doing in Scotland. Not only is *vocal* music skilfully and zealously taught in the Scottish training schools, but *instrumental* also, and far more systematically and generally than in the English. In the Church of Scotland normal schools at Edinburgh, as I have more than once reported, the pianoforte is very efficiently taught, at the smallest conceivable expenditure of time and money, to the majority of the female students. This example has been imitated at Aberdeen (Church of Scotland), where 36 students, in classes of four each, receive instruction from a resident professor, Mr. Adrington.

But during my recent tours my time has been so closely occupied in examination in *vocal* music, that I have been unable to ascertain with any precision what is being done, in the English schools, in *instrumental*. That in a somewhat unsystematic and unrecognised way a good deal of instrumental practice goes on, is certain. In a much larger number of instances than before, students have been “accompanied” this year by fellow-students in the prepared solos they have sung to me; some even have accompanied themselves, and efficiently. At Culham the band of wind instruments formed last year still exists; its instruction, practice, and management being as before carried on, of course with the *sanction* of the principal, without any professional aid, *i.e.*, among the students themselves. At Liverpool, Wandsworth, Lincoln, York, and possibly now in some other colleges, all the students receive instruction in instrumental music; and in several others, instruction is made accessible to those who show a desire for it. But instruction, recognised and systematic, like Mr. Mackenzie’s at Edinburgh, is, I think, quite exceptional in England. That its general introduction would be attended with some difficulty is certain; that this difficulty is not insurmountable is shown in the fact of its being given, even in a single college. I believe that an instance of recent opposition to its introduction to a female training school which lately came to my knowledge is exceptional, and indeed, it is to be hoped, unique. The present musical instructor—a professor of the highest rank, and full of zeal for the students whom, at considerable inconvenience and loss to himself, he is instructing—offered, without cost to the college, to enable a certain number of those who had learnt something of the pianoforte before their admission, to continue to resume their practice. The offer was declined at once, on the plea that such practice would not only interfere with their other work, but did not become persons of their station in life.

We have learnt—from Mrs. Malaprop—that “thought does not become a young woman”; it is new to hear—from an education committee, too—that to accompany a school song, possibly even to play a pretty tune to her scholars now and then, “does not become a school-mistress.”

(To be continued.)

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ORGAN RECITAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Mr R. Sharpe, on Tuesday, gave another of a series of recitals on the organ in All Saints’ Church, Southampton, a three manual instrument of thirty-six stops, erected by Bevington & Son some ten years or more ago. The earlier recitals having been devoted to the works of Bach, Handel, and other composers. Yielding to a generally expressed wish, a modern programme was made up for Tuesday, as follows, and was listened to by a very full audience, filling the spacious galleries, which included a number of organists belonging to the town:—

March, Valour and Faith (Gritton); Andante in G (Batiste); Air, varied, composed for Holsworthy Church bells (Wesley); Offertoire in C, from *Modern Organist* (Wely); Andante con var. (Rea); Pastorale and Finale from Organ Sonata (Guilmant).

The executive power of Mr Sharpe is generally known, and on Tuesday he maintained his well-earned reputation. His stopping and happy combinations, particularly in the *Andante* by Batiste and the *Pastorale* of Guilmant, were all that could be desired. We have to thank him, the rector, and churchwardens, for three quarters of an hour’s most intellectual and perfect enjoyment.—(From a Correspondent.)

BAYREUTH.—The news from Wiesbaden that Richard Wagner had finished his new opera, *Parceval*, is unfounded.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to say, in answer to an article in your columns of Aug. 4th, signed by that justly-celebrated and highly-esteemed composer, John Barnett, that I never, to my recollection, read the words of his song entitled "Your God is there," until now, in connection with his remarks upon a fancied resemblance between that production and a little song of mine that appeared in *The Musical World* of July 28th.

I beg the favour of your inserting them both, that those who are interested may judge of this resemblance.

YOUR GOD IS THERE.

"Before you stands a mountain,
Whose summit is in air,
Now mark it with devotion,
For behold! your God is there."

"Oh, dwelleth there our Father?
Is that His home above?
I mark it with devotion,
And I gaze on it with love!"

"Behold the sparkling ocean,
Rolling vast and wide:
Beneath its briny waters
The Almighty doth abide."

"Oh, dwells my heavenly Father
Beneath the liquid wave?
How blest must be the mariner
Who finds in it a grave!"

"Now mark you yon volcano,
From which dark vapours rise:

Amidst its blazing fires doth dwell
The God who never dies."

"Didst thou not say our Father's
home

Was on yon mountain dread?
Didst thou not say th'Almighty
dwelt
Upon the ocean bed?"

"And now amidst the fires that
burst

From yon volcano's height,
Thou sayst our Holy Father sits
Upon His throne of light."

"Upon the mount thy Father
dwells

'Neath ocean's depth profound,
Amid the fierce volcano's fires—
There, there thy God is found.

"Gaze where thou wilt, my gentle child,

On earth, on sea, in air,

In each His Spirit thou wilt find—

THY GOD IS EVERYWHERE!"

Yours obediently,

John Barnett.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

"Dear Mother," said a little child,
"Oh, tell me where is God!
His mansion must be beautiful,
This mansion of the Lord."

They stroll'd along the garden path,
'Mid verdure fresh and bright;
The child look'd up with beaming
eyes,

All fill'd with wondrous light—
"God dwells within the flowers," she
"The lovely, lovely flow'rs," cried,
All warm'd and gladden'd by the sun,
And freshen'd by the show'rs.

"God may be in the shining brook,
So joyous in its flow;
Perhaps that babbling is His voice,
That speaks to us so low.

I hear a whispering in the trees,
A murmur soft and sweet;
Perhaps 'tis there He makes His
home,

Where waving branches meet;
But then the sky is beautiful,
He surely must be there.

Ah! now, at last, I know the truth,
That God is everywhere."

M. J. BARNETT.

I see no marked similarity except in the subject—the general idea that God is everywhere; an idea about as original with me as with Mr John Barnett, being centuries old, before either of us came into existence. This idea pervades the Holy Scripture. The inspired David, for example, gives utterance to words of like import in the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th verses of Psalm cxxxix. "Now it is possible that" Mr John Barnett and David "were inspired with the self-same idea, but, like the author in the comedy of *The Critic*," David "happened to hit upon it first."

Although David, were he still among us, might not be able to suggest any infringement upon his rights, since, so far as I know, he never possessed a "copyright" of his works, yet, he might remark upon the similarity of his idea to that expressed some hundreds of years afterwards by the favourite composer John Barnett. We are aware of the scores and scores of songs on the one subject of "Good Night," for example; yet, should a new "Good Night" song be issued to-morrow which did not in actual words resemble some previous one, who of us would suggest that the idea was borrowed from some other special writer?—Yours respectfully,

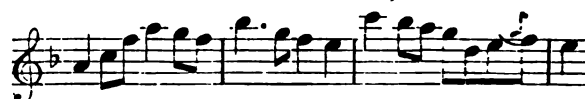
Florence, Italy, Aug. 11, 1877.

M. J. BARNETT.

[We should be glad of a new "Good Night." There are Shelley's verses ready at hand. Where is the music to suit them?—to sound as fresh and new, in short?—D. P.]

RHAPSODY.*

(From our Amateur Bayreuth Madman.)



I sing of Araminta,
A theme to fire my soul—
(But thinking of Tchoukourakoff,
My blood I can't control).

Up, Englishmen, and fight
For genius and for beauty;
The man that don't, or wont,
Does shirk or fear his duty.

Shoot out the Cathay cuckoos,
That steal and foul our nests;
The long-eared, squint-eyed pigtailed!
(Don't keep them still our guests)

Did Araminta ever
Speak ill of any one?—
She only played her best.
What evil has she done?

To F. Burnand, A. Sullivan, and Sutherland Edwards, Esqs.

* Copyright.

But mud-worms hate the sun,
And fleas do hate the light;
That's why the blown-out Tartar flea
Could not restrain his bite.

But for that coward bite
We'll try to make him suffer;
And after John Bull's cuffs,
His skin shall be much rougher.

Has chivalry quite vanished?
And patriotism, too?
Or love we our insulters?
And wear not boot or shoe?

Oh! shame upon those Britons,
Who fear for 'ouse and wittle,
And seem to find their ecstasy
In flailing Kurdish squittle!

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your paper of the 4th August, "A. W. Thayer" says very authoritatively that "God save the Queen" was composed by Carey, and that there is no "perhaps" in the case; will you allow me to state that there is one "perhaps," which is well worth consideration—a theory, well supported—viz., that the National Anthem was composed by Bull, a Mus. Doc. and composer of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the fact that Dr Bull resided much, and died in Holland, gave rise to the idea that "God save the King" (or Queen) was a Dutch or German tune. C. P.

[Again many thanks. But surely Carey was neither Dutch nor German?—D. P.]

ROME.—The operas announced for next season at the Teatro Apollo are *Mefistofele*, Boito; *Der Freischütz*, Weber; *Le Roi de Lahore*, Massenet; and *Lohengrin*, Wagner—probably also *La Forza del Destino*. The first ballet will be *Loreley*, by Sig. Monplaisir. Signore Mariani-Masi, Brambilla-Ponchielli, Mariani-de-Angelis, Stella Bonheur; Signori Barbacini, De Sanctis, Nachbaur, Raakmann, Vasselli, Castelmarty, and Bottarini, with Sig. L. Mancini as director, form the company—not a very strong one.

Adelina Patti.

(From "The Figaro," Aug. 29.)

As considerable interest has been excited by the latest legal step adopted by M^{me} Adelina Patti, and as her movements and intentions appear to be just now a matter of considerable doubt, I have taken the pains to investigate the facts. The information I have gained, and which may be accepted as authentic, will startle amateurs and opera-goers. The week before last M^{me} Patti left Ilfracombe, where she was staying, and went for one night to Paris. She then announced her intention to her professional advisers, and to her most private and intimate friends, to retire immediately from the profession she has so long adorned, and to take the veil as a nun. No arguments could shake her resolve, and the lady at once proceeded to carry her intentions into effect. Accompanied by a member of her household she departed for Brittany, where she entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart. There, I have the best reason to state, she still remains, resolved, so far as she can resolve, for the present, that "these garish lights shall see her no more." But, in order that she may take the veil, it is deemed advisable that her dispute with the Marquis de Caux shall not remain in the position it now is. M^{me} Patti has, therefore, filed in the Paris courts an application to declare her marriage with the Marquis de Caux null and void, on the ground that the priest who performed the ceremony was not legally licensed to do so, and (I quote from the official document) "that the said marriage is tainted by divers other vices and nullities, which will be particularised hereafter." This, then, I am credibly informed, is the true history of a step which has startled the operatic world. Indeed, the facts make the act intelligible. Whether M^{me} Patti will be induced, after all, to return for a short span to the stage, of which she was so lately the reigning queen, no one will now pretend to say. We all hope so, but at present the probabilities are all the other way. She is tired of the world, wearied of the worry and turmoil of mundane strife, and wishes for the peace and tranquillity of complete withdrawal from public life. She has, therefore, retired to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, with the avowed object of preparing herself to take the veil. We shall all hope for the best; but if M^{me} Patti remain in the same mind that she now is, opera-goers have seen *la diva* for the last time.

CHERUBINO.

(Extract from a Private Letter, Aug. 21.)*

"Adelina Patti has made no engagements for the winter. She is residing temporarily in a village near ——. All idea of her going to America is abandoned. Paris is out of the question; nor do I think there is any truth in the report that she would sing in Italy and Germany between now and her Vienna engagement."

(From the Paris "Ménestrel," Aug. 26.)

M^{me} Adelina Patti, autant par gratitude que par sympathie de famille, vient de signer un traité avec son beau-frère, M. Maurice Strakosch, qui fut son professeur de chant et le patron de ses premiers grands succès. Ce traité concerne l'Europe et nullement l'Amérique. Paris sera-t-il appelé à en profiter?

[How are we to reconcile these discordant statements? Fancy Adelina taking the veil! And yet "Cherubino" is generally well informed (when not in the neighbourhood of Cockspur St.)—*Cherophilus Querr.*]

* This is subsequent to her return from Ilfracombe and her short visit to Paris, after which M. Strakosch went to Brussels.

Arabella Goddard's Recitals.

Miss Arabella Goddard is a most pleasant person to criticise. Her mechanism is so faultless, and her command over every style of pianoforte playing is so complete, and, moreover, her extraordinary talent is now so thoroughly known, and universally acknowledged, that there is scarcely anything to say about her series of pianoforte recitals, except recording the programme. Were we rhapsodists, we might devote a whole column to the extolment of our gifted young countrywoman, but, being of the matter-of-fact order of beings, we should be out of our element in attempting an elaborate consideration of her many good points. Her first *soirée* was given at St. James's Hall, on the 27th ult., and the following was the programme:—

Quartet in E flat	Mozart.
Sonata in F sharp major (Op. 78)	Beethoven.
Recueil des Airs Variés, Nos. 2 and 3, Book 2 (Op. 71)...	Dussek.
Sonata in E major	Mendelssohn.
Trio in E flat	Schubert.

The sonata of Mendelssohn, one of his earliest works, was announced for one of Miss Goddard's *soirées* last year, but withdrawn. According to the programme put into our hands, Miss Goddard claims to be the first representative of the work in public. This is a bold assertion, for it is a moderately difficult and very beautiful sonata, and we should imagine *must* have been performed in Germany, though Miss Goddard is a traveller, and is, doubtless, well informed on the subject. Possibly it was intended to express that it was now given for the first time in England, but as that particular degree of novelty was claimed for Dussek's airs in this programme, it would seem that the distinction was intentional, and that Miss Goddard was well advised on the subject. A sonata that will always do credit to the player, and give pleasure to the audience, ought no longer to remain in comparative obscurity. The stringed executants who assisted Miss Goddard in the quartet, were M. Sainton, Mr Doyle, and Signor Piatti, and their playing was unexceptionable. The trio of Schubert contains many delightful and melodious subjects, of which there is occasionally some interesting and piquant treatment; but, altogether, it is prolix to a degree, and it is lucky that it was placed at the end of the evening, for many of the audience would have found it dreadfully tedious, in spite of the admirable execution bestowed upon the work.

With compliments from

Dr. Ghest.

JENNY LIND.

(From the New York "Music Trade Review.")

We translate from a French Journal (*La Liberté*) a curious and interesting letter from Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale" written by her at Dresden, where she now lives, to a friend in Paris:

"I want to speak to you of my baby. Well, I must tell you that God has given my dear husband and myself an adorable little girl, born on the 31st of March last. She is the perfect image of health and happiness. She laughs and crows in a way to delight all sympathetic hearts. We have given her a little Katherine among her other names, but we call her Jenny, I need not say in honour of whom. Our boy Walter, will be four years old on the 9th of August next. He is an intelligent child—very intelligent, very religious, and when he has been naughty it is touching to see the way he prays to God to make him good again—poor little chicken. He adores me obeys me, and I understand the child completely, for he is exactly like myself in nature, very impressionable, active, gay, high-tempered, affectionate, shy, good-natured, quick to learn, remembering all that he learns, preferring to the finest toys a horrible old doll, because it is one with which he has longest played, caring nothing about dress, but preferring to be loved, rather than admired. Is he musical? Not the least in the world. This is my great despair. But he is religious, and I think he will be a Christian. As to the baby, I cannot say as much. The little creature eats, drinks, laughs, mumbles over her shoes, and I have nothing to say against her character. My husband is now in England looking out for a residence, for we intend, on account of the children, to settle in that country. Yours affectionately, JENNY LIND."

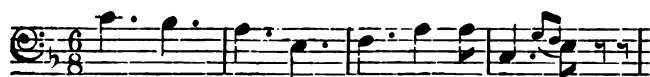
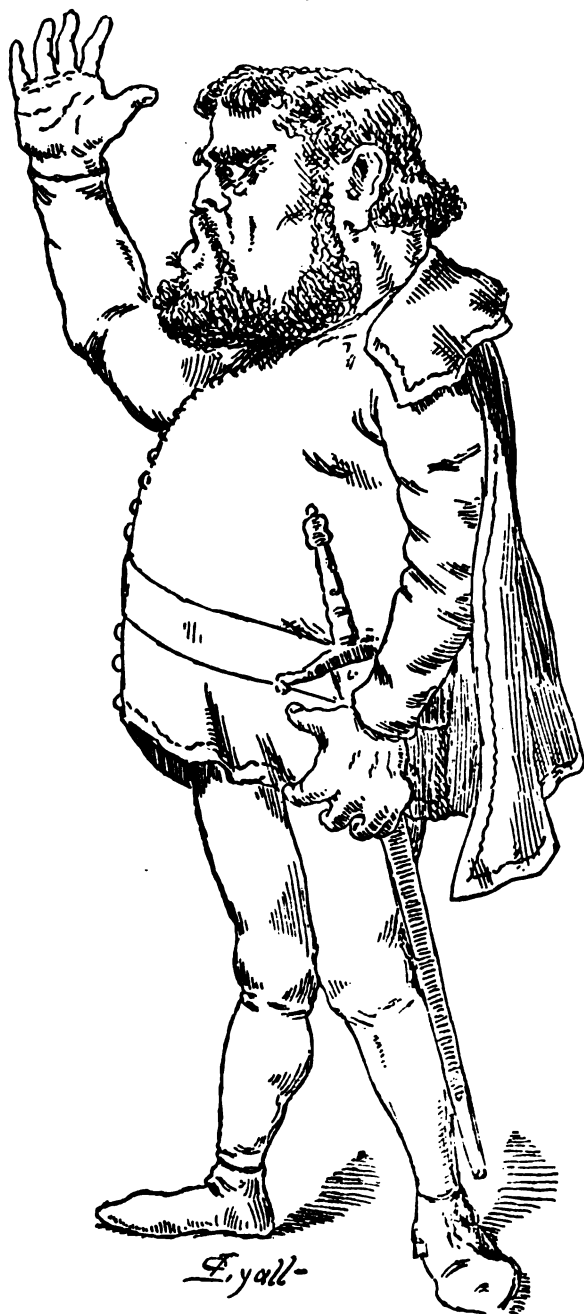
As our Paris contemporary observes, this is certainly a very bright and maternal letter

BUENOS AYRES.—Sig. Gomez's *Fosca*, with additions by the composer, has been produced at the Teatro Colon.

VERONIES (Canton de Beaumont, Hainault).—A monument will be inaugurated, on the 9th inst., to François Joseph Gossec, commonly called "Gossec," who, born here on the 17th January, 1773, died in Paris, on the 16th February, 1829. Music will naturally be a prominent attraction, and it is to be hoped there may be more of Gossec than there was of Mozart at the recent Salzburg Festival.

Portraits.

No. 10.

*Si non è dolce, allora niente.**Carissimo Alfonso IX ! **

Vièn Leo - no - ra, a' pie - di tuo - i.

We are glad to be informed that Mr Gye is perfectly restored to health. He is taking his accustomed holiday in Scotland.

* Fancy, nine such ruffians! Give us Baldassare the Fulminator!

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—“Hexameters” too late for this week. Though they are not scrupulously, in every instance, “hexameters,” they will appear in our next impression.

DR THEOBALD QUIRE writes:—“The story of Wagner’s ‘casseries,’ whilst directing at the Royal Albert Hall, contained in the last number of the *Musical World*, is apocryphal. True Wagner indulged occasionally in remarks upon his singers, especially those of the sterner sex, and what he said was often the reverse of flattering.” Dr Quire had better teach his grandmother to suck eggs.

Rubinstein.

(To the Editor of the “*Musical World*.”)

SIR,—The letter of “An English Musician,” which appeared in your last number, has invited more and fiercer retorts than I anticipated—though I certainly expected a few. The subject, however, being of the smallest conceivable interest, I shall crave your indulgence for two only out of the nine epistles (the other seven being mere drivel) you have forwarded to my address. The first appears to me like the ebullition of a maniac; and for that reason I give it precedence, as best suited to the matter under consideration.

“(To the Editor of the ‘*Musical World*.’)”

“SIR,—I consider the letter signed ‘An English Musician,’ printed in your last week’s number, a piece of gross impertinence. Put, to quote a Welsh saw:—

‘As the bell tinkles,
So the fool thinks.’

The *Evening with Rubinstein* came off at the house of a renowned Belgian professor and his no less renowned English wife—both, I should think (like all the company present), better musicians than your correspondent from the ‘Clarendon Hotel,’ if, indeed (which I doubt), he be a musician at all. Does he know the *rondo* from the Fifth Sonata, Op. 10, of John Cristian (not Sebastian) Bach? If not, let him hold his peace, and go to the house in St John’s Wood, next door to that where Rubinstein exhibited his supernatural genius. There dwells, or used to dwell, an *English pianist* (save the phrase!). The idea of comparing an electric thunderer on the keys like the Bessarabian Colossus with any ‘English pianist,’ from Potter, Holmes, and Bennett, down to Gibsons, Sloper, Taylor, and Goddard, is absurd. Compare the loftiest moon-mountain (out of Africa) to the ‘Ill of Primrose,’ upon which Mister ‘Omes erected ‘a horgin vide and tall.’ Ask Brinley Richards, or Ap’ Farren, what ‘English pianists’ signify; and they will tell you that they signify ‘English pianists’—*voilà tout!* It is sickening to listen to this nonsense about “native talent.” We have *no native talent*, in the way of music, whether for composition, or for execution. What is our Sterndale Bennett, I should like to know, beyond the fact that he lies in Westminster Abbey? Why, if he merited that distinction, Rubinstein should be buried on the top of St Paul’s cupola. The smallest German musician is worth Purcell, Arne, Bishop, the Wealeys, Bennett, Macfarren, Barnett (old Barnett), Balfe, Wallace, Hatton, Sullivan, and the whole of our English and Irish potters and patters together. And yet Mr Charles Salaman (himself a composer, we are to presume) talks of one Rook, Rookh, Rooke, O’Rorke, or O’Rourke! He will be next telling us of Parry the Elder, or the Tully who in no way resembled Cicero.*

“Your obedient servant,

“SMITHERS GOLDFINCH.

“*Shamblies, Worcester, Aug. 27.*”

* A good thing for poor James, who, in spite of his English music, died a natural death.—D. P.

The foregoing carries with it its own condemnation. Oh shameless Shambler! * * * [We take the liberty of substituting here a gap, the style of the peroration being personally offensive to Mr Goldfinch.—D. P.]

Touching, by the way, the rondo of J. C. Bach's Sonata No. 5 (Op. 10), it begins thus :



I could write out the whole from memory, if I only had the time (which I have not), and you the space (which you have not).*

Letter No. 2 is more wily and plausible. Mr Smithers Goldfinch, indulging in hard words and wholesale imprecations, like a tall bully lifts his head and lies (without, perhaps, being conscious he is lying); but "C. P." adopts a milder tone, cautiously insinuating paradoxes where his harder predecessor boisterously blabs bituminous bixwort. Listen to our Ephraim Smooth :

"(To the Editor of the 'Musical World'.)"

"SIR,—We all know the history of Herr Rubinstein's first appearance in England. M^{de} Goddard ruled supreme as a pianist. The *novus homo* (*novus*, at least, to England) seemed likely to be a formidable rival; thereupon, sundry letters, &c., appeared in the papers, shamelessly puffing M^{de} Goddard, and shamefully crying down Rubinstein. The English did as they were told, still smiled on (and paid) the lady, and turned their backs on the Russian. Naturally indignant at such treatment—at being condemned without a fair hearing—one of the best-natured artists in the world was sorely wroth at the attack on his art. He shook off the very dust of his feet against us, left our country, and almost vowed never to return. Since then there have been many changes. M^{de} Goddard retired, and has only just now re-appeared on the scene. Rubinstein went to New York, where he was splendidly received. As an example of what was thought of him there, a gentleman, well known in New York as an organ-builder, organist, pianist, and critic, was asked what he thought of Rubinstein as a pianist. 'Pianist!' he answered. 'He's an orchestra.'† But the great thing is the change in ourselves. English musical taste has widely-developed itself; the public refused to be led by the nose (or, rather, the ears) by the press. They will not be told whom to clap or whom to hiss—they will choose for themselves (as a sure proof of this may be cited the fairly successful run of Mr Irving's *Macbeth*, although it had been so utterly damned by the press‡). Rubinstein came to England again; he had a fair trial; he was heard, and had a reception worthy his talents; and the £12,000 is but a substantial proof of the English approbation. But that first insult rankled in his mind; his words were said in a spirit of indignation, which is surely natural and pardonable; we can but hope that in time he will change his opinion.

As to his disregarding the works of Sterndale Bennett, and other 'demigods,' that is too common a fault in most musicians to be particularly noticed in one. It is not hard to see, or, rather, to HEAR, why he should be preferred to Hallé, M^{de} Goddard, or even M^{de} Schumann; I think the fact that he 'interprets' his own music gives him the palm over Von Bülow, great as is the latter. The tone adopted by that very "English Musician" in his letter of Saturday, the

25th, is that of a disappointed pianist, whose talents the English public have failed to appreciate. Let us hope he will throw no more discredit on the name of English musicians by his want of fair judgment and of taste. I am, Sir, yours truly, "C. P."

* Assuredly not.—D. P.

† Just what a pianist ought not to be.

‡ This statement is plerheria.

I really thought that, after an absence of four years, all the miserable threadbare trumpery about Arabella Goddard had gone out of fashion. Everybody who knows anything about the subject is well aware that since she married the musical critic of a leading journal (not far from twenty years ago) scarcely any articles have been printed in that journal about her. Let "C. P." point out such articles, if he can. If he cannot he is guilty of deliberate slander, and his use of the phrase "shamelessly puffing M^{de} Goddard" is a flagrant and unmanly insult to a lady. The "shamefully crying down Rubinstein" is equally wide of the mark. Herr Rubinstein is open to criticism, just like any other public artist; and he has obtained due recognition. If I am advised that he is above criticism, I must reply that I am of a different opinion. The hint that M^{de} Goddard was "paid" for her public performances is beneath contempt. Every artist, I presume, is "paid" for his services, if they are worth paying for. With respect to the preference awarded to Rubinstein over "Hallé, M^{de} Goddard, or even M^{de} Schumann," I have only to say that, to the best of my knowledge, such preference is not entertained by musicians generally. That the fact of Herr Rubinstein's "interpreting" (!) his own music "gives him the palm over Dr Hans von Bülow," I deny—thinking, as I do, the precise contrary. Dr von Bülow is wiser in his generation.

*Wenn mancher mann wüsste was mancher mann wär'
Gäb' mancher mann manchem mann manchmal mehr ehr'.*

I am, Sir, though not a "disappointed pianist," your obedient servant,
AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham, Aug. 30.

[As "An English Musician" is attacked personally in both the letters to which he replies, we could not with justice refuse admission to his answer. But henceforth, unless accompanied by his name, as well as his address, we must decline inserting further communications from his pen. The same condition must apply to any contributions with which "C. P." may feel disposed to honour this paper.—D. P.]

—o—

Rent of Drury Lane.

Mr F. B. Chatterton writes to *The Times* from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, August 27:—

"My attention has been called to a statement made by Mr Mapleson in a letter published in *The Times* of August 4—viz., that he paid a weekly rental of £300 for the above theatre. This I emphatically deny. Mr Mapleson paid me during his last seasons the some of £3,000 for a term extending over sixteen weeks. Other misstatements have also been made to the effect that I was desirous of exacting from Mr Mapleson additional terms. This I also deny; and it was not until the 16th of March last that he declined to take Drury Lane Theatre because I would not accept £500 reduced rental. In corroboration of these statements I beg to forward you copies of the following telegrams:—

"March 15, 1877.—F. B. Chatterton, Drury Lane Theatre, to J. H. Mapleson, Angel Hotel, Doncaster—Terms same as season before last from April 9, four months; this will give time for altering the theatre."

Answer.—

"March 16, 1877.—Mapleson, Wakefield, to F. B. Chatterton, Drury Lane Theatre, London—Take no heed of the advertisement which appears to-morrow morning."

The last telegram refers to the first announcement of the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre.



Die Sonne tönt, nach alter Weise,
In Brudersphären Mettgesang.



At the Lamp and Wolf, Ilminster.

PURPLE POWIS.—You must get out of that groove—that ancient groove.

BAYLIS BOIL.—Out of the wisdom of the ancients? No!

PURPLE POWIS.—Does the sun follow its old course?

BAYLIS BOIL.—Yes—mit *Donnergang*!

PURPLE POWIS.—We have only seen one side of the moon.

BAYLIS BOIL.—High mountains and extinct volcanoes. No water; no atmosphere. Who is to show the other?

PURPLE POWIS.—Those whose imagination can travel. Imagination pays no turnpikes—

BAYLIS BOIL.—Pikes are going out—

PURPLE POWIS.—It wants no steam on land or water—

BAYLIS BOIL.—No propelling power?

PURPLE POWIS.—Well, no; it is because it is; it is its own cause and effect.

BAYLIS BOIL.—Erzeuger?

PURPLE POWIS.—No—Entelechy.

BAYLIS BOIL.—At what are you driving?

PURPLE POWIS.—Well, Rubinstein is because he is—

BAYLIS BOIL.—And Liszt?

PURPLE POWIS.—Liszt is multifarious and polyhedric. Not being singular—

BAYLIS BOIL (interrupting him).—Liszt seems to me very singular—

PURPLE POWIS.—Not being singular (emphatically)—Liszt are because he are.

BAYLIS BOIL.—And Wagner?

PURPLE POWIS.—Ah! There's your Erzeuger! There's your genius that begets new and unknown things out of what is old and known! There's your iconoclast and re-procreator in one! But I prefer Liszt.

BAYLIS BOIL.—I prefer neither. Genius is my affair. What genius does is always rightly done, however unconsciously—

PURPLE POWIS.—But art should be nature?

BAYLIS BOIL.—No. If it were so, Liszt would certainly not represent art.

PURPLE POWIS.—But the metamorphosis of themes?

BAYLIS BOIL.—Blow the metamorphosis of themes. Give me the *Metamorphoses* of Ovidius Naso—who sat at one side of Augustus, while the bleary-eyed Flaccus sat at the other.

PURPLE POWIS.—Well?

BAYLIS BOIL.—Well, you don't know the vocation of genius. Goethe insists upon the immutability of laws, and—

(Shade of Goethe appears.)

Shade of Goethe (in a sepulchral tone):—But what chiefly vindicates the practice of strict requisitions,

of decided laws, is that genius, that native talent, is precisely the readiest to seize them, and yield them willing obedience. It is only the HALF-GIFTED that would wish to put his own contracted singularity in the place of the unconditional whole, and justify his false attempts under cover of an unconstrained originality and independence. To this we grant no currency; we guard our scholars from all such misconceptions, whereby a large portion of life, nay, often the whole of life, is apt to be perplexed and disjointed. With genius we love most to be concerned; for this is animated just by that good spirit of quickly recognizing what is profitable for it. Genius understands that art is called art because it is not nature. Genius bends itself to respect even towards what may be named conventional: for what is this but agreeing, as the most distinguished men have agreed, to regard the unalterable, the indispensable, as the best? And does not such submission always turn to good account?

(Shade of Goethe disappears.)

PURPLE POWIS.—Why, the twaddling old phantom is reciting a passage from one of his own books—

BAYLIS BOIL (solemnly).—Wilhelm Meister!

PURPLE POWIS.—Wilhelm Meister is a bore—

BAYLIS BOIL.—But Mignon?

PURPLE POWIS.—A common-place, long-winded pedagogue!—he never understood Mignon.

BAYLIS BOIL.—You are right. He left that to Ambroise Thomas—

PURPLE POWIS.—And—

BAYLIS BOIL.—Christine Nilsson.

[Exeunt, smiling—each content with his own acumen.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MIDLE TIETJENS.—We regret to learn that Midle Tietjens is no better, and that another operation is to be made to-day. The distinguished vocalist is very weak and suffers greatly.—*Times*, Aug. 29.

M. DANIEL BERNARD, musical editor of *L'Union*, is publishing the Correspondence of Hector Berlioz. Those who possess autographic letters of the deceased musician are requested to forward them, or copies of them, to M. Bernard, 46, Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, Paris. ["Awast!"—said Cap'en Cottle's seafaring hero—and "went off to his ship."]

It is reported that Herr Max von Weber, the famous engineer, son of the composer of *Der Freischütz*, will be appointed chief of the German Railway Department.

It is said that Miss Minnie Hauk will sing in Paris after fulfilling her engagement at Brussels. She will do in Paris what she has done at Vienna and Berlin—win every heart.

THE Fifth Annual Report of John Hullah, Inspector of Music at the students' examination in the training schools of Great Britain, has recently been issued. In spite of a grumble or so, more especially on the subject of musical instruction in elementary schools (which ought to be the legitimate foundation of all), the accomplished professor takes a hopeful view of the object contemplated, to which he, perhaps more than any other man in this country, has given an impetus.

MR CARL ROSA, who has been paying London a brief visit, rejoins his company to-day, at Hull. We are glad to hear that Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is likely to prove one of Mr Rosa's most complete successes, both artistically and financially. This warrants a hope that *Charles II.*, *Jessy Lee*, *The Soldier's Legacy*, *She Stops to Conquer*, and best of all (though as yet not adequately represented), *Helvellyn*, may once more come to light. In Mr Rosa we have assuredly the right man in the right place.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—It is a pity that the classical Friday concerts, so well selected and so ably conducted by Mr. Weist Hill, cannot go on "all the year round." The performance of the first three movements of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (as Shakspearean as Shakspeare himself), under that gentleman's superintendence, was alone worth a visit to Muswell Hill. We shall return to these concerts, which ought to be made a conspicuous and permanent feature by the managers of the North-eastern fairy palace.

THE LATE HECTOR BERLIOZ.—M. Daniel Bernard, of the Paris journal, *L'Union*, is preparing a book, entitled, *Correspondence d'Hector Berlioz*, to be published next winter, at Lévy's. M. Bernard solicits all those who may have preserved letters of interest from the renowned French composer and *feuilletoniste* to send him forthwith either the originals, or copies. Any amateurs, or musicians, in England (and there are not a few) who possess such treasures, bearing in mind the style in which Mendelssohn's correspondence has been "edited," will be chary about parting with them. If a man of genius is to be known by his letters, those letters should be produced *en gros*, intact, and without prejudice; otherwise the outside world is guided to a necessarily imperfect estimate. Berlioz was much more freely outspoken than Mendelssohn, and far less initiated in the ways of the world. His correspondence, therefore, if *non-manipulated*, would be doubly valuable. About disclosures of intimate family sympathies, relationships, and so forth, only the inquisitively prying can be curious; and there are a great deal too many such in the two volumes of Mendelssohn's published letters; but the opinions of distinguished men on questions relating to an art the practice of which has brought them eminence are of the utmost interest and importance. An ungarbled correspondence from the pen of Berlioz would be a real acquisition; a garbled one little better than useless. Whoever, then, commits letters, signed "Berlioz," to the custody of M. Daniel Bernard should stipulate, as a *sine qua non*, that they be published without curtailment, *verbatim et literatim*, or returned to the owner. Otherwise they might possibly be modified, or somehow tampered with—"best intentions" taken for granted.—*Graphic*.

Archæit.

(From a Czech Correspondent.)

SIR,—A highly interesting theatre advertisement has been discovered, and we cannot abstain from making it public to all admirers and adversaries of Meister Richard Wagner. We must add that Wagner was born on the 22nd May, 1813, at Leipzig, and became kapelmeister at Riga (Livonia), 1830 to 1839. Here we give the extraordinary playbill:—

Playbill.

Saturday, the 11th December, 1837, will be performed as a benefice to the undersigned, for the FIRST TIME,

Norma.

Grand Romantic Opera, in 2 Acts, by Bellini.

The undersigned believes that he cannot show off better his regard for the theatre public of this town, than by the choice of *this* opera, which he chooses as a token of the development of art amongst the youthful musical talents under my direction. *Norma* is, of all Bellini's work, the one which, besides a wealth of melody, combines passion and dramatic depth, and even the most pronounced adversaries of new Italian School must confess, that the music of that Opera speaks to the heart. As all has been done for the splendid performance of that Opera, I may then hope, the opera loving public will honour me with their presence, as a testimonial of my earnest endeavours and pains of my duty I have had, since I occupied the post as kapelmeister, in what capacity I have always found kind and indulgent friends.

Richard Wagner.

Riga, the 8th December, 1837.

I am responsible for the foregoing, having translated it myself into English from the *Didaskalia*, of Frankfurt, which, as every English traveller knows, is taken in by the famous Brothers Drexel, at the Hotel de Russie. I myself patronise the Hotel de Turquie, although I have fought (and fled) indiscriminately with Cossacks and Circassians (both "Baah-Bazouks" to a nail). Sir, I am, yours (if you pay),

Free Lance.

"No. 388."

The lasting impression produced by the Festival Performances at Bayreuth on beings of a mild disposition is strikingly exemplified in the case of the owner of the Patronage Voucher (*Patronatschein*) No. 388. (*Nomina sunt odiosa*.) "Starting from the conviction," he writes, "that the Patrons of the Bayreuth Festival Stage-Performances were impelled by ardent and inspired love of art to promote these performances," No. 388 thinks that "he may re-awaken these feelings of sacred enthusiasm in his colleagues, with the object of bringing the work commenced by them to what seems to him a worthy conclusion. It is known that the undertaking terminated with a deficit, and that the concerts given in London to cover the latter failed to do so, &c.; it is also known that the deficit was very considerably increased by subsequent claims, which the Master cannot well ignore, and which he does not wish to ignore. Shall we desert the man who, trusting in the genius of the German people, and actuated by a sacred belief in his art, called the work into life?"

—No. 388 is "not acquainted with Richard Wagner personally, &c.; he has no relations of any kind whatever with him, &c.;" and proposes to the Patrons that, "for the purpose of covering the deficit, they should come forward with voluntary post-payments." No. 388 tells us that "an additional sum of 150 marks would be required upon each Patron's Voucher issued, or 50 marks upon each Patron's Card. With this trifling sum, each one among us saves his faith in art, and every German among us the honour, which is, as it were, impawned, of the German name." Bravo! The concluding sentence is good. Dr P. is said already to have expressed his readiness to examine No. 388 psychiatrically. But how pretty is the bashfulness manifested by No. 388! He conceals his name under an inanimate number, and regrets that "he has no relations of any kind whatever" with Herr Wagner. Why, after all, should he entertain any scruples? The deficit, it appears, still amounts to one hundred thousand thalers.—*Berlin Echo*.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30th:—

Overture, <i>Peter Schmoll</i>	Weber.
Romanza, G major, Op. 56	Alex. Fesca.
Triumphal March, <i>Siege of Corinth</i>	Rossini.
Prologue and Fugue, the Trumpet Fugue	W. T. Best.
Organ Sonata, No. 4, B flat major	Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "The many rend the skies"	Handel.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 1st:—

Grand Chœur, G major	Th. Salomé.
Largo from the Sonata in E flat, Op. 7	Beethoven.
Overture, <i>La Chasse du Jeune Henri</i>	Méhul.
Prelude on the Chorale, "Schmücke dich, O liebe seele"	Bach.
Andantino in G major, <i>Rosamunde</i>	F. Schubert.
Grand March, E flat major	H. Smart.

MUNICH.—The delegates of the General Association of German Musicians held a congress on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th August. It was proposed by the president, Herr Thadewaldt, that the Imperial Parliament of Germany be petitioned to invalidate any one in future from teaching music without undergoing a preliminary examination. If that could only be done in England!

FRANZENSBAD (Bohemia).—The programme of the Sinfonie Concert on August 18th contained: Beethoven's Symphony in B flat (No. 4); *Loreley*, legend for orchestra, with harp *obbligato*, by Charles Oberthür; Spohr's violin concerto in G minor; and the introduction to Kretschmer's opera, *Die Folkunger*. Again were our excellent solo players, Mlle Anna Dubez and Herr Anton Hahn, received with well-deserved applause; the former for her execution of the harp part in *Loreley*, the latter for his performance of Spohr's concerto. Capellmeister Th. Tomaschek conducted with his wonted precision.

Annette Essipoff's Farewell to Hankeeland.

THE STEINWAY HALL PROGRAMME.
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Saturday Afternoon, May 5th, 1877.

PROGRAMME.

Fantasia, Op. 41	Fr. Brandeis.
Melodie, Op. 32	Fr. Brandeis.
Gigue, de la suite en Ré pour orchestre	Bach-Parsons.
Thème et Variations, for organ	Henry Carter.
Romance, Op. 60	Maylath.
Novellette, Op. 6, No. 8	Wm. H. Sherwood.
Prelude, Op. 6, No. 1	Wm. H. Sherwood.
Mennet, from Schubert's 1st String Quartet, Op. 29	E. P. rabo.
Sketches for the Piano, Op. 26—"Wayside Flowers,"	
"Under the Lindens," "Village Dance"	John K. Payne.
Etude Caprice, "Fairy Fingers," Op. 24	S. B. Mills.
Silver Spring, Op. 6	Wm. Mason.
Caprice, "Pastorella e Cavagliere," Op. 32	L. M. Gottschalk.
Transcription, "Home, Sweet Home"	L. M. Gottschalk.
Fantasia Grotesque, "The Banjo"	L. M. Gottschalk.
Tarantelle, Op. 91	R. Hoffman.

Steinway & Sons' Pianos are used at these Recitals.

Admission Ticket	One Dollar.
Reserved Seat	50 Cents Extra.

"Sweet Anne"—no, Annette—Page—no, Essipoff! Hast thou for ever withdrawn from us the light of thy "beamy bending eyes" (Shelley)? No. Perish the thought! Come back again, and play at the "Pops." Arthur Chappell will welcome thee with widespread arms!—D. P.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Toujours Paul et Virginie. For the sixth and seventh representations, Paul, in the person of M. Herbert, made his farewell bow, being replaced at the eighth by M. Gérard, who did not sustain the part of the young lover in look, gestures, or voice, as did his predecessor. M. Herbert's voice, though not over strong, was always true, and he never sang *falsetto*; while his acting was—well, not that of M. Gérard. Our charming little Virginie, Mdle. Nau, took leave of us last night—not as Virginie, but as Ines in *L'Africaine*. The house was crammed with amateurs, who came to bear tribute to the talents of Mdle. Nau, as well as to the music of Meyerbeer. M. Robert, an old favourite, who took the rôle of Vasco di Gama, was hardly up to the mark. He has an agreeable voice, which he can use with ease, but in the upper register it is hard and metallic. M. Lourde, as Nelusco, was excellent, and as much can be said of Mdle. de Gérardon's Selika. It is strange that this clever artist brings to light so many dark-complexioned characters—to wit, Meala, the negress slave in *Paul et Virginie*; Azucena, in *Le Trouvère*; and Selika, in the *Africaine*. The success of the performance was generally commendable, as far as the band, chorus, and solo singers were concerned; but the scenery was far from good. M. Froment is sometimes particular about scenic effects, as was shown by the *tableau* of the monastery in *Paul et Virginie*; but in the third act of *L'Africaine*, when a section of a ship is placed on the stage, the quarter-deck should not be so near the footlights as to compel the artists, when the curtain falls, to put their backs against the "companion ladder." In the last scene, also, a tree in the centre, which should be the "mancanilla," reminded us of a venerable oak in Greenwich Park. With regard to other operas, I have only to tell of the success of *Guillaume Tell*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, *Les Dragons de Villars*, and *La Traviata*.

Another attack has been made on the Queen of French Watering-places by a writer in another English paper (*Weekly Despatch*); but I think all the nonsense about our town being the home of diphtheria, scarlet fever, &c., has been shut up by a letter in *La France du Nord*, from "Un ancien habitant de Boulogne-sur-Mer." At all events, Boulogne is very full of visitors; there is no epidemic, and very little disease. Perhaps people come here to avoid cholera, dysentery, fever, &c., which they stand more chance of getting at parts in direct communication with the East.

August 22, 1877.

X. T. R.

AGRICULTURAL HALL CONCERTS.

On Tuesday evening the immense building at Islington was opened for a series of promenade concerts under the management of the popular Madame Liebhart. Great pains have been taken to render the hall attractive. The flags of every nation float together, rings and lines of gas jets give a brilliant illumination, and so splendid is the collection of flowers, in banks and *parterres*, that, as a flower show alone, the exhibition would be worth a visit. Samples of choice fruit are exhibited, and a prettier sight has seldom been witnessed in connection with a musical entertainment. Previous to the concert, prizes to the value of between £300 and £400 were distributed among the floral and horticultural exhibitors. The musical arrangements are on a liberal scale. Mr F. Kingsbury directs with his well known ability a large and well-selected orchestra, led by Mr T. Watson, and including in its ranks Messrs T. Harper, Walter Pettit, Reed, Pollitzer, White, Hutchins, Cheshire, &c., with the addition of the Royal Horse Guards and other military bands, which made the total number of instrumental players between 200 and 300, when Jullien's "British Army Quadrille" was given. In the overture to *Masaniello* the band showed its quality, and the "British Army Quadrille" afforded occasions for the exhibition of various solo-players of distinction. The auxiliary bands were dressed in costumes—British, French, Russian, and Turkish. A new valse, entitled "Mes Amours," a clever pianoforte solo by Signor Tito Mattei, Glinka's "Pas des Patineurs" (piccolo *obligato*, Mr Young), and a selection from the *Grande Duchesse*, were the instrumental pieces; but, considering the size of the hall and the quality of the audience, it may be worth consideration whether orchestral music of a higher class might not be introduced. The vocal music was well selected. Madame Liebhart sang with her accustomed finish of style and beauty of voice Vincent Wallace's "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," and also a ballad entitled "Far from home." She was enthusiastically welcomed. Madame Anna Bishop's voice has lost much of its power; but the excellence of her style was shown in "Let the bright seraphim" (trumpet *obligato*, Mr T. Harper), and in "Home, sweet home," both of which were warmly applauded. Madame Antoinette Sterling made a great impression in Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord," and "Caller Herrin';" Miss F. Brooke was successful in "Tell me, my heart;" Mr Vernon Rigby and Mr Maybrick sang familiar airs with their usual success, and the audience seemed disposed to encore everything. The "encore" system is becoming an intolerable nuisance, and should be resisted for the sake of the public comfort, disturbed by a comparatively small number accustomed to music-halls. To judge from the success of the first concert, Madame Liebhart is likely to be amply rewarded for her endeavours to make dwellers in North London musical.

A CHILD'S SONG ABOUT RIVERS, CLOUDS, AND TREES.

The deep clear stream is gliding on towards the sea,
The birds are singing on the boughs of every tree,
The souls that love us round us staying, loving, smiling, and forgiving;
Heaven giving grace to weep, and killing self within,
With strength from Him who rules above to battle with our sin.

The moving shadows of the clouds on earth and sea,
The stars so brightly beaming o'er the hills and lea,
The twilight's prayerful healing power, Sunrise's life-soul gladd'ning hour—
God can give us strength to kill all sinful thoughts within;
And turn our hearts to thrones for Him; and blot out all our sin.

ELBERFELD.—Herr Hermann Schornstein intends giving a performance of the oratorio, *Luther in Worms*, by Herr Ludwig Meinardus, whose *König Salomo* was produced in 1865.

BRUNSWICK.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of Franz Abt as Court Capellmeister will be celebrated by two State Concerts, on the 29th and 30th September.

MAYENCE.—Herr Woolf, representative of the house of Schott & Co. in London, has been staying here, to conclude several important transactions. Herr Joseph Rummell, the composer, and Herr Lehmeier, the well-known pianist, are also here.

VIENNA.—Herr Brüll's new opera, *Der Landfriede*, is to be produced at the Imperial Operahouse on the 4th October, the Emperor's saint's-day, with Mad. Ehnn, Herren Müller and Scaria, in the principal characters. It has been accepted, also, at Berlin, Dresden, and other leading cities.

WAIFS.

Mad. Marie Roze will shortly visit America.*

Sig. Paliotti is restoring the drop-scene of the San Carlo, Naples. The Théâtre de la Renaissance, re-painted and re-decorated, opened with *Kosiki*.

Early on Thursday morning Wilton's Music Hall, East Smithfield, was totally destroyed by fire.

M. Caïso, tenor of the Paris Théâtre-Lyrique, has married Madlle Sablailrolles of the same Theatre.

Darasz Miazka's orchestra of "Zigeuner," or "Zingari," (*Anglicé*: Gipsies), is performing at Brussels.

The music hall in construction at the Trocadéro for the Paris Exposition will contain 7000 persons.

M. Ambroise Thomas is at Saint-Gildas, Brittany, working on his new opera, *Françoise de Rimini*.

A new opera, *Le Mystère*, words by M. Cadel, music by M. Verken, has been accepted at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

Gilmore's Orchestra, about to make a two years' tour in Europe, will visit Paris during the Grand Exposition.

Herr Unger, the Bayreuth Siegfried, will play Faust and Tannhäuser at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Herr G. Vierling's quasi-oratorio, *Der Raub der Sabinerinnen*, is to be performed at Aix-la-Chapelle and Hamburg.

A benefit is being got up in Paris for Madlle Laferrière, pupil of the Conservatory, and daughter of the late eminent actor.

Mr Carl Rosa's last week in Dublin was his most successful. The company, now at Hull, began successfully with the *Trovatore*.

A *buffo* opera, *Mademoiselle Favart*, by MM. Chivot, Duru, and Offenbach, is to be produced at the Folies-Dramatiques, in October.

The Saturday performances are resumed this evening at the Grand Opera, Paris, (with *Robert le Diable*), and will be continued weekly.

Sig. Gomez is composing an opera, *La Maschera*, the libretto of which, by Sig. Ghislanzoni, is founded on an English novel (*Whitehall*).

Dr Edouard Hanslick, the eminent Viennese Critic, has published a very interesting analysis of the genius and artistic acquirements of Adelina Patti.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg intends devoting the money she makes in California to the establishment of a Musical Conservatory, over which she will preside.

M. Letellier, former manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and, at various times, of the theatres at Montpellier, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, died a short time since.

The town of Arles has invited to a grand fête given expressly in their honour the members of La Cigale, a Paris Club of literary men and artists, natives of the South of France.

The great violinist, Wieniawski, it is said, is about to relinquish his post in Brussels, as first professor of the violin at the Royal Conservatoire of Music. His loss will be much regretted.

A new one-stringed instrument, the Dactylomonocordo, invented by Sig. Guida, of Naples, is played with one finger. Sig. Guida has introduced his invention to the public at several concerts.

In consequence of the extra expenses attending the war, the tax on pianos, in Russia, has been raised to a hundred roubles a year. The German manufacturers are in despair. Serves them right.

The Paris *Ménestrel* informs its readers that Mad. Adelina Patti has signed a treaty with her brother-in-law, M. Maurice Strakosch, as *entrepreneur* for all her future European engagements, America being left out of the question.

The oldest old maid in the world, says the *Boston Courier*, is Rebecca Anderson, aged one hundred and twelve, of Seneca Falls. She is so old that it is upwards of twenty-five years since a census-taker had the pluck to ask her how old she was.

Madme Patti absolutely declines to go to America. Her suit with her husband will be argued before the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal at one of the earliest sittings after the vacation, but it cannot be expected to be settled before November at best.—*Figaro*.

Pennsylvania has a man who for eighteen years has not slept. He was probably nominated for office about that long ago, and will try to get a little rest as soon as he has finished making a tabular statement of the crimes of which he was accused by the friends of the other man.

An inquest on the body of a lad named Chaywood, chorister, of Trinity Church, Chelsea, was held on Tuesday, at Windsor. The deceased had been on a visit to Mr John Joel, of Chalvey. Getting on the line of the Great Western Railway, in pursuit of a dog, he was knocked down and killed by a train.

"When" enquires an American paper, "does a boy begin to prove the stern realities of life?" "Why, when"—replies the *Boston (U. S.) Courier*—"he finds himself up a tree in a melon-patch, with the farmer's bull-dog mounting guard, and the farmer heaving in sight with a shot-gun."

* Query? Ask "Cherubino."

TEIGNMOUTH.—At a concert given in aid of the Infirmary in this Town, Mr John Francis Barnett played with great brilliancy several of his compositions, including the grand fantasia on the "Ancient Mariner," which was greeted with unanimous applause by an appreciative audience, and his "New Gavotte in G minor" was honoured by an enthusiastic encore.—*Teignmouth Gazette*.

Our Copenhagen correspondent, writing on the 20th, says:—"The chief event of the week has been the concerts which Madme Trebelli Bettini has been giving here. The ten or twelve concerts have been crowded, and the visit has been a complete success. Madme Trebelli starts in a few days for Gothenburg, and goes thence to Christiania and Stockholm, returning by way of Finland and Germany to Vienna. She has arranged to appear ten times next February at the Royal Theatre."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The prevalence of colour-blindness is at last becoming recognised officially. How it is that so little has been known about it hitherto, is a distinct puzzle to me. Within my own personal acquaintance there are five persons who cannot distinguish between brown and green, and in two instances all sense of colour is lost. This malady certainly deserves attention, and I am glad, therefore, to see that the Board of Trade require all masters and mates applying for certificates to pass a test examination as to their power of recognising colour. The next thing ought to be to subject engine drivers and stokers to a similar examination.—*Tatler*.

On Tuesday afternoon the Thames at Old Windsor was the scene of an accident, which may involve the death of one of the sufferers. A fishing party including Mr and Mrs Joseph Thumwood, of Windsor, Miss Alice Thumwood, Mrs Christian (wife of Mr Christian, of the Eton College Choir), Master Frank Christian, and Mr C. Dobiner, were in a punt managed by Hayles, a Thames fisherman. The craft was moored out of the usual course of navigation, and the anglers engaged in their occupation, when a steam launch, coming down from the direction of Windsor, ran into the punt, capsizing it, and throwing Miss Alice Thumwood, Mr Dobiner, and Frank Christian into the water. They were rescued from drowning; but Frank Christian, it is feared, is seriously injured, Dr Ellison, one of Her Majesty's surgeons, giving but faint hopes of his recovery.

With reference to the cross suit commenced in Paris by Madme Patti for the nullification of her marriage with M. le Marquis de Caux, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Clapham Park Road, on the ground that the ceremonial performed by the Very Rev. F. Plunkett was illegal, he not being a duly licensed priest, it must be remarked that this informality, if it existed, would be of no avail in the French courts, marriage being essentially a civil contract. The Marquis and Marquise de Caux were united at the French Embassy on the 27th of July, 1868, the witnesses on behalf of the lady being the Duke of Manchester and Sir Michael Costa. There are, however, counts in the indictment of the wife against the husband to cancel the union in London, Madme Patti affirms she was unable to state fully when the separation was pronounced at the demand of her husband.

THE TELEPHONE.—Mr A. Eubule-Evans writes from the Verulam Club, St James's Street:—"Just now the papers are full of references to the telephone; but, as I have nowhere seen it intelligibly described, perhaps the following simple description may be of interest. The telephone consists of a strong ordinary magnet, to the two extremities, or poles, of which are attached properly insulated telegraph wires. Just in front of the extremities of the magnet there is a thin plate of iron, and in front of this again there is the mouth-piece of a speaking-tube. By this last the sounds which it is desired to transmit are collected and concentrated, and, falling on the metal plate, cause it to vibrate. These vibrations, in their turn, excite in the two wires electric currents, which correspond exactly with the vibrations—that is, with the original sounds. If, now, the wires are connected with an ordinary line of telegraph, specially insulated for the purpose, the sounds can be transmitted to any distance, and, on arriving at their destination, are reproduced in a precisely similar apparatus. Already there are varieties of the telephone, but this is its essential nature. I have endeavoured to be brief, without, I hope, becoming obscure."

The new Glasgow City Halls will, as I have already announced, be inaugurated on the 13th of November, by a performance of the *Messiah*, but on the 15th there will be given the first performance of a new cantata, specially written for the inauguration of the City Halls by Dr G. A. Macfarren. There is something specially appropriate in the choice of both the composer and the work, for Dr Macfarren, albeit the greatest of living British musicians, is himself a Scotchman, while the work is a version, in the form of a cantata, of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. The *Lady of the Lake* is, perhaps, the most popular poetic work of Scotland's heroic poet, and its scene is, I need hardly remark, chiefly laid in the vicinity of Glasgow, in the heart of that Rob Roy country

which Scott loved so dearly. Nothing could therefore well be more thoroughly in keeping with the exigencies of the occasion than the cantata which Dr Macfarren has written for it. The subject, too, is peculiarly adapted to his talents, and its highly dramatic story has afforded him an opportunity of giving to the world a work which, so far as an opinion can be formed from a perusal of the score, bids fair to become one of the most generally popular of his many productions. The chorus parts have been for some time in Glasgow, where they are being carefully rehearsed under the direction of Mr Lambeth, and the leading vocalists have also received their music.—*Figaro*.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Great interest is shown in this event, shortly to take place. From music-lovers all over the country applications for tickets have been received, and the seats for every performance are being rapidly taken up. The second seats, which are for the first time numbered and reserved, appear to be well appreciated. These seats will be much better situated than in 1874. On that occasion (as the Corporate Property Committee would not allow any part of the hall to be pierced) the gallery supports consisted of cross beams of thick timber. For the present gallery only eight light iron pillars are used, so that the view from the back part of the hall will be obstructed but little. The gallery itself will also be improved in its slope. In 1874 the rise was 4½ in. for each of the sixteen stages. For this Festival the rise has been made eight inches. The choral part of the Festival promises to be the finest yet heard in this country. Already no fewer than twenty-two rehearsals have been held—fifteen at Leeds (of which five were general), and seven at Bradford. Mr Walter Macfarren, who will conduct his brother's new oratorio, *Joseph*, at the Festival, has twice attended rehearsals of the work; and Mr Thomas Wingham of London (who is to conduct Mr Austin's new cantata, *The Fire King*), has also personally directed rehearsals of that composition. These two new works are spoken highly of by the chorus singers, and by all who have heard the rehearsals. Middle Albani, who was engaged by the committee in view of Middle Tietjens' inability to attend, will sing the soprano solos of *Joseph*, and also take part in several other performances during the Festival.

A Mystery.

A l'issue de la visite faite au Palais du Trocadéro par la Commission musicale de l'Exposition, M. Ambroise Thomas, ne trouvant pas à Argenteuil le calme voulu, s'est dirigé sur la Bretagne, pour se renfermer de nouveau dans ses rochers de Saint-Gildas, où l'architecte Clerget lui a construit un nid à l'abri des Parisiens. Seul, M. Jules Barbier, a osé franchir ces inexpugnables rochers, et encore était-ce pour causer de la partition de "Françoise de Rimini" dont plus d'une belle page sera datée du Saint-Gildas.

Heugel.

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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Gloucester, Sept. 4.

The weather yesterday boded ill for the prospects of the 154th meeting of the "Three Choirs," instituted long ago for purposes so often described that to comment upon them again would be superfluous. To-day, however, to the universal satisfaction, not only of the Gloucester people, but of those who come from all adjacent parts with the object of listening to a sacred oratorio in a Cathedral, the weather has brightened up, the sun shines without intermission, and "the rain is over and gone." If there is no change for the worse in the course of the next few days, the complete success of the Festival is, we have reason to believe, insured, and in the actual state of public feeling there is likely to be a more than ordinary donation to the fund for the widows and orphans, to say nothing about the never unimportant fact that the stewards—not very far from 200 in number, in the list of whom we find the names of many clergymen—will hardly be called upon to contribute anything towards a deficit. Last year (after the little schism which metamorphosed what used to be the "Worcester Festival" into a series of prolonged church services) the Mayor of Hereford entertained the Mayors and Corporations of Worcester and Gloucester on the first morning of the Hereford Festival, and this time the Mayor of Gloucester entertains the Mayors and Corporations of the sister counties in similar manner. They arrived in special trains, and were received by their host (or rather hosts, for the Town Council shared the responsibility) at the Tolsey, where they robed, and then walked in state to the Cathedral. The service (held in the choir), of ordinary cathedral use, was without orchestra, the music to the service being that of Dr Croft (in A); the anthem, Sir Gore Ouseley's "O sing unto the Lord." The congregation was very large. The members of the three choirs, as usual, gave their aid; and Mr. S. G. Hayward, assistant organist at the Cathedral, played the accompaniments, besides a voluntary (J. S. Bach) at the conclusion. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Gloucester himself, who selected for text the ninth verse of the 16th chapter of Luke, beginning from the words:—"That, when ye fail, they may receive you into lasting habitations." The occasion was one of special interest and significance, the Bishop of Gloucester never having been credited as a staunch upholder of the Festivals.

The Bishop commenced his discourse by referring at once to the position of the charity for the relief of clergymen's widows and orphans, in whose behalf these Festivals were established. The grave fact, he said, that the permanent interests of the charity connected with this Triennial Festival must be considered to be in some degree endangered at the present time, is the reason why he was now there, and why with others he was anxious to do all that could be done to keep up in its full efficiency a charity of long standing in our own and the two neighbouring counties. With regard to the particular form of sustaining it, which it is right to say had come down to us in an unbroken sequence from a period as distant as a century and a half ago, and rested upon what we might almost call local traditions, little need be said. Most of his hearers knew his general views and opinions, and to these it was quite unnecessary for him to allude on the present occasion. This, however, he might properly and rightly say—first, that so great did he deem the good effected by this charity, so serious, and, indeed, seriously increasing, were the needs which it was designed to supply, that he should feel himself acting with something more than unkindness to the silent and uncomplaining recipients of this Christian bounty if at a critical period in the sequence of these Festivals he failed to put private opinions somewhat in the background, and refused to appear in that place to press upon them a cause which he would show to them in the sequel even more than ever required earnest and benevolent support. He would not look back to those strange days when races and balls formed a part of the week's arrangements, but simply confine himself to the time during which he had been connected with the city and diocese. It was right that he should notice that many a quiet and salutary change had

been effected in the arrangement and conduct of these Festivals. He should be much wanting in gratitude to the stewards and to the guardians of this noble cathedral, if he did not thus publicly recognise the distinct efforts on their part to make all who enter those venerable and historic walls feel verily that they were entering into the presence of the Lord of Sabaoth, and that they came there to take part with soul and spirit in a great series of the noblest and most heart-moving forms of praise wherewith it has entered into the heart of man to adore and to glorify his Maker. These efforts on the part of the Dean and Chapter and the Stewards he most joyfully recognised, and he felt with thankfulness that they have removed from before him some privately felt hindrances, and also some real stumbling-blocks. The right rev. preacher then proceeded to apply his text especially to the charity on whose behalf these Festivals were originated, referring to the condition of the clergy and the necessity for such a charity to help those who, through their self-sacrifice, were left unprovided for by this world's goods.

The oratorio of the day was the perennial *Eljah*, which, first heard in Gloucester some thirty years since, increases rather than diminishes in popularity. The performance began shortly before two o'clock and terminated about five. The Cathedral was as full as we can remember it to have been on any previous occasion, showing that Mendelssohn's last great work is always a safe attraction upon which to rely for the opening of a festival programme. Since the last meeting of the Three Choirs in this city, Gloucester has lost its Cathedral organist and the conductor of its Festivals since 1865. That in the late Dr Samuel Sebastian Wesley the artistic world generally has to regret one of the most consummate musicians of our time, to say nothing about his inimitable mastery of the instrument he loved so well, and to the ample repertory of which he contributed so much that will endure, need scarcely be said. Dr Wesley had not given the time and attention indispensable to win distinction as an orchestral conductor, but the association of his name with any institution having music for its object was of itself an honour to that institution. No son ever proved worthier a distinguished father than Dr Wesley, who inherited the love entertained by the elder Wesley for the works of John Sebastian Bach, and did as much to promulgate a taste for them in this country. No such man before him ever occupied the positions of Cathedral organist and conductor of the Festivals in the city of Gloucester.

Another estimable and well-reputed professor has also been lost to the Festival of the Three Choirs. It is necessary only to name Mr Townshend Smith, who for some quarter of a century was organist to Hereford Cathedral, and one of the most active promoters of the meetings of the Choirs. But very recently Mr Smith, after a journey to Gloucester on affairs connected with the business of the Festival, for which he was accustomed to train the Hereford choir and perform the duties of organist, was suddenly seized with apoplexy on his return home. Mr Smith was not, like Dr Wesley, a man of genius, but he was a musician of considerable attainments—a man of remarkable intelligence, great courtesy, and business habits not to be over estimated. He will in his sphere be regretted as much as Dr Wesley was in his. During all his career of influence he was the life and soul of the Hereford Festival. For this alone, independent of other claims to consideration, he will be remembered. That the death of two such men in the interval that has elapsed since the last assembly of the Three Choirs in Gloucester should call for some demonstration of sympathy was only to be expected. This could not through any other means be so aptly commemorated as by the performance of Handel's Dead March, given between the first and second parts of *Eljah*. We can only regret that the going out and coming back again of a large number of the audience did not admit of that reverential attention to a simple and magnificent homage to the dead which such an occasion should have enforced.

The performance of *Eljah*, under the direction of Mr Charles Harford Lloyd, Dr Wesley's successor, was for the most part excellent. That the absence of so glorious a singer of sacred music as Mlle Tietjens should have been lamented, more especially the cause of her absence borne in mind, was natural.

Nevertheless, what could be done in the circumstances was done according to the best means at hand. That which had been set down in the first part for the eminent *prima donna*, was undertaken by Mdme Sophie Löwe and Miss Adela Vernon. The first had been already proved at the Monday Popular Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere; the second, who has studied under a no less competent mistress than Mdme Sainton Dolby, is comparatively a beginner. She, however, promises well, and sang the music allotted to her with real intelligence and feeling. Happily, the services of Mdle Albani had been already secured for the second part of the oratorio, and her rendering of the trying air, "Hear ye, Israel," with its inspiring sequel, "Be not afraid," if anything could have consoled us for the absence of Mdle Tietjens, was just the thing to do it. Mdle Albani threw her whole soul into this impressive exhortation; nor was she less successful in the unaccompanied trio, associated with Mdle Sophie Löwe, and our unequalled contralto, Mdme Patey, or in the "Sanctus," "Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord," the simple grandeur of which has never been surpassed. When it is added that the whole of the music of the Prophet was undertaken by Mr Santley, that the chief part of the contralto music was consigned to Mdme Patey, and that the tenor music was shared between Mr Cummings and Mr Edward Lloyd, enough has been said to show that the solo music was intrusted to thoroughly efficient hands. The choruses, into detailed particulars of which it is wholly unnecessary to enter, were given, as they are almost always given at these Three Choir Festivals, sometimes admirably, sometimes without that precision in the absence of which much of the intended effect is missed. The voices, however, are excellent, and with careful training might achieve great things.

The first evening concert at the Shire hall brought an immense audience. The programme comprised portions of the *Paradise and Peri* of Schumann, with a miscellaneous selection, including Mendelssohn's violin concerto, superbly executed by M. Sainton, and applauded with enthusiasm.

Wednesday, Sept. 5.

The new conductor, Mr C. Harford Lloyd, had imposed upon himself for to-day a task to accomplish which even indifferently well is by no means an easy matter. The first part of the programme was devoted, not to J. S. Bach's *Passion* according to Matthew, as was announced, but to a lengthy selection from that immortal composition. There could have been no harm in stating this frankly, inasmuch as every amateur is aware that the entire oratorio, as Sir Michael Costa some time ago presented it at one of the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, would occupy the day, to the exclusion of Beethoven's *Engedi*, the unwarrantably distorted version of Beethoven's *Christus am Elberge* (*Mount of Olives*) to which we have occasionally been accustomed at Exeter Hall and elsewhere. However, what was given in the Cathedral was ample enough. To name all the pieces—choruses, "chorales," recitatives, &c.—that were necessarily omitted would be wasting space to no purpose. It may be stated without further preamble that the execution of Bach's often abstruse and invariably difficult music was creditable to Mr C. H. Lloyd, and all, without exception, who worked under him—solo singers, chorus, and orchestra alike. Mr Lloyd, though young in his newly undertaken office, and therefore more or less inexperienced, seems to possess the right stuff for a conductor, combining those essential attributes of firmness, quietude, and self-control, in the absence of which any hope of reaching eminence as a ruler in this particular sphere of art-demonstration must be altogether illusory. The grand and elaborate double chorus, "Come, ye daughters, weep with me" (Zion's exhortation and the responses of the faithful), which, with its ingeniously interwoven choral prayer, "O Thou, begotten Son of God," opens the oratorio so magnificently, was for the most part rendered with a clearness and precision worthy unqualified praise. Here conductor, orchestra, and chorus were tested so severely that the satisfactory result may, with fairness, be recorded as a

triumph. Without entering into minute details, it may be added that other choruses afforded no less convincing proofs that the singers had been most carefully and intelligently trained. Among special instances may be named the furious outburst of the multitude, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?"—sequel to the plaintive duet for soprano and contralto, "My Saviour, Jesus, now is taken," of which the abrupt exclamation of the chorus, "Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!" is so striking and characteristic a feature. The "chorales" chosen from the many comprised in the oratorio were "O blessed Jesus!" "My sin it was which bound Thee," "O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!" "O Father, let Thy will be done!" "O Lord, who dares to smite Thee?" (to the same tune, with slight modifications, as "My sin it was," &c.); and "O Thou whose head was wounded"—all well given and, as in such circumstances they could hardly fail to be, deeply impressive. The tunes of the greater number of these "chorales" were originally meant to be sung by the congregation, to whom they must naturally have been familiar; and the emotions engendered by them in the spirit of devout believers thus called upon to take part in the act of worship may be easily imagined. It is a fact of too much significance to be disregarded that the oratorios illustrating the passion of the Saviour, of which only two (the disputed *St Luke* being unpublished)—viz., *St John* and *St Matthew*—are now generally known, were, like other similar works of Bach, intended expressly for performance, not in a secular, but in a sacred building, where the lessons they teach might be more emphatically impressed upon the mind. That the congregation of to-day—for congregation, at least during the performance of the *Passion* music, it may strictly be termed—were earnestly attentive and apparently absorbed almost from beginning to end both in the text and in its sublime musical interpretation, it is satisfactory to note; but the word "almost" suggests some drawback to what would be otherwise an unqualified verdict of approval. The opening bars of the final chorus, "In tears of grief we here recline," one of the most touching and exquisite pieces that ever came, "like strong inspiration," to Bach, or to any other composer, were the signal for a general exodus—to lunch! Can we feel surprised that such unseemly occurrences give weapons of significance to those who conscientiously object to the festival performances being held in a cathedral?

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The "Classical Nights" given by the Messrs Gatti have proved very attractive. Wednesday evening was a "Mozart" night. The G minor Symphony, capably played, under the direction of Signor Arditì, was the *pièce de résistance*. It was listened to with great attention, and each movement was received with more or less applause. The other pieces were the overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the *andante* and minuet from the Second Quartet (in D minor), played by all the stringed instruments (the minuet encored), and, for the first time in England, an *andante* (Op. 86) for the flute, capably played by Mr Oluf Svenaden. The vocal pieces were "Voi che sapete" and "Batti, batti," sung by Mdle Maria Derivia, and "Non più andrai," by Signor Medica. We should also have named a solo on the violoncello, played by M. Antoine Bouman.

The second part of the programme was, as usual, devoted to miscellaneous compositions. A selection from *La Grande Duchesse*, for orchestra and band of the Coldstream Guards, was well played. Mdle Debilemont was the pianist, and Mdle Pommereul the violinist. The first-named gave Liszt's "Fantaisie hongroise" (encored), and the last a fantasia on Gounod's *Faust* (also encored). Two quick marches, "The Leicester Square" (Mazzoni) and "I Bersaglieri" (Arditi), were effectively played by the orchestra and band of the Coldstreams. The vocalists were Mdles Rajmondi and Celega and Signor Medica. Signor Arditì's new bolero, "Il Gitano," sung by Signor Medica, so pleased the audience that they insisted on its repetition. The concert concluded with the "Bon soir" Galop, by Mr F. Godfrey.

A "Handel and Haydn" night is announced for next Wednesday, and Friday is to be a "Ballad" night.

LEIPSIC.—A new one-act opera, *Prinzessin Rebenblüh*, by Herr Mühlendorfer, is in preparation at the Stadttheater. One of the principal features in the programme of the Liszt concert, to be given at the Gewandhaus about the middle of the present month, will be the Abbate's "Faust Symphony."

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

Pictures from the Life of the first German Operatic Singer.

By W. LACKOWITZ.*

III.

(Continued from page 583.)

There now began a most diligent and ceaseless course of study for five whole years. It was the object of the careful master not so much to form an extraordinarily fine voice as a singer sure of herself, and in every respect a skilful musician. This object he perfectly achieved. Lessons in singing alternated with lessons on the piano; theoretical exercises, also, were prescribed and important works analysed—in a word, due attention was paid to every part of the pupil's musical training. Her voice attained singular volume and beauty. Without the slightest sharpness, it penetrated, with tremendous power, through chorus and orchestra, while, on the other hand, it could descend step by step to the lowest piano. Her execution surpassed everything previously known. She was able to sing one of Hasse's airs twelve times in succession, ornamenting it on each occasion extempore with different artistic figures which the best instrumental performer could not have excelled. For five entire years was she thus carefully taught, and in those years she became a really great singer. Father Hiller did not conceal from her, however, that she was deficient in almost everything requisite to form a dramatic artist. According to his statement, she was unable, after a five years' residence in his house, either to walk or stand properly, and he made no secret to her of what he thought. She had improved but little bodily. She was still the same ugly object she had been as a child. Hiller could wish for no more docile and obedient pupil as a singer, but in every other respect she manifested unparalleled obstinacy. All the unpolished, rough manners of her father, to whose society alone she had so long been exclusively accustomed, clung to her so tenaciously that most persons were painfully affected by them, and even forgot the singer on account of them. She perversely resisted every influence brought to bear upon her, directly it was not connected with music. Where the latter was concerned, she was as tractable as a lamb, but in everything else as "stubborn as a mule." She wanted to become a great singer and nothing more; what the world thought of her in other respects was, she declared, a matter of utter indifference. When Father Hiller often explained to her, with blank despair, that, if she did not alter, even as a singer she would be able to appear only in the concert-room and never on the stage, she laughed like an imp and assured him she was perfectly satisfied. But Fate had other views in store for her, and now stepped forward in the person of the Electress of Saxony.

IV.

The Electress had heard Gertrude sing in Leipzig, and, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, a sovereign mandate came one fine day from Dresden for "Miss Schmahling" ("die Jungfer Schmahling") to undertake the part of Queen Semiramis, there, in one of Hasse's operas. This was a thunder-clap both for master and pupil. But they had to conform themselves to the inevitable. It was the Dowager Electress herself who had arranged the matter. "Aye, but was the affair to be carried out off-hand?" the reader may inquire in astonishment—knowing that special studies, especially dramatic studies, were needed, and that the girl had never engaged in them. True—yet what was at that time expected from a singer on the stage? She was bound to sing differently, and certainly better than many artists we hear at the present day; in other respects, operatic writers themselves took care that profound dramatic studies were not unconditionally necessary. The command emanating from the Electress was, of course, forthwith obeyed at Leipzig, and thus Gertrude went to Dresden. Her august patroness immediately perceived in what the "Leipzig girl" ("Leipsigerin") was principally deficient. She directed that Gertrude should, with all possible haste, be taught to stand and walk, to hold her body and her head, so that she might in some degree understand how a Semiramis would move and deport herself, for the girl had not the slightest notion on the subject. As a matron, the famous artist frequently, with sparkling humour, acted to her friends the scenes in which she was then the

principal personage. "They dressed her out," she said, "like a milliner's block; they tugged away at her, anyhow: they shoved her backwards and forwards upon the stage, till her anxiety knew no bounds. Yet it all vanished the moment she was able to open her mouth and sing; then she knew everything, and probably did it as it ought to be done." And it would really seem that her magnificent gifts as a vocalist disguised the ridiculous figure she must undoubtedly have cut as Queen Semiramis, for we hear nothing of a failure. The anxiety she had gone through, and the way in which she had been jostled about, so that, in obedience to the sovereign mandate, she might be set up properly, with all speed, had left behind them so unsatisfactory an impression, that she returned to Leipzig with the firm determination of never treading the stage again. Faithful to the precepts of Father Hiller, she resolved to devote all her energies exclusively to the concert room. She had come to see in what a step-motherly fashion she had been treated by Nature; and, having no desire herself to remedy by incessant observation and efforts the immense defects in her personal appearance, gave up all notion of competing on the stage with the then leading vocal celebrities, Todi and Gabriel, two artists who, by their vocal skill and their dazzling beauty, enjoyed the greatest celebrity throughout Europe. But it is a strange fact: the boards representing the world possess a mighty attraction for all who have once trodden their narrow domain. Everyone who has known the emotions of the world behind the scenes is drawn back again to that world as though by a thousand arms, and, despite all good resolutions to the contrary, will certainly embrace the first opportunity of satisfying his secret longings. This is what happened to young Gertrude. It is true that she had made up her mind never again to set her foot on the stage. With redoubled zeal she had plunged once more into her studies. "You were very right, Father Hiller," she said: "I am no good for opera, but I may become a great singer despite of that—may n't I?" And Father Hiller nodded approval, though, probably, it grieved him in the bottom of his heart to think that his pupil's extraordinary natural powers could never be measured with the brilliant stars in the operatic heavens. But, notwithstanding all Gertrude's good resolutions, the visit to Dresden recurred very frequently to her mind. As the days glided by in monotonous repose, the paler grew the disagreeable circumstances connected with Queen Semiramis; and all that remained was the recollection of the splendour and brightness bound up with them. What a life had been hers in Dresden, compared with the sameness of her existence in Leipzig! How different was everything when she appeared in the first-named city, compared to her experience of the Leipzig concerts. On the one hand were the quiet, devout burghers of the good trading town, all as plain and simple as they had been for years; on the other, the sparkling brilliancy of the Court, with the high, nay, the highest magnates of the land at her feet, while she—had she not felt that she stood above them, when she sent forth so triumphantly her magnificent notes, and all present broke out into enthusiastic applause of the "milliner's block"? The yearning after the world she had thus once seen took deeper and deeper root: and the question, "Is it then really not possible to remedy the defects which cling to me and bar my road?" kept rising with greater frequency in her heart, however little inclined she was to admit the fact. It needed only an impulse from without for all these dreams and secret wishes suddenly to find utterance. The opportunity soon arrived. When it did, she quickly made up her mind and did not recoil from the temptation. Even Father Hiller's anxious remark: "My child, you cannot do it; you really cannot do it!" elicited only the simple answer: "One must try." The following was the way in which this came about. Since the days of Augustus the Strong, the eyes of all Germany had been continuously directed to that true copy of the Court at Versailles, the Court at Dresden. The latter had, in a certain degree, come to give the tone to the Empire; for evil, however, rather than good. Everything which happened at Dresden was instantly reported on all sides. Things, too, had somewhat changed since the days of Augustus the Strong; and the young Prussian Eagle had, probably, new reasons why its Ambassador should invariably send to Berlin an exact report of everything that happened in Dresden. This, however, does not now concern us. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that the Ambassador's special reports extended to the Dresden Opera. The latter, in the days of Augustus the Strong, was the best in all Germany, and

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

even for some time afterwards a model of Italian opera generally. Though it had not preserved this eminence, yet it was still of such excellence that Frederic the Great could take it as a guide to some extent in Berlin; and this he did, as far as such a course agreed with his own views on art. So the Prussian Ambassador at the Court of Saxony was strictly charged to send Count Zierotin, Frederic's *Directeur des Spectacles* in Berlin, early and exhaustive information of everything which took place at the Dresden Theatre. It was in this way that the fame of the young "Leipsic girl" flew to Berlin, without her entertaining a notion of the fact. Everyone was amazed. It was an utter impossibility! A female German singer in an Italian opera? And with great success? Who ever heard of such a thing! Italians were the only privileged artists! True; but the fact was not to be explained away. There it was in the report, in black and white, and the Ambassador absolutely seemed to wax quite warm on the subject. Yet it was incredible, or, at any rate, unexampled. It was so unexampled that, when his Director proposed the German girl as a singer at the Royal Opera, Frederic answered roughly, "Are you mad, Zierotin? A fine idea! I would rather hear an air neighed by a horse, than have a German as *prima donna* in my Opera company." Zierotin was in despair, but what could he do? At that precise moment, an eminent female artist was needed at the Berlin Opera, and it was incumbent on him, under all circumstances, to obtain such a one. But where was he to look for her? The incredible intelligence reached him from Dresden like a message from Heaven, but only for him to hear it thus received by the King. Zierotin, however, was not the man to be so easily put off, especially as he perceived no other means of escape from the dilemma in which he was placed. He followed the proverb: Continuous drops will wear away rocks, and kept cautiously reverting to the Leipsic girl. He did not miscalculate the effect of his plan. Having constantly to hear the praises of this German singer from Zierotin's lips, Frederic at last consented that she should be ordered to come "on trial" to Berlin. The trial, however, was to take place not on the stage but in a room, and before the King. And it was this very circumstance which decided Gertrude Schmahling's destiny. A trial on the stage—who knows how such a trial would have turned out? In this fashion, the summons to Berlin found its way to Father Hiller's house at Leipsic; and, despite all the representations of that sorely exercised professor, who foresaw no good result from the step, Gertrude resolved to obey it. "One must try," she observed; and with this observation put an end to all further remonstrances. Well, Gertrude Schmahling did try: and the trial, as far as the singer was concerned, proved no failure. The German entered the lists against her Italian sisters and came off victorious. For many years she was the undisputed *prima donna* of the Berlin Opera, the favourite of the King and of the public—despite all personal infirmities, which, however, concerned not the singer but only the woman. There can be no question that her partiality for defiance and contradiction was the principal cause why these personal infirmities eventually reached a pitch inevitably followed by a tremendous rupture. What Frederic the Great could bear less than aught else was the spirit of opposition; his will had to be obeyed in the slightest matters with which he was connected. But of this, more presently.

(To be continued.)

SEPTEMBER.*

We know that September is passing,
For changed are the leaves on
the spray,
Bright leaves now all tinted, and
shaded with gold,
Your glory will soon pass away.
We know that September is passing,
For the ploughman begins with
the ground,
And the sower deposits the seed for
the spring,
And the hop-pickers busy are
found.

We know that September is passing,
By the rich mellow fruit on the
tree,
When the swallows assemble and
nurture their plans
For their flight o'er the wide-
spreading sea.

We know that September is passing,
For the sportsman is heard on
the moor,
And the days that are short'ning
already foretell
That the reign of bright summer
is o'er.

* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

During the last month two new *prime donne* have appeared in Melbourne. On the 10th June Miss Jenny Sharpe, of Sydney, but some years ago known at popular entertainments given in this city and the suburbs, made her appearance at the Prince of Wales' Operahouse as Arline in *The Bohemian Girl*. There was a crowded house on the occasion, and Miss Sharpe was courteously and encouragingly received by the audience, but the young lady's means did not justify her appearing again. On the 30th June Mrs Howitz (Miss Staff), a young lady well and favourably known in the concert-hall, appeared for the first time in opera, at the Prince of Wales', as Maritana in the opera of that name. Her voice is a pure soprano, and her singing in the opera was very satisfactory, but she has much to learn as an actress.

On the 23rd June Mr Levey, the cornet player, concluded his engagement at the Operahouse, and then made visits to Geelong, Ballarat, Stawell, and Sandhurst, where he gave performances. Mr Levey was succeeded at the Operahouse by Mons. Léon Caron, an accomplished violinist, whose best performance has been his own concerto in D minor, a splendid work for the solo instrument, with accompaniment for full orchestra.

The other performances at the Operahouse have been *Giroflé-Girofla*, *La Belle Hélène*, *La Périochole*, and *Trial by Jury*. The part of Helen was sung by Miss Clara Thompson (sister of Miss Lydia Thompson). When *La Belle Hélène* was first produced in Melbourne the same part was sustained by Miss Emily Melville, now in the United States. *Trial by Jury* was produced as an afterpiece to *La Belle Hélène*.

On the 26th June the Melbourne Philharmonic Society performed *Judas Maccabeus* in the Town Hall. Mr. David Lee acted as conductor.

Offenbach's grotesque romantic opera, *The Brigands*, was produced for the first time at the Operahouse on the 7th inst., and is very successful.

J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, July 10, 1877.

TAMBERLIK.

It is generally supposed that Tamberlik was born at Rome. This is a mistake. Some interesting details supplied to M. Prével fix the celebrated singer's origin. His real name is Thomas Berlic (Berlic signifying, in Roumanian, the ace of clubs), and he was born in a small Roumanian village in the neighbourhood of Botouchani. The son of poor peasants, he entered when a boy the service of a rich farmer, whose coachman he became somewhat later. One day he had to drive his master to Botouchani, just as the Italian company performing at Jassy happened to be passing through the place. While rubbing down, in the courtyard of the hotel, the horses he had taken out of the carriage, he began singing some national Roumanian airs, which are pitched very high. As chance would have it, the tenor of the Italian company was also in the courtyard. Astonished at such singing, he went up to his room, took his tuning-fork, and verified the notes. Berlic already possessed the *ut de poitrine* which made his fortune. In ecstasy at his discovery, the Italian artist called his comrades. They asked Thomas to sing, and they asked him to drink. The end of the matter was that the manager offered to take the poor young coachman with him, and have him taught music and singing. He promised the youth 450 francs a month. Berlic, who earned 150 francs a year, with two pairs of boots and a "rain-cloak," according to the custom of the country, enthusiastically accepted the terms, and set out with the Italian company, accompanying them on their return to Italy, where he made his appearance shortly afterwards with a success which kept continually increasing. What a distance now separates him from Jassy!

BADEN.—Herr Hans von Bülow lately paid this town a visit, after making a stay of nine weeks at Kreuznach, where he met a medical friend who discovered what was really the matter with him, and told him what was the proper treatment for his case. Herr von Bülow leads a very retired life, and avoids all society. Whether, or when, he will resume his professional career is still very uncertain.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival-Play.*

(Continued from page 584.)

The place which Wagner assigns to the orchestra is utterly unworthy. The members of the orchestra become the pariahs of the Opera. Far superior in many ways, in knowledge, ability, industry, modesty and musical spirit to the not always musical artists, puffed up by their high salaries, who act upon the stage, and who are accustomed to being overwhelmed with applause, for most moderate achievements, by a crowd incapable of judging, here they are treated as mere machines. But now to consign the orchestra, however contemptuously the singers may look down on them from their Olympian height, to the glowing temperature of a cellar in July and August, is to forget that the best and most estimable interpreters of musical art sit in our orchestra. * * *

If we follow Wagner's peculiar course of development, we find that always the next work is a negation of the preceding. Has the poet-composer reached the end of his endeavours in the *Nibelungen* Trilogy? Who can know that? When the ripe Beethoven looked back upon the works of his youth, which still bloom to-day, did he deny them as misgrown, stunted children? Certainly not. The master who in his youth composed the three Piano Trios, Op. 1, is for us just as much a composer by the grace of God, as the old man, deeply bowed down and confused by sickness and by bitter life experiences, who wrote the Quartet Fugue, Op. 133, and the Quintet Fugue, Op. 137. He is lovable, deeply sympathetic, genial and imperishable in his earlier, as he is bold, worthy of admiration and of reverence even in the aberrations of his latest period.

Every great artist has certain sins and weaknesses to regret in his youthful works; but such an eager haste for ever new forms and effects, such an unquiet nervous striving continually to startle the world anew, to convince it of one's own greatness and importance and obtrude himself upon it as a redeeming Saviour, as we find in Wagner, the history of Art has never known before. We admire his extraordinary qualities, his many-sided talent, his energetic strength, his superhuman perseverance, yet he cannot convert us to the belief that he is the expected Messiah of Art. But the ball of his fame is at last rolling, and it is in no man's power to stop it. If one should speak with angels' tongues against the weaknesses, and the pernicious tendency of the new direction, it would be in vain; what good has it ever done to raise an instructing, warning or satirical voice against the exorcences of fashion? There is but one consolation to offset such experiences: after every intoxication follows awakening. It seems to us as if Mozart and Beethoven and their great forerunners and successors, in presence of these artistic aberrations, rose up before us mightier and more majestic every day, and spoke even a more impressive language than they ever did.

Will the *Nibelungen* Trilogy have a future, i.e., will it come into closer contact with the theatres so hateful to the composer? Will the future really do homage to the new Art doctrine? We might answer, No: but unaccountable and indefinable as the changes of fashion are the tastes and inclinations of the public. Minds continually thirsting for novelty may find a satisfaction in a speedy repetition of the Trilogy: and this may beget in turn all the livelier craving for the wholesome food of an earlier period. Nothing is more transitory than a musical creation. No work of any other Art fades, evaporates, dies away more rapidly. How little of what is best and noblest in what we now have has any prospect of eternal or of long duration? And what avails the applause of the moment? Many of the most excellent works have found an enthusiastic reception, admiring praise and eloquent homage, and the next decade has entirely forgotten them. Every artist strives for posthumous fame, sacrificing his best power to an empty fleeting phantom. Wagner's Trilogy might have some chance of longer life and general diffusion, if some good, enthusiastic friend of the composer could be found, an expert in the business, who by skilful cuttings should reduce the work for four evenings to a work for one evening and of moderate length. Were all the beauties of the colossal drama condensed into a single night; were all that is unnecessary, all that is lengthy and tiresome set aside, then one might listen to the *Ring des Nibelungen* with true pleasure.

* From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

Wagner's endeavour to bring out his work in all possible perfection was exceedingly to his credit. But here, too, although extraordinary means were placed at his command, the insufficiency and limitation of human effort was most strikingly apparent. To build a house on purpose for the festival play, was an act of mad extravagance and measureless presumption; to place it away off in little Bayreuth was, mildly speaking, an inconsiderate way of doing business.

For Wagner himself the month of August of the year 1876 was a month of honour in the fullest meaning of the word; then he attained what no master of Art ever attained before. If among the audience at the Festival Play there were some dissenters and opponents, and if the general success of the work as a whole remained a very doubtful one, yet princely favour and the homage of the fair, generous friends and enthusiastic followers heaped upon him substantial proofs of devotion and esteem in almost overwhelming measure. On the other hand no one ever understood, as he does, how to stir up a fermentation, how to importune and set up great claims. May he enjoy what satisfaction he has had! He has not been spared also days of bitter trial and discouragement: he has been through the hardest struggles. The applause, perhaps intended less for the poem and the music than for Wagner personally, and for the fatalistic conviction so strongly stamped in him of his prophetic calling, was every evening tumultuous. On the conclusion of the last series it roared through the house for full ten minutes. In that moment the poet-composer stood at the zenith of his glory; he had reached what a mortal in his boldest dreams can only hope and long for; he too could tell of a parterre of princes; representatives of all cultivated nations brought him admiring homage.

It is generally known what a bad impression Wagner's short speech at the end of the first series made. Although he had given out through placards that neither he nor the performers would respond to a recall ("since they must not step out from the frame of the Art work in course of representation"), yet he did at last allow himself to be cheered and called before the curtain. Without any inward excitement, without a trace of joy and satisfaction, in that moment when the profoundest emotion, overflowing thankfulness would naturally have inspired him, he spoke only the cold words: "You have now seen what we can do; will you now!—And if you will, we will have an Art." He said it, bowed and disappeared. As if drenched by a shower bath, the astonished assembly went away. Even the most devoted friends of the great, but so imprudent man, who had given vent to his over-full artistic heart in this unexpected way, showed themselves confounded and put out of humour; the adversaries triumphed. Jest and bitter observations were upon all lips. In vain did the unfortunate orator, at the festival banquet of the next day, seek to weaken and wipe out the unfavourable impression of his words. And so the most magnificent and most pretentious artistic enterprise of modern times closed, very fitly, with a word of unexampled pretension. None the wiser for this experience, Wagner allowed himself again, at the close of the last series, to be drawn into a public expression of his views.

(To be continued.)

WÜRZBURG.—The second annual report of the Royal School of Music has been published. We learn from it that there are fifteen professors, including the Director, Dr Karl Kliebert, who teaches the two departments of musical theory and choral-singing. The School was attended during the past year by 387 pupils, who gave four concerts and four evening entertainments to which the public were admitted, besides four evening entertainments among themselves.

WIESBADEN.—After a short illness, Bernhard Hopffer, the composer, expired on the 21st ult., at the hunting-seat of Niederwald, near Rüdesheim. He received his musical education at Kullak's Academy, Berlin, studying composition under Herr Wüerst. In April, 1871, his opera of *Frithjof* was successfully produced at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. A festal piece of his, entitled *Barbarossa*, was performed at the same theatre on the return of the army to the Prussian capital, after the war with France. "Pharao," a ballad by him, for chorus and orchestra, was publicly performed at Berlin in 1876, by Hollander and Stern's Vocal Association. Bernhard Hopffer suffered from disease of the lungs, which interfered greatly with his work. He survived his brother, Emil, who wrote the libretto of *Frithjof*, only six weeks, and is laid by his side in the new cemetery here.

THE NATIONAL OPERAHOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Two years ago, Mr Gye, without any provocation on my part, attacked me in your columns on the ground that I had endeavoured to make engagements with singers under contract to him. I had done nothing of the kind. Now he pretends that I have made "covert attempts to depreciate his theatre," and founds upon that imaginary fact a right to indulge publicly in fanciful calculations as to the amount required for finishing the National Opera-house on the Victoria Embankment.

I did not seek to depreciate Mr Gye's Theatre. I said that "the London theatres now existing were situated in crowded and unhealthy neighbourhoods, so that to ventilate them was to let in bad air;" and it is not my fault if Mr Gye takes what was meant as a general observation as one particularly applicable to Covent Garden. I did not invite him to discuss my estimates—or rather, the estimates of the architect and contractor—for the National Opera-house; they were never intended to meet with his approbation. But, as I am about to issue £110,000 of preference shares for the purpose of completing and furnishing the building, I must beg you to allow me enough space, not to follow Mr Gye through his long array of figures, but to touch only on one or two items of the extravagant sum which he would like my economically, though liberally, planned enterprise to cost.

The outlay in building the Royal Italian Opera "very nearly doubled the original estimates," therefore, according to Mr Gye, no faith can be placed in any estimate; or rather every estimate must, according to Mr Gye, be multiplied by two. If the architect and contractor of the National Opera-house say, as they do, that £110,000 is required to complete and furnish the building, the sum really wanted is £220,000. If they had said £220,000, the amount needed would be £440,000, and so on.

Mr Gye would seem to forget that the foundations of the National Opera-house have been solidly established; that the works have been erected up to the first tier of the boxes; and that the cost of finishing the building can now be calculated with comparative precision.

Again, to give an idea of the wildness, or, at least, inaccuracy of the calculations which Mr Gye has taken the trouble to make for my enlightenment, allow me to call attention to the annual charge which he proposes should be levied on the National Opera-house for fire insurance. At Her Majesty's Theatre it amounts to about £900. Mr Gye, when I was his partner at the Royal Italian Opera, paid also about £900. Yet the amount that Mr Gye suggests that I should be charged at the National Opera-house is £5,250. Why this notable difference—especially when it is borne in mind that my theatre will be absolutely fire-proof? The floor of the pit at the National Opera-house is of concrete; the pit floor of Covent Garden is of wood.

But I can forgive Mr Gye his periodical onslaughts on my undertaking; for if he did not believe in its success he would not, as he in fact does, take every opportunity of undervaluing it. I remain, your obedient servant,

J. H. MAPLESON.

Her Majesty's Theatre, August 31.

M^{ME} ADELINA PATTI is engaged by Mr Pyatt, of Nottingham, for five concerts, to be given during the month of October, in Manchester, Nottingham, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bradford. Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley will appear with M^{me} Patti at each concert.

Miss Minnie Hauk made her *début* on Tuesday, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*. A correspondent informs us that the charming American *prima donna* "never acted better in her life. The house was crowded, and there was no end of applause. The audience called for her after each act till they were hoarse; but Minnie was not allowed to come forward, the directors saying that it was against the rules of the Institution."

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

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A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit

to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER.

The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it.

All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*.

Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Crime Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. P.—We cannot insert our correspondent's letter without his name and address.

POLKAW.—It would be throwing time and labour away. Poem received.

BIRTH.

On August 28th, at 21, Lancaster Road, Westbourne Park, W., the wife of Mr CHARLES GODFREY, Royal Horse Guards, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On August 22nd, at Ixelles, Mdlle ALINE DE GLIMES, aged 67, sister to M. Jules De Glimes, of Brussels.

On August 28th, of heart disease, at his residence, 8, Montpelier Terrace, Brighton, FRANZ M. D'ALQUEN, Esq., aged 73 years.

On August 31st, at Deal, WILLIAM HENRY PHIPPS, formerly of the Royal Academy of Music, aged 69.

On September 3rd, at 2, Manchester Square, ALICE BOULAN, youngest and beloved daughter of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

Elenchus.



(At the Whale and Distaff.)

MODERN ALBOHALUS (*meditating*).—Avicenna;—ass;—Pomperatious ass;—Cardanus assent. Goethe about genius! And Alghern! (*reads aloud to himself*):—

"That great genius is liable to great error the world has ever been willing, if not more than willing, to admit; that great genius not equally balanced by great intellect is not one half as liable to go one half as wrong as intellect unequally counterpoised by genius, is a truth less popular and less familiar, but neither less important nor less indisputable. . . . And from this point of difference, if from no other point here discernible, those who will or who can learn anything may learn a lesson in criticism which may perhaps be worth laying to heart: that genius, though it can put forth no better claim than intellect may assert for itself to share the papal gift of infallibility, is naturally the swifter of the two to perceive and to retrieve its errors. Where genius takes one false step in the twilight and draves back by instinct, intelligence once misguided will take a thousand without the slightest diffidence; will put its best foot foremost in the pitchy darkness, step out gallantly through all brakes and quagmires till stuck fast up to the middle, and higher yet, in some blind Serbonian bog of blundering presumption, and thence will not improbably strike up a psalm of hoarse thanksgiving or shrill self-gratulation, to be echoed from afar by the thousand marshy throats of a Motion or Emotion frog

concert, for the grace here given it to have set a triumphant foot on the solid rock, and planted a steady flagstaff on the splendid summits of supreme and unsurpassable success."

Oh Pimini! Ambroise Thomas forbid that I should say "Rimini."
(Enter BAYLIS BOIL and PURPLE POWIS.)



BAYLIS BOIL.—And Byron said that Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini*—

PURPLE POWIS.—Was all "Rimini" —

BAYLIS BOIL.—"Pimini." (Exit ALBOHALUS.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDLLE TIETJENS was yesterday not so well. An unfavourable change took place on Saturday, and she was yesterday visited by her London physician.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Tuesday, Sept. 4.

SEPTEMBER recalls the following facts:—the 1st, birth of Amicare Ponchielli, Paderno Fasolaro (Cremona), 1834; the 4th, Inauguration of the Mozart Monument at Salzburg, 1842;—the 5th, birth of Giacomo Meyerbeer, Berlin, 1791—death of Angelo Catelani, S. Martino di Mugnano, 1866; the 7th, birth of André Philidor, Dreux, 1726; the 8th, death of Jacopo Foroni, Stockholm, 1858—inauguration of the Conservatory of Music, St Petersburg, 1862—first performance in Italy of Spontini's *Vestale*, Naples, 1811—inauguration of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Milan, 1808; the 10th, birth of Nicola Jommelli, Aversa, 1714; the 11th, birth of Eduard Hanalick, Prague, 1825; the 12th, death of G. P. Rameau, Paris, 1764—birth of Theodor Kullak, Krotoczyn, 1818; the 13th, birth of Clara Wieck-Schumann, Leipsic, 1819; the 14th, birth of Luigi Cherubini, Florence, 1760—death of Philip Emmanuel Bach, Hamburg, 1788—death of Giuseppe Mosca, Messina, 1839; the 15th, death of Pierre Marie François Baillot, Paris, 1842—death of Alessandro Rolla, Milan, 1841: the 17th, birth of Saverio Mercadante, Altamura (?), 1795—death of Francesco Pollini, Milan, 1846—death of Giacomo Tritto, Naples, 1824—death of Francesco Geminiani, Dublin, 1762—birth of H. M. Berton, Paris, 1767; the 19th, first performance of *Struensee*, by Michel Beer, with music by his brother, Giacomo Meyerbeer, Berlin, 1846; the 20th, death of Daniel Steibelt, St Petersburg, 1823—death of Vincenzo Federici, Milan, 1827; the 21st, birth of August Wilhelmj, Usingen, 1845; the 23rd, death of Vincenzo Bellini, Puteaux, near Paris, 1835—death of Marie Garcia-Malibran, Manchester, 1836—first performance of Gluck's *Armide*, Paris, 1777; the 24th, death of André Grétry, Montmorency, 1813; the 25th, birth of G. P. Rameau, Dijon, 1683—death of Johann

Strauss, Senr, Vienna, 1849; the 26th, first performance of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, San Carlo, Naples, 1835; the 30th, first performance of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, Vienna, 1791.

SPEAKING at Weber's grave, Wagner thus apostrophised the composer of *Der Freischütz*:—"Never was there a German master like to thee! Wherever thy genius carried thee, to whatever boundless region of the imagination, thou wast ever knitted by the fibres of thy tenderness to the German heart, with which thou didst weep and laugh like a believing child, when it listens to the stories and legends of its home. As thou didst preserve virtue untarnished, thou didst not need to invent or think, but simply to feel, and the original was produced. Thou didst guard virtue till death, for thou couldst not sacrifice so fair an inheritance of German descent. Thou couldst not betray us. See how the Briton does thee justice! The Frenchman, too, admires thee. But to love thee is given only to the soul of a German. Thou art his; a beautiful day of his life; a warm drop of his blood; a portion of his very heart!"

On the organ at Halberstadt there are painted the portraits of three monks, who, according to tradition, sang themselves to death with sacred music, while Satan sat in a double-bass, disturbing them with his groans and growls.

SPEAKING of the composer of *La Reine de Chypre*, Gustave Planche observed:—"Halévy reminds me of a painter all whose original pictures look like copies."

CONCERT.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Mme Liebhart's concerts continue to be largely attended. On Saturday last 9,000 persons assembled to enjoy a thoroughly popular programme. The artists were Mme Liebhart, Miss Giulia Warwick, Mr Wilford Morgan, and Mr Maybrick, together with the grand orchestra, under the direction of Mr F. Kingsbury, and the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr C. Godfrey. Mme Liebhart sang "Little bird so sweetly singing" with such charm as to call forth an enthusiastic demand for its repetition; Miss Giulia Warwick was successful in her rendering of "Rory O'More;" Mr Wilford Morgan gave his popular ballad "My sweetheart when a boy," with great effect, his voice being heard to much advantage throughout the vast space. In reply to an enthusiastic encore, he gave "My pretty Jane." In the second part of the concert he was called upon to repeat "La donna è mobile." Mr Maybrick sang "Non più andrai" in capital style, and afterwards "Nancy Lee" (encored, "True Blue" substituted). The British Army Quadrille, played by the combined orchestra and bands, was received with great cheering, and finished up the concert admirably. Mr Wilford Morgan, owing to his great success, has been engaged for every evening next week.

PROVINCIAL.

ABERDEEN.—THE KENNEDY FAMILY.—This accomplished family of Scotch vocalists gave an entertainment, on Saturday evening, Sept. 1st, in the Music Hall, which was filled by an appreciative audience. Songs "i' the braid Scottish tongue" have not lately received the attention they deserve, and it is, therefore, pleasant to find that the efforts of the "Kennedy Family" were received in the right spirit. The pieces given were chiefly Scotch, the exceptions being of such a character as to render their admission to the programme not only excusable but desirable. One of the most amusing features of the concert was the "pawkinsness" of Mr Kennedy, sen., displayed in the explanatory remarks with which he prefaced nearly every song. His story of Saunders M'Glashan was well received, the homely pathos and "auld-farrant" humour being keenly appreciated by his listeners. The programme contained amongst other pieces "The Four Maries," "My Nannie's awa," and "Rantin' Rovin' Robin." The "Cloud capt towers," glee, by six voices, was in itself an entertainment.

STEEPLE ASHTON.—With the exception of Salisbury Cathedral—says the *Trowbridge Chronicle*—we suppose there is no church in the county that has a better organ than the fine old church of St Mary's in this village, and it was thither a large number of the neighbouring gentry repaired on Thursday afternoon, August 30th, to hear its grand tones brought out under the fingers of Mr H. Millington

organist of Trowbridge parish church, who "recited" the following pieces:—

March, *Naaman* (Costa); Motet, "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn); Offertoire, in G minor (Wely); Allegretto, in B flat (Lemmens); Trio, "La Carità" (Rossini); Air, "I know that my Redeemer" (Handel); Chorus, "How excellent" (Handel); Andante Pastorale, in B minor (Guilmant); Concerto, in F major (Rink); Andante, in G major (Batiste); Chorus, "We worship God" (Handel); Improvisation on Theme (Lemmens); Air, "O rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn); Grand Chorus, "Hallelujah" (Handel).

The organ is the gift of Mrs Long and her family as a memorial to her husband, the late R. P. Long, Esq., of Rood Ashton House. Being in a church, there was, of course, no demonstration of applause, but we feel sure all must have felt grateful to Mr Millington for the high musical treat he had given them. After the recital the vicar and Mrs Hartley entertained a large party at the vicarage.

John Hullah Speaks.

[REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1876, BY JOHN HULLAH, ESQ., INSPECTOR OF MUSIC, ON THE EXAMINATION IN MUSIC OF THE STUDENTS OF TRAINING COLLEGES IN GREAT BRITAIN.]

(Continued from page 585.)

I have, in several reports addressed to your Lordships, and repeatedly on other occasions, expressed my scepticism in respect to the entire musical incapacity even of persons who have attained middle life without giving any attention to music; and my absolute disbelief in it, in the cases of what are called "young persons," a *fortiori* of children. Of adults this is not the place to speak. But two remarkable illustrations of "natural" inaptitude for music were presented to me at the close of one of my last examinations in the persons of two first-year students of the average age, both of whom were reported to me as voiceless and earless. A few minutes' encouraging investigation proved that they both possessed *contralto* voices, in as yet unformed conditions, and that, consequently, they had great difficulty in using their "second registers" at all, and greater in passing from one register to the other. They were able, though somewhat slowly, to reproduce correctly any sound sung or played which was within their as yet very limited compass.

In connection with "failures," entire or partial, I may mention that the number of "colds" has been also unprecedentedly small this year. On the occasion of my first inspection tour, colds were provokingly, if not astonishingly, numerous. Their number, I will venture to say, will for the future be in tolerably steady ratio with the preparedness of the mass of students, among whom it is now generally understood that the worst cold need never affect a student's "marks;" for it cannot possibly prevent his knowing the 4th of a scale from the 7th when both are sounded, nor even so thoroughly disguise his "style" as to prevent its recognition, for more than a few moments.

My scheme of examination remains essentially the same as in 1872. In one subject included in it, style, I find very general improvement. The solos "previously studied" have this year in many instances been sung with considerable taste, as well as with perfect accuracy of time and tune. Moreover, they have been chosen often, by those who have had to sing them, with far more judgment than formerly. The lists of songs to be sung presented to me in some of the colleges might have satisfied the most critical taste, including, as they often did, fairly representative compositions of the very best matters. An evidence of the indirect action of one of the new subjects of study on another was furnished by a female student at the Free Church Training College, Edinburgh. She sang me a French song, the first I had ever heard in a training college to foreign words.

I regret to have to notice still considerable, though assuredly diminished, unwillingness on the part of many students to *sol-fa*. The indulgence of this unwillingness is a great practical disadvantage to a student. Rarely do I hear a note correctly *named* and at the same time incorrectly sounded; and I find generally that the correctness of its intonation is in proportion to the readiness with which its name is applied to it. *Sol-fa*ing requires thought, and unwillingness or inability to *sol-fa* are results and proofs of unwillingness to think. The notion, once all but universal, that musical performance is a sort of trick, in no way connected with or dependent upon knowledge and the power of applying it, is not yet extinct, even among educationists who are non-musical, and it has still a mischievous influence on those who would willingly attain musical skill were it attainable without trouble.

I do not know how it is with other subjects, but in respect to music some teachers still show a sad inappreciation of *method*. Musical text-books are sometimes strangely used. Pieces are picked out from them and practised, apparently because they please the

ear, without reference to their musical purpose, their illustration of a theoretical point or exemplification of a practical difficulty, and of course without reference to what, in the *course* of which they form part, precedes and should lead up to them. Method is no doubt a wretched tool in feeble and clumsy hands, but it is an efficient and beautiful instrument in strong and skilful ones. I find, too, that much practice still goes on apart from theory, and much theory apart from practice. Theory and practice, if not identical, are in music largely interdependent, and the occasions in which they are dealt with separately should be quite exceptional. Perhaps every teacher needs to be reminded occasionally that the course over which he is for the twentieth time guiding a class is being travelled by them for the first. I think, too, that in not a few instances it would be found on investigation that impatience of routine is more often and perhaps more severely felt by teachers than by learners, the most heedless of whom generally know, and rejoice in knowing, that he is improving in knowledge or skill.

The practice, once so common in male training colleges, of assigning the soprano parts of music for the perfect choir to students with tenor voices, who inevitably sing them at an octave below their real pitch, is, I rejoice to say, nearly extinct. I trust that my repeated and earnest remonstrances against this practice will, for the future, save students from the mischievous effects of producing and becoming used to the horrible cacophony sometimes resulting from it. At one or two colleges, eminently York and Peterboro', this evil is avoided by the occasional introduction of boys from the "practising schools." But this, of course, involves the teaching of such boys "to sing from notes," still, I fear, an exceptional proceeding in practising or any other elementary schools.

The objection, once so common in the female training schools, to "singing second" seems to have disappeared entirely. Indeed, I am told, the more intelligent and earnest students *ask* to be allowed to do it.

(To be continued.)

To F. C. Burnand Esq



When I tell you that Brigham Young the great Mormon Abraham died at Salt Lake City in which salt abounds on the twenty ninth August you will clearly understand why a certain letter in last number of *Fors Clavigerra* was not from the pen of Robert Lowe nor intended to uphold Ruskinian proclivities also that a *Years Letters* by Mrs Horace Mann for the *Estlet* is the first attempt of Algernon Swinburne to surpass Dickens if not Thackeray which again more than explains why two girls in a fit of religious enthusiasm drowned themselves in the miraculous well at Marpingen Rhenish Prussia and why miracles at Lourdes amount to ten six women three nuns also why R. A. Proctor is surprised at so little attention being excited by the discovery that Mars has two satellites Ancharis Alsinastrium being the vegetable potato beetle which Professor Teufelsdröckh and Academus might have found in their portneffers yours obediently Tobias Duff Esq

BERLIN.—The Royal Operahouse re-opened with *Lohengrin*. The first novelty will be Herr Brüll's *Landfrieden*, and the second, Herr Wüerst's *Offiziere der Königin*. Whether, in addition to the above, *Die Walküre* or *Die Königin von Saba*, will be given this season is at present quite undecided.—M. Ch. Leocq's *Petite Mariée* has, under the title of *Graziella*, been successfully produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, though, with the exception of Herr Swoboda, as San Carlo, none of the artists did anything like justice to the music, however well they acquitted themselves histrionically. The band, under Herr Kleffeld, was good, but the chorus too noisy.

BRUNSWICK.—It will be twenty-five years in October since Herr Franz Abt commenced his official career here as substitute for the *Capellmeister*, Herr G. Müller, who had been granted a long leave of absence on account of ill-health. On the death of Herr Müller, in 1855, Herr Abt succeeded him as Court Conductor and Director of the Orchestra at the Ducal Theatre. With a view of properly celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary, the orchestra and several vocal associations have determined to give two concerts, one on the 29th and one on the 30th of the present month. Among the eminent artists who have promised their co-operation is Herr Niemann.

CARL LUDWIG FISCHER.

This artist, whose sudden death at Hanover we recently recorded, was born in 1816 at Kaiserlautern. He manifested at an early age a partiality for music, and played Rode's violin concertos when he was only eight. In 1832 he took lessons of Herr Fach-born, *Capellmeister* at Mannheim, in the theory of his art, and was then himself engaged in the above capacity at Trèves, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Nuremberg, Würzburg, and Mayence successively. From the last-named town he went, in 1852, to Hanover, where he was appointed first *Capellmeister* in 1850. In 1847 he received the diploma of the Royal Academy of Belgium and the large Belgian Medal for Science and Art. In 1858 the Saxe-Ernest House Order was conferred on him. He was, moreover, a member of the Guelph Order and of the Red Eagle Order of Prussia, both 4th class.

A REMINISCENCE.

A MORNING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT. 1841.

I had lately published a second series of English Songs, a copy of which I had presented to my kind friend, Lord Burghersh,—afterwards the Earl of Westmoreland, an amateur composer of Italian operas, a Director of the once famous "Ancient Concerts," and the Founder of the Royal Academy of Music. His Lordship had, from my early boyhood, taken a kindly interest in my musical studies, and now sought a favourable opportunity to introduce me to His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, whose musical proclivities and acquirements were well known. To that end Lord Burghersh presented to the Prince not only my second, but my first set of songs, published in 1838, which included a Serenade which has since acquired celebrity,—viz., Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee." His Lordship intimated to me that His Royal Highness had introduced them to the notice of the Queen; that they had been much admired; and that both Her Majesty and the Prince had graciously signified their wish to see me, and to hear me play. A time was appointed for my attendance at the Palace—at noon on Thursday, the 17th of February, 1841.

It was then the young Queen's almost invariable custom to take a morning drive in an open carriage, and, in going from and returning to Buckingham Palace, to pass and re-pass Baker Street, Portman Square, the street in which I resided. I awaited Her Majesty's return, and immediately followed in the same direction. On arriving at my destination I was conducted to an ante-chamber in the Prince's suites of apartments, and was soon joined by Captain Francis H. Seymour, now Major-General Sir Francis H. Seymour, Bart., who, as he incidentally remarked, was, by virtue of the office he held in the Prince Albert's household, "in attendance" upon me.

After an interval of about half-an-hour it was signified to me that His Royal Highness was prepared to receive me, and I was ushered into his presence. I found Prince Albert, attended by the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, the Master of his Household, standing in an apartment of moderate dimensions, simply furnished, for a royal palace, and about which there was an unmistakable air of domestic comfort. I was introduced to the Prince, who received me so graciously, and in such a kind manner, that I felt at once at my ease. There was no condescension traceable in the Prince's manner, which was charming, and indeed fascinating by its exquisite delicacy and refinement. I was in the presence of a highly-bred gentleman. Despite the thirty-six years that have passed over my head since my memorable and most interesting interview with the then young Consort of Her Gracious Majesty, I retain a most vivid remembrance of his handsome, noble countenance and figure, of his graceful deportment, and truly Prince-like bearing.

My compositions were referred to by His Royal Highness in encouraging and complimentary terms, and I was asked to play "something." I noticed that against the wall stood a grand square pianoforte, by Broadwood, and that over the instrument hung a finely painted portrait of Her Majesty,—an excellent likeness. The pianoforte, which was closed, was opened by the Prince himself, who expressed his regret that, for my sake, it was not a "Grand," and he added, with considerate amiability, that he was sorry "the Queen," who had intended to be present, was unavoidably absent. The Prince took a chair, and seated himself close to the pianoforte on my right hand, and placing his right leg perpendicularly over his left knee, he nursed it, so to speak, while I played, from memory, Thalberg's *Andante in D flat*. After I had played, the Prince expressed admiration both of the composition and its performance. He spoke of Thalberg, his charming playing, and his works. I was an ardent admirer of Thalberg; he was my *beau idéal* of pianists;

I knew him well, and had been much with him at Vienna in the autumn of 1838, when he often played to me his new works, at the palace of his father, the Prince Dietrichstein. I was again requested to play, and one of my own compositions. I selected one, not then in print, a Romance Varié, entitled "La notte serena," which I had originally designed to dedicate to Thalberg. This piece, which has since become well known, pleased the Prince, who said many kind things about it. His Royal Highness then rose, and we four—the Prince, Captain Seymour, Mr Murray, and I—formed a standing group, while the Prince was delightfully conversational. He encouraged me to talk, by enquiring if I had been in Italy—probably struck by the Italian title of the pianoforte piece he had just heard. I replied that, in the autumn of the preceding year, (1840), I had passed three months in that country, dividing my time between Milan, Venice, Florence, and Rome. I spoke enthusiastically of Italy; and I soon discovered that my royal listener was no less an admirer of "La bella Italia," where, as I afterwards learned, he had passed some time. After speaking of the then condition of music in Italy, from his own personal experience, the Prince remarked that he would tell us an anecdote, and, with much humour and animation, he proceeded to narrate an occurrence which befel an old Italian musician, the recollection of which seemed to afford him amusement. The details of the story have faded from my memory; but I remember that it was about an old "Fanatico della Musica," who was engaged in the composition of an opera, when an inundation deluged the town, or city, in which he dwelt. I fail to recollect whether it was Pisa, Florence, or Rome. The poor old gentleman continued to compose and write while the waters were gradually rising higher and higher. Absorbed in his work, and heedless of the danger of being drowned, he would consent to retire only when the waters had almost reached the legs of the pianoforte, and his own! We laughed at the Prince's anecdote; but none appeared to enjoy it more than the narrator of it.

The interview, which had lasted an hour, terminated by His Royal Highness asking me if I had heard the Queen's private band. On my replying in the negative, I was asked if I would like to hear a performance. Captain Seymour was requested to accompany me to the Music Room, where, under Mr Anderson's direction, the Band were then practising. The Prince gracefully bowed when I retired from his presence. I met in the Music Room many gentlemen of the orchestra with whom I was acquainted, and listened with much pleasure to the performance of two or three pieces, admirably executed.

I recall with pleasurable sensations the agreeable hour I had the honour to pass in the company of the amiable and accomplished Prince Consort in 1841; but, mingled with my reflections, as in the majority of our pleasant remembrances, there is a dash of sadness and regret.

CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

'Ameters.

I.

Onwards we carelessly wend in the calm of the summer eve sunset;
Up wells the cool blue tide, down sinks the hot red sun;
Narrower, narrower grow the grey sands, and we over the boulders,
Flit in a dream of life flashed from the argent sea.

II.

Now the gloom of the towering rockiness bars our passage;
Rest we unmindful, content, making a couch of the stones.
On her pale colour I gaze at the lines of the ripples reflected,
Wavery silver lines: clasped in a close embrace.

III.

Far off a cluster of long narrow clouds linger o'er the horizon,
Looking like corpses of clouds, mournfully linger, then fade.
Over the firmament other and sinister shadows are gathering;
Up wells the cold black tide, gleaming with devilish light.

IV.

Noisy the waters are splashing, and noisy the caverns are echoing;
Through the loud noise my ears swoon in the sound of her sighs:
Dark is the precipice, dark is the sky and the air and the ocean;
Through the thick darkness my eyes live in the light of her look.

V.

Cool is the rising tide, as it flows away restlessly over us,
Scarcely we notice its waves, rapt in each other's being.
Phosphorescent wavelets lighten her delicate loveliness;
Less do we feel them and less, lost in a vision of love.

Polkato.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

(Reminiscences of 1877, from the Scrap-book of a Dilettante.)

No. 6.

ADELINA PATTI'S MARGHERITA.

Last night a densely crowded audience was attracted to Covent Garden by the announcement that Madame Adelina Patti would appear as Margherita in Gounod's *Faust*. Several years have passed since she last played this part, in which—with Mario as Faust—she made one of the greatest among her many successes. Since then she has become a superb actress; her voice has gained a large increase of power; and her impersonation of Margherita last night was so remarkable a display of histrionic genius, combined with unequalled vocal ability, that her resumption of the character will be one of the chief attractions of next season. An analysis of her performance would occupy more space than we can spare, but her execution of the "Jewel Song" deserves special mention. The long shake at the commencement, the ascending scale passage which follows, and the concluding shake on B and C sharp in *alt.* were specimens of faultless vocalisation. Here, as indeed throughout the opera, the genius of the actress enhanced the triumphs of the singer. Mad. Patti was enthusiastically applauded, and bouquet-throwing was indulged in to a preposterous extent.—*Globe*, July 20.

No. 7.

ALBANI'S OPHELIA.

Of the several representatives of Ophelia, no one has surpassed Mdle Albani in grace and charm of manner and vocal excellence. This artist added the character to her *répertoire* in 1873, when special success attended her performance, the merits of which have become even greater with the development of dramatic power that has been evident during last year and this. Again, on Wednesday, the gentle tenderness of Ophelia's share in the love scenes with Hamlet, the dreamy abstraction with which the music of the garden scene was rendered, the expression of grief and despair at Hamlet's rejection of her, in the trio with that character and the Queen; and, above all, the touching pathos of Ophelia's blighted hopes, and the expression of a love only extinguishable by death, were admirably realised.—*Daily News*, July 20.

No. 8.

ETHELKA GERSTER'S ELVIRA.

Considering the advanced period of the season the audience attracted by *I Puritani* was exceptionally numerous and brilliant. This cannot be ascribed to the opera itself, inasmuch as Bellini's last and most ambitious work, studded though it be with melodic gems, and associated with traditions of the greatest quartet that ever graced an Italian stage, has long since lost the favour of the public. Mr Mapleson's house was filled simply because Mdle Ethelka Gerster appeared for the first time in England as Elvira, and because a naturally strong desire was felt to witness her representation of another of the characters everywhere accepted as tests of light soprano greatness. With regard to the manner in which the new *prima donna* would sing Elvira's music, no doubt whatever could have been entertained. Her previous doings sufficed to establish her as a vocalist of the highest order—not a perfect vocalist, because liable, at times, to unaccountable fallings off, but still among the highest because far more often accomplishing feats impossible to talent of a lower kind. It was certain, therefore, that Bellini's strains, florid and sentimental, would have a notable rendering; and those who had formed sanguine anticipations with regard to the result were amply justified. We were more convinced than ever as to the high character of Mdle Gerster's singing. She not only made an exceptionally brilliant display, but satisfied critical judgment by intelligent and truthful expression, combined with a more obviously sympathetic quality of voice. In these important respects Mdle Gerster's latest effort was a distinct advance, and as such the audience applauded it, encoring the well known polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," and marking their appreciation of "Qui la voce" by two genuine recalls. Elvira affording no higher test of dramatic power than Amina or Lucia—being perhaps, more unreal, and, therefore, more conventional than either—it is impossible yet to say in what measure Mdle Gerster is an actress. But, while leaving this for determination by her forthcoming embodiment of Gilda, we might point out numerous evidences, supplied by Elvira, that she brings to this branch of her art a rare intelligence and a thoughtfulness taking even small matters into account. It was satisfactory to note how she strove to be natural first of all, and gave but little heed to *ad captandum* effects. Thus, when Elvira first learned the flight of Arturo, instead of a demonstrative exhibition of feeling meant for the eye of the spectator, we saw a woman dazed by a sudden blow, confusedly retiring up the stage to look, vacantly, in the direction

the fugitive had taken, and showing, by a frequent aimless lifting of the hand to the head, what sort of mischief had been done. In her Lucia, like touches of faithfulness to nature appeared, and the example just cited was only one of many tending to strengthen a conviction that in Mdle Gerster we have an artist who can act as well as sing, and, therefore, makes a double claim upon public regard. Her success as Elvira was all that she herself could have desired—a success which, like her embodiment of the character, may be described as real, and in no respect conventional.—*Daily Telegraph*, July 19.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—With blushing shame and deep mortification, I confess that my Florentine name-sake has turned my quotation from *The Critic* (which I thought so very *à propos*) triumphantly against me. On reference (for the first time, I am ashamed to own) to the 139th Psalm, I find David exclaiming, if he soars to Heaven he there finds the Deity, and if he descends to the other place, do. ! Now as our line (I mean my Florentine name-sake's and my own) runs so,

"THY GOD IS EVERYWHERE!"

of course the above localities are both included; thus the idea must be credited to David, and I had acted wisely to let my Florentine name-sake alone, and not thrust my hand among nettles if I did not wish to be stung.

Habet et musca splenem, et formica sua bilis inest.

Nevertheless, Mr Editor, *entre nous*, all things considered, I think I have the best of it; for, if the idea emanated with King David, I was, at all events, the second to make use of it, while my Florentine name-sake only comes in third.

I thank him, however, for putting our verses like

Hobson and Dobson,

Check by jowl,

for obvious reasons, and above all for making me look into my Bible. Yours for ever,

JOHN BARNETT.
Cotteswold, Leckhampton Hill, near Cheltenham,
Sept. 3, 1877.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 8th:—

Toccata with Pedal Solo, F major	Back.
Andante from the First Symphony	Mozart.
Organ Sonata, No. 1, F minor	Mendelssohn.
Allegretto, C major	Alex. Guilmant.
Minuetto, G sharp minor, Op. 44	Dussek.
Marche aux Flambeaux, C minor	Meyerbeer.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 8th:—

Marche Hongroise	H. A. Wollenhaupt.
Air, "For ever blessed"	Handel.
Prelude and Fugue, E flat major	Back.
Variations on an original air	S. S. Wesley.
Adagio from the Sonata Patetica	Beethoven.
Fantasia, "Hommage à Handel"	Moscheles.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Dessoff has returned to this town after a few days' visit to Vienna. During his stay in the Austrian capital the negotiations were renewed for his return to the Imperial Operahouse, as first *Capellmeister*, with the same rights and privileges as Herr Hans Richter, and it is not unlikely that they may be brought to a satisfactory termination, provided Herr Dessoff can obtain his release from the obligations into which he has entered here.

HAMBURG.—Herr Hentschell, conductor at the Stadttheater, Bremen, and composer of *Die Schöne Melusine*, lately played some scenes from *Lancelot*, a new opera of his, to a select company of artists, literary men, and lovers of art, among whom were Herr Pollini, manager of the Stadttheater, Herr Seidel, the *Capellmeister* there, and various members of the press. The scenes, though executed only on a piano, which could not give them due effect, produced a most favourable impression. The work will be brought out next month in Bremen. It is also accepted at the Stadttheater here.

Musical Souvenirs Various.
(Leaves from the Diary of a "Fanatico.")

No. I.

ARABELLA GODDARD'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

For many seasons London has not known so genuine and legitimate a sensation as that produced by the re-appearance in public of Mme Arabella Goddard after an absence from England of four years. In these days, when the vaunted claims of herculean pianists form the attraction of each musical season—when no solo instrument is in such high repute as the pianoforte, and no executive musician more highly eulogised than the pianist—the absence of Mme Arabella Goddard from England would have been a positive calamity, for she alone can take up the gage so defiantly flung down by foreign artists. We have therefore the greater cause to be grateful to the talented lady who, from pure love of art, comes forward at a time when she had almost formed the resolution of abandoning her public career—at least so far as England was concerned—to bid us be of good cheer, for the "tight little island" still can proudly claim for her own the greatest and most perfect of modern pianists. Mme Arabella Goddard was, it will be remembered, a juvenile prodigy. At the age when most children are engaged in musical researches of a primitive nature through the medium of a drum, rattle, whistle, or any other thing of terror which will produce a noise, Arabella Goddard was pondering over the pages of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Hummel, Mozart, &c.; and at that period of maturity when the generality of the rising population commence their infantile struggles with the alphabet, Arabella Goddard was playing in public—and before crowned heads, too. Precocious talent is too apt, however, to degenerate; and early promise of as decided a nature, too frequently foretells a stage of exhaustion as soon as the juvenile grows to be an adult. As exceptions prove the rule, so does the case of Arabella Goddard tend to show that genius may assert itself in childhood without necessarily proving ephemeral; wonderful as an infant phenomenon, the English pianist is no less so in the period of her ripe womanhood, and art may well acknowledge her pre-eminence in that branch to the consideration of which she has devoted her entire life.

There are more qualifications demanded of a pianist than that of mere mechanical facility, brilliancy of touch, or retentiveness of memory. We have of late had many notable examples before us, showing that the qualities we have enumerated no more make a perfect pianist than one swallow does a summer. It is needless to enter into comparisons, however, nor is there any necessity for being personal. Mme Arabella Goddard is a player, *sans peur et sans reproche*. As far as mechanism is concerned, no machine could be more accurate, more unerring; while in that higher province of the pianist's art—the absolute revelation of the composer's ideas—Mme Arabella Goddard's genius is strikingly exhibited. No executive musician can hope to give clear and precise expression to the thoughts of the composer without, at the offset, being willing to merge his own individuality into that of the author he interprets. The written page is simply a list of indications of what the performer is to do; any departure from these instructions shows that the player has no respect for the writer, and possesses vanity sufficient to excuse—in his own eyes—the introduction of any specious innovation or improvement his wayward fancy may suggest. But with Mme Arabella Goddard this is not so; she adheres firmly and honourably to the text, disdains the meretricious employment of devices calculated to arouse public wonderment at the pianist's facility at the sacrifice of musical decorum, and rests content—which, after all, must be the higher satisfaction—with the knowledge that, to the best of her abilities, she has rendered the author's works in the manner he intended. We have heard certain sonatas of Beethoven played in such a manner by pianists who led the town as St Dunstan did the Evil One—by the nose—that they were hardly recognisable, and in many quarters this has been accepted as evidence of the individual originality of the pianist. Fancy imitating in marble the Venus de Milo, and indulging in "originality" at the expense of the outline; fancy copying Turner and paying no attention to his combination of colours! There would be a speedy outcry against such practices, though neither would be a greater act of vandalism than the attempt to distort Beethoven in outline or to load him with superfluous "colour." It is a gratification for us to know that in Mme Arabella Goddard we have a pianist whose love of art renders her superior to mere petty personal considerations; it is valuable to know where we may hear a pure and undefiled rendering of a classical work, given with all necessary warmth of tone and breadth of effect, while violating no single precept which teaches respect for

the intentions of those who have "gone before;" and it is reassuring to know that the pianist at whose hands alone we can obtain these results is, in other provinces of art, as brilliant and inspiring as the strongest of pianoforte-tormentors who ever tampered with the classic masters.

But the loudest of Mme Arabella Goddard's praises must remain by us unsung; they are echoed in every true English heart, and proclaimed throughout the two hemispheres. That our leading pianist will be persuaded to give Londoners further opportunities of hearing her before the word "farewell" be spoken, is the unanimous wish.

..... Into the details of the performance it is not incumbent upon us to enter. Suffice it that the Queen-Pianist obtained a right royal welcome, and that her manifold efforts were greeted with the most signal marks of favour by the immense audience assembled.—*Sunday Times*, Oct, 15, 1876.

—o—
WAIFS.

The report that Sig. Bottesini is engaged at Havannah appears to be incorrect.

Mdme Edith Wynne is to be the vocalist at the Brighton Aquarium Concert to-day.

Sig. Boito will visit Ancona to superintend the production there of his *Mefistofele*.

Ilma di Murska has married once again. Her present husband is a Professor Hiller.

Henri Vieuxtemps has resigned his professorship at the Royal Conservatory, Brussels.

Le Roi de Lahore is to be performed next winter at Turin, Rome, and perhaps Naples.

Sig. Muzio has returned to Paris after a visit of some weeks to Sig. Verdi at Busseto.

Herr Lauterbach has sufficiently recovered from his accident to be able to leave his bed.

Mdlle Smeroschi is announced to sing in *Fra Diavolo* at the Teatro Malibran, Venice.

After leaving Weimar, the Abbate Franz Liszt stopped a few days with the Grand-Duke at Wilhelmsthal.

A Conservatory of Music will, in consequence of a vote of the Corporation, be shortly established at Rouen.

A man fooled into buying a pinchbeck watch called it Faith, because it was without works, and, therefore, dead.

The Casino-Cadet, Paris, is being transformed into a theatre. It will be opened in October with a four-act buffo opera.

M. Melchissédec is engaged to sing the principal part in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, at the San Carlo, Naples.

Les Charbonniers, first produced at the Variétés, Paris, will shortly be performed at Vienna, Hamburg, and Berlin.

Señor Pablo Sarasate is staying at Bonn, on a visit to Herr Max Bruch, who is writing a violin concerto especially for him.

Mr Wilford Morgan is engaged to sing every evening next week, at Mdme Liebhart's Concerts, at the Agricultural Hall.

An extraordinary concert, devoted entirely to the works of the Abbate Franz Liszt, will shortly be given at the Leipsic Gewandhaus.

In our notice of Mdme Liebhart's concerts, Mr Pollitzer should have been named as leader of the orchestra at the Agricultural Hall.

The Rhenish Singers' Festival will be celebrated in Cologne on the 7th October. Mad. Ethelka Gerster and Dr Krückel will take part in it.

A Quartet Society has been established at Ancona for the performance more especially of works by Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.

Mdlle Eugénie Bénard, the juvenile pianist, gained the first prize and scholarship at the Royal Musical Training school. There were 500 competitors.

Signori Pedrotti, Mazzucato, and Bazzini have been appointed to examine the candidates for professorships in the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, Venice.

It is said that M. Maurice Strakosch intends giving a series of Patti Concerts in Italy. These concerts are already announced at Milan and Venice.

The Kellogg-Cary Opera Company were to open in San Francisco on the 10th inst. They are announced to appear at Boston (U.S.) on the 12th December.

Herr Theodor Wachtel commenced, on the 30th August, a starring engagement at Prague. In about a fortnight, he will sing at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

La Teiganne, a buffo opera by Johann Strauss, words by MM. Delacour and Victor Wilder, has been put in rehearsal at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris.

On the occasion of his silver wedding, Professor Julius Sachs, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, received the Cross of the Ernest House Order from the Duke of Coburg-Gotha.

It is not Mdle Sangalli, as erroneously announced, but Mdle Lina, a Viennese "star," who will sustain the principal part in Léo Délibes' *Sylvia*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Mr Langdon Colborne, Mus. Bac., Cantab., late organist of St Michael's College, Tenbury, has been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Hereford to the vacancy created by the death of Mr George Townshend Smith.

An interesting concert of Old English Ballad Music (with synopsis selected from Mr Wm. Chappell's *Music of the Olden Time*) is announced for Sept. 12th, for the benefit of Mr Edgar Mowbray, one of the proprietors of the Mohawk Minstrels, at the Agricultural Hall.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS.—Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger* was performed on the 4th inst. by Miss Carina Clelland, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Bernard Lane, F. Cook, and Henry Corri. The conductor of the series is Mr Solla. The opera was well mounted, and the principals efficient.

The sum already subscribed for a monument to Félicien David amounts to 20,700 francs. The monument was to have been inaugurated on the 29th August, the first anniversary of the composer's death. But the sculptor, M. Millet, was not ready, so the ceremony has been adjourned to some future day.

Miss Alice May is engaged to open the new Opera House, at Leicester, on Monday next. The work selected for the opening night is *Faust*. Miss May's impersonation of Marguerite was highly extolled by the "Antipodeans," consequently her *début* in that character in England will be watched with interest.

At the second concert given by Mme Liebhart at the Agricultural Hall, a very large audience was present. Mme Edith Wynne appeared on the occasion, and sang with excellent effect; the orchestra played selections from Rossini, Wagner, &c.; and Miss Lillie Albrecht played Ketterer's octave "Galop de Concert" with refinement of style and brilliancy of execution.

Les Surprises de l'amour, music by M. F. Poise, words by M. C. Monselet, is in rehearsal at the Paris Opéra-Comique. There are only four parts in it, and no chorus. The artists will be Mesdcs. Galli-Marie, Irma Marié, MM. Engel and Dauphin. The subject is taken from a comedy by Merivaux, and has nothing in common with that of the opera by Rameau, which bears the same title.

Miss Blanche Lucas sang at the "Ballad Night," given by the Messrs Gatti at their Promenade concerts on Friday, August 31st, Mr Hatton's "Bird sang in a hawthorn tree," and "The last rose of summer," so much to the satisfaction of the audience, that she was "recalled" after Mr Hatton's ballad and called upon to repeat "The last rose of summer," but substituted "Comin' through the rye."

A fire, which caused a terrible loss of life, occurred on Monday in New York. It began at 9.45 a.m. in Hales' pianoforte factory, Thirty-fifth Street, near Eleventh Avenue, a large five-story building, in which 200 persons were employed. In a few minutes the flames enveloped the entire building, and many of the occupants jumped from the upper windows to escape. From twenty to thirty were injured, and the loss of life was heavy.

Mr Brinley Richards is now on a tour in South Wales. On Wednesday, August 30, he gave a lecture with musical "Illustrations" at Newport, Monmouthshire. There was a large audience. Misses Mary Davies, Lizzie Evans, and Mr Gwilym were the vocalists, assisted by an efficient choir. Mr Richards contributed a solo on the pianoforte, introducing "The Men of Harlech," which was immensely applauded. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.

Mr Weist Hill and his orchestra have resigned their engagement at the Alexandra Palace. The last concert took place on Saturday, September 1st, when the gentlemen of the orchestra presented Mr Weist Hill with a very handsome silver cup, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Henry Weist Hill, Esq., by the members of the Alexandra Palace Orchestral Band, in recognition of his great ability as their conductor, and as a mark of their esteem and regard."

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterwards married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, ma'am. But I don't know how to swim." He could stand fat, fair, and forty, but this case was altogether too loud, so he let down the pegs that made that music.

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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

(Continued from page 600.)

Gloucester, Sept. 7.

The leading vocalists in the *Passion of St Matthew* on Wednesday were fully prepared, and sang the trying solos as if they had been Germans and to the manner born. The *Grosse Passions-Musik* was evidently familiar to them. The soprano was Mdle Sophie Löwe, the contralto Madame Patey, the tenor Mr Edward Lloyd, the bass Mr Santley. A more efficient vocal quartet it would be hard to find. Then, too, in the subordinate parts, Miss Bertha Griffiths, a young contralto of decided promise, and Mr. Maybrick, the baritone bass, who, with excellent discrimination, looks up to Mr. Santley as his model, did real service. Thus the execution of so much as was vouchsafed to us of Bach's sacred masterpiece was more or less complete in each particular department. Into minute particulars it is needless to enter, but it may without hesitation be added in conclusion that this performance will be pointed to with marked distinction in future records of the Three Choir Festivals. The principal singers in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which, after the interval of an hour, followed the *Passion of St Matthew*, were Mdle Albani (who seems to be as much at home in Beethoven's as in Handel and Mendelssohn's music), Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Maybrick. The performance was generally effective; but this early effort in the sacred style of the Giant of the Orchestra, despite its many and unquestionable beauties, appeared somewhat dramatic, occasionally even operatic, after that which had preceded it. At night the first part of Mendelssohn's *St Paul* and the second part of Haydn's *Creation* were given in the Cathedral. But of the evening performances generally it will be more convenient to speak in an article apart.

Yesterday's programme, one of unusual variety and interest, opened with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's overture, *In Memoriam*—if "overture" that may be termed which is purely elegiac. The merits of this beautiful composition, which, originally written for the Norwich Festival, has on more than one occasion been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, are widely known and appreciated. It is a genuine poem in music, and its essentially religious character, enhanced by the happy use of the organ in the peroration, being strictly in keeping with the theme to which it is dedicated—the remembrance of a beloved parent—justly entitled it to the place it occupied in the selection of this morning. Every pains was taken by the conductor and his fine orchestra to ensure an efficient performance, and the result would have satisfied the author himself.

Next to *In Memoriam* came a "Kyrie Eleison" for solo voices and chorus, with orchestral accompaniments—part of a mass by Mr B. Luard-Selby, a musician of considerable promise. The entire movement is tuneful, smoothly written for voices and instruments, and everywhere marked by appropriate devotional feeling. The quartet of leading singers—Miss (not Mrs) Adela Vernon, Miss Griffiths, Mdme Patey, and Mr Cummings—were all that could be wished; and the "Kyrie" left a generally favourable impression. It was followed by a colossus, in the shape of Johannes Brahms' "German Requiem," which immediately absorbed attention, and kept it undisturbed until the very last chord. This magnificent piece was composed to a German text, instead of to the familiar Latin, there being, as Professor Macfarren reminds us in his exhaustive and interesting analysis, certain tenets in the Roman Mass for the Dead at "variance with the principles of the Reformed Church." "Hence," he adds, "the 'German Requiem' is not a *Missa pro defunctis*, but an exhortation to the living," like our English Burial Service. We at present only know it through an English version. As Mr Arthur Sullivan's "Overture," which began yesterday's performance, was composed as a tribute to the memory of his father, so is the "German Requiem" a tribute to the memory of a no less beloved mother. It would be hard indeed to conceive one more earnestly felt or more eloquently expressed; and Herr Brahms has not only reason to be proud of his *Requiem* because it is a truly noble example of art workmanship, but because of its admirable fitness for

the object that suggested it. To its general merits testimony has already been given, and a word about the performance is all that will be looked for. The singers in the "German Requiem" had almost as difficult a task—here and there quite as difficult—as some of the most trying passages in the *Passion of St Matthew*; and the fact that they came out from the ordeal with equal success is no little to their credit. The chorus and orchestra are taxed to the utmost by Brahms' independent writing, which not unfrequently recalls the still more uncompromising Beethoven in his grand *Missa Solennis*—to say nothing of J. S. Bach, who, judging by his music for the Church (motets included), was even less prone to study the convenience of voices. Nevertheless, several numbers in which shortcomings might have been looked for, and even readily excused, were among those rendered with the greatest fluency and precision. As a striking instance may be named the extraordinarily wrought-out fugue, set to the text, "But the righteous souls are in the hand of God, nor pain nor grief shall come them nigh"—a bold and original feature of which is the tonic pedal bass kept on incessantly from the opening bar to the end; and, again, the powerfully solemn illustration of the words, "When the last awful trumpet soundeth," the climax to which, "Grave, where is thy triumph! Death, oh! where is thy sting?" can never fail to be impressive, if the singers enter into the spirit of the music, as they certainly did on the present occasion. The solo passages were intrusted to Mdle Sophie Löwe and Mr Santley, who, it need scarcely be added, made them as effective as they could well be made. A few defects allowed for, indeed the admirers of Brahms must, unless terribly exacting, have been more than gratified by this performance of what may be regarded not simply as his most ambitious, but as his most entirely successful achievement.

The *Requiem* of Brahms was succeeded, and worthily succeeded, by one of the most familiar, scholarly, and melodious anthems of the late Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the production of which on this occasion was another appropriate tribute to the great organist and composer whom Gloucester held in such high and deserved esteem. Every amateur of pure and solid English Church music knows, or ought to know, the anthems of Samuel Wesley. A better choice could not possibly have been made, and it is agreeable to add that for the greater part a better or more carefully-balanced performance could not have been desired. More or less fatigued as the chorus singers naturally were by their spirited and arduous endeavours to do what was expected from them in the *Requiem* of Brahms, they nevertheless brought to the anthem of their gifted countryman an energy and vigour that seemed indomitable. The opening quartet and chorus must have persuaded every attentive listener how zealously all were intent upon the work before them, and how much, in honour of the regretted musician, it was to them a labour of love. From beginning to end there was scarcely a weak or faltering passage to be noted. That after so imposing and elaborate an effort as that of Brahms, the simpler but in no way less earnest work of the English organist should have come out so brightly, is an incontestable sign of its genuine quality. The solos were assigned to Miss Adela Vernon, Madame Patey, Messrs Cummings and Santley, Mr Done, of Worcester Cathedral, (who on this occasion undertakes the duties which were to have devolved upon the late Mr. Townshend Smith), being at the organ. About the glorious *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which brought this long but never uninteresting programme to a conclusion, it must suffice to state that the orchestral movements were played with remarkable spirit, and that the choral parts offered but few occasions for criticism. The solos were allotted to Mdle Sophie Löwe, Miss Vernon, and Mr Edward Lloyd. The duet, with chorus, "I waited for the Lord," and the air, "The sorrows of death," with its impressive sequel, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" by Mr Lloyd, were among the most noticeable points. To the sublime *chorale*, "Let all men praise the Lord," the entire congregation rose.

The *Messiah* to-day, with Mozart's additional accompaniments—of all "additional accompaniments" the most to be commended, or at any rate the least to be discountenanced—was, as it has ever

been, the crowning achievement of the Festival. No fewer than 2,468 people were present. That the chorus, the orchestra, the soloists, and the new conductor, Mr Harford Lloyd, knew every note of it by heart may readily be understood. One of the causes of the almost invariably good performance of the great "Sacred Oratorio" lies in the fact that the voice parts, both for chorus and leading singers, are so uniformly well written. In this respect Handel stands side by side with Mozart, his illustrious successor, and possesses an incalculable advantage over his contemporary and now acknowledged rival, Bach. Examine the solo airs, for soprano, contralto, tenor, or bass, and not a single one can be pointed to that lies otherwise than easily and gracefully for the voice. The musical hero of the present time, Johannes Brahms, might derive a suggestive lesson from this. To-day, in accordance with ordinary custom, the solo recitatives and airs were distributed more or less equally among the leading artists. To Mdle Albani, now a practised Handelian singer, and intelligent as she is practised, was assigned the lion's share of the soprano music, from the recitative, "There were shepherds," and "Rejoice greatly," in the first part, to the most truly devotional of songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in the second; Mdle Sophie Löwe, also an experienced adept in oratorio, undertaking "How beautiful are the feet," and the air, "If God be with us," the last of which is not unfrequently omitted, on account of its being placed immediately before the final chorus. The tenor music was divided between Messrs W. H. Cummings and Mr Edward Lloyd, the former's share being limited to the opening recitative and air, "Comfort ye, my people," with its sequel, "Every valley," which comes directly after the Overture—an introduction, by the way, like other orchestral preludes of Handel, having little in common with the spirit of what is to follow. Mr Lloyd gave the *Passion* music, from "Thy rebuke" to "But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell" (Part I.), and the furious denunciation, "Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel" (Part II.). How competent are both these gentlemen to their respective tasks, the lovers of Handel are aware. Mdme Patey was charged, appropriately enough, with the most important airs assigned to the contralto: "O thou that tellest glad tidings," the pathetic "He was despised," and the touchingly simple "He shall feed His flock" (the pendant to which, "Come unto Him," was allotted to Mdle Albani). Nevertheless, Miss Bertha Griffiths, who created so favourable an impression on the opening day, by her delivery of "Woe unto them," in *Elijah*, joined Mdle Löwe, Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley, in the two quartets, "Since by man came death" and "For as in Adam all die," and Mr Lloyd in the duet, "O! death, where is thy sting?" The bass music of Part I.—comprising "But who may abide" (so often given to a contralto), and "The people that walked in darkness," were confided to Mr Maybrick, Mr Santley taking "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and "The trumpet shall sound" (accompanied by Mr T. Harper), in the sequel. As usual, at certain choruses, such as "Hallelujah" and "Worthy is the Lamb, Amen," the entire audience rose to their feet, as if by electric sympathy; and it is not overmuch to believe that the great majority would gladly have joined their voices to those of the chorus in the oft-reiterated "Hallelujah," and in the final chorus of the multitudinous "Amen," which brings the oratorio to so grand a climax. Thus, once again, the sublime strains of the *Messiah* have been reverentially listened to within the sacred walls of a cathedral, where a fitting performance is regarded by very many earnest people in no other light than that of a solemn act of worship. And, after all, in this unequalled work, the music so devoutly reflects the text that such a conclusion, in the minds of those who think music never so well employed as when thus employed by Handel, is not altogether unworthy consideration. Moreover, it should be remembered that the *Messiah* is not a musical drama built upon some Scriptural theme, like *Samson*, *Judas*, *Solomon*, &c., but a sacred oratorio in the purest significance of the term. The oratorio commenced at half-past 11 and terminated at 4 p.m.

(By TELEGRAPH).

Night.

The special free service to-night proved an unqualified success, the Cathedral being crammed to the doors. It was difficult to find even standing room. The musical part of the service began with Dr S. S. Wesley's arrangement of the "Old Hundredth." The psalm of the day was sung to a chant by Dr Goas (in E), the "Gloria" being strengthened by the orchestra. The Canticles, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, were by Mr. H. Gadsby. The anthem was Purcell's "O sing unto the Lord." The prominent solos were undertaken by Messrs Cummings and Santley. In the hymn during the offertory, sung by full chorus with orchestral accompaniments, a majority of the congregation heartily joined. Then came Handel's "Hallelujah" from the *Messiah*. The Blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of the diocese, and as voluntary the March of the Priests, from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, was performed by the orchestra. Mr S. G. Hayward presided at the organ, M. Sinton being principal violin, and Mr C. Harford Lloyd conductor. The congregation was not less attentive and evidently impressed than it was numerous.

Monday, Sept. 10.

A summary of the evening performances at the Shire Hall and Cathedral included in the programme of what has been in certain respects the most successful Three Choir meeting ever held in Gloucester may be briefly presented. The selection from Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* at the first concert failed to excite any remarkable degree of interest; nor was the execution of this by no means easy music up to the general average of excellence achieved in other instances. The C minor symphony of Beethoven, however, and Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture were both played with spirit by the orchestra, and a concert overture in E flat by Mr Montague Smith, a young composer, who already shows that he has studied his art to excellent purpose, was heard with satisfaction and received with applause, not only because it was a novelty, but on account of its own unquestionable merit. Mr Smith's first overture, in fact (if his first it be), is good enough to encourage a well-founded hope that his second will be still better. The remainder of the programme—excepting M. Sinton's admirable performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, to which reference has already been made—consisted almost exclusively of familiar vocal pieces, requiring no special comment. The evening of Wednesday was devoted to a performance of oratorio music in the Cathedral, as substitute for the customary miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall, going far to prove how steadily the conviction of those who desire to perpetuate the Festivals takes root, that sacred rather than secular compositions should form the staple object of attraction. This, it will be admitted, tends more and more to conciliate opponents and disarm objection. Some have complained that, instead of the entire *St Paul* and the entire *Creation*, only the first part of each was given; yet, bearing in mind the fact that *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* were both included in the programme of the week, even the most enthusiastic admirers of Mendelssohn must have felt satisfied. Moreover, an occasion thus permitted of listening to the bright and cheerful strains of Haydn was difficult to ignore; and, as according to the general scheme, this could not otherwise have been obtained, Mr Harford Lloyd is provided with a reasonable excuse. The first part in its integrity, from any great work, is surely preferable to "selections," no matter with what excellent judgment contrived. Bach's *Passion* (St Matthew) was shortened of its colossal proportions in order that Beethoven's only oratorio might follow, while Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* was curtailed of seven numbers for the sake of a miscellaneous series of pieces, vocal and instrumental, in which some leading artists might be heard. On the other hand, the oratorios of Mendelssohn and Haydn, although only one division of each was vouchsafed, came to us, at all events, according to the fashion in which their respective authors had imagined them. Herr Niels Gade's cantata, *The Crusaders*, received with such favour at the last Birmingham Festival, when given under the direction of its composer, was the feature of the second and last miscellaneous concert in the Shire

Hall. This cantata, into the character and merits of which it is unnecessary again to enter, hardly came up to expectation; nor was the performance commensurate with the just claims of the music, a certain want of preparation, not to be remarked in other far more trying works included in the week's programme, being evident throughout. That the leading singers, M^{me} Sophie Löwe, Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley, one and all, were competent to their tasks need hardly be said; the general effect, however, was spiritless, and the impression created anything but vivid. *The Crusaders* is by no means difficult, but its adequate execution demands a nicety of gradation and detail, the absence of which is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as (like Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*) it was new to the Gloucester public. The second part commenced with an overture in B flat, by Mr C. V. Stanford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, a musician of recognised ability. Spirited, symmetrically constructed, and scored for the orchestra with excellent effect, this new overture was well given under the direction of its composer, and liberally applauded. Another feature worth mentioning was Weber's *Concertstück* for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann with the neatness and brilliancy for which that highly talented lady is noted. Mr W. H. Cummings introduced an air by Handel, "La bella Pastorella," of which the autograph manuscript was at one time possessed by Dragonetti, the renowned contrabassist. The air is pleasing, and would have been welcome as a curiosity, even had it been less well sung than by its present owner. The rest of the programme consisted chiefly of familiar vocal pieces, operatic and otherwise, sung by M^{lle} Albani, M^{me} Patey, Miss Griffiths, Messrs Santley and Maybrick. The notice of the German *Requiem* credits Mr Edward Lloyd with a share in a performance to which he did not contribute. As every one acquainted with the great work of Herr Brahms is aware, the solo passages are written for soprano and baritone; and these, as stated further down in the notice, "were entrusted to M^{me} Sophie Löwe and Mr Santley." The praise inadvertently awarded to Mr Lloyd was due, as the context shows, to the singers in the *Requiem* generally. Dr Wesley's anthem, given on the same occasion, was "The Wilderness" (to the text of Isaiah), regarded by many competent judges as his finest effort of the kind.

The early cathedral services every morning during the week—which naturally stand high among the "quiet and salutary changes" admitted by Bishop Ellicott "in the arrangement and conduct of the Festivals"—were for the most part well attended. In the choice of music due regard was paid to the late Dr Wesley, whose service in F, and anthem, "Blessed be the God and Father," have both been included. Thus respect was shown where respect was manifestly due. About the general success of the Festival there cannot be the slightest doubt. The prevalent fine weather was greatly in its favour, as were also the excellence and variety of the programme—in the selection of which Mr Harford Lloyd, for reasons easy enough to appreciate, showed not only musical judgment, but extreme tact. There were other reasons, however. The Gloucester authorities had, in fact, clearly made up their minds that this 154th meeting of the Choirs should be a demonstration. Hereford took the same ground last year, but Gloucester has gone further than Hereford; and the earnest desire that Worcester should once again become one of the Festival brotherhood, in accordance, more or less, with the old traditional custom, was strongly, if indirectly, evidenced by the proceedings of the week. It is, indeed, more than likely that conciliation on both sides may lead to a renewed fellowship. Not to sacrifice space to figures, it may be stated briefly that the *Gloucester Journal* gives the sum total of donations for the charity received at the doors of the Cathedral as £882 2s. 11½d., to which, it says, "have to be added the stewards' contributions, which, if estimated at £5 each, would amount to £885. The grand total in that case realised for the benefit of the Charity would amount to no less than £1,767. To this it is just possible there may have to be added some surplus from the sale of tickets, unabsorbed by the expenses." Respecting the attendance, it will suffice to add that *Elijah* attracted a larger number (1,981) than on any previous first day, while the crowd that flocked to *The Messiah* (2,468), on the last, was without precedent in Gloucester.

* This is not likely, if it be true, as reported in some papers, that there is a deficit of £161 on the balance of receipts and expenditure.

John Hullah Speaks.

[REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1876, BY JOHN HULLAH, ESQ., INSPECTOR OF MUSIC, ON THE EXAMINATION IN MUSIC OF THE STUDENTS OF TRAINING COLLEGES IN GREAT BRITAIN.]

(Concluded from page 606.)

My representations made for the fifth time last year, respecting the occasional meeting of students of both sexes in colleges under the same direction for the performance of choral music, have been effectual in one instance. The experiment made by the British and Foreign School Society, of which I spoke last year, not having been attended with any results other than the improvement and gratification of those concerned in it, has been several times repeated, and the more advanced students of Stockwell and the Borough Road have, during this year, met several times for the performance in its complete form of music already studied in detail in their several institutions. The result, as manifested at the last "teacher's meeting" at Stockwell, which I had the pleasure to attend, proved most gratifying to the many friends of the society who were present, and was certainly most creditable in every way to all concerned in its production.

During the past year several of the colleges have been placed at a disadvantage in their musical examinations by a change of teacher or of method, in some instances of both. These changes will, I believe, eventually be productive of good, one of the recent consequences of them having been further additions to the number of musical instructors in training colleges from the ranks of musical professors of the highest class.

I return now to the subject of musical instruction in elementary schools.

In the course of the five years during which I have had the honour to fill my present office, I have examined individually nearly 9,000 students, the great majority of whom are now schoolmasters and mistresses. Of every student who, prior to 1872, left a training college in which he had remained two years it may be said that he left it possessed of some musical skill and science, in many instances, as I know, of very considerable. A very large number of acting teachers not educated in training colleges were, as I have also reason to know, fair musicians before they entered their profession, and a still larger number have become such since they have done so. It is, therefore, certain that the list of masters and mistresses in schools receiving grants from your Lordships must contain a very large number who could more or less efficiently "teach children to sing from notes." It is as certain too that this number increases annually.

As yet, however, it is equally certain that "singing from notes" is altogether an exceptional subject in elementary schools, and that the amount of musical accomplishment on which I have already been able to report to your Lordships year by year, has hardly yet been brought to bear on the elementary school. Every class of the community has directly or indirectly profited by the impulse given to musical instruction by my Lords in 1840-1, except that particular class which it was hoped and believed would profit most largely from it. Indeed, what has latterly been done for music in schools has rather impeded than furthered its improvement. The "songs" for the last few years required of scholars are not merely worthless as means of musical culture, but they take up time that might be given to the real study of the subject, and thus, so I have been repeatedly told by schoolmasters whom I know to be competent to teach, prevent their turning their knowledge to account in teaching their pupils—not half-a-dozen songs, but—music.

Music is the single subject in which our future school teachers are prepared, at a considerable expenditure of time and money, the results of the teaching of which are neither ascertained with any precision nor recorded.

In elementary schools, perhaps in all schools, teaching and examination act and re-act upon one another. As that which is not taught cannot be examined in, so that which it is known will not be examined in is not likely to be taught.

Musical examination in elementary schools would seem to be the natural sequence of musical examination in training schools. Of the value of musical instruction in both, your Lordships have repeatedly shown your recognition. To put within reach of the people innocent and cheap recreation is an object confessedly worthy of the attention of an enlightened government. Music, at the lowest estimation, is one among the most innocent of recreations, and of all recreations assuredly the cheapest to those who can make it for themselves.

The difficulties of musical examination in elementary schools are, no doubt, considerable. I forward to your Lordships' Secretary together with this report a scheme whereby I hope to have proved that those difficulties are not insuperable. I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHN HULLAH.

To the Right Honourable
The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education,

A Festival Sermon.

(Preached in Gloucester Cathedral by BISHOP ELLICOTT.—Sept. 4.)

The weather on Tuesday morning presented an agreeable change to the boisterous November wind and drenching rain which prevailed throughout the previous day. The sun shone brilliantly, and flags suspended from the Corn Exchange, from the tower of St Nicholas church, and at other places, gave an appearance of animation to the streets. The bells of the Cathedral rang a merry peal, and large numbers of visitors hurried into the city from all directions. The spectacle of three Mayors, two Recorders, and three Corporations walking in procession through our streets is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of the city. Shortly after nine o'clock the Blue Coat boys drew up outside the Tolsey, the rendezvous, and waited until the civic authorities of the three cities were ready to start for church. A move was made about ten o'clock, and with "funeral pace and slow" the Corporations walked to the Cathedral, Gloucester leading, then Worcester, and Hereford bringing up the rear. The showy scarlet gowns of the aldermen of Worcester and Hereford put their gownless councillors quite in the shade. Each of the civic bodies was preceded by an officer bearing a sword of state, and other officers with gold or silver maces. Mr Granville Somerset wore his full wig and silk robes as one of her Majesty's counsel learned in the law; Mr Francis Guise, recorder of Hereford, wore his wig and gown; and Mr Francis Jones, town clerk, was similarly attired. As soon as the Cathedral doors were opened the choir was crowded, and when the service commenced every seat except that of the Dean, and every inch of standing room, was occupied. Numbers crowded into the north transept, where they could hear little and see less; but when the sermon was commenced the gates of the ambulatory were opened, and people crowded therein anxious to hear the Bishop. Among the congregation were the Mayor of Bristol, Mr A. M. Skinner, Q.C., Dr Stainer, Mr Gambier Parry, Mr B. St John Ackers, Mr Charles Sumner, Mr Dearman Birchall, Mr Graham-Clarke, and many of the stewards. As the procession entered Mr S. G. Hayward played the National Anthem, and the congregation remained standing until the choristers and clergy had taken their places. It is difficult to understand why the service was not held in the nave. A slight temporary alteration of the seats would, we imagine, have rendered this feasible; and it would have prevented disappointment to great numbers who were desirous of being present, but were driven away, unable to obtain even standing room. The first part of the prayers was intoned by the Rev. Precentor Clark, and the remainder by the Rev. A. S. Loxley. The service was Croft in A, and the anthem was Sir F. Osseley's "O sing unto God." The singing was certainly not creditable to the united choirs. The anthem was indifferently sung, except the bass solo by one of the Worcester choir; and the responses (Tallis's) were hurried, and altogether wanting in impressiveness. Before the sermon the hymn, "The Church's one foundation," was sung to Dr Wesley's "Aurelia," a tune first heard publicly in Gloucester Cathedral about twenty years ago, but which has since become so popular that it is known and sung everywhere, even, as we happen to know, in Western Canada, whenever a few members of the English Church assemble for public worship. On Tuesday it was given with much heartiness by the whole of the great congregation; and, as the sun poured in through the south windows at the moment and lit up the whole of the building, the scene presented was one which will not soon be forgotten.

The Bishop gave as his text, "That, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations" (St Luke xvi., 9), and proceeded to deliver the following sermon:—

The grave fact, that the permanent interests of the Charity connected with this Triennial Festival must be considered to be in some degree endangered at the present time, is the reason why I am now here; and why, with others, I am anxious to do all that can be done to keep up in its full efficiency a Charity of long standing in our own and the two neighbouring counties.

With regard to the particular form of sustaining it, which, it is right to say, has come down to us in an unbroken sequence from a period as distant as a century and a half ago, and rests upon what we may almost call local traditions, little need be said. Most of you know my general views and opinions, and to these it is quite unnecessary for me to allude on the present occasion. This, however, I may properly and rightly say—First, that so great do I deem the good effected by this Charity, so serious and indeed seriously increasing are the needs which it is designed to supply, that I should feel myself acting with something more than unkindness to the silent and uncomplaining recipients of our Christian bounty if, at a critical period in the sequence of these Festivals, I failed to put private opinions somewhat in the background, and to appear in this place to press upon you to aid a cause which, as I will show to

you in the sequel, even more than ever requires our earnest and benevolent support. Yes, the widows and orphans of our local clergy, those left behind, and bequeathed, as it were, to our sympathies by good and true servants of our common Lord, men who bravely bore the heat and burden of the day and are now resting in Paradise—these widows and orphans of many we may have familiarly known are now silently appealing to the charitable hearts of the worshippers in this ancient House of God during the present Festival. To stand apart now, now when their interests seems more than usually at stake, would be, for me at least, to fail in a vow made before God to be merciful for Christ's sake to the poor and the needy; and so I now stand before you, asking you—most earnestly asking you—to help the helpless, and to do all that can be done on this side the grave in alleviating not want only, but often, with that want, patiently borne and abiding sorrow. Secondly, not to look back to those strange days when races and balls formed a part of the week's arrangements, but simply to confine myself to the time during which I have been connected with this city and diocese, it is right that I should notice that many a quiet and salutary change has taken place in the arrangement and conduct of these Festivals. I should be much wanting in gratitude to the stewards and to the guardians of this noble Cathedral if I did not thus publicly recognise the distinct efforts on their parts to make all that enter these venerable and historic walls feel verily that they are entering into the presence of the Lord of Sabaoth, and that they come here to take part in soul and spirit in a great series of the noblest and most heart-moving forms of praise wherewith it has entered into the heart of man to adore and glorify his Maker. These efforts on the part of the Dean and Chapter and the stewards I most joyfully recognise, and I feel with thankfulness that they have removed from before me some privately-felt hindrances, and also some real stumbling-blocks.

But let us now turn to the suggestive words from Holy Scripture which I have chosen as the general introduction and guide to the one subject that alone deserves prominence in our present thoughts—not the Festival, but the touching and holy cause which it is the design of the Festival to support. Few words, perhaps, in Holy Scripture are better calculated to touch our best sensibilities, or to give to the whole subject that tinge of pensive mystery which, perhaps, on occasions like the present really more effectually and more profitably influences the soul than what is too often considered the oft-told tale of prosaic want, and homely, but believe me only too commonly, biting and saddening poverty. The words of the text are, no doubt, difficult of interpretation. Several who now hear me will know this well and will remember with me that the true reading of the passage is other than that which appears in our authorised version. Still it will not be incorrect to say that the general meaning, and that which now may be taken as the leading thought for our present meditations, does certainly seem to involve a reference to the blessed future which may be the permitted issue of a timely and benevolent use of those worldly means that God in His providence may have assigned to us. The uses to which earthly wealth may be put, aye mammon, wealth in its worst and most material aspects—mammon, too often allied with covetousness and unrighteousness, are not, (so the mysterious words seem to tell us) wholly confined to this side of the grave and the visible realm of the things that perish. No, friends may be made by it, unseen, unknown friends, who may never be able to make their gratitude known here, but who, in the mystery of an unfolding future, may yet disclose hereafter all the blessings that timely beneficence bore with it; its power, not only to relieve want, but to avert want's worst temptations, hopelessness, and bitterness, and that dull sense of misery which so often deadens the whole spiritual life and flings forward its shadows into the unrevealed future. Bounty can do all this; every offering that will be placed on yonder table may bear its part in procuring to the giver the mysterious yet blessed welcome in the world beyond, when many a relieved and rescued one will be among the first to acknowledge and receive the loving and believing benefactor, and to tell the whole story of timely aid, and of all the spiritual blessings it bore with it, amid the rest and peace of the everlasting habitations.

Such a view as this many and many a deep thinker has taken of the passage before us. I press it not as the only meaning which the dark and difficult words may bear, but certainly as one that may be taken by the sober interpreter, and which, under the circumstances of our present meeting, seems perhaps more than commonly applicable. For who are they whom we are here met together to aid? Those who have the strongest claims, even on our ordinary human feelings and sensibilities—the widow and the orphan; those who, an inspired writer has said, silently call forth the manifestation of religion in its purest and truest form. And not the orphan and the widow under the general aspects of sorrow

and struggling, which, in this restless nineteenth century, the very words seem in themselves to imply, but the orphan and the widow under circumstances which a very little consideration will show to be more than usually sad, and more than commonly appealing to our sympathy and aid. I am now pleading for the widows and orphans of our clergy—for those whose really touching case it will do us all good a little more carefully to consider. Few, perhaps, even among the practically-benevolent and tender-hearted, have completely realised what a sad picture of utter heart-suffering is presented by the great majority of those for whom these Festivals were charitably called into existence.

(To be continued.)

Gloucester Musical Festival.

(From the "Gloucester Journal.")

The attendances at the various performances in the Cathedral and Shire Hall have been as follows:—

Tuesday morning (Cathedral)	1981
Tuesday evening (Shire Hall)	502
Wednesday morning (Cathedral)	1312
Wednesday evening (Cathedral)	1092
Thursday morning (Cathedral)	1247
Thursday evening (Shire Hall)	708
Friday morning (Cathedral)	2468

9310

The collections made after each service and performance in the Cathedral, but not after the concerts, have been as follows:—

	TUESDAY.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Morning service	56	19	5			
" performance	168	17	1½			
Evening service	4	6	0			
Interest on the Worcester fund	95	10	0			
					325	12	6½

	WEDNESDAY.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Morning service	4	18	5½			
" performance	100	12	9			
Evening service	4	13	6			
" performance	28	18	1½			
					139	2	10

	THURSDAY.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Morning service	4	0	4			
" performance	68	14	8			
Evening service	22	2	2			
					95	6	2

	FRIDAY.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Morning service	3	15	3½			
" performance	237	13	11			
Evening service	80	12	2½			
					322	1	5½
					£882	2	11½

We may add that the collections made for the Charity at the last three Festivals have been as follows:—

GLoucester, 1874.

Collections, £585 8s. 3d.; stewards' contributions and dividends, £570; total, £1,155 8s. 3d.

Worcester, 1875.

Amount collected at the doors on the two days, £702 13s. 7d. (including about £90 dividend on money invested for the Charity); contributions promised as a guarantee fund, £578; total, £1,280 16s. 7d.

Hereford, 1876.

Collected at the doors and stewards' contributions, £1150 1s. 6d.; subsequent donation, £5; total, £1155 1s. 6d.

BADEN.—Mlle Adèle Hippus, of St Petersburg, where she enjoys a high reputation as a pianist, gave a concert at the Conversationhaus on the 28th August, and more than confirmed the favourable impression she had previously produced here. She was much applauded in her solo pieces as well as in the "Variations, Fugue, and Scherzo, on a Theme of Beethoven's, for two Pianos," by M. Saint-Saëns, the other performer being Herr Hans von Bülow, who acted also as conductor. Herr C. von Kottbus, of Dresden, was the vocalist. He sang two German songs, one by A. Jensen, and one by Johannes Brahms, and two Russian songs, "Kroschka," by Bulachow, and "Hutorotschek," by Klimovsky.

Bishop Ellcott's Speech at the Mayor of Gloucester's Lunch.*

"It is with very great pleasure that I rise to return my best thanks in behalf of the venerable Dean and the Chapter and of my brethren of this diocese, whom you are here present so kindly and so charitably to support. I did not like to miss the opportunity, though I had friends elsewhere, of supporting our worthy chief citizen on this very interesting occasion. And so, my dear friends, I will, with the warning hand of the clock before me, very simply and very heartily thank you all for your very kind recognition of the poor services that I have tendered to the Charity this morning. I can only say that I have myself made one humble offering to the Charity, and I feel, though a little tired at present, still quite sure that I shall never regret it. The humble offering which I have made is a walking tour I had projected on the snows of Switzerland. I find myself called, whether rightly or wrongly I do not know, 'an episcopal mountaineer.' I was going to the snows of that fair land this year, but circumstances to which I slightly adverted in my sermon reminded me that I had better steer clear of them, and send my son there instead out of honour to Switzerland; and now I am here rejoicing in the support that you are all tendering to the Festival. Really there is nothing more to be said than this: if my words in the sermon did presage some anxiety as to the future Festivals, such a loyal, kindly, and hearty gathering as the present, under our worthy chief citizen, gives me the greatest possible hopes that the great and noble Charity will remain unimpaired. Nothing now remains, my dear friends, except to say that the many clergy of this diocese—the hard-worked, the faithful, the patient, the earnest—are now in their hearts solemnly thanking you. These are times in which there is much pressure, and a nobler and more charitable work I am persuaded than that in which you are about to engage cannot be named by any one. I thank you, then, in the name of all mentioned, and I beg to wish you all happiness and real Christian enjoyment in this our triennial Festival."

* Corn Exchange, Gloucester, Sept. 4.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

On Saturday night M. Henri Ketten made his first appearance this season, and was cordially received. He played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto with delicacy and finish. M. Ketten was applauded, and, at the conclusion, "re-called," when he played, in acknowledgment, Mendelssohn's Presto in E minor. In the second part of the concert he introduced three of his own compositions, which served to display his facility of execution. The remainder of the concert was composed of a march by Lachner, the "Dance of Almas," from Mr F. H. Cowen's cantata, *The Corsair*, and the "Airs Hongrois," by Ernst, played by Mlle Pommereul. The vocalists were Mlles Rajmondi and Cristino and Signor Medica. On Wednesday night the first part of the programme was devoted to compositions by Handel and Haydn, the *pièce de résistance* being "The Farewell" Symphony by Haydn, written for a special occasion, and well known to musicians and amateurs. The Symphony was remarkably well played, under the direction of Signor Arditì, and the concluding bars of the *finale*, as the musicians one by one left their desks and extinguished the light, created evidently great amusement, which culminated at the point when the conductor finds himself alone. The astonishment of Signor Arditì was so comically expressed that his first appearance as an actor must be pronounced "a decided success," and the audience applauded him so vehemently at the conclusion that the *maestro* was obliged to come forward and bow his acknowledgments. During the week several new songs have been introduced successfully; Signor Arditì's "Il Gitano," sung by Signor Medica, notably so. Some of last season's successes were also brought forward, Signor Arditì's "The Page's Song," naively sung by Mlle Derivis, and the same composer's valse song, "L'Incontro," sung by Mlle Ida Cristino, winning, as usual, hearty applause.

RICHARD WAGNER TESTIMONIAL.

COMMITTEE.

Lord LINDSAY, M.P.
Dr W. POLE, F.R.S.
Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR.
Mr GEORGE CRITCHETT.

Rev. H. R. HAWES.
Dr F. HUEFFER.
Mr J. S. BERGHEIM.
Mr EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

A TESTIMONIAL of Regard in commemoration of his Visit to England will be presented to Herr WAGNER. The Committee appeal to all his English friends and admirers to join in it. All contributions will be duly acknowledged in the *Times*. Cheques to be made out to the Honorary Treasurer, Hon. RICHARD GROSVENOR, 12, Orme Square, W., and crossed "The Wagner Testimonial Fund—Messrs Drummond."

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

MOST of our readers are aware that the letters which Chopin wrote home from Paris were destroyed at Warsaw. But the details connected with the deplorable fact are not generally known. We make no apology, therefore, for condensing from the pages of friend Dwight the following graphic account contained in the new *Life of Chopin*, by Moritz Karasowski, who says:—

"After Chopin's death, the articles in his rooms in Paris were put up at public auction. Miss J. W. Stirling, a Scotch lady, his pupil and enthusiastic admirer, bought the furniture of his two saloons, with the mementos found there. She took it all with her to her home and with it formed a sort of Chopin-museum. In this collection was a portrait of the genial artist, painted by his friend, Ary Schaffer: a Pleyel grand piano, on which Chopin usually played; a service of Sèvres porcelain, with the inscription: 'Offert par Louis Philippe à Frédéric Chopin 1839;' a costly, and sumptuously inlaid casket (a gift from Rothschild); finally, carpets, and covers for tables and fauteuils, nearly all wrought by the hands of the artist's fair pupils. Miss Stirling provided in her will that after her death all these mementos should fall to the mother of the artist, she so revered. Accordingly they were carried, in 1858, to Warsaw. After the mother's death, in 1861, they came into the hands of Chopin's sister, Mme Isabella Barcinska. This lady occupied the second story of two contiguous houses which form the boundary line between the 'Neue Welt' and the 'Krakauer Vorstadt,' and belonged to Count Andreas Zamoyaki. At the very beginning of the political disturbances, preceding the insurrection in January, 1863, some young men (quite contrary to the general feeling), resolved to threaten the life of every governor. . . . On the 19th of September, 1863, at 6 o'clock in the evening, Count von Berg was returning in his carriage, surrounded by an escort, from the Belvedere to the royal palace. When the carriage came to the place where the 'Neue Welt' and the 'Krakauer Vorstadt' meet, there was a loud report from the fourth story of Count Zamoyaki's house, followed by some Orsini bombs. A few minutes afterwards soldiers surrounded the two houses; all the women found in them, whether dressed or undressed, were dragged into the street, and then set at liberty; the men, on the contrary, were taken to the citadel. Like a stream of lava, bearing all before it, the infuriated soldiery rushed from one story to another. Furniture, pianos, books, manuscripts, in a word all they found in the house, was thrown into the street. Pieces of furniture too large were first hacked up with axes, the legs hewn from the pianofortes, etc. On the second story, which Chopin's sister occupied, all the mementos of the great artist, that had been preserved with the greatest piety, were destroyed. The piano on which he had learnt to play (from the manufactory of Buchholtz), the first confidant and reproducer of his youthful works, was hurled by the vandals into the street." When night

* Fortunately the Pleyel instrument, which had been sent from Scotland in 1858, was not among the other mementos, but was in the possession of Chopin's niece, Mme Ciechomka, who lived in the country.

came on, the soldiers built a wood-pile of these articles upon the square, at the foot of the monument to Copernicus, and brought forth from their barracks kettles which were filled with wine, rum, alcohol and sugar from the plundered shops. They brewed some punch, which they drank to the sound of merry songs. To keep the fire up, they finally threw into the flames all the pictures, books, and papers, among which were also Chopin's letters to his family written eighteen years before. Eye-witnesses assure us, that an officer gazed for a long time at Chopin's portrait painted by the hand of his friend, before he ruthlessly consigned it to the flames.

"The loss of all the other memorials is not so painful as the annihilation of the letters, in which Chopin had poured out his whole soul, full of love for his family, of patriotism for the land of his birth, of enthusiasm for his Art, and admiration for all that is beautiful and noble. Extremely interesting, and of value for the historian of culture, would have been the letters which he wrote from Paris at the time he was daily receiving laurel wreaths as an artist, and came into close contact with the highest persons, as well as with the Coryphæi of Art in the French capital; for he described all those experiences most vividly and truly. It is also to be lamented that the lively spirit and sparkling wit of these communications are lost to the world. In fact, a single stroke of Chopin's pen often depicted the most interesting and important of his contemporaries, more strikingly than the long, elaborate descriptions of many other writers."

We cannot help thinking that the Governor, Count von Berg himself, who, by the way, was not hurt, would, had he known what was going on, have hastened to save from destruction the relics of one of Poland's most distinguished sons.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In his *Briefe an eine Ungenannte*, Ferdinand Hiller says: "There are times and epochs when nearly all sense of beauty seems to have deserted the producers in Art, and, I fear, we live in one of these periods. The persons to whom I have alluded strive after the new, the exciting, the piquant, and the effective; they desire to surprise, and even dumbfounder; at any cost, they are determined to be deep, original, and clever; they confound the beautiful with the conventional, with what has superficial polish, and despise the beautiful, simply because they scarcely comprehend it. True, it has been given only to the rarest geniuses in art and poetry to be at the same time deep and beautiful—but why not at least strive to be so? The beautiful, after all, is, and always will be, more beautiful than aught else."

ONE of the principal innovations at the Palace of the Tuileries during the reign of Louis XIV. was the "Salle des Machines," situated in the north wing, between the Pavillon de l'Horloge and the Pavillon de Marsan. Built in 1662, after Vigan's design, it was the largest theatre in Europe. It contained about 8,000 persons, and occupied the entire breadth of the north wing of the palace. The stage was 41 metres in depth, while the proscenium opening measured 11 metres in height. The auditorium was 50 metres deep, 16 broad, and 16 high. The machinery was something extraordinary. The Marquis de Sourdeac invented a lift which carried up 100 persons at once. It was in this theatre that *Ercole amante* was first performed, and that the King, the Queen, and the principal members of the Court, male and female, took part in the fairy ballets given between the acts; it was in this theatre that Molière's *Psyche* was represented, and—irony of Fate—that, a century later, the most bitter foe of kings, the National Convention, held its sittings.

COMPOSERS were formerly not so particular about the novelty of their librettos as they now are. During the last century, at least 25 took as a subject *Adriano in Siria*, without counting 3 others at the commencement of the present century, namely, Migliarucci, who brought out an *Adriano in Siria* in 1811; Portogallo and Farinelli, who did the same in 1815; while Mambelli followed suit for the opening of the theatre at Como. The first *Adriano in Siria* was set by Pergolesi, 1734; then came those by Caldara, 1785; Duni, Mysliveczar, and Ferandini, 1787; Graun,

1745; Ciampi, Francesco, 1748; Ciampi, Legrenzio Vincenzo, and Abos, 1750; Adalfati, 1751; Perez and Scarlatti, 1752; Hasse, 1753; Bernasconi, 1755; Galuppi, 1760; Bach, Christian, 1764; Guglielmi and Majo, 1766; Sacchini, 1770; Holzbauer and Schwau-berg, 1772; Cabalone, 1773; Cherubini, 1782; Nasolini, 1790; and Mayer, 1798. But even more popular with composers than *Adriano in Siria* was *Alessandro in India*, which was set by Leo, 1727; Porpora and Vinci, 1730; Hasse and Mancini, 1732; Bioni, 1733; Schiassi, 1734; Pescetti, 1740; Graun, 1744; Gluck, 1745; Latilla, 1753; Perez and Galuppi, 1755; Jomelli, 1757; Scolari and Piccirini, 1758; Holzbauer, 1759; Cocchi, 1761; Majo, 1767; Naumann and Sacchini, 1768; Bertoni and Cabalone, 1770; Paiesiello, 1773; Corri, 1774; Rust, 1775; Mortellari, 1779; Cimarosa, 1781; Cherubini, 1784; Gressnick, 1785; Chiavacci, 1786; Caruso, 1787; Bianchi, 1788; Tarchi, 1793; and Pacini, 1824.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—Miss Elena Norton, composer of the comic opera *The Rose and the Ring*, has just completed an operetta in one act, entitled *Don Giovanni Thompson*; or, *Too many Strings to his Bow*, the libretto by Miss Mary Heyne, a performance of which is to be given in a few days at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, and to which the admission will be by invitation. Miss Elena Norton, who is a native of this city, is to appear here as Arline in *The Bohemian Girl*, with Mr Carl Rosa's company next April.—*Express*.

BRADFORD.—Madame Rose Hersee's Opera Company at the Prince's Theatre have given for the first time Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, with success. There was a capital house, and applause was frequent. Especial interest was attached to the performance on account of Mme Rose Hersee herself impersonating Valentine. She proved fully equal to the occasion, singing with spirit and displaying to advantage the fine voice which she possesses. She was, on the whole, very well supported. Mme Cave-Ashton was especially successful as Margarit de Valois, her remarkably clear voice being heard to great advantage. Miss Florence St John deserves a special word of commendation for her performance of Urbano, the Page.

RAMSGATE.—The new Marina has been fully appreciated by those who have availed themselves of its advantages. The promenade and buildings, being under cover, have been constantly crowded, independent of the weather. The chief evening attraction, during this month, is a grand concert held at the "Etablissement," a handsome and spacious edifice after the style of those so common on the Continent. The programme consists of well-known vocal and instrumental music effectively rendered by Messrs Gerard Coventry, F. Penna, Mme San Martino, and Miss Frytherch. On the top of the cliff are the Victoria Gardens, where a military band performs a good selection of music on the promenade to a numerous and select assembly of residents and visitors.—W. A. J.

MARGATE.—At Mr Lott's sixth and last recital, on Monday evening, Sept. 10th, on the splendid new organ at St John's Church, built by Messrs Gray & Davison, the following pieces made up the programme:—

Allegretto, in G minor, and "I waited for the Lord," *Lobgesang* (Mendelssohn); Adagio, in A (Onslow); March, from *Ode to St Cecilia* (Handel); "My heart ever faithful," and Prelude and Fugue (Bach); Andante, in E minor (Silas); Allegro Moderato, in B flat (Handel); Andante in F, varied (Calkin); Adagio, in D, and "Evening Prayer" (Smart); Wedding March (Mendelssohn).

WEIMAR.—The chief of the police has issued orders that no one is to be allowed to play the piano with open windows; yet Weimar is reputed one of the most musical cities in Germany. Perhaps that is the reason of the new regulation.

PALERMO.—The marble bust which Sig. Rosario was commissioned by the Municipality to execute of Sig. Petrella has been set up in the Villa Giulia, not far from the bust of Donizetti. It is an admirable likeness. On the bass-relief a laurel wreath is twined round a lyre without strings, and on the ribbon binding the wreath are inscribed in gold letters the names of Petrella's principal scores.

MILAN.—Mme Adelina Patti will sing ten evenings next November at the Scala, the operas selected being *La Traviata*, *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Dinorah*. The only other artists at present engaged are Nicolini and Maini.—The following works are promised during October and November at the Teatro Dal Verme: *La Forza del Destino*, *Gabriella Candiano* (a new opera by Sig. Augusto Moroder, with words by Sig. E. Golisciani), *Norma*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Lina*, the last opera by Sig. Ponchielli.

A MODEL OPERAHOUSE.

(Communicated.)

The new Operahouse at Leicester, which has just been completed, was opened on the 6th inst. with a grand full dress concert, commencing with the National Anthem, performed by a full band and chorus, the solos being sung by Mdlles Carina Clelland and Enriquez, Messrs Shelley and George Fox. Mdlle Cronin was the solo pianist, and Mrs Priscilla Frost the solo harpist. Miss Carina Clelland, who is a great favourite here, had an enthusiastic reception, and received the first encore of the evening for her splendid rendering of "Casta Diva." Miss Enriquez was recalled for her fine singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and Mr George Fox for "The Village Blacksmith." During this month the enterprising lessee and manager, Mr Elliot Galer, devotes the new theatre to operas in English. The principal artists engaged are: *Prime donne*—Miss Carina Clelland, Miss Alice May, Miss Edith Percy, and Mme Tonneller; *contralti*—Miss E. Collins and Mrs Elliot Galer; *tenori*, Messrs Shelley, Traverner, Grantham, and Galer; *bassi*—Messrs Norman, Kirby, Pope, and Durand. The band will be led by Mr H. C. Cooper, and the conductors are Mr G. B. Allen, Mus. Bac., and Mr T. Melling. The band and chorus number about 60 selected London professionals. The operas announced for performance are *Faust*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *The Lily of Kil-larney*, *Rose of Castille*, *Satanella*, *Maritana*, and *The Bohemian Girl*. This new theatre, of which Mr Phipps is the architect, rises to an elevation of three storeys, the ground storey consisting of a series of stone arches leading to the different portions of the auditorium, the box-office being at the extreme end of the series. Next to this is the pit entrance, a spacious vestibule, capable of holding a large portion of intending playgoers under cover before the opening of the doors. The remaining series of arches lead through another spacious vestibule, with tessellated pavements, handsome lamps, and artistic decorations, to a well-lighted and spacious staircase of stone. On the first landing the means of egress are most ample. From the pit there are no less than three outlets available, the same number from the gallery, and equal accommodation from the high-priced parts of the house; so that it is believed the entire building can be emptied in less than five minutes. The entrances to the gallery are quite distinct from the others, and at least 600 persons can stand under cover before the doors are opened. To reduce the risk of fire, which in 95 per cent. of cases arises in the workshops, the carpenter's and property-master's workshops are built in a yard at the side of the theatre, entirely away from the main building. Two large cisterns, holding each 15,000 gallons of water, are placed at the top of the building; while, still further to reduce the risk of fire, it is Mr Galer's intention to render fireproof every bit of canvas used in the borders. The building is divided into three distinct sections by means of thick party walls; thus the dressing-rooms are shut off from the stage, the stage from the auditorium, and the latter from the front entrance.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 13th:—

Overture, D major, Op. 60	Romberg.
Romance, F major, Op. 50	Beethoven.
Fantasia and Fugue, G minor	Bach.
Minuetto from the Symphony in G minor	Sir W. S. Bennett.
Andante for the Organ, A major	S. S. Wesley.
March—Abraham	Molique.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 15th:—

Variations on a Chorale...	Bach.
Andantino from the Fourth Symphony	Mendelssohn.
Organ Concerto, C major	Handel.
Air with Variations	W. T. Best.
Andante and Finale from the Serenade for Wind Instruments in C minor	Mozart.
Scene of the Conspirators, "Viva Augusta!"	Verdi.

VENICE.—Auber's *Fra Diavolo* was recently given at the Teatro Malibran, for the first time here. The local critics are very angry that the public received it coldly; but perhaps the unsatisfactory manner of its performance may account for this last fact.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival-Play.*

(Continued from page 603.)

After the audience of the *Götterdämmerung*, on the evening of Aug. 30, had behaved like a pack of crazy people, and by screams, calls, clapping of hands, pounding, stamping, and all sorts of boisterous noises, had gone regularly mad, but had finally moved the most named man of his time to step forward, a preliminary gentle cooling off in any way was very salutary; for on the outside a cold, cutting wind blew about the temple, and the way to the town was muddy, wet, and long. The abrupt transition out of the boiling heat of enthusiasm into the prosaic evening shower of the outer world must to many a one have been quite suggestive of reflection. Wagner came forward to hold once more one of those discourses, which afford so deep an insight into the most secret thought and feeling of the so talented, yet so bewildered man. First he alluded cursorily, with formal thanks, to his royal benefactor; then he turned at once to the self-sacrificing troop of artists suddenly made visible behind a parting curtain, who had rendered the success of his work possible, and he took just this occasion (!) to express his bitter animosity against all those who had stood against his enterprise, whether as doubters, as opponents, or as neutrals. His words were ice to the crowd dripping with the sweat of enthusiasm. * * * This time also he received every mark of homage coldly, inwardly unmoved and with a certain misanthropical contempt, as a tribute due to him; and even now, when he had finally reached the long sought goal, we saw him filled only with anger and disdain towards all who were not blind worshippers, and with an intolerance, worthy of the Vatican, for every free expression of opinion, to which in fact an angry stamping of the right foot lent a heightened emphasis.

We willingly recognize that Wagner is the most important, the most richly gifted, and the most conspicuous among the opera composers of recent times; but even he will not escape the experience, that nothing passes away more swiftly than the intoxication of enthusiasm, and that applause leaves no visible traces behind it.

Through four evenings we sat before a remarkable work, which it was certainly very interesting to hear for once, but which could in no way satisfy a cultivated sense and taste for Art; which seemed unworthy of the prodigious stir that was made about it, and did not answer to the expectations that had been cherished concerning it.

Beautiful form is one with beautiful soul in Art. Form and substance must appear identical in an Art-work; the imperishable principle in it must come before us in a perfect outward shape, involuntarily holding all our senses in sweet bonds. But the work, which Wagner brings us as the Art-work of the Future, in spite of certain single traits of grandeur and significance, is a thing which undervalues all law and tradition, a thing formless, absurd, wrought by pattern. In its dreary song-speech, so opposed to singing, it is an unbeautiful mongrel between opera and drama, which can have only a negative meaning for the present and for the history of Art. Let us guard, then, the precious Art possession of our German people, won amid hot toil and conflict; let us spread protecting hands over the noblest legacy that has come down from our fathers. Should these modern musical theories and strivings, to which they built a temple and offered up hecatombs in Bayreuth, seize hold of the nation, then indeed a *Götterdämmerung* (Twilight of the gods) for our beloved Art of Tones would be inevitable. Let us leave it in serene trust to the future to pass judgment on the new Art style preached by Wagner and upon his Music-Drama. Its judgment on this "most magnificent hallucination of a musical subjectivity arrived at its last height," † cannot be doubtful.

LEIPZIG.—There were twenty-seven competitors for the prize offered by Herren Siegesmund and Volkening for the best Pianoforte Method for beginners. The judges, Herr Reinecke, of Leipzig, Herr Seiss, of Cologne, and Professor Kullak, of Berlin, decided unanimously in favour of Herr Urbach, Cantor at Egeln. The prize work will be published almost directly. The first thousand music-masters who make application will each receive a copy gratis, and post-free.

* From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.† F. Neumann: *Musik-Drama oder Oper*.

TREASURE TROVE.

Through the recent death of a German nobleman, a collection of autographic documents of celebrated composers has come into the possession of Dr Joseph Müller, formerly editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*. It derives additional value from the fact of its having hitherto remained perfectly unknown. Its whilom owner preserved it jealously from curious eyes, and even left injunctions by will that the letters and works included in it should not be published till after the lapse of several years. There are 37 original letters, namely:—J. S. Bach, 3; C. Ph. Bach, 2; Beethoven, 4; Couperin, 2; Gluck, 4; Grétry, 2; Handel, 7; Haydn, 3; Di Lasso, 1; Lully, 3; Morley, 1; Mozart, 4; and H. Schütz, 1. They are nearly all of importance. In addition to the above, the collection contains unpublished compositions by Bach, Couperin; Handel (a complete opera), Haydn, Lully, Mozart, and H. Schütz (fragment of an opera).

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our Correspondent.)

A grand concert took place at the Etablissement des Bains, the hour for the commencement being 9 p.m., while the price of entrance was fixed at 8 fr. In spite of this, there was a fair audience to listen to M^{me}. E. Engally, "première chanteuse du Théâtre-Lyrique de Paris," and Signor Del Puente, well known in London. Instrumental music was represented by M. F. Lalliet, "premier hautbois du Grand-Opéra, Paris," and the orchestra of the Casino. M. Brunet *fils* acted as "pianiste-accompagnateur." The programme consisted of the overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *Les joyesses Commères de Windsor*, *L'Echo des Bois*, and *Martha*, and two fantasias for hautbois by M. Lalliet. An air from *Le Prophète* and "Romance Russe" were sung by M^{me} Engally, who also joined Sig. Del Puente in a duet from *Paul et Virginie*. Signor Del Puente's solos were "In un Boschetto" (Scuderi), "Dio possente" (*Faust*), and the grand *scena ed aria* from *Don Carlos* (Verdi). M^{me} Engally and Signor Del Puente met with deserved applause. At the *matinée musicale* which took place on Friday, August 31, at the same place, besides the overture to *L'Etoile du Nord*, a fantasia on *Romeo and Juliet*, &c., there was a special attraction in the shape of two romances given by a young baritone, M. Isidore de Lara, who has taken the first prize at the Conservatoire of Milan quite lately, and who displayed his capability in Durand's "Comme à vingt ans," and his talent as composer in a romance of his own, entitled "Ricordi." M. de Lara was well received, and "recalled" after each piece.

At the Theatre there has been no change since I last wrote. *La Favorite*, *La Dame blanche*, *Le Trouvère*, *La Reine de Chypre*, &c., have been the attractions.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sept. 5, 1877.

RETURNED.

I.	II.
All welcome to my heart,	The simple little flower,
My own sweet bird,	I loved so well,
Thou'll ne'er again depart,	In some far distant bower
My first preferred!	Is gone to dwell;
I bade, through all thy flight,	I could not trace thy track,
Love's beacon burn,	But prayed a prayer
And called the weary night—	Some breeze might waft thee back,
Return! return!	My flower, my fair!
'Twas gloomy all the day,	Now thou again art home,
While thou wast flown,	My own blue bell,
And voiceless things would say—	My own sweet bird is come,
Alone! alone!	I loved so well;
When sad I op'd the door	And long the day shall be
And gazed around,	Ere thou wilt part,
Where cheerily before	To roam again so free.
I thee had found.	From my fond heart.

For WELLINGTON GUERNSEY from CAROLINE NORTON.

DRESDEN.—*Das Thal von Andorra* (*Le Val d'Andorre*) has been performed at the Theatre Royal. It was the last work got up by the General Director of Music, Herr Riets, before he resigned the post of conductor. The opera of *Armin* is in preparation. M^{me} Otto-Alvleben has joined the company.

SHAVER SILVER ACROSS THE AGRICULTURAL HALL CONCERTS.

At the Agricultural Hall—or Horticultural Hall, as it might now be called—the attractions of a promenade concert are combined with those of a flower show. The connection, however, of the building with agriculture properly so-called is not lost sight of; meanwhile, the popular concert-singer, Mdme Liebhart (who, by the way, is known in her own country chiefly as an operatic artist), with Mr F. Kingsbury as musical director, has arranged a very interesting series of entertainments, described as “vocal, orchestral, and military.” The general programme comprises the names of a remarkably large number of distinguished artists. Among the sopranis are Mdme Anna Bishop, Mdme Edith Wynne, Miss Frances Brooke, Miss Giulia Warwick, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Rhoda Temple, and Mdme Liebhart; among the contraltis, Mdme Antoinette Sterling and Miss Julia Elton. The principal tenors, baritones, and basses engaged are Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr George Perren, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Lewis Thomas.

Mdme Anna Bishop's performances, apart from their artistic merit, are particularly interesting as proofs of the immortality of the human voice. Scarcely more than thirty years have elapsed since Mdme Anna Bishop, after a long and brilliant foreign career, came to London in the character of an operatic singer, and gave a series of highly successful representations at Drury Lane, then under the management of Mr Alfred Bunn. After going once or twice round the world, she again returned to her native land, and, appearing this time at concerts only, renewed the very favourable impression that she had made some dozen years before. Some say that Mdme Anna Bishop then retired, and that the lady who now calls herself by that name is not the one who delighted London by the charm of her ballad-singing some twenty years ago. That, however, must be a mistake. The Mdme Anna Bishop of twenty and of thirty years since may be recognised by the quality of her voice, by her expression, and by her general style, in the Mdme Bishop who sang the other night as artistically as ever “Let the bright Seraphim” in the first part of the concert, and “Home, sweet home” in the second.

To no singer were more than two pieces assigned; a limitation due no doubt to the fashion which prevails equally at Mdme Liebhart's and at Signor Arditi's of causing each piece to be repeated. This custom seems to deprive an encore of whatever value may at one time have belonged to it, and the next step should be to do away with encores altogether. The present system—borrowed, we believe, from the music halls—must obviously have the effect of limiting unduly the number of pieces in each programme. The best plan, under existing circumstances and as long as the present fashion in respect to encores endures, would be for each singer to come provided with two songs for every one set down in the programme. This would at least introduce a little more variety into the performances. But before long something worse than encores may be expected. Already it is no compliment to call for the repetition of a song, though it would be a marked slight not to do so. Soon the only mark of attention it will be possible to offer to an exceptionally successful vocalist will be a double encore. Mdme Liebhart's own contributions to the concert of the opening night were—“Sweet spirit, hear my prayer” and a new ballad by Mr G. B. Allen, called “Far from home.” The other singers were Mdme Antoinette Sterling, who was heard in Sullivan's “Lost Chord” and “Caller Herrin”; Miss Frances Brooke in “Thy Face,” and “Tell me, my heart,” Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Maybrick. With the exception of one overture (*Masaniello*), the instrumental music was all of the lightest kind; and the one pianoforte solo of the evening was a prelude and waltz composed and executed, with orchestral accompaniment, by Signor Tito Mattei. It must be added that Mr Kingsbury's band is excellent.

The whole of the third part of the concert was devoted to a sort of symphonic quadrille, the composition of the late M. Jullien, entitled the “British Army.” As originally designed, this so-called quadrille included music deemed specially appropriate for infantry, cavalry, and artillery; with national airs suggestive of English, Scotch, and Irish troops. The French, German, Russian, and Turkish national anthems have now been added; and the “British Army Quadrille,” which begins in the Spanish peninsula with war between France and England, ends in the peninsula of the Balkans with war between Russia and Turkey. The introduction of the German national anthem cannot be satisfactorily accounted for in connection with either of these contests. But the public are pleased to hear it, and the re-arrangers of this remarkable specimen of programme music may have wished to suggest that the events of 1870 and 1871 have led more or less directly, to those which are now taking place in Turkey. The performance of the Russian and

Turkish anthems, and the exhibition of persons in Russian and Turkish uniforms, furnish the public with opportunities for proclaiming their sentiments in reference to the Russo-Turkish war. What was once put forward as merely military quadrilles has now acquired a political character.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS OF ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA (5TH S. VIII. 168).

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—I have been asked by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* “whether Dr John Bull copied from the Prussians, or whether the Prussians ‘annexed’ Dr John Bull.” The history of the German national anthem, “Heil dir im Siegerkranz,” which is sung to the tune of “God save the King,” was copied into the *Musical World* from the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, on Feb. 29th, 1868.

“None of our readers,” says the Berlin editor, “are probably ignorant that neither the music nor the text belong to us, but that both are of foreign origin. We may, perhaps, mention that the tune is taken from the English ‘God save the King,’ composed by Henry Carey. Any one desirous of a very detailed account of this should refer to vol. i. of Chrysander's *Jahrbücher der musikalischen Wissenschaft* (Leipsic, 1863). But the text, also, was not originally German, having been written by a Danish subject for his king, Christian. It is first to be found in the *Flensburger Wochenblatt* for the year 1790 as a ‘song’ in eight strophes, ‘to be sung by Danish subjects on the birthday of their king,’ its author being Heinrich Harries, then editor of the paper. Cut down to five strophes, it was published some years afterwards (if I am not mistaken) in the *Spener'sche Zeitung* as a ‘Berliner Volkslied,’ arranged by Schumacher, a native of Holstein, and gradually became more and more widely diffused. Thus, therefore, an English melody and a Danish song—these constitute our so-called national anthem. . . . It is generally accepted as the national anthem, and not in Prussia alone, for most of the States belonging to the (old) Bund have also appropriated it.”

Dr John Bull was the author of a “God save the King,” but not of the one adopted by the nation. Dr Bull's is on four notes, intended to represent the four words, “God save the King,” as rung upon the church bells to the popular exclamation. That is the oldest kind of “God save the King,” it being derived from the Old Testament. When Solomon, Adonijah, and other kings were proclaimed with the sound of a trumpet, the people said, “God save the King.” Dr John Bull's “God save the King” is printed in Dr Kitchener's *Loyal and National Songs of England*. A claim has been set up for Dr Bull to the authorship of the National Anthem upon the strength of an “ayre” in a Dutch MS. copy of his compositions. The rhythm suits the words, but the tune is not the same. It would have been gratifying to us all to have been able to trace back our National Anthem to the typical John Bull, but it cannot be done without the help of imagination. There is not a trace of any “God save the King” as a National Anthem in the time of the Stuarts or before it. The MS. of Dr Bull's compositions was garbled by a late possessor to make the resemblance of the “ayre” somewhat greater. He added three sharps at the signature, to change the key to A major—an anachronism easily detected by a musician, because only two sharps would have been at the signature, and the third would have been marked as an accidental where it occurred, even if the eye could fail to note the much darker colour of the ink, under the varnish with which he had then covered the page. I had the advantage of having known the manuscript before it passed into his possession. Having been consulted as to its value, the manuscript was left with me to examine its contents, and I was too ardent a collector of old English tunes to fail to do so. I exposed the garbling of the Bull manuscript in 1856, after which it was withdrawn from inspection, and remains so to this day. Even the late Dr Rimbault was not allowed to see it, and a false copy in the key of G was sent to him. I have a transcript of that version in his handwriting, made for me.

The national songs for the Stuarts were two—“Vive le Roy” and “When the King enjoys his own again.” These are published in my collection of *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, with many quotations from contemporary writers to prove their adoption. The only passage I have seen which could be construed into “singing” “God save the King” is negated by the direction to sing the ballad to the tune of “Vive le Roy.” When Charles II. was proclaimed king, a ballad was written upon the event, which has the following burden or chorus:—

“Then let us sing, boyes,
God save the King, boyes,
Drink a good health, and sing *Vive le Roy*.”

See more in *Popular Music*, p. 430.

A third tune was employed for the laudation of James II., called "King James's Jigg," but still no "God save the King." Thus, after the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion had been suppressed, James made a progress through the west of England, and the ever-ready ballad-writer celebrated it in "The Western Triumph; or, The Royal Progress of our Gracious King James II. into the West of England"—

"Our gracious King, where e'er he came,
Was entertained with joy;
His presence did much comfort bring,
All crys Vive le Roy—"

to the tune of "King James's Jigg." A copy of this is in Pepys' *Collection of Ballads*, ii. 246. The earliest version of the words and music of our "God save the King" is included in *Harmonia Anglicana*, to which Henry Carey was a contributor. He is so named on the title-page, and, as Carey died in 1743, by his own hand, the publication of *Harmonia Anglicana* must have been before 1745, when this song, hymn, or anthem, became nationalised through the rebellion of that year. Moreover, the original copy begins "God save our Lord the King," which was changed to "God save great George our King," in 1745.

The authorship was claimed for Henry Carey by his son, George Savile Carey, when he arrived at manhood, and, in my judgment, no evidence has yet been adduced which can rebut his claim.

WM. CHAPPELL.

Strafford Lodge, Otlands Park, Surrey.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, SEPT. 10.

The Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, in their last annual report, which was circulated at the end of the Easter Term, publish the following report of Mr Otto Goldschmidt, member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music, upon the manuscript music in the Fitzwilliam Library. Mr Goldschmidt says:

"By desire of the Syndicate of the Fitzwilliam Museum, I have examined the contents of the Musical Library, the bequest of the late Lord Fitzwilliam. I have given more particular attention to the manuscripts, as forming by far the greater and more important part. These may be divided into two classes—those which are copies, or most probably copies only, and the several volumes of autographs. The former contains in many volumes a number of compositions, sacred, secular, and instrumental, deserving serious attention and identification. Without entering unduly into details, I would observe that, although the great Italian school, with which Palestrina and his contemporaries' names are connected, is represented in the Library, yet it is far richer in later Italian compositions, and it is among the latter that Mr Vincent Novello has chosen the specimens contained in the 'Fitzwilliam Music' volumes published about fifty years ago. Of the early Flemish school I found Orlando di Lasso's 'Cantiones sacrae,' four large volumes, while of German music there is but little, saving works by Hasse and Handel and instrumental fragments of various composers. Of English music, sacred, madrigalian, and instrumental, there is much well worth close examination; and there is a great deal of instrumental music and secular cantatas of different countries, partly bound up in miscellaneous volumes, and partly scattered among the ten parcels of unsorted music, which must be sorted and identified before an opinion can be pronounced.

"Reverting now to the autographs, assuming their genuineness, and putting aside for the present Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book and the Handel Autographs, I would first call attention to Dr Blow's Autograph Volume (two parts bound in one) of Services and Anthems, and next to that ascribed to Henry Purcell (much less rich as to contents and calligraphic beauty than Dr Blow's). Blow's two volumes (800 pages) would, in my opinion, contain many services almost unknown, and of rare beauty probably, while their traditional reading and correctness must make this copy very valuable indeed. Then next in importance is Dr Croft's autograph copy of a selection from Henry Purcell's works, and Dr Boyce's selection of Italian and other music (two volumes), from which V. Novello has selected several numbers for his 'Fitzwilliam Music' publication. Considering the period at which these four very eminent musicians (all composers themselves) lived—viz., Dr Blow (1648—1708), Dr Croft (1677—1727), H. Purcell (1658—1696), Dr Boyce (1710—1779)—we have in these compilations of their own selection and penmanship a musical succession such as few libraries of music possess. Adding to them Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book,' which contains a great number of original and adapted pieces for the virginal (an infant harpsichord), dating from the latter portion of the 16th century, the development of English music during a period of two and a half

centuries is thus illustrated by a series of original productions contained within the Library.

"I do not consider the Handel Autograph Volumes very important, although they are all more or less interesting; one or two have served the great composer as sketch books, and others have been put together from scraps. Vol. X. 3. 33 contains a fine autograph score of a Chandos anthem. X. 3. 29 contains three tunes for three hymns by Charles Wesley, which might be published along with a fine 'Musette' (in the same volume, I think) and one or two other detached pieces. X. 3. 42 contains an important and beautiful version of the famous chorus in *Acis and Galatea*, 'Happy, happy,' and an air from a 'Te Deum.' Allusion is made to your collection in the publication of *Acis* by the German Handel Society, vol. III., p. iv., as the source whence this chorus, reprinted there as an appendix, is taken. I shall not dwell on the printed portion of the collection, because I consider it as of little importance compared with the other, and as far surpassed by more modern collections. Before I proceed, however, to the second part of my Report, I would beg leave to mention that the foregoing remarks are open to correction, as being the result of a three days' inspection, while the task, in order to be decisive and final, would require very much more time. Should the opinion of the Syndicate as to the value of the collection be strengthened by the foregoing remarks, then, with a view to its being made useful, I would beg leave to urge the absolute necessity of a proper and detailed arrangement (i.e., cataloguing) of its contents. This would comprise the classification, identification, and verification of the manuscripts—that is, of every composition, great or small. And it stands to reason that every composition must separately appear by name in a catalogue if it is to be of any use, and many volumes will require re-arranging, re-binding, &c. Under identification I understand the making sure of the authorship of the composers to whom the various compositions are attributed; while by verification I mean the correctness of the reading of compositions, upon which many different copyists in various countries have been engaged. In order to effect a proper comparison, collections of ancient musical masterpieces will have to be acquired, such as have been compiled and published in considerable number during the present century, both on the Continent and in England; and a competent musician, who is experienced and also a scholar, will have to take the work in hand, and devote to it many months. This done—and then only—the Syndicate will be in a position to determine upon the usefulness of publishing (and such publication would probably take a continuous form) selections from the general body of the MS. music. There are, however, portions of the contents of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book and of the Handel Manuscripts which, if the Syndicate thought proper, might be published (the latter probably in *facsimile*) without waiting for the general classification and re-arrangement above recommended, and such publication would be of great interest to students."

A CHILD'S SONG.

That little girl among the flowers, How happy does she seem,
So pretty that she is more like A sweet and heavenly dream.
But where are all her playmates gone? They were not kind to leave her so;

A dog or horse might frighten her, And hurt her very much.
Then her mamma would be so vexed That she had gone alone.

If I'm a good and loving child, I hope to go to Heaven,
And play about the bright fields there, And sing the whole day long.
I never shall be left alone, For there is where the angels live;
And father, mother, brothers, sisters, All shall meet in joy,
To sing and praise for evermore The Power and Love of God.

HANOVER.—The two principal novelties during the forthcoming season at the Theatre Royal will be Verdi's *Aida* and Ignaz Brüll's *Goldene Kreuz*.

MUNICH.—Herr Kéler-Béla has brought his very popular concerts in the Gardens of the Englisches Café to a close, after a prosperous season of three months.

COPENHAGEN.—Herr Ullmann is announced to visit this capital about the middle of October with a concert company, including Mme Artôt-Padilla, MM. Padilla, Jaëll, and Jules de Swert.—The Trebelli Concert Company, consisting of Mme Trebelli, Mlle Valleria, MM. Behrens, Talbo, and Cowen (the last-named gentleman as accompanist on the piano), gave their final concert in the Tivoli concert-room, on the 25th August. It is now settled that Mme Trebelli and Herr Behrens will sing early next year at the Theatre Royal, which was to re-open this month with *Le Roi l'a dit*, by Léo Delibes.

FUNERAL OF MDME BOULAN.

At the French Chapel, King Street, Portman Square, a requiem mass was celebrated on the 7th inst., by Canon Tournel and the clergy and choir, previous to the interment, at St Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green, of the lamented Mdme Boulan, youngest daughter of Sir Julius Benedict. Public sympathy and respect for a man of eminence in his artistic profession, as well as private sorrow for the loss of an estimable lady, induced many persons outside the immediate circle by whom this bereavement is felt to enter with the friends and mourners, and to fill the little chapel, as afterwards to crowd around the grave. Shortly before eleven o'clock, the coffin, of polished oak, with silver mounts, was carried from the house in Manchester Square, and placed in an open hearse-car of new design, with violet hangings. This catafalque, drawn by four plumed horses, was followed by the mourning coaches, four in number, containing the family and other mourners. At the entrance to the chapel Canon Tournel, with whom was one of the ecclesiastics of the Madeleine, in Paris, received the remains, and led the short procession up the centre aisle to the draped bier, round which were tall lighted candles. Sir Julius and his son-in-law, M. Boulan, walked together as chief mourners. Just before the reading of the Gospel, lighted tapers were handed to the friends, and the "credo-pall" was afterwards removed from the coffin, on which wreaths and crosses, formed of choice white flowers, were heaped in profusion. The music, consisting exclusively of the Gregorian chants, was, in obedience to the Cardinal-Archbishop's strict injunction, unaccompanied by the organ or any instruments. On the conclusion of the mass, at noon, the cortege was re-formed by Messrs Garstin & Sons, the undertakers, and proceeded to Kensal Green, where the body was deposited in a new brick vault, and the short remaining service brought the obsequies to a close.

—o—
WAIFS.

MDLLE TIETJENS.—We are glad to be able to announce that Mdle Tietjens was much better on Sunday, and able to take a walk in her garden. On Wednesday last she underwent another operation, which gave her much relief, and she now has every hope of being able to bear the journey back to London to-morrow.—*Times*, September 11. [Mdle Tietjens left Worthing on Thursday, by special train, and arrived at her town residence without suffering any ill effects from the journey.]

MDME PATTI.—We are happy to be able to announce that Mdme Adelina Patti, about whose retirement from the operatic stage many unfounded rumours have been circulated, will next season resume her position as *prima donna assoluta* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The contract was signed on Friday.—*Observer*, September 9.

Mad. Marie Sass has been stopping at Biarritz.

The Baron Dervies has given up his famous orchestra at Valcuze. There will be no more Italian opera at Cairo; at least, not for the present.

Kiel's oratorio of *Christus* will be performed at the third Silesian Musical Festival.

It is said that Herr Hans von Bülow will direct a concert-tour in Scotland this winter.

Sig. Botteaini has been giving concerts at Leghorn, whence he was to proceed to Treviso.

Mad. Carvalho chose the part of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust* for her re-appearance at the Grand Opera, Paris.

Mdlle Luigini, a daughter of a former conductor at the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons, is engaged at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

Herr Kretschmer, the composer of *Die Folkunger*, has completed a new opera, *Heinrich der Löwe*, having written both text and music.

There are hopes that *L'Africaine* will be ready at the Grand Opera, Paris, by November. It will be put on the stage with great magnificence.

Among the singers at the inauguration of the new synagogue in the Rue de Buffault, Paris, was M. J. Dias de Soria, who came from Bordeaux expressly.

The buffo opera, with words and music by MM. Ferrier and Serpette respectively, for the Bouffes-Parisiens, which was to have been called *La Lectrice de l'Infante*, will now be entitled *La Petite Muette*.

Roger's pupil, Mdle Richard, who carried off the first prize this year at the Paris Conservatory, will appear ere long at the Grand Opera in *La Favorite*.

Signor Bevignani left London, *via* Brussels and Berlin, on Monday evening, *en route* for Moscow, to fulfil his engagement as conductor of the Imperial Operahouse.

The four leading *danseuses*, Mdles Ricci, Viale, Mauri, and Zuliani, engaged for the forthcoming season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, are Italian.

Efforts are being made to establish a private Conservatory of Music in Milan. The Minister of Public Instruction has promised his support to the new institution.

Negotiations are pending between Mdme Lucca, of Milan, and Sig. Schira for a new grand opera, to be written by the accomplished *maestro* to a book by Sig. L. Fortis.

The choral society known as "Les Enfants de Paris" have chosen for their director M. Emile Pessard, in place of M. Lesecq, struck a short time since with mental alienation.

Señor Padilla and Mad. Artôt-Padilla contemplate giving a series of concerts in Sweden. Señor Padilla is, moreover, engaged next spring at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

On the 26th ult. Dr Harrar presented to Herr R. Wagner, in the name of the Germans of London, a magnificent album, containing the photographs of all Michael Angelo's frescoes.

There is a report that Salvini and Ernest Rossi will appear together at Florence. *Othello* is named as the opening piece, and it is said they will alternate the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*.

The number of Italian singers seeking engagements—"ancora disponibili"—comprised, a week back, 132 sopranos, 54 contraltos, 145 tenors, 98 baritones, and 37 basses, making 457 in all.

Mr Brinley Richards has been giving his lectures on National Music with success at Abergavenny and Newport (Monmouthshire), assisted by Miss Mary Davies and Miss Lizzie Evans as "illustrators" of the vocal portion.

Berlin possesses twelve theatres; five of the first class—namely, the Royal Operahouse, the Theatre Royal, Wallner's Theatre, the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, and the Victoria; three of the second class; and two of the third.

They asked him—he was not averse to games of chance—if trente-et-quarante was played at Wiesbaden. "I heard it was," he replied, "but to reach the room you had to pass three others where there were roulette lay-outs. I never was able to penetrate that far."

The Lord Mayor has accepted the offer of Mdme Liebhart to set aside the proceeds of one night's performance at the successful concerts now being held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. His lordship has signified his intention of being present on the occasion.

Karl Georg Lickl, the first to introduce and popularise the harmonium in Germany, died on the 3rd ult. at Vienna, where he was born in 1801. He composed a great number of pieces for his favourite instrument, as well as for the piano, besides several operas, the title of one of the latter being *Faust*.

Mr Carl Rosa's Opera Company have been playing, with success, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. On the opening night the *Trovatore* attracted a large audience. Mdme Blanche Cole was the heroine, and Mr Packard, Manrico. The orchestra and chorus were everything that could be wished, under the experienced guidance of Mr Carl Rosa, who conducted.

The Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition was open for the first time upon a Sunday, on the 19th of August, when upwards of 10,000 of the working classes and business men, for whom it was opened, entered the building. There was a grand sacred concert given in the great music hall, which was crowded. Everything was conducted in an orderly manner; no machinery was at work, and no sales were allowed.

THE EVIL EYE.—The models employed for the picture which Mr Holman Hunt has in hand at Jerusalem took it into their heads that they suffered from effects of the "evil eye," and, pending recovery, declined to sit again. A new set of models has been engaged, and so the work goes on without much delay. Mr Hunt has suffered from attacks of fever. These incidents have delayed his return to England for a few weeks.—*Athenæum*.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.—The surplus arising out of the National Eisteddfod at Carnarvon last month is upwards of £1,000, a pecuniary success said to be without precedent in Eisteddfodic annals. According to previous arrangement, the moiety goes to the University College of Wales, probably for the foundation of a Carnarvon scholarship, and the balance will be devoted towards

local objects, the selection of which has yet to be made. As next year's National Eisteddfod is to be held out of Wales—at Birkenhead—the Principality rests content with a Provincial Eisteddfod upon a large scale, and Menai Bridge has been selected as its *locale*.

The observations of Mr Brinley Richards on National Music in his lectures and concerts are instructive from many points of view. They will do much towards preserving the vitality of our ancient music, enabling us to perceive what is most graceful, beautiful and elevating in it. They will contribute to silence throughout the country the echoes of that low, tasteless, sensational music emanating from the atmosphere of music halls. They will prove conclusively the high claims of Wales to a national music of the greatest antiquity. It is in connection with this branch of his subject that Mr Richards best displays his learning and critical judgment. If his audiences were composed of musicians only he could establish the truth of his assertions in favour of our music and musical instruments from the nature of the earliest Welsh compositions themselves; but, as every one is not able to understand evidence of that description, Mr Richards shows himself prepared to decide the question by an appeal to history, from which standpoint his case is unanswerable. The great disadvantage under which Welshmen labour, in treating of ancient Celtic questions, is that, whether they speak of Gaelic or Cymric, they hardly ever prove themselves possessed of special knowledge from other than Cymric sources. This applies even to the late Thomas Stephens, of Merthyr. If we except Mr Rhys, Celtic Professor at Oxford, perhaps Mr Richards is the only Welshman who can look at Irish and Scottish antiquities as intelligently and impartially as at those of Wales, and the result is apparent in the spirit and tone which pervade his remarks. How rationally he accounts for the characteristics which distinguish Irish and Scotch music from Welsh, by showing us the very different principle on which the Gaelic and Cymric bards respectively strung and played their harps! Mr Stephens, whose learning on some subjects we all admire, made a clumsy job of this in his *Literature of the Cymry* by speaking of Irish tunes as being composed for bagpipes,—just as if the harp had been in remote ages the national instrument of the Cymry rather than of the Gael! Other races besides the various families of the Celtic stock, and more especially the people of England, owe gratitude to Mr Richards for the justice which has at length been done to their old National Music.—*Cardiff Journal*.

NAPLES.—The artists engaged for the San Carlo are Signore Teresina Singer, Giovannoni-Zacchi, De Giuli-Borsi; Signori Capponi, Patierno, Aramburo, tenors; Signori Medica, Belletti, M. Melchissédec, barytones; Signori Gasparini and Padovani, basses.

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The Twenty-second Series of the Saturday Concerts will commence on the 6th OCTOBER. There will be Twenty-five Concerts in all—eleven before and fourteen after Christmas, on the following dates, commencing each day at Three o'clock:—

1877. OCT. 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.	1878. MARCH 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd,
" Nov. 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th.	30th.
" DEC. 1st, 8th, 15th.	" APRIL 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.
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In announcing the Twenty-second Series of the Saturday Concerts the Directors beg to state that the programmes will be selected, as before, with the desire to present the old-established and ever-fresh favourites of the orchestra with all attainable excellence of performance, and also to bring forward such novelties as from their known merit or from the reputation of the composer, may claim to be introduced or repeated to an English audience. The experience of many years has shown that Beethoven's works possess an inexhaustible attraction for all classes of concert-goers; the greater number of his Symphonies will therefore be again performed during the series, together with Overtures, Concertos, and other pieces of that immortal composer. Of Mozart, two Symphonies are proposed, the well-known and favourite E flat, and that in D—styled the "Hafner"—which would be equally favourite if it were equally well known, and which has not been played at these concerts since 1865; also a set of Variations for Strings and Horns, recently revived by the Vienna Philharmonic with great success. Of Haydn, the Grand Symphony in B flat, No. 9 of the Salomon set, and that in G, quaintly known as Letter V, last played here in 1872. Of Schubert, it is intended again to have recourse to those MS. treasures which were acquired by the Crystal Palace Company in 1868, and have not yet been exhausted; to repeat the Tragic Symphony, last played in 1871, and to perform that in B flat (No. 2), which has not yet been given in public. Of Mendelssohn, the ever-fresh Italian Symphony, the *Lobgesang*, the music to Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a Fugue for Strings from a MS. Symphony, not before performed. Of Schumann, the Symphonies in E flat and D minor. Of Rossini, the Ballet Music from *Mosé in Egitto*, a novelty to most English ears. Of Sterndale Bennett, the music to *Ajazz* (his last work), the *May Queen*, and one of the Piano-forte Concertos. Of Berlioz, the *Sinfonie caractéristique*, *Harold en Italie*, founded on Byron's *Childe Harold*—for the first time at these Concerts.

Reverting to the older classics, it is intended to bring forward a Concerto by Sebastian Bach, for solo Violin, two Flutes, and Orchestra, probably never before performed in this country; and by Handel, a Grand Concerto (the Symphony of Handel's day), No. 12, for full Orchestra, and the Concerto, No. 2, for solo Oboe and Orchestra, both of which are virtually novelties in the modern concert-room. Also, by Purcell, "The Yorkshire Feast Song," for Solos, Chorus, and Orchestra, as published by the Purcell Society—the production of which last season, though announced, was unavoidably postponed, owing to the parts not being ready.

Of the composers of our own day, we hope to include a new Cantata by Professor Macfarren, entitled *The Lady of the Lake*; by Mr HATTON, the Sacred Drama (in other words, the Oratorio) of *Hezekiah* (for the first time); by Sir Julius Benedict, a Concerto for Piano-forte and Orchestra, and the Overture to the *Prince of Homburg*; by Mr Prout, a new MS. Symphony in G minor; and by Mr Arthur Sullivan (for the first in London), his new Incidental Music to Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.*

Also a new Concert Overture by Mr C. V. Stanford; Mr Gadsby's Overture to *Andromeda*, and Oboes from *Alceste*, &c., &c.

Brahms' Symphony, which was produced in MS. with so much favour at the close of last season, and is now printed, will be repeated; also his "Song of Destiny," and his Variations on a Theme of Haydn's, neither of which has been given here since 1875. Of Raff, the "Waldsinfonie" ("In the forest") has been selected, a work not yet produced at these Concerts. Of Liszt, a Rhapsodie (No. 4) for full Orchestra, equally new to this country. Of Rubinstein, we shall repeat the *Ocean Symphony*; and of Wagner, the *Walkürenritt*, and the Death Music from the *Ring of the Nibelung*, and also, for the first time, the Introduction to the Third Act of the *Meistersinger*. Of Reinecke, an orchestral "In Memoriam," as yet new to England; and of Hoffman and Goldmark, two rising stars of Germany, specimens will be given, including the "Ländliche Hochzeit," or "Country Wedding," of the latter, an orchestral work of great interest.

Of Saint-Saëns, it is intended to produce *La Rouet d'Omphale* and *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*, two orchestral works of which report speaks highly. Of

[Continued on next page.]

[Crystal Palace Advertisement.—See preceding page.]

Gounod, the Ballet and other pieces from *Cinq-Mars*. Of Verdi, the *Requiem*; and of Costa, "The Dream," a Serenata, not performed here since 1858, &c., &c. The Subscribers are respectfully informed that, in addition to the Compositions named in the above *résumé*, many others—both established favourites and novelties—will be inserted as opportunity offers.

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Engagements will, as in former years, be made with the most eminent Artists of London and the Continent, and the Subscribers may rest assured that every effort will be made to maintain the Concerts at the same point of interest and efficiency which has commanded their favour in former seasons.

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September, 1877.

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MDME ALICE BARTH will sing **BALFE's** popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Uckfield, September 27th.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Dome, Brighton, next week.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR SIDNEY TOWER will sing **BLUMENTHAL's** Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Mrs John Macfarren's Vocal and Instrumental Concert, at Stratford, Essex, Tuesday, 2nd October.

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MR WELBYE-WALLACE will sing **IGNACE GIBSON's** last most successful Serenade, "MY LADY SLEEPS," and Signor **TITO MATTEI's** "RITA," at his provincial engagements during the autumn.

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(From the Times.)

Leeds, Wednesday, Sept. 19.

The success of the Festival three years ago—first since the not-forgotten meeting of 1858, when the new Town Hall was solemnly opened in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, and the conductor was the late Sterndale Bennett, who composed his universally popular *May Queen* for the occasion—led to a proposition that it should be constituted triennial. This being unanimously approved, the second “Leeds Triennial Musical Festival” was announced in due time, and the rehearsals for most of the principal works included in the programme, occupying the whole of Monday morning and evening and Tuesday up to 3 p.m., have already been held.

Besides the attraction belonging to performances for the greater part of unsurpassed excellence, the fact that the profits go to the aid of the medical charities of the town—the General Infirmary, the Public Dispensary, the House of Recovery or Fever Hospital, and the Hospital for Women and Children—gives to the Leeds Festival a special claim to consideration. In 1874, £1,000 was divided among them, and it is hoped that the issue of this fresh experiment may lead to equally advantageous results. With a fund of £11,000, guaranteed by between 300 and 400 gentlemen, the “Executive Committee”—themselves all guarantors—have solid ground to work upon, and it is believed that their arrangements have afforded general satisfaction. They have engaged an orchestra of more than 100 performers, nearly all well-known artists, with Sir Michael Costa (which means experienced generalship) as conductor in chief, the direction of two new works composed expressly for the Festival, for reasons that have been more than once explained, being confided to other hands. The leading “vocalists,” comprising Mdle Albani, Mdmes Edith Wynne, Osgood, and Sinico (sopranos); Mdme Patey, Mdle Redeker, and Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke (contraltos); Messrs E. Lloyd and W. Shakespeare (tenors); Signor Foli, Messrs C. Tovey and Santley (basses), make up as strong and as efficient a force as could be desired. Last, and by no means least, we have the chorus of Yorkshire voices, the effect of whose singing in 1874 is still vividly remembered, and who will enjoy chances enough this week of maintaining their acknowledged supremacy. They now consist of 78 sopranos, 41 contraltos, 39 altos, 76 tenors, and 68 basses—in all 300 and upwards, among them being some 40 or 50 “amateurs,” who, in these parts, where choral singing, especially of sacred music, is studied with such persistent love and ardour, are not a bit the worse for being only amateurs. They will have to be proved in Mendelssohn’s *Elijah* and *Walpurgis Night*, Handel’s *Solomon*, J. S. Bach’s *Magnificat* in D, Mozart’s *Requiem*, and Beethoven’s *Mount of Olives*, besides Mr Walter Austin’s dramatic cantata, *The Fire King*, and Professor Macfarren’s new oratorio, *Joseph*, even a greater trial of their strength than his *John the Baptist*, with which, at the last Festival, they so fairly won distinction. That they will again come forth with honour from the ordeal, few are inclined to doubt. *Noblesse oblige*, and the Yorkshire chorus singers have earned a repute that cannot afford to be trifled with.

All the works above named have been rehearsed in whole or in part, and more than ordinary care was bestowed by Sir Michael Costa on the *Magnificat* of Bach and the *Requiem* of Mozart. The rehearsal of Mr Austin’s cantata was directed by Mr Wingham, of the Royal Academy of Music, and that of Professor Macfarren’s oratorio—to which also the utmost attention has been naturally given, as to the chief novelty of the Festival—by Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren, who did so much last year at Birmingham towards the adequate performance and genuine success of his eminent brother’s second oratorio, *The Resurrection*.

As a brief outline of the leading features announced in the week’s programme has already appeared in *The Times*, recapitulation now is uncalled for; but it is fair to add that the selections for the two miscellaneous evening concerts offer both variety and interest. While the entertainment of those who chiefly delight in operatic airs and ballads indiscriminate is well looked after, and good opportunities

of winning applause are vouchsafed to the principal vocalists, there is also some more substantial matter for the consideration of amateurs who care not much more greatly for such things than did Othello for music “that might be heard.” Joachim Raff’s symphony in G minor (decidedly his best), with such a magnificent orchestra as that under Sir Michael Costa’s control, will be heard with more than curiosity, and so will the late Sir Sterndale Bennett’s poetic and beautiful overture, *Die Walknymph*—both included in Friday’s programme. Up to this time we are promised, as far as the weather is concerned, another Gloucester week. If the promise holds out, so much the better for the second “Leeds Triennial Festival.”

A worthier commencement of the Festival than to-day’s *Elijah* could not possibly have been desired. Two performances of this most popular of modern oratorios can alone in our remembrance be compared with it—that of 1846, when *Elijah* was first produced at Birmingham under the direction of Mendelssohn himself, and that of 1855, at another Birmingham Festival, with Mr Costa, now Sir Michael Costa, as conductor. That any one fortunate enough to have been present on these memorable occasions can have forgotten the impression created is not likely; and when it is added that the performance of to-day was in most respects on a par with either of them, it may be readily understood that nothing short of first-rate excellence distinguished it from beginning to end. All that had been predicated of the Leeds chorus was fully carried out. But to speak in general terms—from the opening of the impressive and masterly orchestral interlude, separating the prophecy of the three years’ drought, “As God the Lord of Israel liveth,” from the chorus of the distressed and supplicating multitude, “Help, Lord!—wilt Thou quite destroy us?” the conviction that a performance of more than ordinary merit would ensue seemed to be regarded as a matter of course. Sir Michael Costa was in his happiest mood; and this was manifested, over and over again, by the uniform adherence to Mendelssohn’s own *tempi* in chorus after chorus, air after air, and so forth. More strictly followed they could not have been. The tranquil choruses, to which a subdued utterance and rigid attention to light and shade are indispensable, were not less satisfactory than those fiercer outbursts which call imperatively for precision of attack, boldness of delivery, and marked accentuation. The result throughout was a choral interpretation of Mendelssohn’s noblest composition, not less congenial in a poetic than satisfactory in a mechanical sense. When the glorious climax to Part I, “Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land,” was over, a burst of applause (up to this point applause having been judiciously dispensed with) testified to the unqualified delight of an audience little short of 2,000 in number—an audience crowding the vast hall in every part. Here one might have thought the climax had been reached. Not so, however. The choral singing in the second part was in no way inferior to that which uniformly marked the first; and from “Be not afraid” to “Then shall your light shine forth,” the emphatic peroration, there was scarcely a point open to unfavourable criticism. Sopranos, contraltos, altos, tenors, and basses vied with other, not so much in friendly rivalry as in a determined resolve to produce a perfectly harmonious combination, so as to render the text of Mendelssohn just as Mendelssohn would have rejoiced to hear it. And they succeeded—higher praise than which could hardly be accorded to these enthusiastic Yorkshire singers. The leading vocal parts in *Elijah* were one and all assigned to artists who knew how to appreciate and interpret them. Mr Santley, who sang the music of the Prophet from the introductory recitative to the final air which precedes the chorus describing Elijah’s ascent to Heaven in a fiery chariot, has seldom exhibited his remarkable declamatory powers and his mastery over all the gradations of expression to more signal advantage. Mr Edward Lloyd undertook all the most important music allotted to the tenor voice, and was equally fortunate in the two airs which give deep significance to a part otherwise comparatively subordinate. In the first part of the oratorio—if oratorio this Bible musical drama may justly be styled—Mdme Edith Wynne was soprano, and that rising young singer Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke, contralto. The former created her strongest

impression in the duet between the Widow and Elijah, the introductory solo of which, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" was rendered with truly impassioned feeling. The latter showed genuine taste in her delivery of her plaintive air, "Woe unto them who forsake Him," which comes immediately after the furious denunciation of the Prophet, "Is not His word like a fire?" In the second part the soprano was Mdle Albani, who gave the superb admonition, "Hear ye, Israel," better, if possible, with more resolute expression, more careful observance of detail, than at Gloucester a fortnight since, and in the magnificent *Sanctus*, "Holy, holy, holy!" created the same impression as before. Mdme Patey, the contralto, among other things, sang the consoling and truly devotional air, "O rest in the Lord," so well that there was an unmistakable desire on the part of the audience to hear it again, but Sir Michael Costa, with the judgment for which he is deservedly noted, lent an unwilling ear to the demand, and went on directly with the exquisitely melodious chorus, "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," which is as legitimately its sequel as the chorus, "He watching over Israel," is the sequel to the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains." For disregard to unreasonable demands Sir Michael is not to be blamed, but to be praised, and it would be well if other conductors imitated his example. The oratorio was preceded, as usual on such occasions, by the National Anthem. To night *The Fire King*, a new cantata by Mr Walter Austin, was performed, and much applauded.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

Thursday, Sept. 20.

The performance to-night was exclusively devoted to Handel's *Solomon*. This magnificent composition, although produced at the age of sixty-three, immediately before *Theodora*, the great Saxon musician's antepenultimate effort of the kind, deserves beyond question the first place among what are most appropriately denominated the "Sacred Musical Dramas" of its author. The text furnished by Dr Morell, or whoever it may happen to have been, is mediocre stuff at the best. Nevertheless, Handel, inspired by his theme, breathed life into the spiritless words, thus immortalising that which but for him would have scarcely outlived a day. But now is not the time to speak of *Solomon*, the merits of which are familiar to all possessing a taste for the special branch of art manifestation to which it belongs. What calls for immediate notice is the performance of to-night—such a performance as Handel himself could never by any chance have heard, and, to speak plainly, such a performance as neither London nor Birmingham has the means of providing. If the reason for such marked excellence is demanded, the answer is not far to seek. It is only requisite to point to the chorus, unquestionably the finest in Great Britain, and it may be added, without much fear of contradiction, in Europe. The *Elijah* of Mendelssohn did much to warrant this opinion. The *Walpurgis Night*, of the same composer, to-day went far to confirm it, but *Solomon* this evening placed it beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The opportunities afforded in *Solomon* for the exhibition of choral singing in all the varieties of shade and colour are abundant. The oratorio, divided into three parts, is stamped in each section with a strong individuality; and how Handel has made this subservient to his purpose it is needless to say. Like a consummate artist, he has seized each characteristic, reflecting it in his music with graphic truth and elaborating it with masterly skill. To the Leeds singers every chorus came like some old and loved acquaintance; not merely was the execution in every instance as nearly perfect as could be wished, but the spirit of each was clearly felt and as emphatically conveyed. The triumphal choruses, such as "Your harps and cymbals," "From the censer," and "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue," were not more remarkable for precision of accent and truly harmonious combination than the softer ones, like "May no rash intruder" and "Music, spread thy voice around," for delicacy and nice gradation, or those of deeper import, of which "Draw the tear from hopeless love" is an incomparable example for real earnestness

of expression. When, in addition to all this, it is stated for almost invariable correctness of intonation the choir was just as noticeable as for other essential qualities, enough has been said to justify the praise ungrudgingly and unanimously bestowed. The effect produced upon the audience was unmistakable, and Sir Michael Costa, who must have been proud to direct the performance of singers so exceptionally endowed and so admirably trained for his use by Mr Broughton, the indefatigable Leeds Chorus-master, was compelled against his usual custom to repeat "May no rash intruder" and "Shake the dome," in obedience to an irresistible demand from the audience. It must at present suffice to add that the leading solo vocalists were Mdmes Edith Wynne, Osgood, and Patey, and Messrs Shakespeare and Foli, who, it will be understood, were thoroughly competent to the task assigned to them, and helped to give additional interest to a performance with which little, if any, fault could reasonably be found. The orchestra was, from the overture to the end, all that could be wished, and Sir Michael Costa never conducted with more energy and hearty goodwill. Professor Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*, is to be given to-morrow.

DEATH OF MR HENRY COMPTON.

The long suffering of this excellent comedian from an incurable malady has been so widely known that few will be surprised at the announcement of his decease. For some months past all hope of his recovery had ceased to be entertained, and, after a short period of unconsciousness, he passed peacefully away on Saturday night, at the age of 72, dying from internal cancer. Mr Henry Mackenzie, who adopted the name of Compton when he entered the theatrical profession, was born in 1805, and went through a long probation in the provinces before he came direct from the York circuit to the Lyceum Theatre, where he made his first appearance as Robin in the musical farce of *The Waterman*, in July, 1837. He joined Mr W. J. Hammond at Drury Lane in the succeeding year, and was afterwards engaged by Mr Macready for the same establishment. He was a great favourite at the Princess's Theatre under the management of Mr J. M. Maddox, and at the Olympic when the elder Mr William Farren was lessee. Subsequently he became a member of the Haymarket company, and so remained for a long period, but finally severed his connection with that theatre to support Mr H. J. Montague in his managerial speculation at the Globe. Mr Compton's last engagement in London was at the Lyceum, where he played the Gravedigger in *Hamlet* during the long run of the play two seasons ago. The complimentary benefit he received at Drury Lane Theatre on the 1st of last March realised a very large sum, and was a strong proof of his professional popularity, and the high esteem in which he was personally held. As an actor perfectly original in his style, and possessing a fund of dry, quiet humour that never failed to minister to the amusement of the playgoing public, Mr Compton will be long remembered as among the prominent comedians of the modern stage. In *Touchstone*, and as the representative of other comic characters in the plays of Shakespeare, he attained marked distinction.

On Wednesday the funeral of Mr Compton was solemnised at Brompton Cemetery before a large assembly of the relatives and professional friends of the deceased. The funeral procession left 12, Stanford Road, Kensington, between eleven and twelve. Among the mourners were the four sons of the deceased. Among other friends present at the cemetery there were Mr Gaston Murray, Mr W. Tinsley, Mr H. Cox, Mr Maclean, Mr D. Rignold, Mr A. Thompson, Mr Ryder, Mr and Mrs Alfred Bishop, Mr J. Dewar, Mr W. S. Gilbert, Mr T. Swinburne, Mr H. Ashley, Mr F. Strange, Mrs W. H. Liston, Mr Billington, Mr Howe, Mr Clifford Cooper, Mr Swanborough, and Mr E. Terry. When the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, many persons pressed forward to look at and throw wreaths of flowers on it. The nameplate bore the following inscription:—"Charles Mackenzie, professionally known as Henry Compton, died 15th Sept., 1877, aged 72 years."

DUSSELDORF.—The Stadttheater was opened on the 12th inst. with Gounod's *Faust*.

A Festival Sermon.

(Preached in Gloucester Cathedral by BISHOP ELLICOTT.—Sept 4.)

(Concluded from page 619.)

The obvious and very natural aspect which our present appeal commonly assumes is that of the deep necessity of those in whom we are now interested. And this I should be the very last to leave unnoticed in a sermon such as the present. Poverty and necessity are perhaps now more sharply trying the widows and orphans of our clergy than in the early days of these Festivals. None but those who have the sad duty of reading each fully-authenticated story of the scanty means of subsistence, a subsistence sometimes wholly made up of charities, that is brought up before the dispensers of funds such as the present, can form any real conception of the struggles of the clergyman's widow, especially when left with only partially-educated and dependent children. It has often been to me a subject of wonder when analysing, as it is often my duty, these saddening facts, and reading the outward stories of these lives of suffering and privation, how the barest necessities of life could possibly be secured. Often the sad story, dark enough in its ordinary outlines, is made still more dark by that which only too commonly finds a place in these homely annals—sickness and declining health. I believe if it were not for the generosity of the greater part of our medical men, a generosity not always known but not less constantly manifested, and a generosity which I am rejoiced to have this opportunity of publicly acknowledging on behalf of the poorer members of my own profession—were it not for this, I verily believe that in many and many a case life itself could not be maintained without the interposition of the cold hand, the necessarily cold hand, of public relief.

These sad details we commonly are glad to pass over. There is a pain in specifying them; there is a pain in hearing them. But let no one for a moment suppose either that they are only to be observed in exceptional cases, or that they have any tendency to diminish in number and frequency. Believe me when I simply say, from my own experience, that many as are the charitable institutions, many as are the funds, general and local, which are available for the widows and orphans of our clergy, the cases of suffering and pressure are distinctly increasing, and increasing too at a rate which often fills me with the gravest anxiety.

A moment's thought will remind anyone why it is so. Pluralities have been done away with; poorly-endowed and populous district parishes have been largely called into existence; curates have become more urgently needed; money has declined in value, and the scanty professional income has become less and less able to bear any deduction for a provision for those left behind when the hard-worked life may have ended. It is, I fear, certainly true that the utter inability to commence or maintain a life assurance in any degree sufficient to shelter the family in the case of contingency, or to provide for the education of children, is more and more felt in our clerical profession. The scanty income, especially if there be a family, will not bear the deduction: and so it only too often happens that the married clergyman carries about with him a bitter load of care and anxiety as to the future of those nearest and dearest to him, if his own life should not be spared to them. Yes, my dear friends, many a parting scene has been rendered more bitter and agonising from the sad knowledge that those weeping round the dying bed will soon have to rest entirely on charities such as our own, or on that generous local effort which our liberal laity are ever ready to make, in any case of real necessity, for the helpless ones thus left as it were to the general fatherhood of God. Such cases are not unknown to me. I am drawing no ideal pictures; I am speaking, alas, from the sad experiences of an official position, and from a knowledge which, from time to time, has been most painfully brought home to me. So let no one think or believe that the necessity is not as real as it has ever been in the hundred and fifty years that have come and gone since this beneficent Charity first came into existence. Nay, the necessity is greater, and greater in some respects—thank God that I can say it—from a noble and even heart-touching reason. Our clergy work more bravely and self-devotedly; and, in the crowded city or large straggling village, many a true life is shortened by the earnestness with which that life is given up to Christ and His Gospel. I see men sometimes fading under my very eyes, and, when I look into the wistful careworn face of the wife or of the elder children, I read a tale of simple and bitter sorrow that wants no romance or idealism to bring it home to any true or sympathising heart. Want, then, there is, deep and increasing want, want which our charitable offerings may in some degree remove. But it is well to remember that this is not all. There is something in the case of widows and orphans, especially of our country clergy, that seems to add to

the force of our present appeal, and to move us to do all that it may be possible for us to do to make a sad lot in some degree more endurable. All who know much of clerical life know that to the widows and orphans of our faithful clergy there are sorrows sharper, and shadows deeper, than are to be found perhaps, in other professions. It is not only the broken-up home, and such a home, such a truly ideal Christian home, as that of the country rectory, nestling beneath the church tower in one of those sweet valleys not unknown to some of those whom I am now addressing; it is not only the broken-up home and the soon scattered family, parting and separately struggling for a livelihood, and never to meet in the old home again, that add the most sombre tints to the sad picture we are now contemplating. Alas, all poor mortal life in every profession has its examples of these forms of sorrow. But over and above these there is, as it seems to me, the still deeper sorrow of the happiest and holiest work in which a Christian family can be united being broken off, and by the nature of the case broken off irrevocably. All the happily-moulding influences, especially on the younger members of the family, that are elements and factors in the home life of the English parsonage—the happy work with the village choir, the night school, the Scripture class, the sympathising visit to the sick and suffering—all these most happy aspects of Christian life, this gentle united labour for Christ's sake, all brought to their close, and with them that Christian sunshine which, if rightly welcomed and appreciated, exercises such a powerful influence on the households and families of our clergy. It is the breaking-up of this common work for God, carried on under such happy circumstances, that seems to me to commend the case of those for whom I am pleading still more cogently to the generous supporters of these charitable Festivals.

We are met together under circumstances of gladness and joyfulness, some of us to drink deeply of those æsthetic pleasures to which the sacred sounds that will soon be heard in this noble Cathedral will so largely minister—all of us to take some pleasant part in our triennial Festival. Let us, at a time like this, not put away from us such thoughts as those which I have last suggested to you. True it is, that nothing we can do can bring back again all those happy influences for good which it has pleased a Father of love and mercy should, in this case and that case, cease in the particular forms under which we have been regarding them. Our offerings cannot re-unite, under the circumstances of the happy past, the members of the sundered family; we cannot give back to them the happiness and the blessings of the common work for God in the parish from which now they are separated. But we can help, and mightily help, the permanence of the good influences of those bygone days. We can help the boy to bare bravely his part in the struggle of life, and, either in the public school or in the University, to gain for himself that future of usefulness and independence which, as one of the best boasts of our country ever reminds us, lies freely open before each earnest lad who will faithfully use the good powers which God in His mercy has vouchsafed to him. We can help the girl by timely grants which may secure to her that best of gifts and dowries, a good Christian education. We can help the widow, and verily bring back to her something of past sunshine by aiding her in her efforts for those dependent on her; we can encourage and gladden middle life, and largely minister—perhaps this is the most popularly-known of the aspects of our Charity—to the needs and cares of declining days, and, through the blessings of the Holy Ghost, make a life tried by many a sorrow in its closing years peaceful and thankful. And we can thus cast one look forward into the mysterious future which our text has suggested to us, and perhaps be permitted to realise that great thought which it seems to shadow out, that thought which connects us and those we aid by some bond more enduring than that of earthly sympathy and earthly benevolence. It is one of those thoughts which will not bear to be very sharply formulated; it is one of those half-veiled messages that nevertheless seem to give to every true and generous heart some fresh impulse to deeds of love and mercy; it is a call to act generously, not only for what now is, but for what may be—that so at length when all things fail, but when also all shadows shall be removed, aiders and aided may meet in that fair land where reigns the King in His beauty, and be received by Him in His blessed and everlasting habitations.

And now I again and lastly commend to you this great and—may I not now say it—solemnly-interesting cause. Much more might have been said, but this is one of the cases in which the Christian preacher will do well to suggest rather than amplify. Every one of you knows well that out of the experiences which one such as your present preacher must have largely acquired many a sad story might have been brought forward, many a painful trial might have been specified. But this I have not cared

to do. I know well that I am addressing, not only old friends but ready and helpful sympathisers, and I feel persuaded that the bounty of this week will be worthy of the praise with which it will be associated. Our wise Hooker tells us that there are three elements that are to be looked for in every Festival. One of these, the rest that belongs to the true ecclesiastical Festival, cannot by the nature of the case form an element in this busy, but still I trust innocently busy, week. But the other two elements which I have mentioned, the bounty that freely gives for Christ's sake, even as it has received, and the Praise that ascribes all to the dear God and Father who gave us all things, even His own beloved Son—these two elements, I trust, will be present largely and abounding, and will make this festival one more fruitful in good works and charitable offerings, and, let me not fail to pray, better remembered for the religious emotions it may awaken and deepen in the soul, than any which have preceded it.

It would be sad indeed if the songs of praise which will soon be heard, with all the solemn influences which this noble building so largely ministers, were to be heard only to please the outward ear, and not to raise the soul nearer to God, and to evoke from it its unuttered but no less deeply-felt adoration. No; my earnest prayer is that to you, and to all who come within these venerable walls, this week may bear its spiritual blessings; that the emotions of the hour may permanently influence the sentiments of the life; that reverence may become deeper, and love warmer and truer. This Festival week, rightly used, offers great spiritual opportunities. May you and all that come into this House of God be made truly and vividly to realise His adorable presence! May you listen as feeling that He is very nigh; may you be permitted inwardly to adore as seeing Him that is invisible!

While the stewards passed round the Cathedral and made the collection the well-known offertory hymn, "O Lord of Heaven and earth and sea," was sung to Dr Dykes's popular tune "Almsgiving," and the Bishop then pronounced the benediction. As the congregation left, Mr S. G. Hayward played one of Bach's famous fugues in a masterly manner.

Appointment by Favour.

(From the "Norfolk Chronicle.")

The announcement that the Dean had appointed Mr Thomas Craddock, Mus. Bac., Oxford, at present organist of the parish church of Torquay, and formerly organist of St John's, Paddington, where Dr Goulburn was vicar, to the position of organist and choir-master of Norwich Cathedral, was received with surprise and regret throughout the city and county. It was supposed that the long services of Dr Bunnett—twenty-eight years—as assistant organist, irrespective of his qualifications as a musician, amongst the first of his class, would have commanded his appointment to a post to which he has no doubt for many years looked forward, and the intimation conveyed to him by the Dean that he should no longer require his services, came with as much surprise upon the public as upon Dr Bunnett. The appointment of organist to the cathedral is vested in the Dean; but it is one in which the public who attend the cathedral have a great concern, that we should have thought Dr Goulburn would have hesitated ere he set aside the wishes of the Mayor, magistrates, leading citizens of Norwich, and county residents, who signed a strong memorial in favour of Dr Bunnett's appointment. It may be that the appointment of Mr Craddock was a fulfilment of a pledge given when Dr Goulburn left the vicarage of St John's, Paddington. If so, however we may respect the Dean's observance of his word, we cannot exculpate him from blame in not having informed Dr Bunnett that it was his intention, on Dr Buck's retirement, to appoint Mr Craddock. He has laid himself open to the charge of suffering Dr Bunnett for eleven years to go on as assistant organist, with the expectation of getting the higher office when a vacancy occurred, when a word as to his future intentions would have enabled Dr Bunnett to seek that promotion in another place to which his talents entitle him. As it is, he has sacrificed the best part of his life in probation for a post now refused him, but which he was entitled to expect not only on account of *gratuitous* services for twenty-eight years as deputy, and practically chief, organist—for during that time he has never received a farthing for his services either from Dr Buck or the Dean—but from the confidence earned amongst his fellow citizens. We do not presume to enter into the motives which led the Dean to ignore Dr Bunnett's services and the memorial of the Mayor and citizens of Norwich and inhabitants of the county; they rest with himself. If he from the first contemplated giving the appointment to Mr Craddock he has been guilty of great cruelty to Dr Bunnett; whereas, if his decision is of recent date, it shows a disregard for the opinion of the Norwich citizens and county

residents, which not even a Dean can afford to indulge with impunity. Of Dr Bunnett's qualifications for the post it is hardly necessary to speak. He has obtained the degree of Mus. Doc. at Cambridge—not by favour, but by good work—and it is not too much to say that he is the equal if not superior of any who have occupied the post before him. It is unnecessary to say more on this point than that for twenty-eight years he has virtually been organist of the cathedral. We do not suppose there ever was a case in which undisputed claims were so thoroughly ignored, and Dean Goulburn has much to answer for. This is not the case of a petty appointment of parochial organist—vested, possibly, in the incumbent—but is one of a public character, and the Dean had no right to ignore the expressed wish of the public signified in the memorial presented to him. It is said that, even up to a recent period after Dr Buck had resigned, the Dean invited Dr Bunnett's opinion as to the specifications of a new organ for the cathedral. We can scarcely believe this, as it puts the Dean in a worse light than at present. He is, we believe, at Malvern enjoying his holidays, but we cannot think his pleasure will be enhanced by the reflection that he has done an injustice to a worthy and talented Norwich citizen, even while serving a former friend and protégé.

BROOKLYN (U.S.).—A series of Garden Concerts, on the model of Thomas's Central Garden Concerts in New York, was inaugurated on the 11th August, under the direction of the editor of the New York *Kunst-Kritik*, Herr Emil Seifert, of Berlin. The orchestra, forty strong, consists of members of the New York Philharmonic Society and ex-members of Thomas's Orchestra. The opening concert attracted a very numerous audience, in which the German element largely predominated. Herr Seifert was loudly applauded.

VIENNA.—The prospectus for the next season at the Imperial Operahouse is not yet settled, though the contrary may be the case before these lines are published. Sig. Merelli is shortly expected here to arrange with Herr Jauner the details of the Italian season. The only thing at present definitely fixed is the engagement of Mad. Christine Nilsson, who will appear in various operas during the month of February, and sing one or two characters, besides Elsa, in German. With regard to Mad. Adelina Patti, that gifted lady, it is reported, being about to make a starring tour through Germany, will accept an engagement here. Sig. Merelli has come to a provisional agreement on this point with Herr Strakosch, who is acting for Mad. Patti. Mad. Trebelli, Signori Masini and Zucchini, will, probably, be included in Sig. Merelli's company. Negotiations, also, have been opened with Mad. Ethelka Gerster, Mdle Albani, and M. Faure.—The Komische Oper is not to be demolished, after all. Herr A. Swoboda has become its manager, having occupied the same position for the limited liability company which built and first opened it. He will not commence his season immediately, however, as he requires some time to form his company and arrange the plan of his campaign. It is to be hoped that he will be more successful on his own account than he was on that of the unfortunate shareholders.—The Society of the Friends of Music have issued their report for the last year on the Conservatory of Music and Representative Art. From this report we take the annexed facts. The board of management of the society consists of 18 members, among whom may be mentioned the chairman, Baron von Hofmann, Imperial Minister of Finance, two Imperial *Capellmeister*, Herren Herbeck and Hellmesberger, Dr Aug. Schmidt, Dr Standhartner, and Herr L. A. Zellner, the General Secretary. The course of instruction is conducted by a school committee of 11 members, with 47 ordinary, and 6 extraordinary teachers, to whom is added a teacher-substitute. 674 pupils attended the musical, and 42 the dramatic classes, making together 716. Lower Austria (including Vienna) sends 409 pupils; Hungary, 54; Bohemia, 45; Moravia, 38; Transylvania, 20; Galicia, 13; Upper Austria, 10; Carinthia and Styria, 8 each; the Tyrol, 6; Silesia, 4; the Military Frontier and Sclavonia, 3 each; Trieste, 2; and Dalmatia, 1; making a total of 624 subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The musical classes were attended also by 50 foreign pupils, of whom Russia sent 12; Wallachia, 10; Germany, 9; Italy, 6; Roumania, 5; Wurtemberg and Turkey, 2 each; America, Greece, Sweden, and Switzerland, 1 each. The number of pupils attending respectively the separate classes, were: solo singing, 94; pianoforte as principal subject, 377; as secondary subject, 159; organ, 5; harp, 14; violin, 75; violoncello, 15; double-bass, 10; flute, 11; oboe, 8; clarinet, 6; bassoon, 6; horn, 9; trumpet, 11; trombone, 8; harmony as principal subject, 8; as secondary subject, 134; counterpoint, as principal subject, 1; as secondary subject, 30; composition, as principal subject, 16; as secondary subject, 8; choral singing, as secondary subject, 111. The total number of hours devoted to instruction in the course of the year was 21,054, in addition to the time consumed in extraordinary exercises, pupils' concerts, &c.

Musical Cricket Matches.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LIBRARIES v. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This match was played on the Crystal Palace grounds, the Libraries proving the strongest, winning on the first innings by 57 runs; R. Russell, for the Libraries, playing in capital style, carrying his bat out with 62 runs. The following is the score:—

THE LIBRARIES.		HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.	
E. Darville, b Foster	3	H. Pearce, b J. Wood	20
W. Joy, c Wolsey, b Foster	10	J. Worsey, c Darville, b Dowling	5
R. Russell, not out	62	E. Foster, c Hardy, b Darville	13
C. Darville, b Foster	0	A. Pearce, c Joy, b Parratt	10
J. Wood, b Foster	12	F. Pearce, thrown out, Russell	0
S. Hayes, b Foster	0	T. Copping, 1 b w b Dowling	8
A. Parratt, b Foster	18	E. Bailey, thrown out, Stevens	0
R. Mills, b A. Pearce	4	C. Slatter, b J. Wood	1
J. Hardy, b A. Pearce	8	B. Bage, c and b Wood	1
J. Stevens, c and b Pearce	0	W. Parry, c Parratt, b Dowling	0
		G. Byrne, not out	0
Total	127	Total	70

MESSRS CHAPPELL & CO. v. MESSRS CRAMER & CO.

This match was played at Lord's Ground, St John's Wood, Sept. 15. After capital play the Bond Street team proved too strong for Regent Street, winning by 62 runs and 2 wickets to spare. The following is the score:—

MESSRS CHAPPELL & CO.		MESSRS CRAMER & CO.	
W. Joy, c Pearce, b Dowling	7	E. Darville, b Towning	11
Jeffreys, b Pearce	1	S. Darville, b Adams	10
R. Russell, run out	84	C. Darville, b Adams	8
Evans, c Eastman, b Dowling	8	J. Wood, b Adams	13
C. Cubitt, b Hayes	16	H. Pearce, c Adams, b Towning	0
Adams, b Darville	16	S. Hayes, b Towning	10
Kerstake, b Hayes	2	E. Dowling, run out	12
R. Cubitt, b Hayes	17	F. Rowe, b Adams	2
G. Towning, not out	81	J. Stevens, b Towning	0
Norton, not out	0	W. Eastman, c Towning	5
Saunders	0	B. Becket, not out	0
Total	141	Total	79

THE REASON WHY.

The result of due enquiries being the certainty that the tenor, M. Capoul, will not be at liberty next spring, the production of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* has been adjourned. The authors, concurring with M. Halanzier, could not make up their minds to break off, after only the second month, the run of the piece, which will wait for a Paolo who is a free man. It has been calculated that so important a work as *Françoise de Rimini* could not be ready earlier than the end of next February, and Capoul is due in London on the 1st April. It was not easy to find another tenor, for people in France like to see the characters of a new work created by artists who can really represent them, and Paolo requires, it would appear, a lover who can act as well as sing. The same is true of Francesca. All the other characters might have been most satisfactorily cast, and we believe we may assert that for Mdle Richard was destined the good fortune of creating a most interesting and dramatic page.—*L'Entr'acte*.

WEIMAR.—During the summer season just passed, the Abbate Franz Liszt gave twelve Musical Matinées at his residence. The following were the more important compositions included in the programmes: "Siegmond's Hämmerlied," and "Siegmond's Liebesgesang" (Herr Ferenczy); "Funeral March" from *Die Götterdämmerung*, eight-handed pianoforte arrangement by Rupp (the Abbate Franz Liszt, Herren Pöhl, Cönen, and Mdle aus der Ohe); Prize Trio by Napravnik (the Abbate, Herren Kumpel and De Munck); one of Petrarch's Sonnets, Liszt (Mdle Först); "Die drei Zigeuner," Liszt (Mad. Merian); "Walkürenritt," Wagner-Tausig (Mdle Wenzel and Herr Zarebski); Concerto for two Pianos, Rubinstein (Mdle Timanoff and the Abbate); "Islamah," Characteristic Piece for the Piano, by Balakireff (Mdle Timanoff); "Tarantelle" Wieniawski (Herr Sauret and the Abbate); "Walhall-Paraphrase," Wagner-Liszt (Mdle Arends); "Siegfried und der Waldvogel," Wagner-Liszt (Herr Lutter); "Geisterschiff," Tausig (Mdle aus der Ohe); and "Symphoniesatz," Borodin (the Abbate, Herr Zarebski).

THE ORCHESTRA AT THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

First Violins.—Messrs P. Sainton (principal), H. W. Hill, H. C. Cooper, T. Watson, J. Day, J. W. Rendle, E. S. Jones, J. L. Goodwin, E. G. Woodward, W. Sutton.

Second Violins.—Messrs J. T. Willy (principal), E. Payton, J. Kelly, J. Earnshaw, A. Simmons, A. Reynolds, E. Frewin, R. F. Goodwin, J. Hooper, J. Wilson.

Violas.—Messrs R. Blagrove (principal), W. H. Hann, S. Webb, C. T. Colchester, T. Reynolds, R. Bowie, J. O. Brooke, J. W. Rippon.

Violoncellos.—Messrs E. Howell (principal), W. Pettit, H. Chipp, W. H. Aylward, W. F. Reed, A. Guest, A. W. Waite.

Double Basses.—Messrs A. C. White (principal), C. Severn, W. Castell, C. Harper, jun., W. J. Strugnell, S. J. Jakeway, W. H. Pimm.

Flutes.—Messrs J. R. Radcliff, W. L. Barrett, J. D. Keppell, J. Hadley. *Oboes*.—Messrs G. Horton, A. Peisel, A. Castagnier, C. Reynolds. *Clarionets*.—Messrs H. Lazarus, H. Snelling. *Bassoons*.—Messrs J. F. Hutchins, T. Anderson. *Horns*.—Messrs C. Harper, J. E. Mann, J. W. Standen, R. Keevill. *Trumpets*.—Messrs T. Harper, J. C. Scotts. *Trombones*.—Messrs J. Hawkes, W. Webster, H. Tull. *Harp*.—Mr Lockwood. *Contra Fagotto*.—Mr J. W. Hawes. *Ophicleide*.—Mr S. Hughes. *Drums*.—Mr Pheasant. *Grosse Caïesse*.—Rev. A. S. Loxley.

MARGATE.

The following is a description of the organ in St John's Church, Margate, built by Gray & Davison. It is the largest organ in the county of Kent, and is larger than the instrument in Canterbury Cathedral, where Mr Lott was formerly assistant organist.

It consists of three manuals, CC to G, the swell throughout; and pedal organ with radiating and concave pedals, CCC to F, two octaves and a fourth.

GREAT ORGAN.			
Double Diapason	16 feet.	Twelfth	3 feet.
Open Diapason	8 "	Fifteenth	2 "
Gamba	8 "	Sesquialtra, III. ranks.	"
Clarinet Flute	8 "	Mixture, II. ranks.	"
Principal	4 "	Trumpet	8 "
Harmonic Flute	4 "	Clarion	4 "

SWELL ORGAN.			
Lieblich Bourdon	16 feet.	Fifteenth	2 feet.
Keraulophon	8 "	Mixture, III. ranks.	"
Open Diapason	8 "	Oboe	8 "
Stopped Diapason	8 "	Cornopean	8 "
Principal	4 "	Clarion	4 "

CHOIR ORGAN.			
Open Diapason	8 feet.	Flute	4 feet.
Dulciana	8 "	Flageolet	2 "
Lieblich Gedacht	8 "	Clarinet and Bassoon	8 "
Gemshorn	4 "		

PEDAL ORGAN.			
Open Diapason	16 feet.	Violoncello	8 feet.
Bourdon	16 "	Trombone	16 "

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great Manual.	Great Manual to Pedals.
Swell to Pedals.	Choir Manual to Pedals.
Swell to Choir Manual.	Pedal Octave.
Swell Octave.	

Seven composition pedals, viz.: 4 to Great Organ, and 3 to Swell.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—A large audience assembled at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on Friday evening, September 14th, to witness the production of Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. The opera is one of Mr Macfarren's best, the English character of its dance-music being one of its striking features. As the work was unfolded—writes a local journal—the audience became more and more favourably impressed with its merits, and were unstinting in their praise of the whole production. Mr Packard was Robin Hood, Mdme Blanche Cole, Maid Marian, Mr Ludwig, the Sheriff, and Mr Aynsley Cook, the Sompnour. The parts of Alice, Allandale, Little John, and Much were ably filled by Miss Yorke, and Messrs Lyall, Muller, and Snazelle. The season terminates on Saturday evening with Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*.

THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.

We believe that many of the promoters no longer expect that the partially erected structure on the Thames Embankment will ever be completed as a National Operahouse, and there is some probability that it will eventually fall into the hands of others and be converted into a grand hotel, for which the site is considered to be exceptionally well adapted. Whatever its ultimate fate may be, it is certain that within the last week or two the unfinished building has been closely examined by surveyors and other experts on behalf of a body of capitalists whose object is to complete it as an hotel. We understand that their opinion is that without disturbing either the external walls of the building or several of those inside, the shell of the building could be adapted to hotel purposes without difficulty, while among other features of the original design the grand and other staircases could be retained. In consequence of this the promoters of the new project are prepared to make an offer to the Opera-house representatives to take over the building in its present condition at a valuation, and then to complete it without further delay as an hotel.—*Architect.*

MARRIAGE.

On September 13th, at St Peters, Brighton, WILLIAM, son of the late Mr Edwin Ransford, to ELEANOR, daughter of the late Mr Robert Macklin, of Maida Vale.

DEATH.

On the 15th inst, at midnight, at his residence, Dudley House, Ladbroke Road, Redhill, CHARLES POPE HUTCHINGS, Esq., for many years of the Marine Hotel, Hastings, in the seventy-third year of his age. Friends are requested to accept this intimation.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—All is vanity, says the preacher. So it is, and the assertion holds equally good if we assign to the word: Vanity, a meaning different to that originally intended, and use it to imply a quality supposed to be an especial characteristic of the peacock. Even if not prepared to admit that the assertion is unexceptionally true, with the word taken in the above sense, we must conscientiously do so in the majority of sublunary matters. Men's actions have mostly a spice of vanity in them, as surely as a disagreeable number of the articles in a German *Conditorei* proclaim the presence of vanilla. Vanity, like Proteus, assumes all kinds of forms. It is vanity which causes a New Zealander to undergo with cheerful resignation the scarifying process of tattooing: it is vanity which induces weak-minded beings among ourselves to rival the endurance of their tattooed brother, by submitting to the torture of pinching up their feet so that the latter may appear a trifle less than they really are, and undergoing agony almost equal to that occasioned by the famous boot so celebrated in connection with the visit to Edinburgh of that amiable and enlightened prince, James, Duke of York, afterwards King of England; vanity induces an African potentate to dispose of his blood relations for a few glass beads; vanity has pulled and tugged away at the staylace with which many a fair but foolish girl has committed suicide as certainly, and less agreeably, because not so speedily, as if she had tied it round her neck and then suspended herself from some convenient nail or bedpost.

One form assumed by vanity is a love of titles. This has

been unjustly designated a peculiarly English phase of the disease; but it is equally rampant with other nations. This hankering for "a handle to one's name," far, indeed, from being exclusively English, as some foreign critics have asserted, may be found flourishing vigorously beyond seas, and nowhere more so than among our American cousins, where, unless travellers tell unconscionable falsehoods, as well as see strange things, it is not impossible that the gentleman who hands his thirsty customer a gin-sling, a mint-julep, or a sherry-cobbler, may be dubbed a major, a colonel, or even a general.

This train of thought has been suggested by the perusal of some remarks in an American contemporary on the subject of the title of "Professor," which always has been and still is used pretty freely by music-teachers throughout the States, and which, according to the testimony of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, is equally popular among the teachers in the public schools. The writer in the journal mentioned thinks, and, in so thinking, cannot be accused of gross misrepresentation, that teaching is not yet a learned profession, since nine-tenths of all teachers do not intend to make teaching a life-work, and that to give the title of Professor to persons of this class is to "belittle" those who have really a right to it. We are informed that the writer has visited teachers' institutes where he has been often amused, but still oftener disgusted, at the manner in which young college graduates, who had scarcely peeped into a schoolroom, were addressed as "Professors." These sucking exponents of education, we are told, drank in the distinction as a sponge would drink in water. Like the sponge, too, they expanded under the operation. On the other hand, our American colleague is perfectly shocked at observing the servility with which older teachers bestow the title on such young calves, because the latter can show a college diploma, which, perchance, they "scarcely deserve."

Commenting on the above, a writer in *Brainard's Musical World* says he has always been of opinion that there is no more honourable title to be worn by men than that of "Teacher." His view of the case is that, if the name of "Music-Teacher" is not as honourable as Professor, it is simply the fault of the teacher. He is convinced that the public will scarcely be ready to respect the title of Music-Teacher, when music-teachers themselves are ashamed of it. There are many, we learn, who are a disgrace to the profession, and they are always the most eager for the title of Professor. It is true that teachers cannot be responsible for the titles which the public seem willing to confer on them; but conscientious men should sternly refuse to accept so questionable a boon. The writer winds up as follows: "Germany confers this title upon men who have distinguished themselves as teachers, or who have written works upon the subject of education. It is true we do not live in Germany, nor are we advocating the plan of following the example of Germany in all things. Yet, if we wish to use titles, we should see to it, as Germans do, that they mean something."

With the concluding principle here announced no sensible man will disagree, but there would be great and almost insurmountable difficulties in carrying it out through the length and breadth of the States. One great obstacle is the excessive weakness, to which I have already referred, which the Americans exhibit for titles of all kinds. Some people must have jewelry. If they cannot procure it genuine, they are contented with it false. They would prefer diamonds; but, sooner than go unadorned, they will wear paste. There will long, if not always, continue to be plenty of sham "Professors" on the other side the Atlantic. But true musicians there need not lose heart. The remedy is not far to seek.

Good wine needs no bush; and art-education has recently made such strides in America, especially as regards music, that the merits of those who are properly qualified to teach the divine art will not fail to obtain recognition, even without the aid of a title which charlatans have done all they can to discredit.

X.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It appears that M. Scholl, the well-known French critic, is not particularly partial to Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*. Referring to the recent performance of that work at the Paris Opéra-Comique, he says:—

"I am of the same opinion as the King of Holland, who, after admiring Boieldieu's masterpiece for five years, and suffering it for ten, could not at last retain his composure if he merely saw it announced in the bills. Eugene Chavette told me that, when he was manager of the Theatre Royal of the Hague, it was frequently necessary that he should speak to the King. His Majesty, who was not particularly fond of pecuniary grants, ordinary and supplemental, ended by avoiding any interview with his manager. But his manager knew the King's weak point. He put up *La Dame Blanche*. Immediately afterwards an aide-de-camp galloped to the theatre—and Chavette obtained what he wanted, on condition of his changing the bill."

The following anecdote is related of Gaye, a chamber-musician to Louis XV. Having spoken disrespectfully of the Archbishop of Rheims, he feared he might lose his situation in the royal household. He fell, therefore, at the King's feet and begged that he might be forgiven. A few days later, as Gaye was singing mass in the King's presence, the Archbishop took occasion to remark to the Monarch, with a view of procuring the musician's dismissal: "What a pity it is, Sire, that poor Gaye is losing his voice!" "Losing his voice!" replied the King. "You are mistaken, my Lord, for he sings very well—though I must own he sometimes speaks ill."

A VIENNA paper, *Die Donau*, says that after the performance of *Die Götterdämmerung* at Bayreuth, the Emperor Wilhelm despatched General Count Lehendorf to summon the composer to the Imperial presence. After some trouble, the General found the object of his search in a little room behind the stage, stretched full length on a couch, while his wife, Mme Cosima, was kneeling before him, fanning his face. The Abbate Franz Liszt was pacing up and down, with the air of a man meditating on the Music of the Future. The General informed Wagner that the Emperor desired to see him. Looking towards Cosima, Wagner said: "Ought I to go, my dear?" "I think it will be enough for you to send word begging to be excused," replied the lady. "When the Emperor of Germany expresses a desire," observed the General, "that desire is, I think, an order as far as you are concerned. His Majesty commands your attendance, do you hear?" At this point, the Abbate interposed and impressed on Wagner the necessity of obeying the Emperor. Finally, Wagner made up his mind to follow the General. *Die Donau*, from which, as already intimated, this account is taken, is responsible for its correctness.

M. THIERS was not merely a most refined lover of art, and, in former days, one of the most regular frequenters of the Grand Opera, but, also, when the occasion required it, an intelligent Mecenas. A few days after Boieldieu's death in 1834, the *Journal des Débats* told its readers in the following terms how M. Thiers had assisted the musician, when the latter returned, ill and without means, from Italy, whither he had gone in the hope of recovering his health:

"Speaking of the state of Boieldieu's affairs, a paper said yesterday that, last year, the celebrated composer applied for a place as sub-librarian, but that both his own efforts and the exertions of his friends in his behalf were of no avail. This statement is not correct. On his return from Italy, Boieldieu, who had previously received from the Minister of the Interior" (M. Thiers) "proofs of the interest the latter took in him, requested an audience for the purpose of returning his thanks. At this interview, the Minister enquired into his visitor's position, which he spontaneously offered to improve. He personally used his influence with the Minister of Public Instruc-

tion to procure for Boieldieu, not a sub-librarian's place, but the position of curator, at the Royal Library. The rules of the institution, however, were opposed to such a nomination. M. Thiers then appointed the composer of *La Dame Blanche* to the professorship of composition, an office which had been long suppressed. Boieldieu had been professor of composition at the Conservatory from 1821 to 1827, with Lesueur and Berton, and his place was not filled up when he retired. Necessity, as we have seen, compelled him to resume the work of teaching, though for a very short period; illness, and then death, scarcely allowed him again to fulfil the duties of his office."

PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—The City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts, held under the auspices of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union, were commenced for the twenty-fourth season on Saturday evening, Sept. 15th. There was a very large audience. In the course of the proceedings Baillie Collins, on behalf of himself and colleagues, expressed satisfaction at the Union providing these concerts. There could be no doubt, he said, that they had done a great deal towards the musical education of the masses, and the cultivation of a taste for high class music.

BRIGHTON.—Miss Blanche Lucas was the vocalist last week at the Aquarium concert. Her pleasing voice and ladylike bearing won for her the sympathy and applause of the audience. Miss Lucas finished her engagement on Saturday evening. At the morning concert Mme Marie Roze was associated with Miss Lucas. Mme Mathilde Zimeri, whose "voice and singing" are not her only attractions, has been engaged during the current week, and has met with general approval. At the morning concert, this day, she will be assisted by Signor Medica, from the Messrs Gatti's promenade concerts at the Royal Italian Operahouse, London. Mr Howard Paul is to give his "entertainment" on Monday; and an attractive series of "promenade concerts" commence on Tuesday in the Dome. Mme Liebhart, Mr Wilford Morgan, and other artists from the Agricultural Hall, London, will appear.

HASTINGS.—The series of ballad concerts, under the direction of Dr Abram, in the Pavilion, on the Pier, was resumed on Wednesday afternoon and evening last week. The artists were Miss Annie Sinclair and Miss Joyce Maas, who sang, in the afternoon, two songs and the duet from the *Stabat Mater*, "Quis est homo." At the same concert, Mr Thurley Beale was very successful in the "Village Blacksmith." Herr Leopold (piano) and Mons. Van Biene (violin-cello) also assisted.

BIRMINGHAM.—A "popular ballad concert" was given on Monday evening in the Town Hall. The artists were Mme Campobello-Sinico, Mme Enriquez, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Campobello, vocalists; Mr D. Keppel, the eminent flautist, of the Royal Italian Opera, and Mr C. J. Duchemin, solo pianist and conductor. The programme, though not remarkable for novelty, was adapted to the executive resources and the requirements of a popular audience, and, if it had been strictly adhered to, neither artists nor audience would have had any ground for complaint; but, as nearly every vocal piece was encored, the entertainment was unduly protracted, and the good nature of the executants unfairly taxed. Mme Sinico met with an enthusiastic reception. Mme Enriquez, whose fine voice and dramatic style had been previously displayed in a duet from the *Trovatore* with Mr Rigby, sang Hullah's "Storm" in a manner that excited the liveliest enthusiasm. Mr Vernon Rigby was received with a hearty round of applause. He sang Mr Brinley Richards' "Anita" so much to the satisfaction of the audience, that they applauded him to "the echo." Signor Campobello sang the "Village Blacksmith" (Weiss), and Wallace's "Bellringer." M. Duchemin gave due effect to Abbé Liszt's transcription of the *Erl King*, and afterwards played a graceful polonaise of his own composition. Mr D. Keppel's flute playing was remarkable for perfection of execution. His time is beautiful. The concert was a great success.

BALFE.—A Correspondent of the Globe, writing about Avignon, says:—"Twice in the week there is a little *fête* outside the Porte de l'Oulle, where the military band plays for a couple of hours on the boulevard which extends along the river, and the entire population flock without the walls to sit beneath the plane trees and listen to the martial music. The Sunday night when I partook of this *al fresco* concert the music was principally Balfe, and it was a little strange and perplexing, even in the midst of scenes so strikingly foreign, to listen to the familiar strains, "I dream'd that I dwelt in marble halls."

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

Pictures from the Life of the first German Operatic Singer.

BY W. LACKOWITZ.*

IV.

(Continued from page 602.)

People may think as they choose about what Frederic did in art—about his skill on the flute, for instance—but of anything like a regular cultivation of art, properly speaking, we find no trace in him. He preserved towards art the position he took up in his youth, and remained absolutely unaffected by everything which went beyond it. Every new movement, every youthful impetus, every effort to re-cast old and antiquated forms, was harshly rejected by him. He did not even restrict himself in this to Italian opera; he took his stand only on the operas of two composers, Hasse and Graun. Further than this he did not go, and was not a man to listen to new proposals or remonstrances. He was a hero, and in every respect one of the mightiest spirits of his age. But the coercive character of his arrangements, which extended to the domain of art and science, though it permitted distinguished persons at his Court to make themselves a name and earn the appreciation of the public, would not allow them to breathe freely or enjoy their condition. The despotic will of the hero, now growing old, lay always on them like an oppressive incubus. They served him well, it is true, because he was that rarity, a prince who understood them; but they did not serve him lovingly. He even watched over them personally in the minutest details. Many individuals have been inclined to see in this truly patriarchal relations between him and those around him! Of how far this system was carried the following is an example: The King, writing from Potsdam to Count Zierotin, said he had, to his surprise, learnt from the guard at one of the city gates, that Tosoni, the singer, had gone to Dresden. As the said singer had not received leave of absence, Zierotin was ordered immediately to state how he could possibly procure post-horses. In consequence of this letter, Zierotin had to institute inquiries, which resulted in the information that it was not Tosoni, the singer, but Tosoni's brother, who, after having paid a visit to Berlin, had passed through the Dresden Gate on his return to Italy. In a second letter the King expressed himself satisfied.—Frederic repeatedly gave out that he did not want to be troubled with the details of the Opera. Nevertheless he busied himself with the smallest trifles, and reserved the right of finally deciding in each and every matter. Nay, to Count Zierotin's successor, who was young in office, and had ventured to remonstrate against such a Royal determination, he could write, among other things, as follows: "I must, however, now inform you that you will act much more wisely by doing what I order you to do, and by not accustoming yourself to argue things; that is something I do not suffer, and of which you must on no account think. You must not imagine that you are my Privy Councillor; it was not as such that I chose you, and you will have to exercise more diligence in rendering *partition* to my *ordres*, if you wish me to continue your gracious king." The report of the despotism under which all artists, without exception, groaned at Frederic's Court, had spread beyond the boundaries of Prussia, and there was some difficulty in finding talented artists for Berlin. The fortress of Spandau enjoyed a very evil reputation in Italy, and, for singers and dancers, disputed the palm of honour with the Bastille in Paris. We shall subsequently see that the great King was not slow in sending a refractory artist to enjoy the pleasure of privacy at Spandau. Hence it is clear why Count Zierotin would not take a denial when the report reached him from Dresden concerning the "Leipzig girl." A good artist had to be obtained, and neither in Italy nor elsewhere was there the slightest prospect of finding one. It was to such a Court, then, that "Jungfer Schmahling," an obstinate and refractory girl in all save musical matters, now came, and a highly original scene was enacted in the small concert-room at Sanssouci, in which the flute-concerts, once so admired, were held. We give the scene as it is given by Louis Schneider in his *History of the Berlin Opera*, for he heard it from the lips of his father, to whom Mdme Mara often related it, when, far advanced in years, she resided at Reval.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

V.

Having been ushered into the room, Gertrude remained standing a long time, in expectation of the King's arrival, clearing her throat to see whether she was in voice. She even sang tentatively a few notes. What she heard tranquillised her; and it was with confidence that she at length beheld the door of the Royal closet opened. Frederic II. entered, and, with his wonderfully flashing eyes, which were accustomed to produce so profound an impression, gazed fixedly at the figure bending low before him. Without uttering a word he went to the grand piano and appeared for quite a quarter of an hour to take no notice of her. Gertrude was now one-and-twenty, and this neglect aroused her pride. She thought of the "horse-neighing," and longed for the moment when she felt convinced she should change in her favour the adverse judgment of the dreaded Royal art-connoisseur. Finding that the pianoforte-playing seemed as though it would never end, she began, with great unconcern, examining the pictures on the walls, and even took the liberty of turning her back on the King. Whether he remarked this, or whether the pianoforte fantasia was concluded, he suddenly beckoned to her. She approached respectfully the instrument, and heard with affright the curt and anything but friendly question, "You want to sing me something, eh?"—"Yes, if your Majesty will graciously allow me," she stammered, seating herself on the chair from which the King had arisen, and to which he pointed. She now felt in her element, and sang an Italian air which she had long practised, and which had been composed for the celebrated Estrua. At the very first notes the King became attentive, and went nearer. When she had concluded he expressed unequivocally his approbation. "Can you sing at sight?"—"Yes, your Majesty."—"Can you? Humph! that is difficult."—"My father taught me how to do so."—"Indeed! Do you mean to say you will sing anything I put before you?"—"I will sing and also accompany it on the harpsichord, your Majesty."—Shaking his head, the King fetched from his cabinet the score of Hasse's opera *Pyramo e Thisbe*, laid it on the desk, and took up his position behind the girl's chair to see how she would execute her task. She began by running through the score, page by page, so as to render herself acquainted with the text. The King grew impatient. "I thought so. You are obliged to look at the notes first."—"I am not looking at the notes, but the words, your Majesty, in order to know with what expression I must sing."—"Indeed! That's it, is it? Well, well; begin." And Gertrude did begin. She sang the recitative with extraordinary bravura, as though her powers had been doubled; at the same time, she was especially careful to give the words their full significance, thereby producing an effect with which the King had previously been unacquainted in Italian opera. He tapped her in a friendly manner on the shoulder, saying repeatedly, almost after every phrase, "Brava!" Now came the Adagio. The young artist had plucked up courage. She felt sure of victory, for she knew that her special excellence lay in the sustained notes of the Adagio. But her waywardness went hand in hand with her triumph. She remembered the bad opinion the King entertained of German singing, and sang the first half of the movement so badly, with such an absence of tone, and with such intentional harshness, that the King tapped the arm of his chair with an air of dissatisfaction, and turned round. This was exactly what she wanted. "Pardon me, your Majesty, something got into my throat; that is why I sang so badly that any one might almost have fancied it was the neighing of a horse. May I beg your Majesty graciously to allow me to begin *da capo*?" Without waiting for the permission she sang the piece once more, but on this occasion with all the liquid charm of her marvellous voice; passed on to the Allegro; rose with the last note from her seat; and with a smile made the King a profound reverence. Frederic said in a tone of satisfaction: "I will tell you what: you can sing. If you like to stop in Berlin.

* The Royal remarks sound far more harsh and offensive in German than in English, because we cannot in English render their contemptuous tone, due to the employment of the pronoun for the third person singular, which the hero used when speaking to the future *prima donna*: "Sie will mir also was vorsingen?" The hero was fond of this royal style. He would even say when addressing a general, who had given him satisfaction at a review: "Er hat gut manœuvrirt."—J. V. B.

you can be attached to my Opera. When you go out, bid the lackey send Zierotin to me at once; I want to talk to him about you. Adieu!" * * * * The engagement was concluded, and Gertrude's friends congratulated her on being appointed a *prima donna* at a salary of three thousand thalers, and, moreover, with not a very great deal to do for it. Yet from the very first there was something prickling like a thorn in her breast. She had long cast her eyes with indescribable yearning towards Italy. Her warmest wish was to be acquainted with the beautiful land of song. She had fancied in her dreams that she would become something very different if she could study her divine art at the fountain-head. Would it not even be serving her new master if she could say of herself that she had gone through a course of study in Italy? But lo and behold, the King thought otherwise. He unceremoniously refused her first request in reference to the matter in question: "She shall stop here; she can learn nothing more yonder." Was he in earnest, or was he fearful that it would have been difficult to make her return to Berlin, supposing she liked fair Italy better? However this may have been, the Royal resolution was a bitter one for Gertrude, and the equivalent offered could not indemnify her for her shattered hopes. This equivalent was the fact that the King caused her to receive in Berlin itself the very best instruction in the Italian style of singing. (To be continued.)

MONJAUZE.

This well-known tenor died on the 14th inst., carried off in twenty-four hours by an attack of erysipelas. He had held a very excellent position at the Théâtre-Lyrique and the Opéra-Comique. He was especially remarkable as a tenor "de demi-caractère," but some of his last creations, such, for instance, as those in *Les Troyens* and *Rienzi*, revealed in him an amount of power, of which he himself was probably before ignorant, and which enabled him to play for some time in the provinces the part of Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, a part which he desired up to the last to play at the Grand Opera. Ponchard's lessons at the Conservatory made him an excellent actor as well as a distinguished singer. Despite this complete preparation for a lyrical career, he first appeared in the spoken drama. After a visit to Russia, he gave up the drama, and was engaged, in 1856, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, where he created the principal character in *La Jaguarita* and *La Fanchonnette*, marching subsequently to success after success with *Margot*, *La Reine Topaze*, *La Statue*, *Sardanapale*, *Les Troyens*, *La Fiancée d'Abydos*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, *Violetta*, *Macbeth*, *Martha*, *La Bohémienne*, and *Rienzi*. We all remember his remarkable creation in *L'Ombre* at the Opéra-Comique; where he played also in *Fra Diavolo*. It was, too, at the Opéra-Comique that we saw him for the last time, two years ago, in the revival of *Le Val d'Andorre*.

During the winter of 1875, he was engaged at the Liège Theatre. Monjauze, at the age of fifty-two, was certainly not "fini" ("dried up"), as they say in theatrical circles. His fine voice still possessed brilliant notes, which sounded like those of a clarion, and his artistic talent was unimpaired. Yet he seemed to be forgotten; he could not obtain a favourable opportunity for re-appearing before the public, and he was deeply affected by it. For the last two years he was endeavouring to find a theatre he might manage. We should certainly have seen him again on some large stage and in some important part, had not death carried him off so suddenly and so prematurely.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season for grand opera terminated on Saturday last with the second representation of *Les Huguenots*, the other operas since last I wrote being *L'Africaine*, *La Reine de Chypre*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, and *Les Dragons de Villars*. The last-named was given on Thursday last, and was followed by *La Fille de Mme Angot*. On the whole, M. Froment must be congratulated on a very good season. *Paul et Virginie* was the greatest success, thanks to Mmes Nau and de Gérardon, MM. Herbert and Lourde. Next week we begin our winter campaign. Our visitors' summer season is quite over, as I am reminded at the moment I write by the moaning of the "Sou'-easter" up the stairs.

We had a grand concert on Wednesday last at the Etablisse-

ment des Bains, at which M^{me} Sinico and Signor Campobello were the vocalists, assisted by M. Taffernel, "première flûte du Grand-Opéra de Paris," and M. Henri François, violoncellist. The orchestra of the Casino played the overture to *L'Etoile du Nord* and Weber's "Invitation à la valse." M^{me} Sinico was in excellent voice, and gave "Roberto, tu che adoro," Ardit's valse, "L'Estasi," and, with Sig. Campobello, "Là ci darem la mano." Signor Campobello sang "Ah non avea più lagrime," "Vi ravviso," and "The Village Blacksmith" (Weiss). M. Taffernel played fantasias on *Mignon* and *La Juive*, and M. François fantasias on airs from *Faust* and "Airs Anglais et Ecossais," in which "God save the Queen" began the theme, and kept cropping up from time to time, so much, indeed, that even when one might have fancied one's self in Scotland, it burst out so prominently as actually to make some evidently very loyal English people rise from their seats in recognition thereof.

Years ago one used to go to concerts to listen to music unadulterated—*pur et simple*; now-a-days every performer, on whatever instrument he displays his talent, has his own "arrangement" of any motive he may select from the greatest master. Is it because we are dwellers on this side of the water, in a provincial town, that we are bound to put up with the ideas of M. N'importegni, instead of the real music, as written, and intended to be heard, by the original composer?

I mention this because no performer—French, English, or Italian—ever comes here without playing or singing something "arranged" by the said performer, whose name appears in the programme instead of that of its inventor.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 17th Sept., 1877.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The programme of last Saturday opened with a selection from Flotow's *Martha*, including the overture, the duet "Solo profugo," the romance "M'appari tutt' amor," the Beer Song, the Spinning Quartet, the "Last Rose of Summer," &c. The performance of the overture was excellent, while the romance and the song in praise of malt had to be repeated. The vocalists were M^{lle} Ida Cristino, Signors Gianini and Medica. At the close of the selection M. Henri Ketten played Mendelssohn's Serenade and Allegro gioioso with success. He was applauded enthusiastically, returned to the orchestra, and played a "Spinnlied." Signor Ardit's effective arrangement of motives from Verdi's *Aida*, for orchestra and military band, brought the first part to a conclusion. In the second part the overture to Verdi's *Nabucco* and the scherzo from Litoff's Fourth Concerto Sinfonico for piano and orchestra, played by M. Ketten, were performed. On Wednesday the Messrs Gatti gave a second Handel and Haydn night.

BERLIN.—There has been no novelty at the Royal Opera since the re-opening of the theatre on the 24th August. The operas performed up to the present are *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, *Die Folkunger*, *Les Huguenots*, *Die Maccabäer*, *Oberon*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fidelio*, *La Muette*, and *Der fliegende Holländer*. Herr von Hülssen and Herr R. Wagner have come to an understanding with reference to the production of *Die Walküre*, and Herr Wagner has given his consent to a considerable curtailment of the second act, a process absolutely indispensable when *Die Walküre* is performed alone, since the portions which will be omitted refer to the *Rheingold*, the prelude of the Trilogy. A very important consideration has been: how the piece was to be placed on the stage. The Intendant-General resolved, very naturally, that the performance should either equal that at Munich or not take place at all. Now the space behind the footlights at the Royal Operahouse is exceedingly limited. The chief machinist, Herr Fritz Brandt, who is a great admirer of Wagner's work, and was engaged in its production at Munich, hit, however, upon a method for solving the difficult problem. But the work will not be brought out this season. From the preceding it is fair to infer that the mounting of *Die Walküre*, as far as scenic and mechanical effects are concerned, will be fully as splendid and striking as anywhere else, but the result is one which will be attained only by a disproportionately larger expenditure of trouble, time, and money. Kroll's closed on the 3rd inst. with *Rigoletto*. Its place is supplied by the Woltersdorff Theater, which Herr Carl Scherbarth opened on the 15th inst., for the purpose, as already mentioned in these columns, of presenting to his patrons the old-fashioned German *Spelopern* (or pieces interspersed with songs) of Dittersdorf, Gläser, Lortzing, and other composers of the same school. The leading *prima donna* is Mad. Scherbarth-Fleiss, the manager's wife.

ENGLISH SONGS.*

(From the "Examiner.")

A composer who, in this country, attempts anything above the ordinary level of the drawing-room ballad, ought to be first of all congratulated on his courage; so small is the chance of external success, that the consciousness of having done his duty by art must be his chief remuneration. Cases in point are but too abundant. Not long ago we noticed with high commendation the, in many respects, admirable settings of the lyrics in Bayley's *Festus*, by Mr Rudall, a promising young musician. But in spite of their merits these songs have, as far as we are aware, been totally excluded from the concert-room, and a similar treatment at the hands of professional singers has been experienced by Mr J. W. Davison, the musical "discoverer" of Shelley. His "Illustrations" of that poet and of Keats, written many years ago, are amongst the most charming specimens of simple true-felt English song. But as yet they seem born to blush unseen, like many another flower of the same garden.

That Mr Lawson's *Songs and Ballads* may escape the fate of undeserved neglect is our sincere wish. Our reasons for this wish are almost of a personal nature. For it is on the basis so frequently and so warmly advocated by us, namely, on that of the popular song, that Mr Lawson has founded his musical conceptions. Thus a "Jacobite Lament" (No. 17), the words by an anonymous author, is full of noble courage and defiance not unmixed with melancholy at the decay of the "cause;" while the reckless gaiety of the Cavaliers is illustrated by three songs of Sir John Suckling, of which the first, "Love's Resolves" (No. 11), is perhaps the most satisfactory. But, upon the whole, it strikes us that Mr Lawson's disposition as a composer tends towards the gentle and sentimental rather than towards the humorous. This opinion is confirmed by two other attempts in the latter direction—"A Student's Song" and "A Yorkshireman's Love Song" (Nos. 5 and 6), although neither of them lacks spirit and a certain originality. Of the strictly popular songs, Nos. 9 and 16 deserve mention; the former, "When I am dead, my dearest" (words by Christina Rossetti), a simple tune which clings to the memory; the latter, a charming setting of Marlowe's well-known "Passionate Shepherd," the merit of which, however, is somewhat impaired by its striking resemblance to a chorus from Handel's *Israel in Egypt* both as regards the theme and the pastoral colouring of its harmonic basis. In justice to Mr Lawson, it ought to be added that this is the only instance of an actual reminiscence we have noted, although the legitimate influence of the early English composers, and occasionally of Schubert and Schumann, is observable throughout the collection. Amongst the songs of this group it remains to name a love ditty as simple and as tender as ever emerged from that inexhaustible source of poetic feeling—the heart of the people. This song, called "Adieu" (No. 14), before all others, deserves to be on everyone's lips. Its melody is easy to remember, and the accompaniment may be mastered at sight by a moderately skilled player. The beautiful words are by Thomas Carlyle. In another portion of Mr Lawson's songs the simplicity of the Volkslied has been exchanged for a more subjective mode of expression. We are speaking of feeling rather than of musical form, for in the latter respect no such difference is discernible. Amongst the songs of this class those addressed to "Kitty," which open the collection, form a separate group. Kitty is a fair maiden surrounded by, and likened to, bees and flowers, and other charming things, and fashioned, it would appear, to inspire gentle admiration rather than stormy passion, although in one of the songs her poet, Mr Marzials, somewhat hyperbolically exclaims that "Kitty in her golden glory, is my religion too." In accordance with the sentiment of the words, Mr Lawson's settings of these songs are graceful and light in character, with only an occasional indication of deeper feeling. The melodious flow of the third of these little lyrics is unfortunately somewhat marred by great monotony of rhythm. For want of musical type we cannot explain our meaning better than by saying that the rhythmical motive of the song is founded on the following metrical formula:

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continued with the interruption of but half a bar from the first to the last note of the accompaniment, much to the detriment of an otherwise very pretty composition. A song of a type superior to those just mentioned, although belonging to the same class of subjective lyrics, is the one called "A Secret," No. 15 of the collection. Here music and poetry have combined to produce an idyll of tenderest lyrical charm. Again we regret our inability to give musical quotations. But we will add Mr Marzials' charming words to convey at

* *People's Songs and Ballads*. The Music by M. L. Lawson. London: Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.

least some idea of the music which so perfectly renders their import:—

"At the heart of the wood is a crystal well,
And the nightingale sings near it,
And what she sings there's none can tell,
For no one is nigh to hear it.

"At the heart of the wood is a silent tree,
And the nightingale sings above it,
Near a name once written where none should see,
And no one now lives to love it."

After having sufficiently indicated the poetic qualities of Mr Lawson's song, it remains to add a few words as to his musical workmanship. We have on former occasions pointed out the three principal divisions of the artistic song according to the differences of structure; the first division being the strophic song, in which the tune of the first verse is repeated over and over again; the second taking the form of the rondeau, in so far as the first theme is repeated again in the last verse, the intervening stanza or stanzas introducing different melodious materials; the third, and most elaborate, approaching the form of the free fantasia or rhapsody, in which the music varies according to the poetical requirements of the single stanzas. Mr Lawson has throughout adhered to the first and simplest of these forms, and, considering the popular aim and character of his work, no doubt justly so. At the same time it must be confessed that an occasional deviation from the rule, especially in the more impassioned pieces, would have been welcome to the musician. The same principle of almost exaggerated simplicity obtains in the harmonious treatment of most of these songs. On studying the works of Robert Franz and other great German lyrists, Mr Lawson will find that these masters know how to combine interesting and striking harmonies with the absolute *naïveté* of the Volkslied. The ritornel is especially the place where such features may be fitly introduced; and in comparing, for instance, the interludes in the wonderful song, "Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz," by Robert Franz, with any of Mr Lawson's ritornels, the reader will at once perceive the gist of our remarks. Another respect in which we think Mr Lawson's work capable of much improvement is the purity of his harmonious progressions. It is true that the rules of the strict style of the old Italian masters have been considerably relaxed by the practice of modern composers. Beethoven and Wagner, and even Bach, occasionally deviate from the strict precepts of musical grammar, and the sequence of fifths rigorously prohibited by earlier theorists may be not unfrequently met with in their works. But there is almost always some melodious or contrapuntal reason to account for such irregularities. Such a reason it would be sometimes difficult to discover in Mr Lawson's work. We fail, for instance, to perceive why a Yorkshireman, more than any other man, should make love to such unsophisticated fifths as continually occur in the song devoted to that subject (No. 6). Mr Lawson also ought to know, and no doubt does know, that the minor seventh is bound to resolve downwards, and not upwards, as it does in the last but one bar of his third song. We trust that in his future works he will not again indulge in these and other trifling peccadilloes, not at least till, by some more elaborate and scholarly composition, he has proved himself possessed of that perfect knowledge of the musical code which alone confers a right of taking liberties with it. In the meantime, such slight blemishes ought not to prevent us from cordially welcoming these songs, which, both as regards melodious invention and poetic feeling, are the most promising English music we have seen for a good while.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 20th:—

Organ Sonata, No. 5, D major	Mendelssohn.
Air, "Dove sei? amato bene"	Handel.
Sarabande, <i>Cinq-Mars</i>	C. Goumard.
Andante and Fugue, E major	W. T. Best.
Allegretto, A minor, Op. 28	E. Silas.
Overture, <i>Egmont</i>	Beethoven.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 22nd:—

Fantasia, E flat, Op. 35	Ad. Hesse.
Romanza, G major, Op. 56	Reissiger.
Rhapsodie sur Cantiques Bretons	C. Saint-Saëns.
Prologue and Fugue (The Trumpet Fugue)	W. T. Best.
Hymn to Venus, "Non sdegnare," <i>Alceste</i>	Gluck.
Finale—Allegro vivace	G. Morandi.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—A statement to the effect that we are degenerating, musically speaking, will, I know, be received by a storm of remonstrance, which, unfortunately, will not alter the fact.

Steps have been, and are attempted to bring music forward as the leading art, which, undoubtedly, it is, *vide* Goethe's quotation, repeated in the frontispiece of your publication, and what has been the result from these steps?—formation of fresh academies, societies, &c.?

Let us deal with the item of concerts (speaking here generally, I exclude the private ones, which only those favoured by fortune can attend). There are several termed Promenade Concerts. To what point of musical interest have these attained, and what progress have they made since the days of Mellon, the true inaugurator of classical and varied popular concerts? A glance at the programmes of the several entertainments referred to give for answer: the sensationally effective, and the very light operatic selections are given; and, although a good band and most able conductors are available, anyone at all used to the opera grieves at the style in which such selections are given, having seemingly for object, to bring forward different soloists, who vie with each other in variations, which are simply liberties taken with an original score.

Strange inconsistencies exist in the taste of the public. A certain impresario, certain performers, and even a certain hall, will command hosts, who often really cannot comprehend much of the music from the fact that it is not often such as is to be heard, and, therefore, the grasping of it is simply impossible by an audience who usually go into raptures at the first bar of "Home, sweet home," "The last rose of summer," and "Coming thro' the rye." Yet they flock to such entertainments, and appear most instructively delighted.

That we are still in the region of melody in our national musical taste, is incontestably evident by the fact of our extraordinary silence when real harmonious passages are afforded to us in sundry operas, and our vociferous plaudits at the melodies.

Turning to the question of opera, what efforts have not been made to establish a permanent opera? London, with nearly four millions of inhabitants, fails to sustain an opera all the year round.

Failing to appreciate a fine work, we usually find fault with the plot, as not suited to the taste of an English audience; a contemporary once objected to *Robert le Diable*, but evidently saw nothing objectionable in *Don Giovanni* or *Faust*.

Turning to another point—and this is a cosmopolitan question: operas are, as a rule, too spectacular; it is the bane of all of them, and particularly Meyerbeer's. It is always erroneously asserted that half the merits of this great master's operas depend upon spectacular effects. I venture to say, were the eyes less blinded by gorgeous display, the ears and mind would benefit, and so would the real merits of the operas. To this display of scenic effects, I believe the now apparent withdrawal of that composer's magnificent *Africaine* is due. People have seen so much that they have heard nothing, and those who made a point of listening have only been privileged for the last few years to hear that grand posthumous work twice in each season.

Relative to native talent, why is it not more propagated? Talent is a natural plant, and grows in all countries. Taste is a matter of cultivation. Why should we be eight months in the year waiting for foreign artists? Why are not real encouragement and substantial assistance, if needs be, given to native talent to become artists and perform all foreign operas in English?

Let us enjoy German and Italian music. Let us boast of a national opera all the year round, attend operas for the sake of the work, and not so much, as is the case generally, because so-and-so will be a performer.

To conclude, is there no possible remedy for beginning a long opera at an hour it should be at least a third over? Are the public not to be studied? How often can the public sit out the climax of an opera, i.e., the end of the third act?

Take, for example, *Les Huguenots* and *Don Giovanni*. How many who have trains and conveyances to run for, ever hear the famous duet between Valentine and Raoul in the former, and the famous scene between Don Giovanni and the Statue of the Commendatore in the latter? Even half-an-hour earlier, and punctuality (a pleasing and most remarkable feature in one of our Operahouses) would be a great improvement.

Unfortunately, such suggestions, though feasible, are made, read, and dropped; boxes and stalls must, it appears, rule; but how is it things are differently managed in all continental cities?

In the hope that the foregoing remarks may be deserving of a little of your attention, which I crave pardon for having trespassed upon, I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

O, L.

WAIFS.

Mr W. Ganz has returned from Eastbourne.

Professor J. P. Goldberg has returned to town from Italy.

Herr Bilse, with his orchestra, is giving concerts in Berlin.

The San Carlo, Naples, will re-open on the 15th November.

Mr Ignace Gibsons has returned to town from a tour in the Isle of Wight.

The classes at the Paris Conservatory will re-open on Monday, the 8th October.

Herr Julius Rietz, director of the Conservatory at Dresden, died on the 12th inst.

M. Romand, the co-author with Scribe of several operatic librettos, died lately in Paris.

The Champs-Élysées Concerts were brought to a close for the season on the 15th inst.

M. Frédéric Kastner, the inventor of the Pyrophone, has received the Spanish Order of Carlos III.

A Hungarian paper states that the Abbate Franz Liszt has composed a new opera, entitled *Luther*.

Herr Johann Strauss will direct the rehearsals of his opera, *La Tsigane*, at the Théâtre de la Renaissance.

Henri Meilhac, the well-known dramatic author and librettist, has been seriously ill, but is now convalescent.

It is said that the Teatro de Novedades, Barcelona, is to be opened for Italian opera, with Naudin as tenor.

According to the *Trovatore*, 15 per cent. of the inmates of lunatic asylums are artists, i.e., musicians, singers, &c.

The *España musical* has changed its form and title. It now appears as the *Cronaca artistica, Revista quincenal*.

There is little probability that the opening of the new Theatre Royal, Dresden, will take place, as promised, this year.

Mdlle Teresa Singer is stopping in Milan, where she will remain till called to Naples by her engagement at the San Carlo.

The New York Academy of Music will probably be opened for Italian opera this autumn, with Mad. Ilma di Murska as *prima donna*.

Padre Giovanni, the monk with the phenomenal voice, is announced to sing at Lucca in Rossini's *Mass* and Bernardino's *Vesperi*.

Mad. Sigl-Vespermann, formerly a highly esteemed member of the Royal Operahouse, Munich, died in that capital, on the 8th inst., aged 74.

M. Ambroise Thomas has returned to Paris, and resumed his duties as chairman of the Musical Committee of the Great Exhibition.

MM. Firmin Didot are about to publish a short treatise, entitled *L'Art du chef-d'orchestre*, by M. Deldevez, conductor at the Grand Opera, Paris.

Mr John Simon, C.B., has accepted the invitation of the council of the Midland Medical Society to deliver the inaugural address for the ensuing session.

Mad. Serafine Tausig, widow of the late Carl Tausig, has once more settled at Berlin, where she gives lessons on the piano to a select number of pupils.

More than 4,000 persons attended the solemn uncovering, on the 2nd inst., of the monument erected at Crefeld to Carl Wilhelm, the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein."

L'Europe diplomatique informs its readers that fifteen royal princes in Europe have contracted morganatic marriages. In four instances, the ladies were formerly on the stage.

Instead of 1,200,000 francs, as erroneously and absurdly asserted by some journals, 200,000 francs—without the 1,000,000—was the sum lately paid for the Théâtre-Français at Nice.

M. Ambroise Thomas's *Psyché*, transformed into a grand opera, will be produced by M. Halanzier next spring, with Mmes Heilbronn, Engally, and M. Bouhy in the principal parts.

Professor Kullak, having returned from his summer trip, has resumed his duties as director of the Academie der Tonkunst, Berlin. His pupil, Herr Eugenio Pirani, replaced him during his absence.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the residue of the Sterndale Bennett Scholarship (two terms) was held on Friday last week, the examiners being Mr F. R. Cox, Mr H. C. Lunn, Mr Walter Macfarren, and the Principal (Professor Macfarren). The Scholarship was awarded to Henry J. Cockram, Edwin M. Flavell being commended.

The boards of the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough, have been occupied by the Rose Hersee Company. So successful have been the performances that many persons have been turned away nightly from the doors.

Mrs Priscilla Frost, a harpist of considerable merit, played with success, at the opening of the new Operahouse, Leicester, Mr Oberthür's Concerto in G minor, and, with Mr T. Melling, a duet for harp and piano.

The German operatic company, under the management of Mr J. C. Fryer, will open at the Boston Theatre, Boston, U. S., on the 15th October, afterwards visiting Chicago, St Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

M. Alfred Jaëll, while stopping lately at Blankenberghe, in Belgium, was serenaded by fifty members of the Bruges Musical Reunion, a society for instrumental music, under the direction of Count Moles Le Bailly.

R. Wagner has presented all the artists who took part in the Bayreuth performances with a medal bearing the inscription: "Richard Wagner to the Interpreters of his Work. As a Mark of Appreciation and Gratitude."

Mr Ganz was the pianist at the Agricultural Hall concert on Wednesday, and played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor. Mr Ganz played the same concerto last evening as well as some solo pieces of his own composition.

Verdi's *Aida* will shortly be produced at Hanover, Dessau, Bremen, Königsberg, Magdeburg, Düsseldorf, and Prague, and Herr Brüll's *Goldene Kreuz* at Gratz, Hanover, Mayence, Nuremberg, Darmstadt, Leipsic, Stettin, and Treves.

M. Duprez witnessed the first appearance at the Paris Opéra-Comique, on the 6th inst., of M. Engel, as Georges Brown, in *La Dame Blanche*. He himself made his *début* in the same opera exactly forty-nine years previously to a day.

The Carnarvon Eisteddfod, it appears, proved a financial success, and the net receipts, after payment of all demands will, it is understood, be over £1,000. One half of the total surplus will be handed over to the Council of the University College of Wales.

Mr F. S. Gilmore has completed an arrangement with Sheridan Shook to give thirty monster concerts at the Hippodrome, New York. The net proceeds are to be devoted to paying the expenses of Mr Gilmore's band during their projected European Tour.

At the last Concours at the Imperial Conservatory in Vienna, the first prize for composition was awarded to the youth, Alfred Strossi, son of the once celebrated *prima donna*, Goldberg-Strossi, and nephew of the esteemed *maestro*, J. P. Goldberg, of London.

An Italian contemporary informs its readers that the author of *I nostri Bimbi (Our Boys)* is at present engaged on a pendant, entitled *Le nostre Zitelte (Our Girls)*, for which he is to receive one thousand six hundred pounds. This will probably be news for Mr H. J. Byron.

The German pianoforte trade, especially at Berlin, has suffered a heavy blow from the recent imposition of a duty of 100 roubles on every piano imported into Russia. The trade was previously very large, as in all the Czar's dominions there are only three pianoforte manufactories of any note.

It is said that Mdlle Sanz, and some other members of the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, will appear at the Teatro de Oriente, Madrid, while, in return, the Spanish manager will oblige his Parisian colleague with the loan of Señor Gayarre and one or two other artists belonging to the Madrid company.

The Royal National Gallery, Berlin, has been enriched by a portrait of "Jenny Lind" (Mad. Goldschmidt), painted at her own request by Magnus. The sum received by the artist for his work was eighty gold Friedrichs; that paid by the Prussian Government to the person who had inherited the picture, 12,000 thalers.

An entirely new programme, containing many attractive features, inaugurated the thirteenth year of the "Moore and Burgess Minstrels" at St James's Hall. Six thousand consecutive performances have been given, without including extra entertainments at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, Drury Lane, and other theatres.

Mad. Ethelka Gerster is resting at Kissingen from the fatigues of the season. After paying a visit to her mother at Kaschau, she will proceed to Baden, where she will sing on the 2nd October, before the Emperor of Germany. On the 7th of the same month she will sing at the Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine in Cologne, whence she will go to St Petersburg.

"A short sighted friend of ours," says the *Boston (U.S.) Courier*, "entered a dry-goods store in Washington Street the other day, and humorously slapped upon the back what he supposed was a lay figure, saying: 'Well, old woman, how are you?' The old woman not only turned round, but volunteered a great deal of information, which her husband amplified at a later hour in the day."

Graziella, a two-act lyric drama, words by M. Jules Barbier, music by M. A. Choudens; *L'aumônier du régiment*, a one-act comic opera, words by MM. H. de Saint-Georges and Leuven, music by M. Hector Salomon; and *La Clef d'or*, a three-act lyric comedy, words by MM. Octave Feuillet and L. Gallet, music by M. Eugène Gautier, have been successfully produced this season at the Théâtre-Lyrique, the first two on the 13th and the third on the 14th inst.

Mr W. Pyatt, the popular *entrepreneur*, has received a letter from Sir Julius Benedict offering his services on the occasion of Mr Pyatt's benefit concert to be given at Nottingham next month. Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Santley, and other artists—says the *Nottingham Daily Express*—have also kindly offered their gratuitous services. In fact, had such not been the case, the same journal remarks, it would have been impossible to have brought Mme Adelina Patti to Nottingham.

The loss sustained by the resignation of Mr H. Weist Hill and the entire orchestra of the Alexandra Palace, is one which musical art can ill afford. The excellence of the orchestral performances won in a short period universal admiration, notwithstanding many adverse circumstances; and we doubt if greater perfection will ever again be obtained whoever the executants may be. On the occasion of the last appearance of the admirable orchestra on Saturday week a number of season-ticket holders assembled with the expressed intention of signifying their appreciation of the services rendered, and on the same day the members of the orchestra presented their conductor, Mr Hill, with a massive silver goblet on which was inscribed, "Presented to Henry Weist Hill, Esq., by the members of the Alexandra Palace Orchestral Band, in recognition of his ability as their conductor, and as a mark of their esteem and regard. 1st September, 1877." Mr Hill has once before received a similar recognition of his services from the same donors.—*Choir*.

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LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Leeds, September 21.

Professor G. A. Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*, produced to-day, was received with such unanimous favour as to leave no doubt with regard to its future acceptance. Nor can the verdict of the Leeds public fairly be questioned. It is to their spirit of enterprise that we owe the work, and, to speak briefly, we are indebted to them for a masterpiece. Professor Macfarren has written in an unusually short space of time three oratorios, *John the Baptist*, the *Resurrection*, and *Joseph*, all festival oratorios—the first given at Bristol in 1873, the second at Birmingham in 1876. Though its forerunners won unqualified approval, especially *John the Baptist*, which was subsequently performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society in London, and then at the Leeds Festival of 1874, it is more than likely that in the estimation of good judges *Joseph* will take ultimate precedence of both. Many and admirable as were the noticeable points in the first and second oratorios—so many and so admirable indeed, as at once to persuade connoisseurs that a new master in the highest school of sacred composition had been discovered—we cannot but think that, as viewed in the light of a thoroughly complete and finished performance, the palm must in the end be awarded to *Joseph*. That certain of the Biblical episodes accommodate themselves more or less easily to what is conventionally termed "dramatic" treatment is an admitted fact, and from this point of view Professor Macfarren has looked at *Joseph*, which, certain idiosyncratic differences taken into account, he has set forth in his music very much in the same way as Mendelssohn did in *Elijah*, and Handel in the various sacred musical dramas for which he found congenial themes in Holy Scripture. In the present instance, moreover, few can deny that the composer has been furnished by Dr E. G. Monk, organist of York Minster, his able and constant fellow-labourer, with a text so assorted as rather to aid than overweight the musician in his task. Dr. Monk, while inevitably condensing, has presented the simple and exquisitely beautiful story of Joseph and his family in its most touching and impressive form, only discarding such portions as were hardly amenable to musical illustration. Nothing, however, essential to the intelligible development of a narrative after its manner unequalled has been overlooked. The didactic and reflective passages culled from other parts of Scripture—the Old Testament being more largely drawn upon than the New—all, like the Chorus in Greek tragedy, bear more or less upon the incidents in the story that naturally suggest them, and the entire construction is thus perfectly symmetrical and in order. This is high praise, but not, we think, higher than is legitimately due to Dr Monk. To speak in detail of Professor Macfarren's elaborate and beautiful music, under the immediate impression created by a truly splendid performance—and such in almost every respect was the performance to-day—is out of the question; that task must be postponed, and further consideration will make it all the more grateful.

September 22.

There can be no hesitation in reiterating an opinion already suggested that the oratorio of *Joseph* is the finest work from the pen of the most gifted and distinguished of living English musicians. That all concerned in the management of the Leeds Festival were determined on affording every chance of success to the oratorio which they had commissioned the Cambridge Musical Professor and Principal of our Royal Academy to write was evident. In the universally regretted absence of Mdlle Tietjens, no less an artist than Mdlle Albani was invited to take her place, and thus one of the most responsible and significant parts was filled to perfection. It would be difficult for any amateur whose ears are trained to the appreciation of what is irreproachable in the utterance of musical sounds to forget the singing of the intelligent and charming young Canadian. Professor Macfarren, who naturally looked forward to Mdlle Tietjens with undisturbed confidence, must, in the absence of that renowned artist, have experienced genuine satisfaction in possessing one so

qualified in every way to do full justice to his music. There are two soprano parts in *Joseph*, and the second, Benjamin, being intrusted to Madame Edith Wynne, it may well be understood was in thoroughly competent hands. The contralto was Madame Patey, to whom, as to Mdlle Albani, were assigned exclusively reflective passages, occasionally, however, of no small purport, and who did all that could be expected from so accomplished a mistress of her art. Equally to be commended was Mr. Edward Lloyd, who sang not only the tenor music set down for Reuben in the first part, but that belonging to Pharaoh in the second, and who sang both admirably. Signor Foli gave appropriate weight and meaning to the character of Jacob; and last, not least, was Mr. Santley, whose Joseph, from beginning to end, was a masterpiece of vocal declamation. For the choir no praise can be deemed exaggerated. It was hard to believe that this was a first performance of so difficult a work, a work in which not only strength and quality of voices are essential, but varied expression into the bargain. Each requisite was found by these marvellous Yorkshire singers, who, although they could only have made comparatively recent acquaintance with the music, almost persuaded us to believe that they were as familiar with it as with that of *The Messiah* or *Elijah*. But with reference to this there will be more to say. The instrumental part of the performance in most instances was beyond reproach, the players, one and all, paying as much attention to Mr. Walter Macfarren as they would have done to Sir Michael Costa himself. The reception of the oratorio throughout was as hearty as the best friends of its composer could have desired. Three pieces were asked for again with such perseverance that there was no possibility of resisting the demand. These were a duet for soprano and contralto, sung by Mdlle Albani and Madame Patey, with accompaniment of women's voices; a superbly imposing chorus describing the honours conferred by Pharaoh upon Joseph; and an unaccompanied sextet which, attractive in itself, was rendered doubly so by the absolutely faultless manner in which it was sung by Mdlle Albani, Mesdames Edith Wynne and Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley. At the conclusion of the oratorio Professor Macfarren was unanimously summoned forward and greeted with such a demonstration of sympathy as he will not easily forget. Best of all, however, is the fact that the demonstration was in every way merited. Musical Leeds may be congratulated on this new addition to its festival repertory.

September 24.

Mr Walter Austin, composer of a so-styled dramatic cantata, *The Fire King*, the other "novelty" of last week's Musical Festival, may be congratulated on the apparent satisfaction it afforded to an audience some 1,500 in number. The libretto is constructed, by Miss Maud Hargraves, upon Scott's familiar legendary romance bearing the title accepted by the Leeds musician—for Mr Walter Austin is, we hear, as much a Yorkshireman as was the late Sterndale Bennett, who has conferred no less honour upon Sheffield than, it is to be hoped, some time hence, Mr Austin may be enabled to confer upon Leeds. Meanwhile, in the opinion of many thoughtful persons, *The Fire King* is hardly a subject well adapted to the peculiar bent of Mr Austin's genius, which seems to lie more immediately within the domain of ballad opera. The most successful piece in the whole work, indeed—a song, "The past is but a troubled dream"—might have been signed "Balfe," and is very much in the manner of that composer, who wrote simple ballads with such fluency as to encourage innumerable followers to imagine they could do the same with equal readiness, and "in the enthusiasm of their balladising," as Herr Wagner in his own inimitably characteristic way would express it, to deluge the world with compositions born only to die with as little regret for their sudden vanishing as there had been pleasure at their sudden apparition. These industrious producers, however, were by no means Balfes; and so, while a great many of Balfe's ballads, "ephemeral" as they were voted, continue to live and flourish, as healthy things enough, according to the peculiar method of their conception, so the fancied inspirations of many of his immediate contemporaries, and many of those who outlived or came after him, are utterly forgotten, even if at the time of their

first production they really may be said to have created any impression whatever. With regard to the libretto of *The Fire King*, presuming that Scott's ballad is more or less familiar to the majority of our readers who interest themselves in such matters, it is unnecessary to state anything beyond the fact that the subject has in no way been unskillfully handled. On the contrary, the verses are creditably written, while the story, in spite of certain modifications here and there, is pretty closely followed. Almost the same kind of praise may be extended to the music of Mr Walter Austin. Without any pretensions to scholarship, it is fluent, occasionally graceful, and for the larger part nicely written for the voices. Of what is termed, by convention, "originality," there is not a spark; but this is now-a-days a venial fault. Mr Austin aims at very little, and in attaining that little is tolerably sure of his mark. What he has done, however comparatively trifling, is, after all, better than ambitious pretence, unbacked by adequate mechanical resources, or than the "sound and fury signifying nothing" which of recent years the musical public has had repeatedly to take into account. To give a description in detail of the cantata would answer no purpose, inasmuch as it hardly contains a single number that is not of the most unmistakably *ad captandum* character. Whether, at the same time, *The Fire King* is a work of sufficient merit to entitle it to a place in the scheme of a grand festival is a question we should feel disposed to answer emphatically in the negative. Mr Austin was fortunate alike in his chorus, orchestra, and leading singers (Mmes Osgood and Patey, Messrs Lloyd, C. Tovey, and Foli), who, as well as Mr Thomas Wingham, who conducted the work, all did their utmost to insure an effective performance. At the end he was called forward.

There remains yet to speak of the miscellaneous concerts, morning and evening, which have formed by no means the least attractive features in the programme of this in all respects interesting festival. To Professor Macfarren's new oratorio we shall, as promised, shortly return. The most interesting and varied miscellaneous selection of the week was that in which the names of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven were combined in a single programme. There was the best known of Bach's two settings of the *Magnificat*, together with the imperishable *Requiem* of Mozart, and the one oratorio of Beethoven, not this time under the strangely-adopted title of *Engedi*, but as the *Mount of Olives*. A far more appropriate English version of the one affixed to his work by Beethoven himself—*Christ on the Olive Mount*—would have been still closer. For this adaptation we are indebted to the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Between the *Magnificat* and the oratorio, Mozart held his own, and it must be admitted that the *Requiem* rather gained than lost by comparison with either. Where Mozart in this particular instance, at all events, enjoys a manifest advantage over Bach is in the exquisite melodious flow and symmetrical construction of his concerted pieces for solo vocalists, a more perfect example of which than the incomparable "Recordare" could not be cited. The quartets alone, indeed, would suffice to immortalise the *Requiem*, without aid from its picturesque and magnificent choruses, into the spirit and feeling of which, it may be briefly stated, the indomitable Yorkshire musicians entered with real enthusiasm. At the first bar of the sublime "Sanctus" the entire audience rose. With Bach and Beethoven, moreover, they did precisely the same, as though their fixed rule was to sing everything set down for them, no matter what, as well as they possibly can sing it, which is not far from equivalent to saying as well as it can possibly be sung. The leading vocalists in the works of Bach and Mozart were Mesdames Edith Wynne, Bolingbroke, and Patey, Signor Foli, and Messrs Shakespeare and Santley, to the first, second, fourth, and fifth of whom were assigned the quartets and solos in the *Requiem*, Signor Foli's services being only required for a solo in the *Magnificat*. In the *Mount of Olives* the "principals" were the same as at Gloucester, Mdle Albani being the soprano, Mr E. Lloyd, the tenor, and Mr Santley, the bass. To name these practised artists with reference to so familiar a composition as that of Beethoven is enough.

At another of the "miscellaneous" concerts there was just such a programme as we are accustomed to at evening performances.

This was an innovation worthy encouragement. At night, as has already been said, Handel's *Solomon* was given, which enabled many whose occupation precludes their attendance in the day to hear an oratorio, while, on the other hand, as many others who reside at inconvenient distances could enjoy the opportunity of listening to a programme comprising a symphony, overtures, instrumental solos, and vocal music in all styles. The symphony at this concert was the "No. 8" of Beethoven. The overtures were *Der Freischütz* and *Fra Diavolo*. The instrumental solo, a fantasia composed by Dr William Spark, the well-known local professor, to display "some characteristics" of the grand organ built for the opening of the Leeds Town Hall, in 1858, is clever and effectively written for the instrument, was skilfully executed, and received with marked favour. Among other features of the programme, in which most of the leading solo artists had a share, were part-songs by Mendelssohn and Morley, affording the Yorkshire choir a fresh occasion for distinction, of which they took the best advantage. A graceful duet from Mr Henry Smart's sacred cantata, *Jacob*, sung by Mdme Wynne and Mr Lloyd; a duet from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, by Mdle Albani and Mr Santley; "Angels ever bright and fair," given in perfection by Mdle Albani; and Meyerbeer's air, "The Monk," sung in Italian by Signor Foli, were also included, the concert terminating with a superb performance of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, in which the chorus and orchestra were beyond praise, and the solo parts were admirably delivered by Mdle Redeker and Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley.

On the following evening the miscellaneous programme contained, among other pieces, Joachim Raff's symphony in G minor, his most effective work of the kind, perhaps because his least diffuse. The overtures to *Semiramide* and *Jessonda*, in which Rossini and Spohr, while showing that they could both write good music, showed equally how little they had in common, were also comprised in the orchestral part of the selection. Added to these was the poetically-conceived and artistically-developed concert overture, *Die Waldnymph*, one of Sterndale Bennett's most important contributions to the repertory of the Leipsic Gewandhaus. Never, perhaps, had this beautiful work been executed with more care and refinement in every detail than on the present occasion, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who could not have taken more pains had it been his own production. The remainder of the programme consisted of pieces more or less familiar, that general favourite, Mdme Sinico, being added to the company of leading vocalists.

The "Popular Concert" on the closing night was a brilliant success. Victoria Hall was crowded in every part. The artists, including Sir Michael Costa, gave their gratuitous services.

HAMBURG.—Gluck's *Orpheus und Eurydice* was recently produced at the Stadttheater—for the first time in this town.

ST PETERSBURGH.—According to a correspondent of *Le Ménestrel*, the Imperial Theatres of this capital have re-opened, after remaining closed for the usual time during the summer, just as if the country were not plunged in a terrible war. The French company have revived *Le Fils naturel*, by Alexandre Dumas, and *Le Village*, by Octave Feuillet. The German Theatre announces the *début* of Mdle Marie Spettini, from the Theatre Royal, Dresden. At the Grand Theatre, while awaiting the Italian Opera, ballet reigns supreme. At the Russian Operahouse, they are playing M. Anton Rubinstein's *Demon* and *Macchabees*. The Italian season will commence on the 15th October. Among the many names, more or less celebrated, of artists engaged, figure those of Meades Nilsson, D'Angeri, Scalchi, Rosetti, Marziali, Levasseur, Gerster, Pozzoni; Signori Masini, Stagno, Sylva, Campanini, Ciampi, and Goula, the last as conductor. The prospectus promises *Cing-Mars*, *Carmen*, *Una Vendetta Catalana*, *Niccolò dei Lapi*, *Giovanna di Guzman*, *Il Profeta*, *Roberto*, *Semiramide*, *Gli Ugonotti*, *Linda*, *Romeo*, *L'Ebreo*, *Aida*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *L'Africana*, *Faust*, *Amleto*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *Marta*, *Mignon*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Dinorah*, *Il Barbiere*, *Poliuto*, *Macbeth*, and *Norma*. If the manager carries out all he has promised, the artists will have enough to do during the three or four months of the season, but experience has shown that managers' promises, in as far as regards their doom to be broken, resemble pie-crust quite as much as the promises of other people.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

Pictures from the Life of the first German Operatic Singer.

By W. LACKOWITZ.*

V.

(Continued from page 639.)

Attached to the Berlin Opera, were two Italian male singers, who may be taken as models, since both, Concialini and Porporino, were European celebrities of the first class. Concerning Giovanni Carlo Concialini, an exhaustive notice was published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* some years back. I will here merely remark that he was a member of the Berlin Opera down to 1796, when he was pensioned, and that his most brilliant period extended from 1771 to 1775, which was also the period during which he performed with Mad. Mara.—Porporino's proper name was Anton Huber, or, as Italianised, Antonio Uberti. He was descended from a German family, though born at Verona in 1719. His father, a native of Germany, was David Huber, or Hubert, from which latter the singer derived his name of Uberti. He was a soldier, and, while fighting in the Imperial cavalry against the Turks, was made prisoner and carried off into slavery. At the expiration of three years, he found means to escape, reached Austria in safety, and proceeded to Verona. He took service with the Venetians and rose to be a captain of cavalry, marrying at a late period of his life. Of twelve brothers and sisters, Anton was the youngest. He seems to have been educated with great care, but there was certainly no notion of making a singer of him. That he became one was the result of an accident. In his thirteenth year, he was one day amusing himself with jumping over palings with some companions of his own age. In doing so, he had a severe fall, and crushed himself very badly. Actuated by fear, he concealed his misfortune from his parents, till at length all remedies were unavailing, and a painful operation had to be performed. This caused his relatives great sorrow. A musician, a friend of the boy's parents, discovered, however, that the boy possessed a fine voice; and his offer to give him lessons was joyfully accepted. The boy's voice developed itself admirably; and the teacher soon found himself compelled to confess that he had exhausted his art. Antonio was now sent to Naples, where, under Porpora, he became so fine a singer that the famous master insisted on the pupil's combining the master's name with his own. Thus it came to pass that Anton Huber was known and celebrated under the name of Porporino. After being dismissed by Porpora, he sang with the greatest success in Rome, Messina, Palermo, and all the larger towns of Italy, until engaged for Berlin in 1740. These Italian engagements were, as we know, generally arranged by Count Cataneo, the Prussian Minister resident at Venice; but, in 1740, though then in the field, the King despatched his own cabinet courier to Italy, for he wanted to raise his Opera, on the model of that in Dresden, to the highest possible pitch of excellence. Nor, in this case, did he spare expense. He even ordered an offer of four thousand thalers, a very considerable sum for those days, to be made the singer, Pinti, but the latter declined it. Steffanino, Paulino, and Signora Molteni were then engaged simultaneously with Porporino. From that time forward, Porporino remained in Berlin, actively engaged at the Opera for full thirty-four years. He died on the 20th January, 1783. He was distinguished above many other singers of the period by the correctness and certainty of his singing, so that, unlike some of them, he never reduced the conductor to despair. But what was especially praised in him was his extraordinary dramatic talent, which was something in which Italian singers were as a rule far from shining.

It was to these two artists, then, that the King directed the new vocalist for instruction in the specially Italian style, and, thanks to the striking industry she had always exhibited, and which she exhibited on this occasion also, she made, in a short time, that style her own. In March, 1771, she appeared in Potsdam for the first time, and in the same opera, *Pyramo e Tisbe*, of which she had to sing a portion when on her trial. Despite her awkwardness on the stage, she pleased the King so highly that he looked forward with confidence to a new era for his Opera, better than it had previously known. And he was not mistaken. In consequence of his having been absent a great deal from Berlin and Potsdam, he let

the Opera have a rest till the Carnival. But the very first performance, a performance of Graun's *Britannicus*, proved that the German artist had become in every respect the equal of her Italian colleagues. The aria, "Mi paventi," was a perfect masterpiece of vocal art, and the public, like the King, were enraptured with the new *prima donna*. But the recollection that she had been refused permission to go and study in Italy was a worm that kept incessantly gnawing at her heart, and the triumphs she achieved could not recompense her for the disappointment. With her defiant spirit, always inclined to opposition, we may assume that she did not keep her feelings on the subject concealed even from the King himself. In short, from the very first, there was a sentiment of discontent between the two; in her eyes, submission to a despotic and strong will was oppressive servitude, and the numerous marks of friendship and esteem she received from the public rendered her dependence doubly irksome. This state of mind is displayed only too clearly in a letter she wrote to a friend in Leipzig. We read in it: "I get many notes and letters from poets and authors here, French and German; yesterday, too, I received a communication from Canon Gleim, of Halberstadt, written in a very childish and amorous style, altogether unworthy, methinks, of a man holding a clerical title. I receive, moreover, offers of marriage; a short time since I actually had one from an old general with seven bullets in his body; they are gradually to be cut out of him, probably in the course of our married life; I declined the offer with thanks, and threw the other letters into the fire. A fine idea to suppose I would marry, and have to acknowledge the will of a second man over me. Poor me, who am already so sunk in slavery." Antipathy for the entire male creation cannot well be more plainly expressed; yet love and marriage came, and were the very things which subsequently caused her endless grief and sorrow, crushing her, for years, bodily and mentally to the ground.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

Mr Ruskin, in the July number of his "Fors Clavigera,"* points out how much more general progress has been made during the last twenty years in the appreciation of good music than in our knowledge and love of good pictures. "The reason is easily found. Our music has been chosen for us by masters. When we ascertained that Mr Hallé could play, we did not go to the man at the music shop and pay him fifty guineas commission for recommending us a new tune! If we can imagine exhibitions, where good, bad, and indifferent symphonies, quartets, and songs could be heard—not more imperfectly than pictures, good, bad, and indifferent are to be seen at the Academy—and works to which at a concert we must listen for twenty minutes were to be listened through in as many seconds, or indeed by an ear-glance at a few bars, can we doubt that pretty tunes would be more popular than the finest symphonies of Beethoven, or the loveliest of Schubert's songs?"

"The suddenly luminous idea that art might possibly be a lucrative occupation secured the submission of England to such instruction as, with that object, she could procure: and the professorship of Sir Henry Cole at Kensington has corrupted the system of art-teaching all over England into a state of abortion and falsehood, from which it will take twenty years to recover. The professorships also of Messrs Agnew at Manchester have covered the walls of that metropolis with 'exchangeable property,' on the exchanges of which the dealer always made his commission, and of which perhaps one canvas in a hundred is of some intrinsic value, and may be hereafter put to good and permanent use. But the first of all conditions for this object is that the Manchester men *should*, for a little while, 'choose for themselves'; that they should buy nothing with intent to sell it again; and that they should buy it of the artist only, face to face with him, or from the Exhibition wall by direct correspondence with him."

BERLIN.—Glück's *Armida* was to have been revived at the Royal Operahouse, on the 23rd inst.—the date, by the way, of its first production at the Royal Academy of Music, Paris, a century ago—but the performance had to be deferred in consequence of Herr Niemann's inability to appear. Professor Julius Stern has added to his celebrated Conservatory an Operatic School, for the especial benefit of pupils desirous of appearing on the lyric stage.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

* Published by G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

A CLIMB TO CLOUDLAND.

(From a Holiday Correspondent.)

I think it is Mrs Browning who speaks of the mountains as drawing us up from the "vile flats" of common life; and unless they really exert some mysterious influence I cannot explain why, on a certain day, I took the trouble to go to the top of Snowdon. Judged by the rules that ordinarily guide human action, my adventure was about as unreasonable as anything could well be. Men go up mountains for the sake of pleasurable exertion or for the prospect revealed. But when the rain pours down, and the clouds are no higher than a church steeple, flats, be they ever so vile, are preferable. I knew this well; nevertheless, I climbed up Y Wyddfa, and, what is more, met with a friend equally under the charm that kept common-sense in abeyance. We went up together, Overall and I, attended by an unwilling sharer of our fortunes, my companion having a suspicion of places along the route where the four legs of a horse could do better and quicker work than his own two. I would rather have left Diamond in his stable, because, amid all the infatuation of the moment, there was just the glimmer of an idea that we were making fools of ourselves, and that the presence of the horse blurted out the fact to everybody. Without Diamond we might have passed as tourists, performing the usual damp pilgrimage to the waterfall, but a horse going in that direction means Snowdon and nothing else. Revealed to all observers, therefore, were our intentions, and if we did not pass as a couple of lunatics it was simply because the natives hereabouts are used to the eccentric action of the British tourist, and have acquired with regard to him that state of mind which marvels at nothing. Nevertheless, I could have spared even the few observers who watched our start. It was not such an impressive start as the essential foolishness of the enterprise demanded for the concealment of its real character. I had an idea of this at the time, but now I am convinced that it was an ignominious start. Overall might, at least, have bestridden his mountain steed, assumed his most gallant bearing, and gone forth as a knight to victory. But perhaps he was well advised to throw the reins over his arm, and trudge his watery way by my side, for a horse less likely than Diamond to make an impressive effect never spent his days in carrying people up hill. Anyhow, we sneaked away in the manner described from the ken of the damp idlers about the hotel doors, and were soon lost to sight in the little wood whereat the ascent begins.

Even then and there, amid rain, mist, and wind, sundry tourists, driven from the deadly liveliness of the coffee-room, were wandering about with no purpose more obvious than getting themselves well wetted through. They had visited the waterfall, perhaps, and yielded to the temptation of going higher. But they led no horse, and we knew that Snowdon was not within their thoughts. What they, in turn, divined of our intentions seemed perfectly clear, if the blank stare of astonishment, or the more or less derisive grin had any meaning at all. "But," we said to one another, in comforting tones, "he who carries the 'Excelsior' banner must stick to it, though maidens allure and old men warn;" and as we were neither tempted nor cautioned, desertion had no excuse. So, when quite beyond mortal ken, Overall ascended Diamond, and we addressed ourselves in grim earnest to our task. It was far from pleasant work, for raindrops driven by mountain winds at their worst have a habit of hitting like hailstones, while, on Snowdon at any rate, the waters prefer to seek their level by running down the beaten track. Our road, therefore, rough at the best, lay along the course of a stream, up which man and beast floundered and splashed with many a slip and slide. Yet did we deem ourselves fortunate, and once or twice were on the point of actually expressing pity for the miserable beings in the coffee-rooms below. As each early stage of the ascent was reached, the prospect, so far as it went, became more and more stern. The Llanberis lakes in our rear stood out clear in what was, by comparison, brightness itself, but, ahead and on either hand, every summit wore its mantle of cloud, while slopes and valleys appeared and disappeared as masses of vapour were driven along by the wind. Thus half revealed, the scene might have been one of Alpine magnificence and grandeur; nor did fancy omit to supply, on the largest scale, that which the eye could not discern. This was our utmost recompense for the labour and discomfort of the journey, inasmuch as we soon met a dripping tourist—only less a maniac than ourselves, because he was coming down while we were going up—who told us that all above was a hopeless cloud, and pointed to a ragged fringe of vapour as the limit of vision. During our brief halt, Diamond turned his head down hill, as who should say, Even my brute brain comprehends the wisdom of surrender. But we, having a coffee-room and not a stable below, were made of sterner stuff. Once more had Diamond to breast the slope, till the half-way hut was reached, and Owen Williams—or Jones, was it?—and a broad-faced Welsh damsel,

met us with a welcome, tempered by undisguised astonishment. It was a bad day for Owen Williams, or Jones, and he told us so with an emphatic "Yes, indeed," which perhaps, led Overall to order a bottle of soda-water on the spot, by way of solatium. That exhilarating compound imbibed, we entered upon the stiffest part of the ascent, the hut and its tenants vanishing with startling celerity in the ever increasing mist. Close ahead now was the ragged fringe. Another minute and it touched our faces; another, and we were in Cloudland, with the whole earth reduced to a few square yards of strong soil, across which swept the vicious rain. Happily, the path could be made out with sufficient clearness, and up it we struggled, beaten upon by the elements as though it were a combat *à outrance* between us and them. In his dumb way, Diamond showed a gradually increasing dislike of the whole proceeding. As each more bitter blast struck us, he would veer round like a weathercock and expose to it the broadest part of his person, or stand still with drooping head and woe-begone aspect till the wind had expended its violence and retired to gather more. But now the ascent became less steep, and we knew that our way lay along a ridge with precipices on either hand terrible to see, more terrible to approach without seeing. Down into the very foundations of the earth seemed to sink the imprisoning wall of cloud as we cautiously neared the brink of the abyss. Beyond that jagged edge lay the infinite—a space the mind was as powerless to fathom as the eye to penetrate, and it was not without a shudder that we kept a sharp look-out for the path of safety. The storm now did its worst, howling and dashing over the ridge as though to sweep off every intruder upon its "ancient, solitary reign." But we fought with equal resolution, and presently the increasing steepness of the ascent showed the summit to be near. A few more minutes and the cairn loomed above us. Diamond was turned into a rough pen of stones, and we scrambled up the last few yards into the enclosure made by the hospitable huts, from one of which smoke issued invitingly. This was the goal of all our efforts. We were in Cloudland. "Georgeous land," Wordsworth called it, who looked from the distance that lent enchantment. To us it was much the same as a grey and very wet blanket suspended within six feet of our noses. Peering keenly over the parapet into the depths, a few yards of the grim pinnacle on which we stood could be made out. The rest was blanket and a platform of weather-beaten rock, with, presently, the more agreeable apparition of an open door and a kindly wondering face. Hearing other sounds than the roar of the storm, the hut-keeper had peered out preparatory to inviting his besodden visitors warmly in. What a change; One moment blown upon, rain-dashed, fogged, and bewildered; the next sitting in a cosy interior where a fire blazed merrily, and a comfortable house-wife read in her native Welsh a report of the *Carnarvon Eisteddfod*! Down below I should have styled the hut and all its appurtenances rough; here it seemed a palace in the completeness of its comfort, while the elemental uproar outside served but to enhance the enjoyment of its occupants. But even at the height of 3,500 feet one is not above considerations of prudence in the matter of wet clothes, nor in this particular case dared we ignore the coming on of night. Emerging from the hut, the wind seemed to spring upon us like a wild beast. Soon, however, we had Diamond again in tow, and were cautiously feeling our way along the ridge, resisting the poor old horse's efforts to edge from the blast and seek shelter in the appalling leeward depths. The ridge traversed, the rest was easy, and in due course our melancholy procession arrived at the point whence it had set out, decidedly wetter, somewhat sadder, and so much wiser that the biped members of it will henceforth imitate their four-footed friend by not willingly, under any like conditions, climbing to Cloudland.

D. T.

THE ANGEL'S CALL.*

I saw a vision fair and bright; An angel called me in the night— Come with me.	A pang shot thro' the Mother's heart; Shemurmur'd, Child, we must not part, Stay with me.
Dear Mother, here I cannot stay, But grieve not, for I must away; I still can hear that sweet voice say— Come with me.	Thy Father to his rest hath gone; Thy brothers, sisters, all are down; My child, I have but thee alone— Stay with me.
Alas, for helpless human love! The voice soon lured the child above— Come with me.	
The Mother could not all resign; To her then came that form benign; She followed, too, that voice divine— Come with me!	

* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

Punch at Leeds.

(Our Representative Man at a Musical Festival.)

Your Representative is a man of his word; he said last week he would go to Leeds, for the great Musical Festival, and faithfully has he kept his promise.

The arrival, at the Leeds Station, of Your Representative, was, I need hardly say, a triumph. The demonstration of one porter was something to see. It was immense—for threepence. As for the cabman, his enthusiasm was so overwhelming (he had been waiting for a job all day, he said, and this was the first money he'd taken) that he would willingly have removed his horse from the shafts, and have drawn the vehicle himself to the Queen's Hotel, had I only made it worth his while.

A magnificent spectacle the Hall, sir, on the entry of Yours truly. Chorus of ladies high up in the air, like sweet singing birds, on either side of the orchestra, and the male voices crowding the middle. Such a chorus! Such an audience! After bowing to the Mayor and the committee, and intimating to Mr. Wingham that the business of the evening might commence, the band at once struck up the overture to the new cantata, *The Fire King*.

A prophet is not great, as a rule, I believe, in his own country, and if *Elijah* were given down in Judæa, I've no doubt he wouldn't be thought much of, therefore as Mr. Walter Austin, the composer of the new cantata, is said to be "A native of Leeds" (and why not?), he ought to be highly gratified with the reception accorded to his work, and to himself, when cheered, at the conclusion, by the other natives of Leeds, who had not written cantatas.

Mrs. Osgood and Mdme. Patey did their best, the latter singing such a low note that the occupants of the front row of stalls looked under their seats, as if for something that the lady had dropped, and which they were polite enough to pick up for her. Mr. Lloyd was enthusiastically and deservedly encored (though the encore was sensibly not taken) in a ballad of the Balfé style, "The past is but a troubled dream," which ought to be immensely popular everywhere, and would make the fortune of any drawing-room tenor; and in "To Arms! To Arms!" which he gave in such spirited style, as caused Your Representative to regret that the singer was not in a Tannhäuser-like suit of armour, addressing a crowd of chorus and supers attired as warriors of the most unlimited bravery. For success, the cantata was, from the first tenor song, "insured at Lloyd's."

Setting aside the occasion of its production (and, undeniably, the work was not big enough for the great Leeds Festival), the composer is to be congratulated on the cantata itself, taken for what it is, and affording much promise for the future. If, in choosing this exceptional time for a first attempt, Mr. Austin's friends showed more zeal than discretion, it must not be forgotten that in the North the reading of the old proverb is, "Friends in Leeds are friends in deeds," and a young composer cannot be blamed for jumping at such an offer.

But what of Professor Macfarren's *Joseph*? Magnificently interpreted by Mdle. Albani, Meadames Edith Wynne and Patey, Messrs. Santley, Lloyd, Signor Foli, and the unrivalled Chorus, which is the crown and glory of the Leeds Festival, the new oratorio achieved an unequivocal success. It was indeed a touching spectacle when the gifted Composer was led forward by his brother to hear the acclamations which resounded from every part of the hall.

Fresh from the scene, I confess myself unwilling to treat lightly one single detail of this great performance. For some future time I will reserve what remarks I have to offer on the libretto and style of oratorios generally, where the sublime so often touches the ridiculous; but, for this present, I can only say that to have heard the first performance of *Joseph* at the Leeds Festival, and to have assisted, heart and voice, at the ovation given to Professor Macfarren, will ever be remembered as a real and true pleasure by

Your Representative.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Permit me to add a few words to a well-worn theme, respecting which Mr. Chappell addressed a letter to you (Sept. 15). It is possible, nay, probable, that Carey had a hand in manufacturing the National Anthem; perhaps he wrote the words. But that the tune was stolen from Dr. Bull I am fully convinced, from ample proof in my possession, about which I shall by-and-by have more to say.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

Brackley Villa, Thurlow Park Road, Dulwich.

DÜSSELDORF.—The next Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine is to be held here at Whitsuntide, 1878. M. Anton Rubinstein will act as conductor, and some of his more important vocal works, together with his "Dramatic Symphony," will be performed.

"TWA HOURS AT HAME" WITH THE KENNEDY FAMILY.

It is now more than seven years since Mr. Kennedy was delighting us with his Scottish entertainments at Hanover Square Rooms. Fresh from foreign lands, he was brimful of anecdotes of his experiences in the United States, South America, California, Canada, &c. In like manner he comes again after singing "round the world" for more than four years. Wherever our language is spoken a Scottish audience is to be found, and this Mr. Kennedy has so well experienced that his genial face can only be seen here at rare intervals. The world has pronounced him to be the Prince of Scottish Vocalists of his day, and wherever he goes the cry is ever "Will ye no' come back again?" In London we have hitherto been accustomed to hear "The Kennedy" alone, gracefully "accompanied" by Miss Kennedy. But now the clan comes in force, no less than five talented members of the family taking a part in the concerts, one and all possessing rare natural and musical abilities. Mr. Kennedy is, no doubt, still the backbone of the entertainment, but he may well be proud of his "bairns," as he is wont to designate them; and they are really a great credit to him. London is now said to be empty, but the large and enthusiastic audiences which welcomed the Scottish vocalists at St. James's Hall, on Monday and Wednesday evenings, gave good promise that Mr. Kennedy had not erred in venturing upon twelve nights in the great hall; and they must be strangely constituted who do not at once feel very much at home in the "Twa Hours at Hame." Those who would hear the "auld Scots sangs" sung as they ought to be would do well to take advantage of this opportunity, and the sons and daughters of Scotland, in particular, must be irresistibly drawn towards those who can so powerfully thrill every pulse of their hearts. Of late we have had no lack of Scotch concerts, which have been deservedly successful; but, however artistically the music has been rendered by our best London vocalists, it was not the "wood-notes wild" inspired by "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood;" it reminded not of the bracken, the broom, and the heather; and not only so, but for the thoroughly genuine impersonation of Scottish character in such songs as "Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en," "The women are a' gane wud," "Tam Glen," &c., the nice perception of the ridiculous in "There cam' a young man," "Duncan Gray," "Last May a braw wooer," "Jenny's bawbee," &c., the thrilling force, heroic or pathetic, in "Scots wha hae," "I'm wearin' awa' Jean," "Annie's tryste," &c.; for all such the vocalist must be to the manner born in order successfully "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." Percolating through ages, from a mother's lips is imparted the true traditional style; and whether it be in the grave, the gay, the heroic, or the pathetic, we have in Mr. Kennedy a masterly interpreter of his country's songs—in the heroic, irresistible as the waves of the Atlantic, or as the mountain spate; in lovesongs, melodious as the lark's or the lintie's lay. As we listen to his "Scots wha hae," we are forcibly reminded of one of his own experiences. Visiting Richmond shortly after its fall, and before the doomed city had risen from its ashes, he had just given the grand address of Bruce to his army, when an old Scot, who had risked and lost all for the South, sprang to his feet, exclaiming—"Kennedy, sing 'Scots wha hae' round the South and we'll hae another fecht yet!" Mr. Kennedy has an individuality quite his own. He is, in a word, like his great predecessors, Templeton and Wilson, thoroughly original—possessing a style realistic as a Tenniers, a Wilkie, or a Faed, he is not only a most accomplished vocalist, but also an effective and graceful actor. It was a pleasing link with the past to notice on Wednesday night, as we have done at previous concerts of Mr. Kennedy's, the grand snow-capt head of John Templeton.

But now we must return to the junior members of the family. Their Glee singing forms quite a prominent feature in the programme, and, as Mr. Kennedy aptly remarked, the fine old glees of England are fit to vie with any national music; and such gems as "Blow, gentle gales," "The cloud-capt towers," &c., as also the part-songs, were rendered with a taste and precision rarely equalled. Every item in the programme, in fact, seemed to have received the most intelligent study and careful practice—everything being sung from memory. The songs generally were given with a natural force and expression which was quite refreshing. We would particularly notice Miss Kennedy's sweetly simple rendering of "Kind Robin lo'es me" and "The lang awa ship," and Miss Marjory's equally charming voice and style in "The four Maries" and "Ca' the yowes to the knowes;" David delighted and stirred his audience with "The march of the Cameron men;" Robert displayed a voice of much promise in "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me"; and James, who possesses a rich baritone voice, was equally felicitous in the quaint old song of "The Golden Vanities." Of Mr. Kennedy himself we would just say, in conclusion, that he returns to us with powers not only unabated, but, if possible, improved.

MACFARREN'S JOSEPH AT LEEDS.

(From "The Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligencer.")

Before recording the event of yesterday, a memorable one in the history of music, we feel bound once more to revert to the previous day. If the committee had desired to make their mistake of Wednesday night as glaring as possible, they could not have done so more effectually than with *Elijah* as a prelude, and *Walpurgis Night* and *Solomon* to follow. We mention these last works again because we desire to repeat the opinion expressed yesterday as to the wonderful excellence of their performance. That opinion, formed at the time, was more than justified, but, after hearing the works of the greatest masters even respectably performed, the lover of good music is so liable to lose a critical balance that we are glad now deliberately to repeat that yesterday the Leeds Festival band and chorus covered themselves with glory, and arrived at that point of excellence beyond which it is impossible to advance. After Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Handel on Thursday, Macfarren yesterday. Professor Macfarren is not a Handel, or a Mendelssohn, nor does he slavishly imitate them or confine himself to any particular school of writing. He is simply Macfarren, a name hereafter to be honoured in musical history, and to make the professor's chair at Cambridge memorable for the two great musicians who have held it in succession. It will be remembered that at the last Festival the Professor had a place with *St John the Baptist*. This work delighted all who heard it, especially those who appreciate learned writing. The oratorio yesterday perhaps appeals to wider sympathies with its beautiful melodies and colour. At any rate, whether the work is heard many a time again, or is forgotten (a very unlikely and unreasonable event), the performance yesterday will mark the present Festival as an important event in the history of music. Mr Walter Macfarren, who so lovingly devotes his own great talents to the study and interpretation of his brother's masterpiece, conducted. It will be as well to admit at once that after the first hearing of so important a work, and on the day of hearing, it is impossible to do full justice to it. The small tribute of praise which we can render is the composer's due. The work is dedicated thus:—"In remembrance of happy hours spent in its inscription, this oratorio is dedicated to my pupil, friend, and amanuensis, Oliveria Louisa Prescott." The work is great in design and execution, and seemed to demand from the audience a front rank in the greatest musical compositions, or rejection as an over-reaching ambition. The challenge was accepted by the audience, and at the close the answer might have been heard in the streets outside, as cheer followed upon cheer. . . . Throughout the oratorio Dr Macfarren has been (with one or two exceptions) above all things original. He tells the beautiful story of Joseph's life, commencing with the brothers' treachery, and ending with the arrival of the Patriarch Jacob to witness his son's glory, in the most dramatic musical language. Every phrase must have been the result of intense care and study, arising from a fine artistic sense, an appreciation of sacred words which would have distinguished the Professor as a theologian of matured experience. From the first bar to the last the work is a surprise—a wonder to those who thought that Music had said all she had to say, and that no resources of novelty were left open. The orchestral colouring is most remarkable, especially in the gorgeous and barbaric choruses of the Court of Pharaoh, a word pronounced throughout, by-the-bye, as *Faro*, with the accent on the first syllable. One of the most remarkable features in the oratorio is the frequent and unexpected changes of the key-note, a device certainly not new, but hitherto seldom resorted to with such extraordinary effect, while in the melodic structure the intervals are most surprising, taxing the powers of the singers to the utmost. Had many serious blunders occurred in such music there would have been little wonder; as it is, the wonder is all the other way that band, chorus, and solo singers should have done so much justice to the work. They all appeared, however, to love it and, to a great extent, understand it. The programme will show how the parts were allotted, and the great names put down for the principal ones.

The "principals" did their duty to the music, and were rewarded with almost incessant applause. Mr Cheshire, the harpist, deserves honourable mention for the good service he did in the accompaniments to the relation of the dreams. The audience throughout cannot so well be described appreciative, as positively excited and sympathetic. Sir Michael Costa, who, we believe, is engaged on another oratorio called *Joseph*, was a listener. Though the work bears evidence throughout of the hand of a musical scholar learned in all structural devices, the fugal treatment of a subject is sparingly introduced. We have the first fugue in "Honour thy father and thy mother"—a very fine chorus. The solo, "Love is strong as death," was finely sung by Mdlle Albani, who came out with flying colours. In the last phrase we should like to know whether the artist was giving us Macfarren or Albani. Once or twice it appeared that alterations had been made in the published score, possibly by the composer himself.* The oratorio occupied a little over three hours in performance; and although there is little of the music we should like to part with, it is an open question whether some of the dialogue, and some of the didactic numbers, could not be spared. Dr Monk, author of the libretto, has occasional extracts from the Book of Psalms. No composer could desire a better librettist, but it is rather strange that he should put in the mouth of Joseph the words, "We have walked in the house of God as companions," as there was no house of God until the Tabernacle in the wilderness. The enthusiasm of the audience was immense at the chorus of the Ishmaelites, with the picturesque tinkling of percussion instruments and the beautiful melody *crescendo* from *pianissimo* to full, and the remarkable concluding phrase, "We will take him to Egypt, and can sell him to Potiphar." The duet with chorus, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," was very fine, and was re-demanded and repeated. Here, however, we must make an exception in our remarks about originality. There was a remarkable reminiscence of Mendelssohn about it. What modern musician has ever freed himself of the influence of Mendelssohn? The last number of the first part, the chorus, "A voice was heard," was the finest of all in that part, passing from C minor to C major in "Refrain thy voice from weeping,"—a beautiful movement, which in the interval was hummed by numerous listeners as they took their meditative airing on the pavement outside.

In the second part we are introduced to the Court of Pharaoh with gorgeous choruses of stupendous power, commencing with "Lord of Diadema." Both strings and reed instruments were very fine, and the trumpets and trombones were splendid. The soprano had another beautiful air, "Hath not God?" and there is nothing more remarkable in this oratorio than the beauty of the airs, hitherto not supposed to be Dr. Macfarren's strongest point. The chorus, "See! Pharaoh hath set Joseph," was magnificent, and here again the instruments of percussion did great service. The chorus was beyond praise, taking up the leads with great precision. The applause was something furious, and a repeat could hardly have been refused by Sir Michael Costa, much less by a brother of the composer. Space and time preclude a notice of this work at all commensurate with its grandeur. One or two of the remaining numbers, however, demand mention—among them the devotional chorus, "O! Lord, have mercy upon us," with its exquisite counterpoint, the magnificent air (one of the finest ever written by any composer), "Wherefore let us run with patience the race that is set before us," in which the Professor seems to reveal his whole soul of faith to us, the aëstet, "Forgive" (repeated), the dramatic revelation of Joseph to his brethren, and the final fugue, "Sing unto the Lord." It was a great work, grandly performed, and listened to with eager interest until the last bar. Then followed a scene never to be forgotten. There was a persistent roar until the blind Professor was led into the orchestra, and the cheering was renewed again and again. No need, Professor, to be so overcome with emotion! This is but the first instalment of the tribute of praise which the lovers of the true and good in Art shall pay you in the time to come as you take your just place with the worthies whose names are remembered when the wearers of crowns are forgotten and dynasties have crumbled to dust.

* With the composer's hearty assent.—D. P.

DEATHS.

On September 21st, at her residence, 69, Carlton Hill, N.W., ELIZABETH, widow of the late GEORGE RICHARD METZLER, of Great Marlborough Street, in her 81st year.

On September 22nd, at Chatterton Villa, Greenway Road, Redland, Bristol, ELIZA RAINFORTH, daughter of the late S. Rainforth, Esq., of Her Majesty's Customs.

On September 23rd, at Paris, after a few days' severe suffering, FRANCES CHARLOTTE, the dearly loved wife of Signor F. LABLACHE, of 51, Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1877.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—There is nothing new under the sun; and, therefore, it is only natural that the belief entertained by many with regard to the efficacy of music as a curative agent should have existed in ancient times before being broached at the present day. In the mythology of Greece and Rome, Apollo is represented as the god of medicine as well as of music, and there can be no doubt that music and therapeutics are more nearly connected than is generally imagined. Still, as Dickens makes one of his characters observe: "We must draw the line somewhere." The personage who lays down the maxim illustrates theory by practice and draws the line at bakers. But there are individuals no more to be stopt by bakers than the progress of Ocean, that Mighty Monster, is, when thoroughly aroused, to be arrested by the Admiralty Pier at Dover. They belong to the class described by Molière:—

"La nature a pour eux des bornes trop petites;
En chaque caractère ils passent ses limites,
Et la plus noble chose, ils la gâtent souvent
Pour la vouloir outrer et pousser trop avant."

I am afraid that among the number of these irresistible enthusiasts I must place Citizen Roger, who, in a Thesis sustained by him at Montpellier, in 1769, under the title of *Tentamen de Vi Soni et Musices in Corpus humanum*, gives some wonderful instances of the power exercised by music over the victims of ill-health and disease. Music, he asserts, dissipates the sad effects of sombre melancholy, hypochondria, hystericism, imbecility, and madness; stops epileptic fits and prevents their recurrence; suspends the tortures of gout and sciatica, securing the patient against a relapse; restores vital energy when exhausted by long attacks; facilitates and expedites difficult cases of convalescence; puts an end to the disorders of an excited imagination, holding captive the violent efforts which the latter provokes, and disarming the hand about to commit a crime; dispels the cruel fears caused by the bite of an animal suspected of rabies, and ensures mental tranquillity and bodily health to persons condemned by prejudice, and frequently without good reason, to agonies more terrible than death itself.

"Why," enquires Citizen Desessarts—in a paper read before the French National Institute of Science and Art, on the 20th Vendémiaire, Year XI., that is, on the 3rd October, 1792—"Why has the employment of this art, which produces such marvellous effects upon man in health and disease been discontinued by medical practitioners? Why do they not have recourse to it in cases that elude the actions of

drugs which they vaunt as the most energetic?" Like Echo, we also answer "Why?" and are at a loss to explain the dense stupidity which prevented the National Convention from at once taking measures for the adoption in France of so sure and efficacious a sanitary agent. The assembly in question was not accustomed to stand on trifles. It had substituted for the ancient religion of the country the worship of Reason, though afterwards condescending to declare that the French people acknowledged the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. Why did it not, in face of the facts for which Citizens Roger and Desessarts vouched, decree that all hospitals should be changed into operahouses and concert-rooms; that physicians and surgeons should qualify themselves in counterpoint and harmony; and that scalpels, forceps, bistouris, *et hoc genus omne*, should be replaced by violins, flutes, and double basses? Their remissness may, perhaps, have arisen from their not yielding implicit credit to all the wonders related in the Montpellier Thesis. Yet those wonders were supplemented by others equally extraordinary. Citizen Bourdelot, a member of the medical profession, tells us, in his *Traité sur la Musique*, how a woman, driven mad by the infidelity of her lover, was restored to reason and health by three concerts, judiciously administered. The *Mémoires* for the year 1707 of the French Academy of Science contributes the story of a dancing-master of Alais, in Languedoc. This worthy man, having during the carnival been compelled to go through a great deal of fatigue in the discharge of his professional duties, had a violent attack of fever. On the fourth or fifth day he fell into a state of lethargy, in which he lay for a long time, and in which he had better have remained altogether, had it not been for a bright idea which struck M. Mondajor, the Mayor of the town. The unhappy follower of Terpsichore had passed from lethargy to furious but dumb delirium. He was continually endeavouring to jump out of bed, threatening with "his head and face" those who frustrated his attempts, and refusing all the remedies offered him. The Mayor suggested to the doctor that the patient might take a little music, though he rejected everything else. But the doctor, I am sorry to say, appears to have been swayed too much by personal reasons. He did not disapprove of the idea, but hesitated carrying it out for fear of the ridicule to which he might be exposed, and which, as he mildly put it, would be infinitely greater if the patient died while under such a treatment. A friend, however, of the dancing-master's was deterred by no such scruples. He could play the fiddle, and performed a number of airs with which the sick man was most familiar. He was set down as being more of a maniac than the madman in bed, and was beginning to come in for a goodly amount of personal abuse, when the patient sat up, as though agreeably surprised. The poor fellow commenced marking the measure with his head, as his arms were held down by the attendants; but when the latter, also susceptible to the charms of melody, loosened their hold, he marked the measure with his arms. In a quarter of an hour he fell into a deep sleep and, on his awaking, the crisis was surmounted. Then we have the case of the Princess Belmont Pignatelli, who, in 1776, after all the most celebrated medical men of Naples had essayed their skill in vain, owed her cure from a violent fever to the febrifugal qualities of an air of Hasse's, prescribed—and performed—by the Chevalier Raaf, who received as his fee an extremely handsome ring, which his distinguished patient presented him in token of her gratitude. Did space allow, I could cite at length a case of catalepsy in which we are informed that the aged patient, though indifferent to airs with which she was unacquainted, derived such benefit from canticles, and still more from "noëls," or Christmas carols,

given her on a clarinet, that she danced; walked; went down, on the fifth day, three stories, to see her doctor out; and eventually resumed her usual avocations. As the old lady was sixty, I do not suppose, however, that those avocations were very arduous.

All these alleged facts are very strange; so much stranger, indeed, than fiction that we may fairly assume them to be true. Still, though a thorough and devoted admirer of music, I own that a dash of suspicion is mingled with my eagerness to believe. I should feel greatly obliged by some persons practically testing the matter. We have already Allopathy, Homœopathy, and Hydropathy. Why not add Melopathy to the list? I should much prefer a remedy from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn to anything mentioned in the *Pharmacopœia Londoniensis*; a draught from Balfe's melodic spring would be more to my taste than the most successful pill, which has enabled its inventor to spend a colossal fortune in advertisements and still remain a millionaire; and I can assure you, Mr Editor, that, if suffering from the most deeply-tinted fit of the blues, the gentleman I should best like to call in would be Doctor Arthur Sullivan, if he would only order me a good dose of *Trial by Jury*.

N. V. N.

THE PROPOSED NEW OPERAHOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—I have read in the *Times* of September 1st the letter from Mr Mapleson, which that gentleman doubtless intended to be an answer to the one from myself, and which you were good enough to publish on August 22nd.

As to the first paragraph in Mr Mapleson's letter, I have to say that I published no letters on the subject of the proposed Operahouse until July in last year, and that my justification for so doing then, if any justification were necessary, was that I had the very best authority for knowing that Mr Mapleson and his coadjutors, when endeavouring to obtain subscriptions for the proposed theatre, had stated that he (Mr Mapleson) had engaged several of my principal artists to sing there. Mr Mapleson, in a certain way, denies this. I must, however, repeat my assertion.

My reason for writing my letter published last month was, not because Mr Mapleson spoke of the locality of the Royal Italian Opera—the annual subscriptions and the audiences are a sufficient reply to that—but because he insinuated that my theatre was unworthy even of the name of an Operahouse.

As to my "fanciful calculations," I took Mr Mapleson's own estimate of the cost of the building—that is, the sum which he proposed to borrow as stated in his own printed circular—viz., £250,000. This was for the building only. It would appear from Mr Mapleson's circulars and letters that, exclusive of the unforeseen expense of the foundations, work has already been done to the amount of about £50,000. Mr Mapleson avers that his architect and builder now say that £110,000 is sufficient to complete and furnish the building. Are the words "complete" and "furnish" really meant to include also the immense outlay for the fire-water supply, the gas supply, lamps and chandeliers, and the vast machinery of the stage, &c.?

As to fire insurance, Mr Mapleson quotes that of Her Majesty's Theatre, but he possibly forgets that its proprietor, Lord Dudley, is not a person at all likely to have borrowed money in respect of that building, and so not forced by a lender to insure. Lord Dudley may prefer, and probably does prefer, to be in a great measure his own insurer. Besides, I do not suppose that Her Majesty's Theatre cost one-third of the sum at which that of the proposed Operahouse is estimated.

As to the insurance on the Royal Italian Operahouse, I have within these last three years increased the amount by £48,000, and must before long again add to that; for as the stock of costumes,

scenery, &c., of an operahouse increases, so ought the amount of insurance, and I have no doubt Mr Mapleson will find that, whether he borrows £100,000 or £300,000, his creditor will force him to cover pretty nearly, if not quite the full amount by insurance.

With regard to my statement that the cost of the Royal Italian Opera nearly doubled the original estimates, I, of course, did not intend to convey the meaning that the portion of the work the cost of which the architect and builders originally estimated was nearly doubled, but that the various alterations and additions which are so frequently found necessary during the progress of large buildings, and particularly in the case of theatres, brought up the ultimate cost to nearly double the sum for which it was at first supposed the whole could have been completed.

I therefore think that anyone who may take the trouble to read Mr Mapleson's own official circulars, together with his letter to the *Times*, dated July 14th, 1876, and those which appeared in the *Times* on August 4th and September 1st, 1877, and will compare them with my letters to the *Times*, dated respectively July 1st and July 18th, 1876, as well as with the one which appeared on August 22nd, 1877, and with this present letter, will arrive at the conclusion that my estimate as to the ultimate cost of the proposed Operahouse, should it ever be completed, furnished, and opened, are rather under than over the mark; and that whether Mr Mapleson should succeed in inducing some millionaire to do this work and let the theatre to him at a rental of £14,000 per annum, as he has proposed, or whether he obtain funds to complete the whole himself, the charge on the establishment, for rent (or interest of money), rates, taxes, insurance, and ground-rent (without reckoning any outlay for new scenery, &c.), will not be less than £24,250 per annum, and this enormous sum, be it remembered, is (less anything which may be obtained from winter lettings) really to be spread over and chargeable on an opera season of sixteen or seventeen weeks.

Permit me, sir, to take this opportunity of asking on what grounds this projected theatre has been named "The New National Operahouse," for I can see no pretence for such a title.

I would also ask on what authority it is called "Her Majesty's Opera," as I see it is in one of Mapleson's printed prospectuses, dated June 22nd, 1876. I can understand that the King's Theatre—that is the old operahouse in the Haymarket—was properly called "Her Majesty's Theatre, that title having been adopted subsequently to the death of King William IV., but I do not see why, when a troupe of artists is taken to Drury Lane, Dublin, or Edinburgh, the performance should be styled "Her Majesty's Opera."

The circumstances which occurred with regard to the titles of the London Operahouses were, as I believe, the following:—After the death of King William, there being already a theatre in London called "The Queen's," Her Majesty's permission was applied for to name the Haymarket Operahouse "Her Majesty's Theatre," and was graciously granted, and when the old Covent Garden Theatre was converted into an operahouse (1847) although it had always been a Theatre Royal, the Queen's permission to call the establishment "The Royal Italian Opera" was requested, and also graciously accorded. It is, of course, possible that Mr Mapleson may have applied for permission to advertise whatever troupe he may choose to engage and whatever *locale* he may select for its performances as "Her Majesty's Opera," and he may have been favoured with permission to do so, but I do not think it at all likely. Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK GYL.

Shinness, Lairg, Sutherland, September 17.

THE NEW OPERAHOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—As the subject of the new Operahouse on the Thames Embankment has been more than once discussed in the *Times*, and as the lessee of the unfinished building and his powerful competitor have both been allowed a hearing, I beg you to permit one who is not interested in either of the rival houses to call attention

to the opportunity, wholly unexpected, which now presents itself for correcting a most grievous error.

How the Metropolitan Board were induced to grant a lease of this, their choicest plot of land, without taking ample security that the conditions of the lease should be punctually fulfilled, is a question for the ratepayers; but I venture to affirm that, even if the Board have to make some sacrifice of money, it will be in the interest of the public that the existing lease be cancelled, and that the ugly obstruction which defaces our finest thoroughfare be removed. The great enjoyment which is derived by everybody from the gardens laid out on the adjacent parts of the Embankment, and the charming appearance which they already present, fully justify the conclusion that the best use for the site of the abortive Operahouse would be to apply it for an extension of the gardens. If this be unattainable, and if the land must be used for building, then, at the least, it should be let either for Government offices or for private houses of a high class, to be set back to the line of Whitehall Gardens and Montagu House.

The projection as it now stands destroys altogether the general effect of this really fine part of London, and if the building be completed it will be as great and glaring a disfigurement as the station and railway bridge at Charing Cross, which have spoilt beyond redemption one of the noblest views in London. H. G.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mrs BILLINGTON was so hoarse one night when she had to sing, at Drury Lane, *Mandane* in *Artaxerxes*, as to render it doubtful whether she would be able to get through her task, or even to attempt it. To add to her trouble, her maid had mislaid the key of her jewel box, but persisted that her mistress must have it with her. "What can I have done with it?" exclaimed the lady. "I suppose I must have swallowed it unconsciously." "And a lucky thing, too," observed Wewitzer, "it may perhaps serve to open your chest."

In the narrative of their travels in Africa, by Major Denham and Captain Clapperton, we find the following instance of the sensibility of animals to music:—

"We had a full opportunity of convincing ourselves that these stupendous animals" (the hippopotami) "are very sensibly attracted by musical sounds, even though they should not be of the softest kind. As we passed along the borders of Lake Mungaly at sunrise, they followed the drums of the different chiefs the whole length of the water, sometimes approaching so near the shore that the water they spouted from their mouths reached the persons who were passing along the banks. I counted fifteen at one time sporting on the surface, and my servant, Columbus, shot one in the head, when he gave so loud a roar, as he buried himself in the lake, that all the others disappeared in an instant."

WINTER, the composer of *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*, would, had he lived, have been a great patron of spiritualists, though he might not probably have dared to attend their dark sittings, or even accept a ticket for Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke at the Egyptian Hall, though those gentlemen expressly announce that the spiritual manifestations they exhibit are all brought about by very unspiritual means. Winter entertained such a dread of ghosts that he trembled at the idea of venturing out alone after nightfall. On one occasion at Munich, someone enveloped in a sheet lay in wait for him at the corner of a street. On Winter's approach, the apparition clasped him round the neck, and, though its weight did not exactly tally with its supposed incorporeal nature, Winter dragged it along with him till he reached his own door; but the alarm he experienced nearly cost him his life.

It is a custom in the Tyrol on the eve of Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, All Saints' Day, and the 1st of May, for the young men of a village to sing under the young girls' windows, accompanying themselves on the zither, their favourite instrument. The lover vaunts his mistress's charms, and, in wooing strains, implores her to share with him his father's humble roof. It sometimes happens that his strains are broken in upon by the jealous outbreak of some rejected swain. This affords the two an opportunity of

testing their skill in improvisation. The jealous lover points his keenest shafts of satire against his more fortunate rival, endeavouring, by some well-directed gibe or happy epigram, to overthrow the latter's hopes or shake his faith. Presently this *Fensterlied*, or "Window Song," attracts a crowd, whose presence adds a fresh stimulus to the efforts of the maiden's admirers. This continues till the sparkling wit or biting irony displayed by one of the opponents turns the balance in his favour, and compels his discomfited antagonist to quit the field, pursued by the taunts and jeers of the bystanders.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MADAME LIEBHART'S Concerts at the Agricultural Hall came to a close with the benefit of the Manageress herself, who must have been gratified with the evidence of her popularity testified to by the crowd who assembled in the Hall on the occasion, and who greeted her enthusiastically. Madame Liebhart had wisely drawn around her, during the series of her concerts, many of the leading artists of the day, among whom were Mesdames E. Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, Anna Bishop, Ernst, Julia Warwick, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Cummings, Vernon Rigby, Wadmore, Maybrick, and Wilford Morgan. The pianists were Signor Tito Mattei (who opened the concerts), Miss Lillie Albrecht (who appeared on five different occasions, and played works by Chopin, Thalberg, Döhler, and Liszt), and Mr. Ganz, who closed the series. Miss Albrecht, whose reputation is becoming more and more "constable," and whose versatility enables her to take part in either classical or miscellaneous concerts, met with deserved success. On several occasions, being warmly "recalled," Miss Albrecht played her own brilliant transcription of the "Blue Bells," which was received with great applause. The conductors have been Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Ganz, Allen, and Kingsbury. The orchestra was composed of many of the leading performers of the day. Jullien's "British Army" Quadrilles, which were given every evening, contributed in no small degree to the success of the enterprise. We hear that it is in contemplation to renew these Grand Concerts next year.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. George Watts began a series of Promenade Concerts at the Dome, on Monday, with Mr F. Kingsbury as conductor, Mr A. Pollitzer as leader, Madame Liebhart, Miss Singleton, and Mr Wilford Morgan as vocalists. The concerts are planned in the same form as those given at the Agricultural Hall, London. Jullien's "British Army" Quadrilles, played by the orchestra and three military bands, being the *pièce de résistance*. There is to be a special afternoon concert to-day (Saturday), and the series will come to a conclusion on Monday. At the Aquarium, to-day, Madame Sinico is to be the vocalist. During the week, Mr Howard Paul and Miss Rudge, with Miss Florence Temple as pianist, have been giving their entertainment. Miss Harriette Dunbar, a lady violinist, was specially engaged to play at Wednesday's concert. Last Saturday night, Signor Medico, from Messrs Gatti's London Promenade Concerts, sang, as well as Madame Ziméri, who met with unqualified success on each evening she appeared. The Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society announce Haydn's *Seasons* for Tuesday next; and on Monday evening, October 8, Madame Christine Nilsson, with Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas, will sing at Mr Kuhe's concert in the Dome.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Messrs Gatti gave, on their "Classical Night," on Wednesday, a selection from the works of Beethoven, including the overture to *Egmont*, the slow movement from the Ninth (Choral) Symphony, the first movement from the Violin Concerto (played by Mlle Pomme-reul), the Pianoforte Concerto in E flat (played by M. Ketten), and the whole of the Symphony in C minor. Both Mlle Pomme-reul and M. Ketten were warmly re-called after their respective performances, and the applause after the Symphony (admirably played under the direction of Signor Arditì) was as hearty as it was deserved. The vocal pieces were "In questa tomba" and "Pénitence," sung by Miss Annie Butterworth, and "Se il ver" (*Fidelio*), sung by Mlle Ida Cristino. As usual, the second part of the programme was miscellaneous, the selection from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, for orchestra and military band, producing the usual effect. Mlles Rajmondi, Ida Cristino, and Signor Gianini were the vocalists, Mlle Cristino being set down for Signor Arditì's new and effective valse song, "L'Incontro." Next Wednesday is to be a "Wagner Night."

JULIUS RIETZ.

Dr Julius Rietz, Director General of Music, died in Dresden on the 10th September. The fact has excited universal sympathy and sincere regret in the whole world of music. It was not unexpected, since, some days ago, the melancholy intelligence was conveyed to us that Rietz had had an apoplectic stroke, and that there were scarcely any hopes of his recovery. The sorrow which the sad news is calculated to excite will not be diminished by the knowledge that in Rietz the brotherhood of German artists loses a prominent champion of classical music, an eminent conductor, and a distinguished composer; in a word, one who was devoted to all that is noble and elevated in art. Rietz had been ailing for several years. For some time, indeed, he had been compelled to cede to another his duties as conductor at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, but he recovered sufficiently to enter on them again. About a fortnight ago, the opera of *Le Val d'Andorre*, after being got up by him, was given under his direction at the Theatre Royal, and as late as the 6th inst. he was at the head of the orchestra during the performance of *Der fliegende Holländer*. Everyone liked him. He was an honorary member of numerous musical societies and associations.

Julius Rietz, a son of Johann Friedrich Rietz, Royal Chamber Musician and tenor violinist in the Royal Band, Berlin, was born in that capital on the 28th December, 1812. A course of thoroughly sound musical instruction by the very first teachers speedily enabled him to make such progress, that, when only sixteen, he entered as violoncellist the orchestra of the Königsstädtisches Theater. While occupying this position, he composed the music for Holtei's *Lorbeerbaum und Bettelstab*. In 1834 he was induced by Mendelssohn, who entertained a great esteem for him, to go to Düsseldorf, where he acted as conductor at the Theatre, becoming, two years later—when no more than twenty-five—Mendelssohn's successor as Town Musical Director. Rich in musical productivity and renowned for his remarkable talent as a conductor, he held this post for eleven years. He often conducted subsequently at the Musical Festivals of the Lower Rhine, the last occasion on which he did so being two years ago at Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1847 he accepted the post of conductor at the Theatre and director of the Singacademie, Leipzig, to which, from the 1st October, 1848, he added the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts. A series of eminent artists, once his pupils, testify brilliantly to what he did as a teacher in the above city. It was there, moreover, that he began his musico-critical labours, alluding to which, Otto Jahn says:—"In Rietz we have lost a philologist, which would be highly regrettable, had he not become a musician." Rietz assisted in the issue of Bach and Handel's works, and published himself 12 Symphonies by Haydn, and 12 Concert Airs by Mozart. He subsequently devoted most of his time in Dresden to the edition of Beethoven and that of Mendelssohn, as well as that of Mozart's Scores, published by Breitkopf and Härtel. He took also a leading share in the latest edition of Mozart. Since 1860 he was in Dresden first as *Capellmeister* to the Court, in place of Reissiger, and afterwards as Artistic Director also of the Dresden Conservatory. Last year, on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his appointment as conductor, he was created, by King Albert, Director General of Music.

On the 1st October he was to have retired for the purpose of enjoying the repose he had so richly earned—but death summoned him before then to his eternal rest. Though, in his numerous compositions (overtures, concert-pieces, symphonies, &c., as well as two operas), Julius Rietz does not shine by vigorous originality, his productions always inspire respect, while, on account of many beautiful creations, some of a most inspiring nature, for instance, the "Dithyrambe," among other things—he will never be forgotten by Choral Associations for Male Voices. Even if his own compositions were lost, the name of him who critically edited our classical German masterworks would be indelibly preserved in the history of music. We hear that the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal commissioned Herr Robert Radecke, Royal *Capellmeister*, to attend the funeral on the 15th inst., and, in the name of the Royal Chapel, to lay a laurel wreath on the grave of the Deceased.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

BOLOGNA.—A new opera, *Wallenstein*, by a young French composer, M. Ruis, will shortly be produced at the Teatro Comunale.

Musical Souvenirs Various.

(Leaves from the Diary of a "Fanatico.")

No. II.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

Writing to a friend in Dresden towards the close of his stay amongst us in 1855, and after speaking of the "distinguished manner" in which he was received by the public, Herr Richard Wagner said:—"Quite indifferent to me, on the other hand, was the abuse of the London critics, who only proved by their attacks that I had omitted to bribe them. Indeed, it always amused me to observe how they still left a door open, in order, upon the slightest approach on my part, to change their tactics—a step, of course, which I never thought of taking." In a good-humoured notice of these remarks—which it was impossible to treat seriously—a critic of the period wrote: "The next time Herr Wagner comes to London, we recommend him strongly to bring with him a little more money or a little better music. In the event of his changing his mind, and becoming an honest convert to the good old bribery system, he may be induced to speculate on the virtue of a few thalers. Should the critics refuse the money—and there's no knowing what these obstinate and malignant dogs may do, especially if they fancy they have been cheated out of their lawful due—we advise him to try a small dose of real good music. It may, peradventure, have its weight and influence. It was by such simple means Mendelssohn bribed and corrupted universal England." Herr Wagner is again amongst us, but there is little probability of his trying the virtue of thalers. He has come to gather money, not to spend it. How far, on the other hand, he has taken advice with reference to "a small dose of real good music" will appear by-and-bye. But one thing is certain, whatever else may be doubtful—we are all glad to see Herr Richard Wagner amongst us; even those sharing the gladness who must needs assume towards him the attitude of "openly declared enmity" which, in *Opera and Drama*, he confesses he was obliged to take up towards Meyerbeer. More than this, we all wish good luck to his enterprise, as far as that can be without injury to an art a thousand times more worthy of consideration than the greatest of its professors.

At this point, perhaps, some one will ask, "Why begin harping upon the man? Is not his music the chief theme?" We answer that it ought to be; and if it is not, the fault lies with Wagner himself. Were he satisfied, like the "immeasurably rich master" whose mantle we are sometimes told he wears, to appeal to the world by artistic creations alone—were he content to let his work stand or fall upon its merits, Herr Wagner would never be spoken of with other than the profound respect due to his great and unquestioned genius, however strongly the principles he advocates may be assailed. But, unhappily, the most prominent, most portentous, and, we had almost said, most objectionable, thing about Wagnerism is Wagner. We cannot have the one without the other, and the other is so big and terrifying an apparition that it eclipses the one and stands in the way of our calmly estimating its merits. Needs must, therefore, that the master be reckoned with. He does not so much say, "Here is my work," as "Here am I." And in what attitude does he present himself? The question deserves an answer, because we are sometimes told that Wagner has been a persecuted man—that he has had to fight almost single-handed against a host of furious assailants. Assuming the truth of this, we wholly decline to look upon him as an object of pity, since he has nobody but himself to blame. It was open to him, if necessity compelled the writing of pamphlets as well as music-dramas, to set forth his principles with judicial calmness, and moderation, instead of which he was content with nothing less than running a-muck, like a mad Malay, among those of his contemporaries and fellow-musicians whom the world—in its profound erroneousness, no doubt—delighted to honour. That which is written remains, and we cannot forget—Herr Wagner does not permit us to forget—who turned upon the operatic composers of his own time with a fury which even now men wonder at; who ransacked the capacious German language for its strongest terms of contempt and scorn; who, in his boundless self-consciousness, charged a whole race of people with conspiring to ruin him; and who, heedless of the law against kicking a man when he is down, wrote a farce lampooning Paris in her distress and suffering, presumably because, in her prosperity, she had rejected him. It is idle to talk of persecution when a man invites reprisals in this way. The proverbial navy took no notice of the thrashings given him by his wife because, while the exercise gratified, it did not annoy him; but Herr Wagner, however feminine he may be in the shrillness and intensity of his invective, has strength enough to hurt. If, therefore, "reaction has been equal to action, and contrary thereto," it is not

for the assailer to complain, unless, indeed, the manifest duty of the world is to crouch like a beaten hound. Why do we write all this? That, in the midst of whatever honours are paid to Herr Wagner—and the deserts of his genius are great—there should be no false sentiment about the master's personality. Also that he may know in what respect the welcome we give him and the homage he receives have a limited application.

But if any of us cherished personal animosity against Herr Wagner there would be cause just now for glee, especially as, once more, the poet-composer is reaping the reward of his own presumption. It was his dream for years to give a performance of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy under conditions best adapted to its artistic principles. So far, good. Nothing could be more proper, or more worthy of sympathy and active help. But the next step was amazing in its underlying assumption. Herr Wagner believed that he could fill his theatre with a paying audience of his own professed followers, and, not only so, but that he could afford to build a theatre for himself, in the little out-of-the-way town where it pleases him to reside. As might have been expected, the whole scheme, apart from the artistic success which attended it, turned out disastrously. The Wagner Societies could not fill the house, and buyers of tickets had to be sought among the Philistines, who declined a pilgrimage into the Bavarian wilderness when they might have been drawn to some attractive capital. Thus it came to pass that the enterprise left its promoters with a heavy balance to pay. Well, those who perpetrate blunders must stand by the consequences, and Herr Wagner, very rightly, is doing his best to make good what has been lost, but at such a sacrifice that it is impossible not to regard him with feelings of commiseration. His bitterest foe never yet charged him with wanting sincerity; and when he tells us that his art, though made up of various elements, is one and indivisible, or divisible only with loss and shame, we know that he expresses a deep-rooted conviction. Indeed, the master has insisted upon this with special force. Poetry, music, and stage effects are connected in his teaching by such a bond that no one party to the alliance is separable from the others. In the *Ring des Nibelungen* we find this principle so rigidly acted upon that it cannot be ignored without a certainty of the entire fabric tumbling to pieces. Imagine, then, the reluctance with which Wagner consented to take his poetry and music into the concert room; to break the perfect whole, and offer a part; to fly in the face of his own teaching, and stultify himself. Only a sense of dire need could have led to such a result; and, albeit the necessity was created by Wagner's own act, his fate in having to sanction and bear a personal share in so gross an outrage commands sympathy. To make matters worse, it is in England that this is done, in the very head-quarters of Philistinism, and among the unmusical people who inhabit Liszt's "*pays de médiocrité*." But when a man wants money he must follow the market, and, although the unmusical people are not quite so well off as usual just now, they are rich by comparison with aesthetic Germany. To the accident of our wealth is due the fact that Herr Wagner here conducts a concert-room performance of his dramatic works. There can be no doubt at all that the master would say, "Don't judge my music dramas from the fragments presented under ruinous conditions in the Albert Hall." We join him in the caution with all possible emphasis. The power and beauty of the music performed are half lost, and, at the same time, the weakness of Wagner's system is kept out of sight along with that which is not heard. Really, therefore, the Kensington performances have no value whatever apart from the gratification of a natural curiosity, while they may even do harm by creating false impressions. You cannot appraise the merit of a picture which is half hidden behind a curtain; neither can Wagner be estimated when but partly revealed.

In the interests of truth, this caution is emphatically needed just now, and every visitor at the Albert Hall should keep it constantly in mind. Putting together all the considerations advanced, we fail to discern much in the Wagner Festival that is festive. True, it brings a great man amongst us whom we are glad to see, because great men are scarce; but it is the offspring of a necessity, which has combined with it the violation of a cherished principle and a capacity to mislead.—*Daily Telegraph*, May 9, 1877.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Queen of Scots, the most celebrated woman of her time, died upon a scaffold. The beauty of her person and the possession of the throne of Scotland excited the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth of England. She passed for an agreeable writer in prose, and the few poetic pieces which she has left, prove that she had gained a distinguished rank among the French poets. To the merits of a literary character, she joined every female accomplishment. She was an excellent musician, a good dancer, and possessed of every amiable

talent; these, united to the charm of her wit, would have rendered her greatly superior to all the women of the age in which she lived. Her attractions, of which Elizabeth frequently heard, fatigued the English Queen's jealous ears, and were, perhaps, the sole cause of Mary's misfortunes. Elizabeth, conversing one day with Melville, Ambassador from Scotland, asked if Mary were not a finer woman than herself. The cautious courtier, unwilling to offend and wishing to avoid a direct answer, replied that Elizabeth was the finest woman in England. This answer did not satisfy Elizabeth, who, wishing to gratify her vanity by hearing an acknowledgment of her own superiority, again pressed Melville for a more decided reply. The Ambassador then confessed that he thought Mary a finer woman than herself. This reply, as unexpected as it was true, greatly chagrined Elizabeth.

To testify Mary's deep regret at leaving her connections in France, she composed the following farewell address to that country, which serves as a proof of her poetical talents:—

CHANSON.

Adieu plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie,
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours,
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
N'a c'y de moi que la moitié,
Une partie te reste, elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

Ah, pleasant land of France farewell!
My country dear,
Where many a year
Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell,
Farewell for ever happy days.
The ship that parts our love conveys
But half of me—one half, behind
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of my endless love,
And bring the other to my mind.

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THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27th:—

Organ Concerto, D major	Handel.
Adagio for the Organ, E major...	G. Merkel.
Prelude and Fugue, G major	Bach.
Andantino, E major	C. V. Alkan.
Pastorale à la Styrienne	Hummel.
Procession March, <i>Guillaume Tell</i> , 3rd Act	Rossini.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 29th:—

Triumphal March	J. L. Hatton.
Andante, A major	S. S. Wesley.
Allegretto et Grand Chœur	C. V. Alkan.
Organ Sonata, E flat major	Christian Fink.
Air, "Di Cupido impiego i vanni"	Handel.
Hymn to Bacchus, <i>Antigone</i>	Mendelssohn.

VIENNA.—A new opera, *Des König's Brautfahrt*, by Herr Alban Förster, will probably be accepted at the Imperial Operahouse.

MANHEIM.—*Francesca da Rimini*, which Hermann Goetz left incomplete at his death, will be produced at the Court Theatre within a day or two. It was finished for the stage by Johannes Brahms and Herr Frank, the latter of whom, like the composer himself, is now dead.

LEIPSIK.—At the Lepke sale, in the early part of October, a large number of musical works, by Haesler, Festori, Tartini, and others, will be put up. Among the autographs figure those of Beethoven, C. M. von Weber, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Marianne Mozart (the Composer's sister), Rossini, Zelter, &c. The catalogue, 86 pp., with extracts and biographical remarks, may be procured free by post for 5 Pfennigs, from Herr Stargardt, 53, Jägerstrasse, Berlin.—The venerable Thomas-School, which since its foundation in 1214 has done so much in preparing students for the University, and has played so brilliant a part with regard to sacred music, is about to be transferred to a new abode. The old "Thomaner" intend celebrating the event by a farewell solemnity in the old edifice, and the establishment of several free scholarships for day pupils.

HORTON ALLISON, the pianist, has met with an accident to his left hand, through being thrown from a tram-car, which moved suddenly as he was alighting from it, in Manchester.

THE collection of ancient musical instruments at the Paris Exhibition will contain some fine specimens of Old French and Italian art. To these will be added a number of documents, MSS., autographic scores, and other interesting objects of musical archaeology.

WAIFS.

Mr and Mrs F. B. Jewson have returned to town for the season. Gillmore's Concerts, New York, have been unusually well attended of late.

M. Vizontini has accepted a comic opera by M. Léon Gastinel. It is entitled *La Tulipe bleue*.

Sig. Luigi Bordèse, the composer, has been created a knight of the Portuguese Order of Christ.

Mr William Dorrell has returned to town from Sussex, where he has been passing his vacation.

Francesca da Rimini, by Sig. Cagnoni, will be the principal novelty of the approaching autumn season at Turin.

M. Hœssli, a most ardent advocate and promoter of choral singing in Switzerland, died recently at Lausanne.

Herr von Flotow has received a commission from the house of Ricordi, Milan, to set a libretto of d'Ormeville's, entitled *Sakuntala*.

It was exactly a hundred years last Tuesday, the 25th inst., that Gluck's *Armide* was first produced at the Royal Academy of Music, Paris.

The meanest man in the world inhabits Oil City, U.S. He has sent a bill to a neighbour for giving the latter's children the mumps.

The King of Holland has conferred upon M. Guillot de Sainbris the Order of the Oaken Crown, in recognition of that gentlemen's services to Music.

Though Mad. Pauline Lucca has bid adieu to the stage in Germany, she has not yet altogether left it. She will sing next season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

For some little time past, a son of Henri Wieniawski has been stopping at Boston, U.S., where he thinks of giving concerts. Like his father, he is a violinist.

Among other artists engaged by Herr Ullmann for his concert tour in Norway and Sweden, are Mad. Artôt-Padilla, Señor Padilla, Sig. Bottesini, and M. Wieniawski.

Count von Platen, Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, attended the performance of *La Reine de Chypre* a few nights since at the Grand Opera, Paris.

The 4th volume of Ambros's *Geschichte der Musik* (*History of Music*), will shortly be published. It treats of "Palestrina and his times, and the Commencement of Opera."

The Abbate Franz Liszt will visit Pesth at the beginning of November, and remain till Easter, for the purpose of taking the upper classes at the National Academy of Music.

The stage rehearsals of M. Reyers's *Statue* have commenced at the Théâtre-Lyrique. M. Talazac, prizeman last term at the Paris Conservatory, will sustain the part of Sélim.

Mdme Enriquez has returned to Town for the season. The accomplished contralto is specially engaged to sing at the Choral Union Concert, at Edinburgh, in Sir Julius Benedict's *St Peter*.

The Swedish tenor, Henrik Westberg, gave a farewell concert at Stockholm on the 15th inst., previously to starting for Paris, where he hopes to obtain an engagement at the Théâtre-Italien or the Théâtre-Lyrique.

The new cantata, *The Buccaneers*, by Wellington Guernsey and John Cheshire, is to be produced, next Tuesday, at the Royal Academy of Music, with full band and chorus, under the direction of Mr Walter Macfarren.

A. C. D. writes:—"The parents of the late M. Thiers were Protestants. He was born in that faith, but died a Roman Catholic. No memoir that I have read mentions at what stage of his life he changed his religion." [We have seen him more than once at High Mass.—D. T.]

Mdlle Coulon has returned from a tour in Brittany. Vichy, and other fashionable resorts of the Parisian aristocracy, have also been visited by the accomplished pianist. During her tour in Brittany Mdlle Coulon played at a concert she instituted for the benefit of the poor of Portrieux, at which Monsieur des Roseaux, as well as two clever amateur vocalists, the Baronne de Barthélemy and the Comte de la Noë, assisted.

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No. 2.

(From the "Leeds Mercury.")

The utility of musical festivals had a splendid demonstration yesterday morning. We are sometimes told that their *raison d'être* no longer exists—that facility of communication between the provinces and the metropolis has made them unnecessary. The best reply to such an argument is found in the list of works which musical festivals have directly called into being. What a magnificent list it is!—and who, after yesterday's experience, shall say that the latest addition to it is not worthy of association with anything that goes before? Even were the Leeds Festivals to end—*absit omen*—with the present celebration, they would not have had their little day in vain. To them the musical world owes *Joseph*, and thus may our town, as far as concerns the most prominent and learned of living English composers, set itself on a level with the Bristol of *St John the Baptist*, and the Birmingham of *The Resurrection*.

If any one felt anxious about the success of *Joseph*, it was not without some show of reason. The greatest musician may attempt too much, and it cannot be denied that, since the success of his first oratorio, four years ago, Dr Macfarren has attempted a good deal. He has produced *The Resurrection*—in itself a work of years for an ordinary man; he has completed also a cantata to be brought out at Glasgow in November next; and he has finished—how we all now know—a third oratorio of the largest dimensions and importance. One may well ask "Who is sufficient for these things?"—and anticipate the result of such efforts with considerable misgiving. But, as will presently be seen, Dr Macfarren knows how to justify the confidence of those to whom misgiving about his powers is a stranger. *Joseph*, yesterday morning, was acclaimed with enthusiasm, and the most critical among those who heard it, while not shutting their eyes to the imperfections hardly separable from human effort, admitted that English music had been enriched by a noble work, and the action of the Committee in applying to Dr Macfarren justified by a splendid return. It is somewhat remarkable that the story of *Joseph* has so little engaged the attention of oratorio makers. Handel, as readers of his biography know—and no others—occupied himself with the theme, as did the French master, Méhul, with a result more abiding than that which attended the effort of the Saxon giant, since fragments of Méhul's *Joseph* still live, while of Handel's not a note appears to survive. But because the subject has been so neglected in the past, there is all the greater reason why the composers of the present should turn to it. And this they seem to be doing with remarkable unanimity. Sir Michael Costa is understood to be engaged upon a *Joseph* for the Birmingham Festival of 1879, and we believe it is a fact that Sir Julius Benedict turned his attention to the same theme till he discovered that his brother musicians were ahead of him in the race. There is room for two of the sort, especially as Sir Michael Costa's music is not likely to resemble in any degree that of Professor Macfarren; and besides, it will be a matter of interest to note how two clever men treat a subject which they look at from opposite points of view, and with very different predilections.

It can hardly be needful to say that Dr Macfarren's librettist is the organist of York Minster. Dr Monk has fairly earned a right to be the literary associate of the learned composer. It is true there are critics who contend that in *The Resurrection* Dr Monk led his co-worker by the wrong path, and landed him in what was, comparatively speaking, a failure. But however this may be—and it is a point we shall not discuss—the merit of his *St John the Baptist* book cannot be denied, any more than can the fact that, despite *The Resurrection*, it gave Dr Monk a claim upon the composer which Professor Macfarren was most unlikely to ignore. For the third time, therefore, the one doctor has gone to the other, and we have now to consider the result. The libretto of *Joseph* is in strict dramatic form, utterly devoid of narrative, and makes by no means extravagant use of reflective commentary. So far, good. *St John the Baptist* has shown clearly enough that Dr Macfarren's strength lies in dramatic situations. He has great power of characterisation; and a terseness, force, and directness of expression which mark out very clearly the course that a literary colleague should prepare for him. In arranging the book of *Joseph*, Dr Monk seems to have kept this in view, and the very fact was, in some sort, a guarantee against failure. Moreover, the librettist has constructed his drama well, avoiding superfluity of material on the one hand, while omitting nothing essential on the other. Its two parts, or acts, are rounded off with singular neatness, the first concerning itself with *Joseph's* dreams, and the events preceding his being sold to the Ishmaelites; while the second deals with his interpretation of Pharaoh's vision,

his promotion to power, and the sequence of incidents that, beginning with the arrival of his brethren seeking food, ends with the immigration of Jacob and the entire Hebrew family. Mark the variety of all this, not only as regards incident, but character and feeling. Mark, too, the steady accumulative interest, the compactness of the plot, and the sound judgment which allows nothing to obstruct our view of the hero, or turn away our attention from his fortunes. It may, perhaps, be a disadvantage that in the entire *dramatis personæ* there is no woman; but this, if felt at all, only suggests itself to us after reflection, and is not obvious on the face of things. A more serious fault is the occasional irrelevancy of the reflective texts, some of which Dr Monk has, to use a common expression, dragged in by the ears—some of which, moreover, are not the best adapted to inspire a composer with musical ideas. Wagner is quite right when he contends that "words for music" should "yearn" for musical expression—should demand it, so to speak, and lay the composer under an obligation to supply their need. But some of Dr Monk's texts cry out for music very little more than do the entries in his private diary. Here is one, for example: "Forgive if ye have ought against any, that your Father also, which is in heaven, may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses"—a very excellent admonition and weighty statement, but not one that asks to be sung. The whole matter, however, of these reflective passages in oratorio deserves and calls for discussion, since not even the well-ascertained functions of the "Greek chorus," and their perfect exemplification in *Majah*, appear to have much influence upon librettists. But it is time to turn to Dr Macfarren's music.

The overture, like that to *St John the Baptist*, is of large dimensions, and in strict classical form. It is full of charm and power moreover, though, perhaps scarcely equal in that respect to its distinguished predecessor. As for its interest we can only measure that quality justly after observing the extent to which the composer again avails himself of themes having a representative character. * * * * * The first subject of the overture stands for the love of Jacob for *Joseph*; its second may be termed the "Canaan motive," and there are episodes afterwards identified with the conspiracy of the brethren and other incidents in the drama. How much recognition of these facts increases the significance of the prelude need scarcely be pointed out. As for the ingenuity with which the composer subsequently employs his motives, it is not too much to say that Wagner himself would approve it. They are continually appearing, but never without a meaning obvious to the dullest perception. Passing from the opening chorus, a melodious ascription of praise charmingly accompanied by the orchestra, to Jacob's air, "I dwell in the land," and from it, without comment, to the duet wherein Jacob and *Joseph* interchange assurances of affection, we come next to the first of a series of "dialogues," or more properly, dramatic scenes, which form a very distinguishing feature of the work. Dr Macfarren has here chosen to do without recitative, strictly so called, giving us in its place elaborate set pieces, to the construction of which solo, chorus, and orchestra freely contribute. The plan involves a heavy tax upon the composer's resources, and it is beyond dispute that no other device could have invested the oratorio with an equal measure of dramatic force and consequent interest. In this first of the "dialogues" are more than one happy touch. *Joseph*, for example, relates his dreams to the accompaniment of a harp, henceforth destined to attend upon all the visions in the work; while the interjected sentences of Jacob and his elder sons are full of vigour and appropriate meaning. By the way, the passage to the words "We hate him!" is an obvious reflection of "Stone him to death," in *St Paul*, but the oratorio as a whole is singularly free from such reminiscences. The chorus "Honour thy father" need not detain us longer than is required to observe the masterly ease in which its fugue is worked out, and from it we go to the song, "Love is strong as death"—one of the most beautiful and thoughtful numbers in the work. There are passages in it of extreme gracefulness, while all are marked by the repose and dignity required by the text. The conspiracy scene follows, and in an energetic concerted piece the envious brothers resolve to kill *Joseph*. But Reuben interposes in an air (tenor), "Let us not kill him," which, musically speaking, is a worthy companion to the one we have just commented upon, though, perhaps, the appropriateness of its music to words uttered in the midst of an exciting situation, and at a critical moment, may be open to question. The dialogue is now resumed with added terseness and force, an excellent contrast being secured between the pleading utterances of *Joseph* and the fierce invectives of his brethren. Finally, the victim is cast into the pit, and Reuben, with a cynicism for which we should like to know Dr Monk's authority, invites the others to sit down and be merry, because "there is one event unto all" and when it happens signifies little,

The music to this episode is extremely pretty, but, coming when and where it does, jars a little on the nerves. A reposeful contralto air, "Who ever perished being innocent?" has the distinguishing merit of not imitating "O rest in the Lord," and serves for an effective contrast to the music with which the Ishmaelites appear on the scene. The children of the desert come with the conventional jangle and clatter of their minstrelsy, and tell us in ingeniously barbaric strains who they are, where they are going, and why they go. This exciting episode is followed by another dialogue, full of suggestive music, at the close of which, Joseph having been delivered over, the noise of the caravan gradually dies away. But we do not get out of hearing of the captive, who, in an air, "If I forget thee," dwells lovingly upon thoughts of his native land, expressing his emotions by the help of music instinct with real feeling. Then comes a duet, with chorus of female voices, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," over which we pass, and go to the resumed conspiracy; following the brethren as they return home and show the blood-stained coat to their father. Jacob's air, "I will rend my clothes," is one marked by genuine pathos, to which, after Dr Macfarren's manner, the orchestra contributes as much or more than the voice. The end of the first part has now been reached, and is signalled by a chorus—"A voice was heard in Ramah," closing with a strain of hope significant of what is to follow.

The second part opens at the Court of Pharaoh, whose people sound the praises of their monarch with true Eastern hyperbole, but not at great length. The King then tells his dream, to a harp accompaniment, and the magicians answer an unreasonable demand for its interpretation in a series of short two-part choruses, taking the form of a canon on the major second. All this dialogue is graphic, admirably worked out, and very interesting. Here a reflective soprano air, "Hath not God made foolish," &c., intervenes, and we turn to Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, and rejoice in his sudden elevation. Dr Macfarren makes all this very agreeable and interesting to us. We may not approve everything he does, but he commands our sympathy nevertheless, and there is no consciousness on our part of desiring to quit his company. A grand chorus follows—the grandest in the work—descriptive of the honours and homage paid to the new favourite. Here the composer rises to a great height indeed. He grasps all the resources of his art, and uses them as though, so to speak, he had a hundred hands. The musician who can write such a chorus is a master before whom men may cry, as they did before Joseph, "Bow the knee." Passing hurriedly on, we come to, first, a duet for soprano and contralto, "The Lord sendeth the springs," and next to a chorus, "If I enter into the city," descriptive respectively of the years of plenty and the years of famine. The latter is enormously difficult—we cannot but think unnecessarily so; though its effect may not be questioned. Another dialogue now shows us Joseph's brethren in presence of the Egyptian ruler, and we watch the progress of that remarkable interview with unflinching interest, and with admiration for Dr Macfarren's "staying" power. Its end is followed by a short but striking contralto song, "When your sins are brought forth," after which we may hear the brethren entreat Jacob to comply with Joseph's demand for the presence of Benjamin. The music to this dialogue strikes us as less effective than the rest, but amend is made in the succeeding fugal chorus, "O Lord, have mercy upon us," throughout which the composer revels in a display of the strength his profound learning confers. Now comes an elaborate soprano scene, the lofty theme of which is a parallel between Joseph and the Saviour of man. We might dwell long upon this number, but, with a word for the masterfulness of not a few among its passages, must pass on to the resumed dialogue and the revelation of Joseph to his brethren. This crisis of the drama is well and firmly treated by Dr Macfarren, who is equal to its demands, and successfully avoids any suspicion of anti-climax. Especially may we commend the air, "My spirit is sore moved," in which the hero gives vent to his emotions. A very beautiful sextet, "Forgive, if ye have ought," occurs here, and tranquillises the mind previous to the scene where the long-parted father and son meet to be no more divided. After this comes the final chorus, "O give thanks to the Lord," respecting which it may emphatically be said—"Finis coronat opus." And now, what is the sum of the whole matter? Simply that we have witnessed the birth of an oratorio which is "a thing of beauty," and which, we hope and believe, will, as a thing of beauty, illustrate Keats's familiar saying.

M. GOUNOD has nearly completed a new comic opera, founded on a subject taken from the story of Abeilard and Héloïse, and entitled *Maitre Pierre*. The libretto is by MM. Poirson and Gallet, who wrote the libretto of *Cinq-Mars*.

"OH NANNY!"

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Accuracy in quotation is indispensable. Permit me, therefore, to correct a slip of the pen in my letter of last week. In the fourth line of the second stanza, for "To shrink," read "Nor shrink."
—Yours truly,
G. A. C.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I was considerably interested by reading in your number of Saturday, October 13, two letters on the subject of the once popular song, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" The one letter bears the name of the well-known musical antiquary, Wm. Chappell; the other is signed with the initials of one of our most accurate and painstaking musico-literary amateurs. Indeed, I may say that I have never found "G. A. C." tripping. But neither of your clever correspondents has thought fit to allude to the author of the lines. Let it not be forgotten that this was Percy, Bishop of the Irish See of Dromore, collector and editor of the famous *Reliques of English Poetry*. The beautiful lines, set to music by Tom Carter, were, I believe, addressed by the good Bishop to his own wife. Carter's claim to the authorship of the music was at one time disputed by J. Baidon, now only known by a little three-voice glee, "Adieu to the village delights." It simply remains for me to add to your correspondents' notes about the existing published forms of "O Nanny" my own experiences. For a long time I possessed an engraved copy of Carter's song, with the imprimatur of "Rhames, Essex Street, Dublin;" the engraving was rude, the paper greenish and discoloured. This old copy, however, bore no allusion to Baidon's claim, but was called "A Song by T. Carter." I presented it to an Irish gentleman, a pious judge, who perished in the railway accident at Abergele in 1868. I have not met with a copy of Carter's song since. A short notice of Carter's peculiarities will be found in O'Keefe's *Recollections*.
R. P. STEWART.

P.S.—There is an amusing similarity (not only in the key, E flat, but in the entire first phrase) between Carter's song and No. 2 of Mendelssohn's "Christmas Present."
University of Dublin, October 14, 1877.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to express my thanks to Mr. William Chappell and "G. A. C." for their courteous and interesting replies to my letter of 6th inst. How far Mr Chappell is right, however, in blaming M. Fétis for originating the incorrect date of Carter's birth is another matter. Fétis would probably give it on the authority of some English writer, as he generally did, whether rightly or wrongly; and anyone who compares his notices of English musicians with that furnished by the *English Biographical Dictionary*, dated 1827, will find abundant confirmation of that assertion. All the notices of Carter I have hitherto seen concurred in saying he was born in 1768, and died 1804. "G. A. C." gives a most interesting account of him, furnished by Sir R. P. Stewart—a gentleman to whom musicians owe a debt of gratitude, whether we speak of his ability as a composer, his industry and research into the doubtful or disputed questions of past history, or his energy and public-spirited advocacy of the great claims of his countrymen upon us—in which he seems to have proved that Carter was born about 1735, &c. In that case, the story of Joseph Vernon singing the song in 1773 is quite likely to have been true. Still, however, it seems to me there is a mystery to be cleared up, if possible, as it is strange that two accounts differing so very widely should have got into circulation about the same man. Let us contrast them:—

Thomas Carter, born 1768, died 1804.

Thomas Carter, born about 1735, alive in 1809!

May there not have been two Thomas Carters, father and son? If we assume the composer of "Oh, Nanny" to have been born in 1735, and to have married, his son (Thomas?) might have been born in 1768; the father being then thirty-three. Again, it is quite possible that either father or son might die in 1804, as stated, while the other might be alive in 1809. Unless we adopt some idea like this, it is incomprehensible how such discrepancies can have arisen. I may remind "G. A. C." (who seems, like myself, to have consulted the obituary columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of an interesting feature, which has now for some years been discontinued), that the death of one Thomas Carter is given in the year 1800; the month I forget. Several persons have supposed this Thomas Carter to refer to the composer in question.

D. BARTON.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concerts to which the Crystal Palace is indebted for the artistic repute unanimously conferred by public opinion are resumed, and two have already been held. From early October, in one year, to early May, the year after, these well-ruled entertainments make Sydenham, in a musical sense, notorious, drawing from London and its vicinities a large number of amateurs and connoisseurs to whom orchestral performances of the highest class are invariably attractive. Such performances are furnished week after week under the superintendence of a conductor who, in his way, has few rivals. Mr August Manns, from the beginning, accepted the task imposed upon him with full understanding as to its responsibilities. For a long period of years the sterling excellence of his concerts has been maintained, their fame advancing in proportion. A mere retrospect of what has been achieved under his guidance, with the zealous co-operation of Mr George Grove, who, under the signature "G.," prepares the majority of those historical and critical annotations which help to please while imparting instruction, would suffice to establish the fact, if proof were wanting, that the Crystal Palace Concerts have done no little on behalf of that gradual development of a taste for genuine art which is a sign of the times. Such a retrospect would occupy more space than can well be afforded; nor, indeed, is it requisite; a brief acknowledgment, however, of what Mr Manns, by force of genuine talent, coupled with untiring industry, has been able to accomplish will hardly be looked upon as superfluous. That the public are sensible of his merits is shown in the cordial greeting awarded to him whenever, after a six months' interval, he once more takes his accustomed place on the orchestral platform.

The programme of the first concert of the 22nd series contained German, French, Polish, and English music—German, as always, preponderating. The selection, both varied and interesting, comprised, among other things, the overture to *Oberon* and Beethoven's First Symphony (C), played as we are used to hear them played at the Crystal Palace. Despite their high merit it would probably be to the advantage of both if they were allowed to repose for a somewhat lengthened period; their re-advent would then be all the more welcome. The overture to *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, Auber's last opera but one, being a novelty here, was, if only on that account, acceptable. It seems difficult to believe that anything so fresh, spirited, and vigorously sustained could have come from the pen of an octogenarian. Another novelty was the music composed by Mr Arthur Sullivan for *Henry VIII.* Mr Sullivan, as amateurs are aware, had already written incidental music for *The Tempest* and the *Merchant of Venice*, the first of which at once made his name familiar. Neither of its companions is so carefully wrought out as *The Tempest*, though each possesses indisputable merit. In their instance, however, the musician had exclusively to deal with what was selected to fit special performances at the Manchester Theatre; whereas in *The Tempest*, composed while a "Mendelssohn scholar" at the Leipsic Conservatory, he was at liberty to consult his own judgment and give the reins to his individual fancy. There are excellent things, nevertheless, in *Henry VIII.*; and while two or three scenes strongly suggestive of musical treatment are omitted, what has been done is extremely well done. Avoiding details, we may point to an air, with chorus, "Youth will needs have dalliance," the quaint words of which are traditionally assigned to Henry Tudor himself. In this, with its tuneful burden and characteristically limited orchestral accompaniment, the true spirit of old English melody is reflected. The solo voice part was delivered by Mr George Fox (of our Royal Academy) with so much force and good taste as to win an "encore," of which no one was likely to complain. There are other noticeable things in *Henry VIII.*, including an exquisitely graceful dance; but, as it stands, the whole is rather suited to the stage than to the concert-room. Mr Sullivan should do with this and the other Shaksperian play what he did with the *Tempest*—complete it, as Mendelssohn completed a *Midsommer Night's Dream*. That he is quite equal to the task the *Tempest* is enough to show. The other instrumental piece at the first concert was Sir Julius Benedict's admirable pianoforte concerto in E flat, begun many years ago, and finished more recently for Mr d. Arabella Goddard, who has played it several times before, at the Philharmonic Concerts (Hanover Square Rooms), the Birmingham Festival, &c., but never more perfectly or with more unanimous recognition than on the present occasion. Schumann's "Gipsy Life," with its striking reminiscences of the "Hunting Chorus" in *Der Freischütz*, afforded the Crystal Palace choir a favourable opportunity of showing what progress they were making; and songs by Wagner (*Flying Dutchman*), Chopin, and Kirchner were contributed by the clever and intelligent Mme Sophie Löwe. At the concert on Saturday the symphony was Haydn's in B flat, one of the finest among the

"Twelve Grand," composed during 1791 and two following years, for Salomon's concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms, when Haydn occupied the place originally destined for Mozart, who had died in the first-named year. The overtures were Cherubini's *Anacreon* (his most brilliant, but far from the greatest of his operatic preludes) and Mendelssohn's bright and poetical *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, each as familiar to amateurs as the symphony, and each as effectively given under the direction of Mr Manns. An event of importance at this concert was the appearance of Herr Max Bruch, who set to music Geibel's *Lorelei*, which Mendelssohn had accepted but left unfinished, and whose concerto in G minor has been more than once made known to us through the playing of Herr Joachim, Herr Ludwig Straus, &c. Herr Bruch has composed other successful works, not hitherto produced in this country, but of which we shall doubtless hear sooner or later. The two pieces comprised in the programme of Saturday were the concerto just named, and the *Vorspiel* (a short prelude) to *Lorelei*. Mr Manns resigning the *bâton* to his compatriot, Herr Bruch conducted his own music, and was greeted with such cordiality as rarely fails to welcome the appearance of foreign artists of distinction. The prelude to *Lorelei* was executed with studied attention by the members of the orchestra, and loudly applauded. Judging by a single hearing, it must be credited for the most part as a very effective and ingenious piece of orchestral writing; but it is difficult immediately to perceive the "highly romantic texture" upon which Mr Manns, in his brief analysis, lays stress, even while listening "with an unprejudiced ear to new music," which the excellent conductor hints (and we agree with him) is essential under such circumstances. About the violin concerto little need be added to what has previously been written. It is a *concert-stück* at the best, the opening number having neither the form nor the dimensions of a "first movement," properly so called. The *adagio*, into which it leads directly, is built upon two melodious themes, well associated and ingeniously developed. The *finale*, however, in G major, which at periods conjures up faint reminiscences of that to Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto (in G), is in all respects the most ably planned and logically conducted movement—spirited from beginning to end, with themes happily contrasted, orchestration highly coloured, expressive as well as brilliant passages for the principal instrument, &c. The entire movement, indeed, if not strikingly original, is throughout effective. Herr Bruch, who directed the performance himself, was lucky in such an exponent as Señor Sarasate, a Spanish *virtuoso*, who, but little known in England, has nevertheless of recent years been winning golden opinions on the Continent, and not infrequently through the medium of this same concerto. As a boy he was pronounced a phenomenon; and another Joachim was predicted. That Señor Sarasate is an artist of exceptional ability cannot be put in question. His mechanism is distinguished for unfailing certainty; his tone, if not quite equal throughout the register of the instrument, is pure, telling, mellow—not unfrequently broad, and even rich. His execution of rapid passages—marked, from time to time, by excess of the rapidity actually demanded—is nearly always equally balanced; though now and then the tone, which should be just as equally balanced, becomes, for the reason named, in a certain measure deteriorated. Señor Sarasate's most nearly irreproachable performance, in our opinion, was the concerto. With this, after stating that the *adagio* was too uniformly "expressive," affording slight evidence here and there of a "tremolo," as much regrettable on the violin as in the human voice, no fault could possibly be found. It was a truly admirable display. That the audience accepted it as such was manifest. Both Herr Bruch, the composer, and Señor Sarasate, his interpreter, were called forward and applauded with enthusiasm. Señor Sarasate's solo was to have been a fantasia, by himself, on Spanish melodies, which—the composer's nationality borne in mind—would have been interesting to everyone; but at the last moment three pieces from a *suite* with orchestral accompaniments, by Herr Raff, were substituted. The first of these was an *allegro* "prestissimo," according to the player's reading of it, the last a *moto continuo*, still more "prestissimo," if such were possible—after the manner of but inferior in matter to the famous *moto continuo* of Paganini. The middle movement is a dance air with variations. In the two quick movements the rapidity of the Spanish violinist's execution had ample opportunity for display, and he availed himself of the chance with unrestrained impetuosity. A fresh proof of what can be accomplished by music written with no other purpose than to show off the dexterous manipulation of a virtuoso was thus afforded; and nothing more than this can be detected in the *suite* of Herr Joachim Raff, whose quickly improvised works might already fill a library. The performer, nevertheless, was honoured by another and well-merited demonstration of

applause, on returning to the platform, at the vehemently expressed desire of the audience. The singers were M^{me} Nouver, and Mr Barton McGuckin (a young tenor sensibly rising in public esteem)—the former giving "With verdure clad" and Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarinet accompaniment by Mr Clinton); the latter selecting "Love in her eyes" (*Acis and Galatea*), with songs by Schumann and Mendelssohn, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr H. Gadsby. Each was warmly applauded.

At the next concert we are promised an unknown symphony in B flat, by Schubert; Sterndale Bennett's overture to *Parisina*; *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*, a new orchestral piece by M. Saint-Saëns, and Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played by Señor Sarasate.

MUSICAL QUACKS.

(From the "Tallor.")

IN most occupations of life some standard and recognized guarantee of capacity is necessary. A physician has to give proof of proficiency, and to be duly registered before he is allowed to practise. A solicitor must pass certain ordeals before he can reap his harvest of six-and-eightpences. But the so-called teachers of singing are under no such obligation. Literally any one who chooses, be he never so ignorant, is at perfect liberty to appoint himself instructor in the art of song, and to trade with the most delicious impunity upon public good faith and gullibility. How on earth is any respectable British matron, in no way associated with music or musicians, to tell whether Signor Tizio, *maestro di canto*, is really a fit and proper person to be entrusted with an important and expensive branch of her daughter's education? How is she possibly to decide whether he is any better or any worse than Signor Caio, or Mr. Blank, who has not yet clapped on a fine-sounding *ini* or *oni* to his patronymic? It is a pure matter of speculation for her, a pure risk, an utter lottery. Reputation is by no means a safe criterion; the most shameless musical impostors, by means of a good appearance and consummate impudence, have managed, and do manage, to work up a fictitious fame, most dangerously dazzling, most perilously alluring to the unwary. How, then, shall any one be warned off in time from the pitfall, when there is absolutely no guarantee of even rudimentary knowledge, much less of proficiency?

The matter is of far more serious import than may appear at the first blush. It is not merely a question of a temporary wrong inflicted by an unscrupulous swindler upon an unfortunate dupe; it assumes a graver aspect when, by the assumption of non-existent knowledge, irreparable injury is caused to good natural material. The human voice is a most delicate and finely-constructed organ; it ought not to be left to the mercy of quacks and charlatans, to be twisted, tortured, and eventually ruined for ever. The position of a singing-master is peculiarly tempting as a harbour of refuge for the destitute and unfortunate in general. As matters are now, nothing more is required than a bare personal assertion of knowledge; no further proof is demanded, none is offered. Unsuccessful pianists, disappointed fiddlers, misunderstood composers, and a crowd of others, men and women, all equally ignorant of the vocal art, fasten like leeches upon a *métier* that shall yield them that measure of pecuniary reward denied to incompetence elsewhere. The danger of meeting with them does not, of course, lie so much in the direction of public academies or the larger and more important schools. Teachers of tried worth and experience are, as a rule, picked out, though even there it is by no means a rare occurrence for those whose business it is, to choose badly or by rule of favour. The peril lies among those who spring up from nobody knows where, whose antecedents are as Eleusinian mysteries, who simply call themselves singing-masters, without anybody to question their right, and, by cool persistency and vulgar assurance, trade upon the credulity of their neighbours.

Another coil, even in the case where the teacher is competent to instruct, is the raging internecine war of systems. Every man has his own particular theory; every man declares his own particular theory to be the best. Suppose, for example, a young lady runs the gauntlet—as, indeed, many do—of some five or six teachers. What does she find? Five or six separate systems, all widely opposed to each other and chaotically perplexing. By the time she has come out of the contest, she probably learns that she has learned nothing, and that her voice is hopelessly impaired, if not ruined. One universally accepted system is the only condition under which a sound school of singing can possibly flourish. It is nonsense to argue that vocal art cannot be reduced to definite rules. Each of the numberless methods extant has the most definitely prescribed regulations possible, and surely one may be at last discovered which will prove at least to be the best of them. Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Tietjens, and a host of singers of the past, must have been properly

taught, and if the right system is in temporary abeyance it must be called to life again.

As for the crying shame of crass ignorance being permitted to exercise important functions with impunity, the remedy is simple, yet efficient—test by examination, or obligation in some way to give complete proof of having received the proper training requisite for the post of teacher. Such a wholesome check might not be productive of any immediate high art results; but, at all events, it would protect the public, and put a full stop to the rule of incompetency and egregious vanity over the atrocious style of singing now universal in drawing-rooms. It would save throats and lungs from misuse, and even from disease and destruction.

There are many institutions in Europe whose diploma of proficiency would be sufficient evidence that the bearer has learned well, and therefore has some claim to be able to teach well. Indeed, any sort of evidence would be worth something, because the self-styled "professor" is mostly distinguished by being able to produce none at all. It is as easy for anybody to learn which schools of singing are of the best repute as to find out the respective characters of public schools and colleges. People must be expected to take a little trouble in matters that interest them. The object of reform is simply to exclude from any chance of employment the quacks and charlatans of the profession. And in time the whole body of skilled teachers would be certain to result in the establishment of a good school wherein, by the process of natural selection, the fittest system would survive. At present, the few good teachers whom we possess mostly waste themselves in unteaching the lessons of charlatans, and in trying to make the best of ruined voices that come to them for desperate remedies.

[The greatest number of quacks here are German, Italian, French, Spanish, Low Dutch, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Kurdish, Bazoeks, Shawm-players, and Canaries.—D. P.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The first fortnightly meeting of professors and students for the season took place on Saturday, October 13. We subjoin the programme:—

Two Studies, in C and F sharp, pianoforte (Köhler)—Miss Clara King, pupil of Mr Kemp; Song, "Dawn, gentle flower" (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Bashford, pupil of Mr Benson—accompanist, Mr Luton; Serenade (Schubert)—Mr Thorpe, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Sonata in E flat, Op. 29 or 31, No. 3, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Dinah Shapley, pupil of Mr Benson; Song (MS.), "A Last Look" (Oliveria Prescott, student)—Miss Weyland, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Goldberg—accompanist, Miss Prescott; clarinet *obbligato*, Miss Thomas; Aria, "Qui sdegno," *Il Flauto Magico* (Mozart)—Mr Frith, pupil of Mr Fiori—accompanist, Mr Jarrett; Fugue in B flat, Op. 60, No. 6, on the name Bach, organ (Schumann)—Mr Charlton T. Speer, pupil of Dr Steggall; Quartet (MS.), "Sleep, beloved" (Emily M. Lawrence, student)—Misses Hardy, L. Evans, Henderson, and M. S. Jones, pupils of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Miss Lawrence; Prelude and Fugue in D, No. 5, pianoforte (Bach)—Miss R. Dunn, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Air, "In the battle," *Deborah* (Handel)—Miss Lena Law, pupil of Mr Garcia—accompanist, Miss Amy Hare; Berceuse (Chopin), and Tarantella, No. 3 (Walter Macfarren), pianoforte—Miss Ada Hazard, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Cavatina, "See you rose, so freshly blooming" (Donizetti)—Miss Eliza Thomas, pupil of Mr Gilardoni—accompanist, Miss Alice Heathcote; Barcarolle, pianoforte (Chopin)—Miss Lawrence, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Song, "To Chloe in sickness" (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Jessie Percivall (second study), pupil of Mr Latter—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Toccata in C, pianoforte (Onslow)—Miss Bacon, pupil of Mr O'Leary.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERTO IN E FLAT. *

(From the "Graphic.")

The pianoforte concerto of Sir Julius Benedict, the opening movement of which was composed many years ago, the work being afterwards finished expressly for M^{me} Arabella Goddard, was a marked success. The concerto itself, in which we find Weber's favourite pupil following in the footsteps of Mozart as regards form, rivaling Hummel in his *bravura*, Dussek in his *cantabile*, and, while glancing here and there at the famous author of the *Concertstück*, endowing the whole with strong individuality, is in its way a masterpiece. M^{me} Goddard, who has introduced the concerto on several previous occasions, has never played it with more spirit, grace, and refinement.



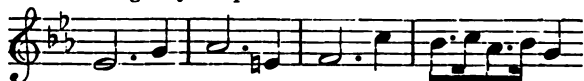
BENEDICT'S CONCERTO.

(From our Bayreuth Maniac.)

Hummel, Dussek (passages and cantabile), glimpses of Weber—Mozart in construction—whole instinct with and covered by the composer's individuality—*Fire as well as grace*—symmetrical construction—classical form—admirably written for the instrument!—A. G. first and only one to play it—Birmingham Festival—Phil. C. C. P. [twice]—Manchester, &c.—never played it better—never more cordially appreciated—in zenith of her * * * * *—Liszt should have heard it—which would then have been the man who made of art a milk-cow?—he who sets out furiously, thus, as it were whip in hand—



—or he who gently creeps in as below :—



Be chesm I

Bayreuth—opposite the Stage-Playhouse.—Oct 10.

ROSE HERSEE AT MANCHESTER.

Since our last notice of the performances of this company, two operas have been given—Benedict's *Brides of Venice* on Thursday, and Mozart's *Figaro* last night. The first is almost unknown here, and though it had its day of popularity when Bunn reigned at Drury Lane, it is now rarely heard. The plot is romantic, and the music attractive. For a first performance, it was very well given on Thursday by Mme Cave-Ashton, Miss St John, Messrs Parkinson, James, Temple, and others. Mozart's *Figaro* attracted a large audience, and no opera during the week has been so creditably performed. Mme Rose Hersee's charming singing of the music of the Countess is well known here, and though the other artists appeared in the opera for the first time, they were evidently familiar with the music. Mme Cave-Ashton, as Susannah, sang and acted better than on any previous occasion; and Miss St John delighted the audience in Cherubino's two airs. We have seen less competent Figaros than Mr Temple; and Mr James, as the Count, showed decided merit. The Rose Hersee company assuredly deserves encouragement. Such effective performances of opera have never been given in Manchester at such reasonable prices; and though a change every night makes great demands on all concerned, the policy at any rate indicates a desire to gratify all tastes, and we hope the enterprise will meet with the success it deserves. To-night Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* will be given.—*Manchester Examiner*, Sept. 29.

THE LAST NIGHTS OF THE KENNEDYS.

There is an old adage that a Scotchman is never so much at home except when he is abroad, and, paradoxical though this may at first sight appear, there is nevertheless some foundation for the assertion. Of course the extent of a Scotchman's nomadism, owing to the recent failure to discover the North Pole, has not yet been accurately ascertained, but a look into the Great St James's Hall, during the Kennedy Family's stay in London, clearly demonstrated to our mind that there is a large and thriving colony of Scots, who have a "local habitation" and a home in and about town, and who can thoroughly appreciate the auld Scots sangs and Scottish legendary lore when sung and narrated by their country's best exponents. For four weeks the Kennedys have, with unflagging assiduity and zeal, kept alive the interest in their "Twa Hours at Hame," and their efforts, we are glad to say, have been crowned with success. That an entertainment, partaking so much of Scottish ingredients, should have attracted large and admiring audiences for fifteen nights incontestably vindicates the genuineness of the bill of fare and the ability of the artists. They now leave town to fulfil other engagements in the provinces, and it is with mingled feelings that we take leave of them: we express a hope, however, that their next undertaking may prove as successful as the one they have so commendably completed here. We have already particularised this specialty, so that recapitulation is unnecessary. We will, however, take a brief retrospect. Amid the vast variety of subjects calculated to "cheat a tedious hour" and afford pleasure and instruction, there is none perhaps more pleasant than the contemplation of the characteristics of those who contribute to our gratification. Mr Kennedy is the *facile princeps* of Scottish entertainers. He has, so to speak, personally explored the charnel-houses of the Scottish Muse, culled largely therefrom, and into what appeared dry bones he has infused a new being and a new vitality; so that many of the quaint and humorous gems of Scottish song have been rescued, vocally at least, from oblivion. This, perhaps, is one of the secrets of Mr Kennedy's success both at home and abroad. Add to this a voice of exceptional register which enables him to cope successfully with the extensive gamut of Scottish minstrelsy—be it the grave or the gay, the pathetic or the humorous—and his faithful embodiments of the ludicrous side of human frailty are alone sufficient to hand his name down to posterity.

One of the most prominent features of this visit was Mr Kennedy's grand rendering, for the first time in London, of "Jeanie Morrison." Although the lovely words were written by Motherwell over fifty years ago, they seem to have been waiting for a fitting melody. In introducing the song Mr Kennedy predicted that the composer of the music would be better known hereafter than now. It is certain that the singer was in love with his theme, and the fitly wedded words and music were sung with such exquisite expression as to become an absolutely fresh creation. A spontaneous outburst of long-sustained applause followed the first performance, and on being repeated on Tuesday night a rapturous encore followed, to which Mr Kennedy at once responded.

That the mantle of the father has descended upon his children, who are yet in the springtime of life, and capable of much development, there can be no doubt. As soloists and glee-singers they have individually and collectively left a favourable impression. Miss Helen Kennedy will be remembered notably for her mellifluous singing of such songs as "Auld Robin Gray," "Will ye no come back again," and "The lang awa' ship"; Miss Marjory will be kindly thought of for her quaint, impassioned, and intelligent cantation of "Ca the yowes," "The Rowan Tree," and "The Four Maries"; David's animated and spirited songs, "The Cameron Men," "Draw the sword, Scotland," "The Standard on the braes o' Mar," and "The Clansmen's Song" will recall pleasant memories; we will think of Robert's "Scottish Emigrant's Farewell" and "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me"; and James's flexible voice and resonant notes will be recollected in "Gae fetch to me a pint o' wine," "When wild war's deadly blast," and "Dark Lochnagar." The words and music of the latter are so felicitously blended together that this new composition is destined to attain co-equal favour with the household treasures of Scottish song.

Fortified by the success of the twelve nights originally advertised, Mr Kennedy prolonged his stay for three nights longer. On Monday there was "Anither Nicht wi' Burns"; on Tuesday "A Nicht wi' the Jacobites"; and on Wednesday Mr Kennedy bade adieu to his friends and patrons.

GRATZ.—Herr Ignaz Brüll's *Goldenes Kreuz* has been successfully brought out at the Landestheater.

THE LONDON & PROVINCIAL
Music Trade Review:
 PIANOFORTE & MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS' JOURNAL
 AND
 PUBLISHERS' MONTHLY LIST OF NEW MUSIC.

Price 4d.—Monthly.

THE large interests connected with the Music Trade generally have hitherto been unrepresented by any special publication; it is, therefore, intended to make *The Music Trade Review* a medium of publicity for all matters of interest in connection with the manufacture and sale of Musical Instruments, as well as a newspaper for the dissemination of information on musical subjects in general, among professors, the trade, and amateurs; and for giving as complete a list as can be obtained of all New Music published during the month in Great Britain and elsewhere; also lists of artists' engagements, tours, and other news likely to interest the trade and the profession.

The further contents of *The Music Trade Review* will embrace a *résumé* of all Musical Events of the Month, at home and abroad; Reviews and Notices. Original articles and other contributions upon practical subjects have been promised by J. F. BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., Oxon., Organist at Westminster Abbey; WILHELM GANZ, Director of the New Philharmonic Society; BRINLEY RICHARDS, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music; H. WEST HILL, late Director of Music at the Alexandra Palace; THOMAS WINGHAM, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music; HENRY F. FRONT, Organist at the Chapel Royal, Savoy; J. STIMPSON, Organist at the Town Hall, Birmingham; FREDERIC CLARK, of Gloucester; WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, N. VERT, "FLAMINGO," FREDERIC SCARBROOK, J. SHEDLOCK, T. PERCY M. BETTS, and many other eminent musicians and writers.

The Music Trade Review will consist of sixteen large quarto pages, stitched in coloured wrapper. The first number will appear in the course of October.

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Editorial, Advertisement, and Publishing Offices, 1, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C. P. O. Orders should be made payable to G. D. ERNEST & Co.

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10,000 CIRCULATION of No. 1 will be GUARANTEED.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PANNYPANYPPANY.—The assumption of intellectual superiority by painters over musicians is simply ludicrous. It would take seventeen Hooks to catch a Sullivan; half a dozen Millais' (even with Stentor Ruskin to back them) would not make a fifth part of a Sterndale Bennett; while Macfarren could swallow as many Leightons as a whale could swallow herrings.

MR MICHAEL WILLIAMS.—Many thanks. We have read the "*Recollections of Tietjens*" with the greatest pleasure, and only regret that, instead of going to Cornwall, they had not been published in Middlesex. The "Opera" all right. A proof of our correspondent's first article has been sent to his address.

POLKAW.—Received with thanks. The "*Scarecrow*" will appear in our New Year's double number. About the "Novel" we can say nothing without at least one chapter under eye. The "*Sonnet*" will be found in another page. *Bon jour*, "Polkaw!" "Be kind to your father" (says Mathews Nipperkin), "and lend him your coat."

SMUDGE, M.D.—Dr Smudge is hopelessly wrong; he might as well try to swim in a drop of stagnant water, because that drop of stagnant water is magnified, or weave for himself a girdle out of Cleopatra's Needle, because that needle was bayed. Nor did Arne compose the *Battle of Prague*; nor is there an ounce in all Bessarabia—although (according to Dr Quoits) there are otters and phenicopters in other parts. Dr Smudge would do well to tighten his braces, clean his history, and jump into his hammock. *Quid?*

A COMPURGATOR.—No. The opera, *Ma Tante Aurore*, is by Boieldieu. On every other point "A Compurgator" is wrong.

NOTES UPON NOTES.—Too late for this number, but will appear in our next. Welcomed with rapture. Utcheter for ever! Uttoxeter when intoxicate.

MR (very) CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY.—Let it be at the Fish and Volume. Captain Swordfish, Professor Bream, and Dr Cod will be of the party.

BIRTH.

On October 13th, at Boulogne-sur-mer, the wife of Mr HENRY M. MERRIDEW, of a daughter.

Noctuary and Diary.



At the Lark and Glimmer (Ollminster).

DR NIGHT.—Ghost prints extracts from *Noctuary*. Shall you read?
DR DAY.—I can't read noctuaries under sun. Serpent prints extracts from *Diary*. Shall you read?

DR NIGHT.—I can't read diaries under moon. Lend me a day-eye.
DR DAY.—Willingly. Lend me a night-eye. Without tw'eyes Sun and Moon are dead-heads.

DR NIGHT.—Exchange no robbery.

DR NIGHT plucks an eye from DR DAY, replacing it with an eye of his own.
DR DAY plucks an eye from DR NIGHT, replacing it with an eye of his own.

DR DAY.—We have each lost an eye.

DR NIGHT.—"Hi hi"—as Makepeace Thackeray would say.

DR DAY.—I can only see with *your* eye!

DR NIGHT.—I can only see with *yours*!

DRS DAY AND NIGHT (ensemble).—But lately we had four eyes. Now we have but one a'piece; neither can see but with t'other's!
[They comatise.]

DR DAY (reviving).—Let's read—

DR NIGHT (revived).—*Noctuary?*

DR DAY (gasping).—The—the—the *Diary*.

DR NIGHT (wildly).—No—*Noctuary*.

They read—each with the other's eye. DR DAY's wrong eye drops out.

DR DAY.—O my eye! Lend me the socket!

DR NIGHT's wrong eye drops out.

DR NIGHT.—O my eye! Lend me the socket!

DRS DAY AND NIGHT (ensemble).—As Burnand would say:—

We have no socket

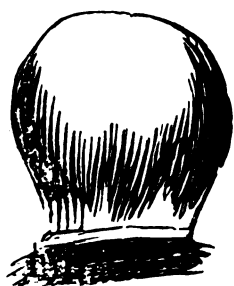
In our pocket.

DR DAY.—A matchless—

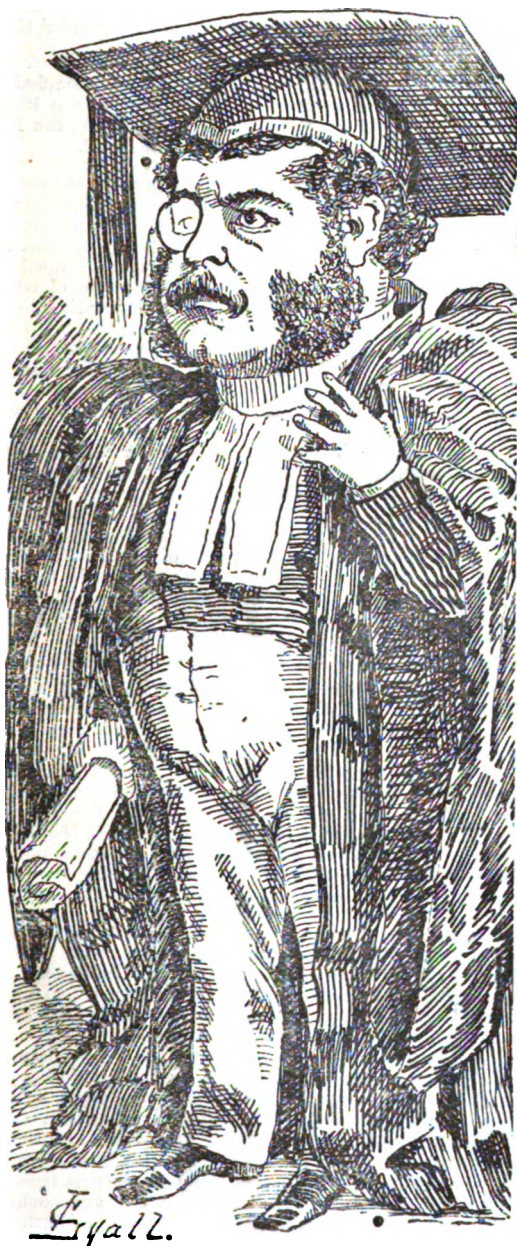
DR NIGHT.—old fellow!



WRAITH OF SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—Read and ponder. I live but to ponder. I am in mid-Ocean, and live but—



WRAITH OF BENWELL WELLBEN.—to ponder!
SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—If Arthur were but here!



WRAITH OF SULLIVAN, M.D. (wildly).—Where's Frank Burnand?
—Rest upon that lower E. Dive no deeper. Thy line is at its tether. Oh! my prophetic soul, mine uncle!

DR DAY.—His soul then is His Uncle?
DR NIGHT (*sepulchrally*).—His sole Uncle!
DR DAY.—Whence these wraiths?
DR NIGHT.—Each has his Noctuary—
DR DAY.—Noctuary?
DR NIGHT.—Noctuary!
DRS DAY AND NIGHT (*ensemble*).—Read!

DR GHOST'S NOCTUARY.

(To be continued in our New Year's issue.)

Episode.

Enter MAN WITH UMBRELLA.



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—Ho! W. H. Holmes is not here; though he was at Leeds, carousing with Dr Spark and Mr and Mrs Allen. I looked for his umbrella specially. Tut! no umbrella! Not even a scarf—not a breast-pin! No business at Lark and Glimmer! Ho!—where are Head's spectacles? I will take Head's spectacles. (*Takes SIR FLAMBOROUGH's spectacles, and puts old umbrella in their place.*)—I shall go to Schopenhauer and Cynic. Sutherland Edwards and Hueffer carry good umbrellas. Ho! I'm off. It's not too late. Happy thought! (*Singing*):—

There was an old author, Burnand,
Who in "Fun" showed a moderate hand;
And so the "Punch" crew,
Wanting blood that was new,
And not over rich, took Burnand.

[*Exit man with umbrella.*]

Re-enter SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—And my spectacles? I forgot my spectacles. I say, old boy, here's an umbrella (*shakes wide the umbrella*). No!—spectacles are gone! (*Throws down umbrella in disdain*). How ever could I have thought my spectacles were in that umbrella? If only Arthur were here!

WRAITH OF ARTHUR (*subterraneously*).—Well said, old mole!

[*Exit Sir Flamborough precipitately.*]

Enter OCULIST.

OCULIST.—Waiter!

IRISH WAITER.—Sort?

OCULIST.—I hear Sir Flamborough has lost his spectacles.

IRISH WAITER.—Sort?

OCULIST.—He must want an oculist?

IRISH WAITER.—Sort—he has gone to an optician—a friend, bedad! of Sir Caper O'Corby's, sorr.

[*Exit Oculist.*]

IRISH WAITER.—Be the nails of my toes!—he tuk no dthrink!

Schluss folgt.

[*Vanishes.*]

To Dr Francis Hueffer.

TIETJENS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The subjoined appeared in the Plymouth Western News of October 8th:—

"Mdlle Tietjens was always so obliging to the public, and had such a bright and merry way with her, that it is difficult to imagine that there was room in her heart for jealousy. But the winsome Sinico found out that there was, and this episode was a little blot on the great cantatrice's career."

What does this mean? I peremptorily call upon Sig. Campobello for an explanation. Yours obediently, YAXTON LAST.

Tewksbury, October 16.

JOSEPH OF LEEDS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



SIR,—Who wrote that article on Joseph in the *Monthly Medical*—no, *Musical*—*Record*, of the 1st October? He had better have remained at Sonderhausen, to listen to the orchestra of Erdmannsdörfer—for at the best he is an Erdapfel (Earthpuff). Was it Mr Smithers Goldfinch? Yours obediently,

A HATFELLOW COMMONER.

[We know *not*—nor care *got*. How confoundedly German we are all getting!—B. B.]

A PLEA FOR MR AUSTIN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



SIR,—In a speech delivered before the Committee of the Leeds Festival (at Leeds), Mr Frederick Spark (of Leeds), the active Hon. Secretary, thus pleaded for Mr Austin:—

"A discussion followed, during which Mr Spark defended the action of the committee in the selection of Mr Austin's *Fire King*, remarking that congratulations had been numerous as to its choice. He said its performance pleased the audience very much; and though it had been adversely criticised in some of the papers, it might, to some extent, be explained by the fact that everything was so good that the newspapers wanted some one to crucify, and so selected Mr Austin. They wanted something to write down, in order to give a variety to their criticism. (*Laughter.*) The calling of Mr Austin to the front of the orchestra was, he thought, sufficient testimony in favour of the selection of the *Fire King*. (*Applause.*)"

Thus did Mr Frederick Spark plead for Mr Austin. It is a piteous case—a piteous case—piteous, indeed! Yours, Mr Editor,

STEPHEN ROUND.

The Alley, near Hallow the Hole, Applebury,
Oct. 15th.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A WRITER in the *Journal de Musique* relates the following anecdote of Mad. Frezzolini: Some time in the year 1865, the lady was announced to appear at Geneva. She was set down for the first act in *La Sonnambula*, followed by an air from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She began *La Sonnambula*, but had not got through three bars before she stopped. Everyone looked at everyone else with an air of dismay and astonishment. No one had ever heard such a fearfully discordant noise. It was impossible to understand what it meant. At length the conductor suddenly exclaimed: "Ah! I see it all! You are singing *La Sonnambula*, and we are playing *Lucia*!" Picture! The music-books were changed, and, after a moment or two of painful emotion, Mad. Frezzolini resumed. But there was a confounded double-bass who would persist in playing the accompaniment of *Lucia*. This gave rise to a sharp dialogue between the said double-bass and the conductor, the result being that the former put on his hat and left in great indignation, taking his instrument with him. For that evening Mad. Frezzolini gave up all further notion of singing.

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—The Choral Association gave its first concert for the season in the Ulster Hall, on Friday evening, October 12th. The vocalists were Mdme Campobello-Sinico, Mdles Emma Howson and Elena Franchi, Messrs Campobello, Hilton, and Shakespeare, and M. Niedzielski (violinist), who were heartily welcomed and applauded after each of their performances. Mr Shakespeare made his first appearance in Belfast on the occasion, and achieved a marked success. The *Belfast News-Letter*, writing about the concert says:—"Mr Shakespeare—who sang the recit. and aria, "Deeper and deeper still," and "Waft her angels to the skies" (*Jephthah*)—came heralded as a former distinguished pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and the sanguine anticipations formed regarding his attainments were not disappointed. Twice was he re-called, and each time bowed his acknowledgments. He achieved a character for himself which will ensure him an enthusiastic reception when he again visits Belfast." Mendelssohn's setting of the psalm, "Why rage fiercely the heathen? (*minus* the "Gloria"), the *pièce de résistance*, was very creditably sung. The concert ended with the National Anthem. Signor Romano accompanied the vocal, and Mr Newport conducted the choral music.

ARMAGH.—A concert in aid of the sick and wounded in the Eastern War was given in the Tontine Rooms, on the 12th inst., under the patronage of his Grace the Lord Primate, the Earl and Countess of Charlemont, and Captain Beresford, M.P.

LIVERPOOL.—The Rose Hersee Opera Company opened a very successful series of performances at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, on the 8th inst., with *Maritana*, and brought it to a triumphant close on the 13th inst. with *Les Huguenots*. The *Liverpool Mercury* says it is a marvel how Mr F. Emery, the manager of the Prince of Wales', could, while adhering to his regular prices of admission, place the operas so effectively on the stage. Proceeding to details, our contemporary remarks, among other things:—"Mdme Rose Hersee's performance of the *Gitana* has long been recognized as of the first order, and the brilliancy of her vocalization last evening again elicited frequent marks of genuine approval. Added to this, there were the former charm and *abandon* in her acting which so largely contribute to the marked excellence of the part. Miss Florence St John deservedly secured success by her singing in the character of Lazarillo, 'Alas! those chimera,' provoking the almost invariable encore. Don Cesar was represented by Mr W. Parkinson, who is always welcome. Mr Lithgow James is a valuable member of the company. Mr R. Temple proved himself a genuine artist as the King. The band, under the *bâton* of Mr J. Pew, was not only strong but highly efficient, and, if the voices in the choruses wanted a little freshness, there was no mistaking acquaintance with their work." Nor were the fair Directress and her company less successful in the more ambitious work by Meyerbeer. We curtail the annexed account from *The Daily Courier* of the 13th inst. :—

"Mdme Rose Hersee's impersonation of Valentina proved musically as well as histrionically a very effective rendering, her pure, fresh voice, which seems to be gaining in fulness, giving out Meyerbeer's magnificent music with all possible refinement and good taste. Mdme Cave-Ashton was equally successful as Margarita di Valois. Mr Richard Temple's Marcel was a study. The Raoul of Mr Bernard Lane also deserves high commendation. Miss St John secured an encore for the Page's song in the second act, whilst Mr Lithgow James as Count di Nevers, and Mr Montelli as Count di St. Bris, rendered most efficient aid. The house was crowded. This evening *The Bohemian Girl* will be presented, closing a very short but most praiseworthy series of operatic performances."

TRURO.—A most agreeable concert took place in the Concert Hall on Friday evening, October 5th. The artists were the sisters Robertson (pupils of Mr Randegger), Miss Fonblanque, Messrs Wadmore and Guy (vocalists), Mr Albert (violinist), and Mr J. Hele (organist). The *West Briton Advertiser* says Miss Robertson was exceedingly well received, and no one who had heard her on her last visit to Truro could help observing the great improvement which had taken place, not only in her voice, but in her grace of deportment and artistic finish. The advance made by Miss F. Robertson is still more evident, because there was here more work for the skilled trainer. Miss F. Robertson has a beautiful voice, and she can now use it with admirable skill. Miss Ellen de Fonblanque, who accompanied the party, sang for the first time before a Truro audience, and displayed a rich voice and delicacy of execution. Mr Wadmore and Mr Henry Guy were both received with great favour, as well as Mr J. Hele, who gave an organ solo. The concert ended with a part song, "Old daddy long legs," sung by the Misses Robertson, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Wadmore. Sig. Alberto Randegger was the conductor.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

At the last meeting of the General Committee, under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr Spark read the following report:—In presenting thus early a balance-sheet of the Leeds Musical Festival, held on September 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd, the figures must not be taken as final, for several accounts are yet in abeyance. The totals, however, may be considered as substantially correct, and have been verified by Mr Alfred Williamson, honorary auditor to the Festival Committee. Our total receipts from all sources amount to £7,847 7s. 6d., being £238 6s. 8d. more than the gross receipts for the Festival of 1874. The total expenditure reaches £7,078 0s. 10d., or £478 in excess of the expenditure for the previous Festival. There is thus an apparent balance of profit amounting to £769 6s. 8d. But this does not fully represent the balance, for we have assets consisting of 500 chairs, purchased for the Patron's Gallery, furniture, music, &c., calculated to realise, at a moderate estimate, about £110. This sum, added to the actual amount in hand, will leave a total balance of profit amounting to £879 6s. 8d. The increased receipts, it will be seen, are not sufficient to cover the increased expenditure, leaving the profit about £130 less than 1874. This increased expenditure is almost entirely due to the greater sums required for principal singers, the increased band, chorus, and other charges, all tending to an improved musical performance; and the committee have reason to be congratulated on the verdict of the press and of the public, by whom the Leeds Festival of 1877 has been emphatically pronounced to be one of the greatest and best ever heard in this or any other country. As compared with 1874 the charges under the heads indicated show an advance of £450. The following may be taken as a fairly estimated balance-sheet on present available figures:—

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To 734 serial tickets, at £5 each	3670	0	0
To sale of single tickets	3292	5	0
To sale of music and book of words	347	11	1
To collections and donations	81	15	3
To People's Festival Concert	455	16	2
	£7847	7	6
Sale of chairs, &c. (estimated to realise)	110	0	0
	£7957	7	6
Cr.	£	s.	d.
By principals, conductor, &c.	2200	12	6
By band	1780	7	7
By chorus	1073	14	2
By Victoria Hall—rent, gallery, gas, chairs, alterations, &c.	448	15	6
By advertising, printing, posting, and stationery ..	904	0	8
By books of words, and commission on sale ...	230	4	3
By use of copyrights (including <i>Joseph</i>)	113	1	3
By office rent, clerks, furniture, and commission on tickets, parcels, &c.	278	14	1
By People's Festival Concert expenses	48	10	10
	£7078	0	10
Balance	879	6	8
	£7957	7	6

This result, which, in view of long-depressed trade, must be considered as satisfactory, has not been achieved without a considerable amount of honorary labour on the part of the committee. By the executive, no fewer than 51 meetings have been attended since the close of last year, apart from numerous sub-committee meetings. The General Committee have been called together 14 times, to review the business of the executive, and to confirm or modify their decisions. The executive desire to acknowledge the warm interest and the close attention shown by the Festival Chorus and the chorus-master in the work they undertook to do. No fewer than 34 rehearsals have been held, and it is but just to recognise not only the gratuitous services of many excellent amateurs, but the really hard work of the "professional" chorus-singers, whose payment, in many instances, could only be sufficient to cover their personal expenses. To the Leeds Town Council thanks are due for the readiness with which that body adopted the recommendations of the Festival Committee permanently to enlarge and improve the orchestra, to erect a substantial and handsome gallery (admirably designed by Mr Morant), and for generally facilitating the Festival business. The committee desire also to acknowledge the excellence of the police arrangements at the Festival—which were well planned by Chief Constable Henderson, and admirably carried out by Superintendent Ward—and the services of Mr Berry, Town Hall secretary. It now only remains for the committee to decide what shall be done

with the surplus funds when they are fully realised, and to appoint a provisional committee in whose hands the Festival books may be lodged, and to whom should be entrusted the duty of selecting new works for performance at the Leeds Festival in 1880.

In explanation of the increased expenditure, Mr Spark stated that the principals had been paid £157 more than in 1874, the band had cost £123 4s. 7d. more, the chorus £71 17s. 2d., and the copyright £98 17s. 4d., the committee having paid 100 guineas to Dr Macfarren for the privilege of producing his oratorio. The increased cost of the chorus was mainly due to the increased number of rehearsals, and the band included ten more strings than in 1874, besides which there were band rehearsals held in London, the expenses of the local players being met by the committee.

It was agreed to hand over to the charities the sum of £800, in the following proportions:—£400 to the Infirmary, £200 to the Dispensary, £100 to the Hospital for Women and Children, and £100 to the House of Recovery. Mr T. Marshall next moved the appointment of a provisional committee to promote the interests of the next Festival in 1880.

A discussion followed, during which Mr Spark defended the action of the committee in the selection of Mr Austin's *Fire King*. The Provisional Committee was then appointed, and, after votes of thanks to the Mayor, as chairman of the General Committee, to Mr F. Marshall, as chairman of the Executive Committee; and to the Hon. Secretaries, Messrs J. W. Atkinson and F. R. Spark, had been proposed, carried, and acknowledged, the meeting terminated. Commenting upon the Festival, the *Leeds Express* of the 12th has the following remarks:—

"The great musical success of the Leeds Festival held last month is equalled by the financial success which attended it. From the statement made at the committee meeting yesterday, we learn that the total receipts reached the large sum of £7,847, being £238 more than the receipts at the Festival in 1874. When the state of trade during the two periods is considered, the result, as the committee admit, 'must be regarded as satisfactory.' It is more than satisfactory. In 1874, trade was in a highly prosperous condition; whilst in 1877 trade is in an exceedingly depressed state. Luxuries of all kinds have been abandoned by thousands of persons who in 1874 freely indulged in them. In that year, large numbers of persons finding themselves 'flush' of money, gratified their love of display, of pleasure, or it may be of music, by attending the Festival. Many whose artistic tastes were never before exhibited, and whose mode of living was generally of a humble kind, spent their guineas in 'swelling it' at the Festival. This year, with the knowledge of long-continued bad trade, the committee felt that one source of patronage was completely cut off; and that the best course to pursue was to appeal to the real musical taste of the whole country by providing a Festival of the greatest excellence attainable. Expenditure, therefore, had to be increased; the fault of Festival Committees elsewhere in stinting rehearsals was to be avoided; everything, in fact, that would tend to a perfect performance of the various works to be produced was done. Hence we find that the £450 increased expenditure, as compared with 1874, has been applied solely to improvement in the musical department. The principal singers cost £157 more than at the last Festival. The band was increased from 96 to 106 performers; and this increase, together with the cost of extra rehearsals, required £123 more than in 1874. Then the chorus rehearsals were very numerous; and frequently all the singers from Bradford, Barnsley, Huddersfield, and other towns had to visit Leeds. All these things taken into consideration, we are bound to admit that the profit of nearly £900 on the Festival is a great and unexpected success. From the figures we published representing the attendance during the Festival, it was seen that the numbers were in excess of 1874; but, as was explained at the time, this increased attendance did not represent a corresponding increase in the receipts, for advantage was taken of the lower priced seats, and it was shown that no fewer than 1,000 persons purchased second-class tickets, who, in 1874, occupied the first-class seats. Although everybody must wish that this year there had been no reduction on the £1,000 profit which was divided among the charities in 1874, still, if we look to the future, it must be conceded that a stock-in-trade in the shape of reputation has been stored up for the future Leeds Festivals which cannot fail ultimately to produce excellent financial results, by which the medical charities of the town will receive substantial benefit."

A MILAN theatrical paper, speaking of the autumn season at Her Majesty's, says that important concessions will be made for the comfort of visitors. "*Gentlemen*" (it adds) "will be admitted without frock coat, and ladies will be allowed to wear hats in reserved corners."

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

You have been receiving such enthusiastic accounts of the Leeds Festival that I may be pardoned for wondering whether you would be unwilling to give ear to a report of humbler doings in the musical capital of Lancashire. Thus, with a modesty, I trust you will appreciate, I have allowed nearly a month of our musical season to run on without venturing to record its incidents. In a few lines, then, let me give you a summary of the past week.

The Gentleman's Concerts—a venerable society which possesses a handsome concert hall, and only issues tickets to subscribers—began, may I say, its season three weeks ago. The band, under Mr Hallé's direction, played Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Mr Hallé gave two movements of a Mozart concerto and a Chopin selection, and Miss Robertson was the singer.

For a fortnight large audiences were attracted to the Queen's Theatre by the Rose Hersee Opera Company. Mme Hersee, Mme Cave-Ashton, Miss St John, Mr Parkinson, Mr Bernard Lane, Mr Temple, Mr James, and other members of the "troop" did good service. *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Lily of Killarney*, and *Maritana* are always attractive here. Benedict's *The Brides of Venice* was also revived, and two really excellent performances of *The Marriage of Figaro* were given. More ambitious, and less judicious, was the production of *The Huguenots* in English, but Mme Rose Hersee's Valentine was a pleasant surprise. Mme Cave-Ashton sang the Queen's songs more than respectably, and Mr Temple was an effective Marcel. The orchestra was not strong, and a small harmonium is not a satisfactory substitute for missing instruments; nor was the Monks' chorus very terrible. But you, I am sure, would resent anything like censorious criticism of the efforts of a company which supplied, on the whole, satisfactory entertainments at marvellously low prices.

The Manchester Vocal Society began its season last week, and the programme of the first concert included Gounod's very interesting *Messe du Sacré Cœur de Jesus*. The Mass is choral throughout; but Mme Patey added to the pleasures of the evening by singing several of her most popular songs.

The first of Mr Pyatt-Patti-Reeves-Santley Concerts attracted a very large audience at the Free Trade Hall last Friday; but, unfortunately, Mr Sims Reeves had an intense cold and could not sing. The concert was not of much musical importance, but Mme Adelina Patti's magnificent voice and incomparable singing excited the usual enthusiasm. Mr Santley, who also was in splendid voice, was an admirable representative of English art. Herr Strakosch accompanied Mme Patti, and Mr Sidney Naylor the other singers.

On Saturday Mr De Jong gave the first of his annual series of ten fortnightly concerts. The band played, among other pieces, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture and a grand selection from *The Huguenots*. Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Sims Reeves were the singers, all of whom delighted the large audience, while Mr De Jong himself was not less successful in his flute solo.

Manchester, Oct. 17.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The exigencies of professional life often force young artists from the art-homes of London and other musical centres to districts where their beloved muse, stricken dumb by the loud clang of trade and commerce, is unheard and unknown. All can sympathise with home-sickness, for, like love or the measles, it is universal; few, however, can understand and realise the miseries of the young musician, hungering after both mental nourishment and delight. Though lesson-giving proves lucrative and brings unwonted money circulation, though big breeches pockets bulge out with patronage towards him, still he feels that husks the swine eat are his only meat and daily portion. He writes as if some supernatural angler of men, hooking him by a mean bait and snatching him from his beloved element, had landed him to gasp away his forlorn existence. Newcastle, prosperous though it be, can scarcely be called a land flowing with musical wine and honey. Is it not rather a dreary waste? Rich in minerals, but poor in art; it would be violating the principles of economic science to carry coals there; but it is surely an act of benevolence to carry music. Mr W. Rea of late years has undertaken this mission. Not satisfied with the influence of his own admirable

executive powers, he has brought annually to his evangelizing aid a London orchestra of the first class. To a superficial observer—and, musically, an English public is little else—orchestras are deemed mere superfluities, only to be used for programme padding. Our "Superficial" is unconscious of the fact that now-a-days the very breath of musical life is to be found therein. Undismayed by continued pecuniary losses, Mr W. Rea this year gives again a series of festival concerts, commencing on the 5th of November, extending over a week, instead of a month, as heretofore; for which he has engaged, partly through the agency of Mr N. Vert, an excellent vocal staff, consisting of Mmes Wynne and Patey, Misses Williams and Dalton, Messrs Lloyd, Bernard Lane, Lewis Thomas, and Foli. He claims, however, more novel merit in the qualities of his orchestra—an engine indispensable for the advancement of high art in a region weak in instrumental resources. The series opens with *The Messiah*, and the programme includes the *Stabat Mater*, *Elijah*, H. Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, a new cantata *Hezekiah* (written for the occasion by Dr Armes, of Durham Cathedral), a symphony, and pianoforte concertos by the great masters. A scheme of such variety and excellence deserves the patronage and support of a public Mr W. Rea has long and faithfully served. P. G.

LA MARJOLAINE AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

The Royalty Theatre opened under new management on the 11th instant, and "inaugurated" its season with the new opera-bouffe of Lecocq, *La Marjolaine*. During the recess the interior has been entirely re-decorated, and now presents a charmingly fresh and warm aspect. The Theatre is in reality an elegant *bonbonnière*. To those unacquainted with the libretto of Vanloo and Leterrier it may be mentioned that the scene opens with a view of the square opposite the Hotel de Ville of Brussels, where a great crowd is assembled to witness the periodical solemnity of presenting with a medal, as a prize for virtue, the young woman deemed irreproachable by the verdict of a unanimous jury? The prize is awarded to "La Marjolaine," a young and pretty girl, not long since married to an elderly Baron, Annibal (not the Carthaginian general), leader of a society of gay bachelors, the terror of husbands, who, meeting with the Baron, bets all his fortune that no woman exists whose virtue is beyond proof. Baron accepts challenge, and gives an entertainment to celebrate the event, to which endless Bachelors are invited. During their stay, Annibal (not the Carthaginian), in order to win the wager, attempts, but in vain, to compromise the young wife's virtue. At length, having bribed the Baron's steward, he succeeds in getting into Marjolaine's bed-room, concealed in a large trunk.* During the night, he witnesses the arrival of Frickel, a former lover† and foster-brother of "La Marjolaine," who, having been admitted a member of the Bachelors' Society, is cognizant of the bet, comes to warn and protect her. Annibal (not of Carthage) surprises the couple, secures Frickel (not Jarrett's), and calls in the guests. Thus "La Marjolaine" is exposed, and the wager won. The Baron, reduced to poverty, retires, leaving Annibal (a Frank) in possession of all his (the Baron's) property. On learning that the Baron has obtained a divorce from his wife, Annibal (a Kurd) endeavours to secure "La Marjolaine" for himself, but she, being free, gives her hand to Frickel ("No preparation"), declaring she has now obtained the true prize for virtue. In the English version, by Mr Sutherland Edwards, the plot is closely followed. There is little need, in fact, for change, the moral being pointed clearly enough. Mr Edwards has bestowed great pains on his book, and the words are admirably adapted to the music. Of the latter, it is long since such elegant and unaffected writing has been heard. Number after number contains features of great beauty, and all are distinguished in character.‡ Some of the melodies have already a widespread reputation, and there is not a dull measure in the whole opera.§ The cast includes Miss Kate Santley as "La Marjolaine," Miss Rose Cullen as Aveline, Mr Walter Fisher as Frickel, Mr Mervin as Annibal, and Mr Lionel Brough as the Baron.¶ The minor characters are well filled; the chorus, although small, is efficient; and the piece is well mounted. *La Marjolaine* is a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of good *opéra-bouffe*, and has our hearty wishes for a long run.

Perigord the Perilous.

* Or, like Rastignac, in the *Peau de Chagrin* of feu Honoré. De Balzac, under Fedora's bed-post.

† Not Jarrett's Frickel, the Russian—"No preparation."

‡ *Selon*.—D. P.

§ Measure for Measure.—D. P.

¶ Lytton's Bulwer's "Last"?

F. W. HAYDON ACROSS ART.

Mr F. W. Haydon, of Southsea, writes to the *Times*, under date October 4th, enclosing a copy of a letter from Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., which he has received in answer to one addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with reference to his speech on Art education at Exeter on the 21st ult. Mr Haydon, in his letter to Sir Stafford Northcote, remarked:—

"I have read with interest your remarks at Exeter with reference to the changes that have taken place in England, particularly as regards public instruction in art, since 1841. I see with regret that while you appear to give all the credit of our present Art Schools to the late Mr William Ewart and to others who have come after him, you pass over in silence the public services in respect of our Art Schools of a prominent man in British Art, and a Devonshire man to boot—viz., the late Mr Haydon, painter, who, for fully one quarter of a century before Mr Ewart took up the subject in Parliament of Art instruction, had been incessantly at work to get the various administrations to give support to Art schools for the benefit and instruction of the people of England."

In answer to this he received the following letter:—

"Sir—I regret that you should have considered my remarks at Exeter in any way slighting towards the late Mr Haydon, of whose merits and services to the cause of art I have always thought highly. I was not attempting to review the history of Art education, or to apportion praise to those who have laboured to promote it. I was only sketching very rapidly and roughly some of the features of the English educational system in 1841, and at the present time; and I referred to Mr Ewart's committee as showing the stages which have been reached at the former period. It did not fall within the range of my observations to discuss the merits of those to whom our progress since 1841, is due, nor the influence which the labour of those who had been in the field before them had upon their work. No complete account of these matters could be given without reference to the honourable exertions of Mr Haydon. I remain, faithfully yours, Stafford H. Northcote."

[When are they going to say a word or two about music? Surely an oratorio like *Joseph* is as much a work of genius and acquirement as any picture by any living painter. It is easier to paint a Huguenot soldier than to write an oratorio!—D. P.]

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF OLD.

The dark hours sped through the winter's night,
Like ghosts that glide to the mystic fold,
As the blue-eyed boy heard with fear and delight
A tale of the days of old.

The ancient fire-place seemed to stare
Like a witness to what the grandsire told,
To the face half hid in the shaggy fair hair,
Of the tale of the days of old.

The lingering logs shed a dying glow
In the gloom; the young listener, not over bold,
Was awed and pale as he drank in the flow
Of the tale of the days of old.

All night he gloated and pondered in bed:
'Twas a morning stroke the cracked bell tolled
Ere he slept, and dreamt over what had been said
Of the tale of the days of old. P. S. K. M.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Hermann Götz's posthumous opera, *Francesca da Rimini*, has been produced here, and, despite a cast in many respects inefficient, achieved a marked success. The first act hung fire somewhat, but the grand love-duet of the second act excited great enthusiasm. The third is dramatically rather uninteresting; the music, however, contains beauties of a high order. Mdle Ottiker proved an admirable Francesca. Herr Frank, who, with Herr Johann Brahms, completed the score for the stage, and was erroneously stated to have since died, conducted with great ability.

VIENNA.—Critics are greatly divided in opinion as to Herr Ignaz Brüll's new work, *Der Landfriede*, recently produced at the Royal Operahouse. Some pronounce it an extraordinary success, while others declare it to be a complete failure. Meanwhile, one fact cannot be denied: the opera went extremely well the first night, the composer and the representatives of the principal characters being enthusiastically and repeatedly called on after each act. But modern experience has taught us that first night manifestations cannot be invariably received as proofs of artistic merit.

VERSIFICATION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Can you recommend me some book upon versification?
Yours obediently, P. S. K. M.

Read the English poets (especially Milton, Pope, and Crabbe); try to scan the *Odes* of Horace; and consult your own ear. Rhythmic music is a good help. D. P.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I think that the subjoined list of characters sustained by the late Mdle Tietjens in London may be interesting to your readers. I remain, yours obediently, W. S. J.

Valentina	<i>Les Huguenots</i>	April 18, 1858
Leonora	<i>Il Trovatore</i>	May 4, "
Donna Anna	<i>Don Giovanni</i>	May 11, "
La Contessa	<i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	May 29, "
Lucrezia Borgia	<i>Lucrezia Borgia</i>	June 17, "
Norma	<i>Norma</i>	July 7, 1859
Hélène	<i>Les Vêpres Siciliennes</i>	July 27, "
Martha	<i>Marta</i>	Nov. 11, "
Semiramide	<i>Semiramide</i>	May 17, 1860
Lucia di Lammermoor	<i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i>	June 19, "
Rezia	<i>Oberon</i>	June 30, "
Amelia	<i>Un Ballo</i>	June 16, 1861
Alice	<i>Roberto</i>	June 14, 1862
Norma	<i>Don Pasquale</i>	Nov. 8, "
Selvaggia	<i>Selvaggia</i>	May 7, 1863
Margherita	<i>Faust</i>	June 11, "
Elvira	<i>I Puritani</i>	April 14, "
Mrs Ford	<i>Le Spose Allegre</i>	May 4, 1864
Leonora	<i>Fidelio</i>	June 28, "
Mirella	<i>Mirella</i>	July 5, "
Medea	<i>Medea</i>	June 6, 1865
Elvira (Act II. only)	<i>Ernani</i>	Aug. 5, "
Agatha	<i>Der Freischütz</i>	Oct. 28, "
Iphigenia	<i>Iphigenia in Tauride</i>	May 8, 1866
Costanza	<i>Il Seraglio</i>	June 30, "
Donna Leonora	<i>La Forza del Destino</i>	June 22, 1867
Pamina	<i>Il Flauto Magico</i>	July 23, "
Giselda	<i>I Lombardi</i>
Gertrude	<i>Hamlet</i>	May 19, 1870
Anna Bolena	<i>Anna Bolena</i>	Aug. 1, 1871
Costanza	<i>Le Due Giornate</i>	June 20, 1872
Leonora	<i>La Favorita</i>	May 1, 1873
Ortrud	<i>Lohengrin</i>	June 12, 1875

WAIFS.

Signor Schira has returned from Milan, having made all arrangements with a celebrated Italian man of letters for the libretto of his projected new opera, which will be, in these desolate times, a god-send to the "sunny," but now not over-fertile (*in re dramatic music*), peninsula. Heaven speed the worthy *maestro*, whose characteristic and spirited *Lord of Burleigh* we should all like to hear again.

Sig. Braga has returned to Paris.

M. Offenbach has been suffering from gout.

Flotow is engaged upon an opera entitled *Aurelia*.

Sig. Bazzini (Florence) is engaged on a new Quartet.

Mad. Adelina Patti is expected in Milan on the 27th inst.

Miss Emma Barnett, the admirable young pianist, has gone to Italy on a visit.

M. Kowalski's opera, *Gilles de Bretagne*, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Mdle Albani is engaged to sing at Leeds on the 19th of December in *The Messiah*.

A Wagner Association, with Herr Buth, a pianist, at its head, is to be founded in Breslau.

The Grand Duke of Baden, has conferred the cross of the Zähringer Lion on Don Pablo Sarasate, the violinist.

M. Charles Garnier, architect of the Grand Opera, Paris, has been appointed Inspector-General of Public Buildings.

Sig. de Giosa has composed a four-act semi-serious opera, entitled *Rabagas*, and founded upon Victorien Sardou's comedy.

Unpublished masses by Palestrina, and autograph manuscripts of J. S. Bach's, have been discovered in a convent at Gratz.

The first anniversary of the transportation of Bellini's remains to Catania was celebrated by a solemn mass in the Cathedral.

After all that has been said to the contrary, M. Gounod's *Polyeucte* may be produced at the Grand Opera during the Exhibition.

During the Patti Performances at the Scala, Milan, the price of an orchestra stall will be fifty francs, and of a pit seat, thirty.

By a decree of King Victor Emanuel, Sig. Verdi is appointed a member of the Italian Commission at the Paris Universal Exhibition.

Herr Hans von Bülow officiated, for the first time, as conductor at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, on the 4th inst. The opera was *Fidelio*.

The revival of *Les Diamants de la Couronne* at the Paris Opéra-Comique is not very creditable to any of the artists concerned in it, except M. Danbé and his orchestra.

Thanks to the great amelioration in his health, M. H. Vieuxtemps has resumed his duties as "finishing professor" ("*professeur de perfectionnement*"), in the Brussels Conservatory.

M. Gevaert is engaged in transforming into a grand opera his *Quentin Durward*, first produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique, with MM. Faure and Coudere in the principal parts.

Mad. Pauline Lucca is to receive two thousand four hundred pounds for her twelve night's engagement in Madrid, and eight hundred and forty pounds for her six performances at Nice.

Herr Joachim Raff has left Wiesbaden, where he has been domiciled since May, 1856, and taken up his residence in Frankfurt, to fulfil his duties as director of Hoch's Conservatory of Music.

M. Anton Rubinstein's opera of *Nero* will be produced almost simultaneously in Paris and St Petersburg. There are four different versions of the libretto; one in French, one in Italian, one in German, and one in Russian.

Don Felipe Ducascal, manager of the Teatro Español and the Teatro de las Novedades, Madrid, is having a theatre built on the Trocadero, Paris. He intends giving performances of *Zaruelas* and Spanish national dancing during the Universal Exhibition.

Mad. Knopp-Fehring, formerly Mdle Withun, a native of Berlin, who created a sensation as a concert singer, when only 14 years of age, has just died at Weimar. She sang the part of Agathe at the Royal Berlin Operahouse, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the production of *Der Freischütz*.

The first general rehearsal of *L'Africaine* took place at the Grand Opera, Paris, on the 9th inst., under the direction of M. Ch. Lamoureux, who entered upon his duties as conductor, for the first time. In order to devote himself entirely to his new post, M. Lamoureux has resigned his place as second conductor of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.

The new organ erected in Gualford Church was opened on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, by Mr W. Higley. The instrument was built by Mr Nicholson, of Worcester. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of the diocese; the service being by Jackson, and the anthem ("Rejoice in the Lord") by Dr Elvey. The offertory amounted to £20 11s. 1½d.—*Malvern News*.

He had been to a revival meeting, he said. At all events, coming home at half past twelve, fumbling up stairs in the dark, and going head first over a scuttle of coals the girl had left on the landing, he sang, "Let the Lower Lights be burning," with a fervency that Sankey might have emulated.

BRUNSWICK.—A period of twenty-five years had elapsed on the 30th ult. since Herr Franz Abt, the celebrated song-composer, first wielded the conductor's stick, as director of the Choral Association for Male Voices. He did not, however, enter on his duties as *Capellmeister* at the theatre till the 1st January, 1853. For this reason his official "jubilee" will not come off till next January. But a preparatory and informal jubilee took place on the 29th and 30th ult. in the Egydien-Kirche. The proceedings commenced with a concert, the programme of which included various choral pieces for Male Vocal Associations, a speech by Herr Schwerin, the stage-manager at the Theatre, and a number of the jubilarian's songs. The vocalists were Mdle Brandt and Herr Fricker, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin; Mdle Schreiber and Herr Himmer. Mdle Brandt had to appear the next day in *Lohengrin* at Berlin. In consequence of her being encored in Abt's "Liebesbotschaft," she had barely time to catch her train, and was obliged to start just as she sang the song, in concert costume, with flowers in her hair, and so forth. On the 30th there was a grand performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony and other less important works, the leading artists being Mdme Koch-Bossenger, from Hanover; Herren Schröter and Nöldechen, of the Ducal Theatre; and Señor Sarasate. Innumerable congratulatory messages and valuable presents were forwarded to the jubilarian from far and wide.

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More about Blackmailing.

(From the New York "Arcadian.")

JOURNALISTIC VERMIN.

The *Sun* of Tuesday, October 16th, copied a statement originally made in the *Mercury*, and therefrom copied into the *Dispatch*. Reasons, which will be apparent through the perusal of my letter to the *Sun*, made me write to that paper as follows:—

ABOUT MISS ABBOTT, MR LAKE, AND MR ENGEL.

"To the Editor of 'The Sun.'"

"Sir,—The *Sun* of Tuesday, 16th inst., contained the following:—

'Accounts of an outrageous attempt to blackmail Miss Emma Abbott, the singer, have been published in the *Sunday Dispatch* and the *Sunday Mercury*. The story is that a man connected with a "pretentious" weekly newspaper called on Mr Lake, with whose family Miss Abbott resides, showed proof sheets of a favourable and an unfavourable criticism, and demanded fifty dollars for suppressing the one and publishing the other. The climax of the interview, according to the reports, was the kicking out of the rascal by Mr Lake. We are informed that, while Mr. Lake furnishes the story for publication, he refuses to tell who the would-be blackmailer was or what newspaper he represented. Mr Lake's duty is to expose the man, and have him sent to prison; and if he does not do so, his reputation for truthfulness will suffer among people who do not know him.'

"When reading this, I took no further notice of it, assuming (as the *World* did) that it was an advertising dodge of Mr Lake, for which he did not pay. This day, however, I received by mail a slip from a paper whose existence I did not even know, and which is, I am told, edited by two associates, one a miserable office-boy, the other an old beggar, who has got nothing on earth—less than nothing, for he has not even got a nose. These two literary celebrities found nothing on earth to draw attention to their little sheet—which I shall not name, because to be noticed is all they want—than to name me as the man who brought the two articles to choose from to Mr Lake's house, hoping thereby to raise a scandal which would secure them a few dollars' sale. Now the man who goes through the journalistic world noiseless and noiseless made a mistake. He will get no advertisement. I would get him instantly arrested and punished for libel, if it was worth my while, or if he had a cent in the world to lose. But what will happen to him, he does not. For the present, suffice it to say, that at the time which this paragraph alludes to—that is, when Miss Abbott came before the public in her concert, first week of February—I had severed all connection with the paper I used to write for, and I had not yet bought the *Arcadian*. I had, therefore, no paper at all to write in, and thereby that case is settled so far as I am concerned. I received on January 25th a letter from Miss Abbott inviting me to dinner at Mr Lake's, but I declined the invitation; and it was the evening before her concert that Brignoli and Ferranti both, after the rehearsal, asked me (having authority and the friendship for Miss Abbott) to tell her that she made some horrid *flouriture* and shakes. Then I spoke about this to her husband. He virtually compelled me to go and dine with him, and hear Miss Abbott after dinner, and tell her the truth. I did hear her, and told her that she would be cut up by all the critics if she ventured upon making a shake, which she made worse than any pupil I knew. The result was that she thanked me, made no shake in the concert, and got over the difficulty by escaping it. When she afterward sang in the Academy of Music, I wrote her, like a true friend, that I regretted to tell her that her singing displeased me, for reasons which I gave, and she replied, saying she was so sorry she could not satisfy me, but that she hoped she would be able to do so in Marguerita; that she 'begged of me to tell her what studies to make, and to come and advise her about it.' But I was then very much engaged. I had bought the *Arcadian*, where I expressed my opinion frankly, as I always do, and I saw her no more.

To the best of my belief, the story of Mr Lake is a lie. Either he said it or somebody credits him with it. Not only is no journalist so stupid as to let two so different articles in proof go out of his hands which would break his neck once forever, but I believe that Mr Lake would have made no fuss and paid him.

Because I can say that Mr Lake told me himself of a journalist to whom he had gone to offer him money, a thing which he said he would not do for a thousand dollars for himself, but which he did for his little *protégé*. The critic in question, however, he told me, declined, not from virtuous scruples, but because he was not sure that his article would be published. About another critic he asked me, too, what he should give him, and I heard afterwards that he had decided upon giving him a pin, I know not of what value. The whole story is, as the *World* says, an advertising dodge, and, as far as I am concerned, simply a lie. "LOUIS ENGEL,

"Editor of the *Arcadian*."

"New York October 18."

To this letter a rejoinder was put in, one series of barefaced lies, to which I replied the following:

"To the Editor of 'The Sun.'"

"SIR.—In to-day's *Sun* a Mr Thoms, whom I have the honour not to know, and who calls himself the editor of a journal which I have the pleasure of never seeing, avows that he himself is the liar who said that I was the man who brought two articles in proof to Miss Abbott and tried to blackmail her, and he further says that, if I will bring a suit for libel against him, he will bring the testimony of several gentlemen in support of his lie. I dare say he wants a suit very badly, and every suit will be welcome to him; but he only adds new lies to the old ones. I will have him indicted to-morrow if Mr Lake or any responsible person will guarantee the costs and damages to be awarded, otherwise I would only lose my time and lawyer's expenses to prove, what nobody cares to know, that Thoms, Mr Watson's office-boy, as I am told, who derives all his education from sweeping the office and collecting small bills, is a liar, a nonentity, a journalistic vermin. Having gained the reputation of being one of the best musical critics in the United States, and as the editor of a paper universally respected for its able and fair criticisms, it is utterly beneath the dignity of my position to have any controversy with such a person. Miss Abbott is not capable of making deliberately a false statement; and since I have not seen her, nor written to her, nor held any communication with her after her singing at the Academy, as I stated in my letter on Saturday, the assertion that I 'endeavoured to get a letter from her, acquitting me from blackmail,' is another lie to be put down to the credit of Mr T. That a 'great piano house in Fifth avenue,' should so lower itself as to make incorrect statements to such people is difficult to believe; but since I have had the most pleasant business connection with several 'great piano houses on Fifth avenue,' it is but right to say that a house in Fifth avenue ordered their advertisement in the *Arcadian* exactly as others did, who paid their bills punctually; that the first month was promptly paid; that several other months were paid with great difficulty and after very long waiting; and that on the 5th October, the advertisement being ordered to be discontinued, it was instantly taken out, as a glance at our advertising columns will show; and that, of course I demanded payment up to the time the discontinuance of the advertisement was ordered, but it is true, 'did not get it,' not because it was not due, but because prompt payment is not one of the distinguishing features of the said house. I will not further trespass upon your valuable space. Those who wish to know the fuller details of the case will find it in the next issue of the *Arcadian*, and I think that for a few days the matter may safely rest there.

"LOUIS ENGEL,

"Editor of the *Arcadian*."

"New York, October 20."

HOW THE MATTER AROSE.

When I saw the first notice in the *Sun*, copied from the *Mercury*, I had, of course, no idea what it meant, and did not care. But when my name was dragged into it, I was informed of the particulars. One of the editors of the *Mercury* told me that some time ago he received complaints from different actresses, who informed him that an individual called upon them with notices cut out of the *Mercury*, offering for \$50 to get them similar notices in that paper. Thereupon, he very properly put a notice in the *Mercury*, informing anybody "whom it may concern" that no person from the *Mercury* was authorised to go on such errands, and that the person who did call evidently was not connected with the *Mercury*, and was simply a blackmailer. In consequence of this timely notice, he received a note, apparently written by a lady—and as he thought by Miss Abbott—urging him, as he had undertaken the good work of protecting people against wandering blackmailers, to expose the attempt to blackmail Miss Abbott, which was stated in the note, and which the *Mercury* published. It was, however, found that the handwriting of the note in

question was small and by no means like Miss Abbott's handwriting, which I showed him. The very moment this notice appeared in the *Mercury*, a slip (alluded to in my first letter to the *Sun*) was sent there with a note requesting insertion of the same, giving my name as that of the blackmailer wanted. The slip being on the face of it a gross, contemptible libel, the editor threw it away, and, of course, denied his powerful publicity to the vulgar liar. The following, from the *Sunday Times*, shows, in the same manner, how respectable papers judge the affair:—

"What would otherwise have been an uneventful week in dramatic circles has been enlivened by a couple of bits of 'Scan-mag' in the cases of Abbott-Lake-Engel blackmail affair and the Shook-Gilmore lawsuit. Regarding the former, anonymous articles were sent to the press (we received one of them), saying that a critic of one of the papers had written two articles on Miss Abbott, one in praise of her artistic merit, the other, to the contrary, condemning her, showed them to Mr Lake, offering to publish the first and suppress the other for fifty dollars; the offer being refused, the unfavourable one appeared. Since its appearance, charges have been made that Mr Engel, of the *Arcadian*, was the critic in question, which charge Mr Engel emphatically denies, under his own signature, in yesterday's *Sun*. The accusation, being anonymous, is naturally to be taken *cum grano salis*, while the denial being bold and under signature we are glad to believe, and cast our vote in favour of, Mr Engel."

What is not clear in this case is this assertion of the papers: "We are informed that while Mr Lake furnished the story for publication, he refuses to tell who the would-be blackmailer was, or what paper he represented." I do not see that Mr Lake informed or furnished himself any story; I have not seen that he comes forward denying anything. I have asked to see the note giving the information about that double paragraph being brought to Mr Lake's house, but it cannot be found. I can, therefore, not say how far Mr Lake is implicated in the affair, or that he did participate in it to any extent. If he did, it is simple cowardice not to come forward and to say, "That is what I know of the case. Here is the proof-sheet of the two articles, and such is the name of the man who, for such a sum, offered publication of either of the two articles." And then another question is this: It is alleged that the man has been kicked out of the house. Well, did he or did he not publish the article threatened with? To write to a paper on purpose to publish a story, and then not to be able or willing to substantiate it, is evidently reprehensible. The story, as told, is excessively improbable, and, I repeat it, my belief is that it is not true, because the man would have been paid. Mr Lake went to the reporter of a great daily paper who was said to be accessible to such courtesy, a man whom I do not wish to denounce, but since, to my certain knowledge, he had several times taken money, I sent Mr Lake to him. With what effect is stated in above letter to the *Sun*. The man had become so notorious at his office that they sent another reporter by the side of him, and of the two reports usually published the other one. He, therefore, declined taking the money, but Mr Lake evidently would have been willing to pay. The writer in question is no longer in connection with the paper, or, for aught I know, with any paper in this city, so that no suspicion can attach to any present writer. The other man has so publicly and so recently been held up for blackmailing that not much harm can be done by this additional proof. Besides I will give Mr Wetherell, if he chooses to see it, the name and address of the journalist in London to whom he offered \$50 as a regular salary for "taking care of the press" for Miss Abbott.* The offer in this case was indignantly declined, but although I cannot see where there is the harm, when people wish a singer to succeed, that they should buy her dresses and diamonds and articles, where articles are to be bought, still I cannot but stigmatize as a contemptibly mean proceeding that they go and raise a fuss about paying journalists and allow the suspicion to swim in the air as a vague possibility over the head of any body who writes; and when a scoundrel comes out for the sake of raising a scandal and making a few dollars by throwing his own dirt on an honourable name, that those who surround Miss Abbott, if they

have, as it is stated, furnished the story for publication, should not come forward honestly and show the offered proof and show up the man who brought it to the house. My connection with the whole affair, as I stated, was only that of a friend and a musician, who, it was well known to Miss Abbott, was on intimate terms with the greatest singers of the time, on account of good advice they received from him. I would have been happy to advise Miss Abbott. But it did not come to all that, because I have not since seen her; so that the man, whatever be his name and standing, be he wealthy, respected, contemptible, a beggar, an inflated office-boy, or a millionaire—whoever says that I took, or tried to take, any amount of money, under any pretext whatever, says a barefaced, deliberate falsehood. Miss Abbott's second letter, written in a very modest and in her usual very kind manner (alluded to about her satisfying my opinion of her singing in Marguerita), reached me Tuesday, April 28th, consequently after her three concerts in Chickering Hall, and her *début* in the *Figlia del Reggimento* at the Academy—clearly, therefore, long after the time the alleged blackmail was to have taken place. This is only one more, although unnecessary, proof that the allegation that my name had anything to do with it is an absolutely groundless, dishonourable invention.

That a paper like the *Sun* should allow itself to be covered with that slime is certainly to be regretted, but it is not always easy to believe that a daring liar would risk to publish a statement so base and baseless. Anyhow, I might as well mention that Mr Byrne, of the *Dramatic News*, and Mr Read, of an illustrated weekly, were both named as *the one*. I know neither of them sufficiently to form an opinion about the likelihood of their being implicated, but I have heard that Mr Read has been acquitted by Mr Lake. Since, to the best of my belief, never any double proof, as alleged, was taken there, nobody can be guilty of having anything to do with it. I spoke about Miss Abbott, with all her defects as a singer, and her excellent qualities as a lady, several times—always what was, to the best of my belief, absolute truth: and I defy anybody on earth to show me that I did not do so with any artist or artistic performance, in this or any other paper wherever I wrote.

In conclusion, I beg to ask the reader and my friends in the press: Is it to be tolerated that in journalism, in honest, straightforward, meritorious journalism, where a man knows his business thoroughly, writes to the best of his recognized abilities, with impartiality and honesty—that despicable vermin should be allowed to throw lying accusations on his honourable name, and that scandal-mongers should jump at the opportunity to propagate what would otherwise be hidden in forgotten and never-to-be-seen papers? Is it not every honest journalist's business to disapprove of such proceedings, and loudly to protest against the unexplained dodge of a man who raises a fuss about a story which he cannot show to have ever happened, and against the scandalous endeavour of the journalistic vermin to take advantage of the opportunity, and increase the scandal by a series of gratuitous, barefaced, impudent lies!

L. ENGEL.

NEW JACOBITE SONG.

Sound the Slogan!*

Sound the Slogan! fire the heather!	On his head be tens of thousands!
Spring to arms, ye sons of Gaël!	Bribes all loyal hearts defy;
Strike for freedom and Prince Charlie,	Gather, gather, round his standard,
Let thy foes before thee quail!	All who dare to do or die!
'Tis your rightful King who calls you!	Leave the fields and flocks untended;
Can the fearless clansman stay?	Let the bridegroom leave his bride—
"Never!" glens and mountains echo—	Onward! sons of Scotland, onward!
Speed with fiery cross away!	Haste to join your Prince's side!
On, on, to deeds of glory!	On, on, to deeds of glory!
On to fields of deathless fame!	On to fields of deathless fame!
On, on, Prince Charlie calls you!	On, on, Prince Charlie calls you!
On, in love and honour's name!	On, in love and honour's name!

* Copyright.

W. H.

* We should like very much to know the name of the "London journalist" whom Mr. Wetherell insulted with his offer.—Otto Beart.

COPENHAGEN.—The Ullman concert company, including Mad. Padilla-Artôt, Señor Padilla, MM. A. Jæll, Wieniawsky, and Sig. Bottesini, have been giving concerts here, at Stockholm, Christiana, and elsewhere, with extraordinary success.

OPERA IN FRANCE AND NORTH GERMANY.

Reminiscences of 1873.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 729.)

Early in 1851 arrangements were completed for the foundation of a third French lyric theatre, a home for which was found in the Théâtre-Historique, built in 1847 by the celebrated author, Alexandre Dumas, for the presentment of his own plays, but which, as a pecuniary speculation, had completely failed to realise the intentions of its proprietor. The shape of what in these days is termed the *auditorium* of the Théâtre-Historique was novel, being a broad oval, in which the spectators were brought close to a stage in itself very spacious, and affording scope for any amount of spectacular effects. Excellent as the results of this style of architecture proved, being not only pleasing to the eye, but satisfactory to the ear, it has never—the new Théâtre Vaudeville excepted—as far as the writer is aware, been adopted elsewhere. Here, then, the Opéra National, for so it was called, opened in the autumn of the same year, under the management of M. Edmond Seveste, a man of considerable literary distinction, long since deceased. Appealing, by the remoteness of its situation, in the Boulevard du Temple, and by the lowness of its prices, more exclusively to the bourgeoisie class, the new establishment maintained at first a struggling existence; and, had it not been for the energy of its director, whose health at last gave way altogether, just as he was beginning to reap the fruits of his praiseworthy efforts in the cause of art, it would probably have soon ceased to exist. The repertoire, too, was very circumscribed, owing to the rights prescriptive of the Opéra-Comique, which rendered it impossible to mount any of the popular compositions of Auber, Hérold, and others. But these very disadvantages, which at the commencement caused the new venture to look so hopeless, in the long run told immeasurably in its favour. The beaten track could not be followed; a new one must be found. The theatre, if it was to live at all, must do so by the production of new works and the introduction of those whose composers belonged to other countries. And how well the scheme prospered, how consistently the leading idea—at any rate during the days of the Second Empire—was carried out; how high the Théâtre-Lyrique, as it was soon re-christened, limited though it was to a certain extent in its orchestral and choral resources, has stood in the estimation, not only of the Parisians, but of all musical connoisseurs throughout the world, are so many facts which have long since been universally admitted. The opening performances were not brilliant. The weekly treasury showed a beggarly account of empty boxes, and an equally bare attendance in the rest of the seats. The new singers, pupils of the Conservatoire,—with the exception of Meillet, a barytone, who afterwards rose to eminence, and Mdlle Duez, who too soon disappeared,—did not please. The inaugural opera, *Mosquita*, an inferior novelty by an inferior composer, Boisselot, was a fiasco, though an adaptation of Rossini's *Barbiere*, given on the off-nights, went better—as how should it fail to do? The attention of the public was first aroused by the production of *La Perte du Brésil*, by Félicien David, whose compositions have stood high in France, and been heard with interest elsewhere, since his melodies, though slight, are invariably pleasing, his orchestration graceful, and his power of giving local colouring, especially when the scene is tropical or oriental, remarkable. Witness *Le Desert*, *Cristofa Colombo*, *Lallah Rookh*, and the above. *La Perte du Brésil* was a complete success, and was followed up by the introduction to the French stage of Mdlle Caroline Duprez, daughter of the famous tenor, who had already sung in Italian here and in London. It would be impossible to follow every detail in the history of the new theatre from then to the present time; but some few of the leading incidents may, as far as memory can supply them, be given. In 1853 *Le Bijou Perdu*, by Adolphe Adam, introduced to Parisian audiences Mdlle Marie Cabel, the dazzling brilliancy of whose vocalism at once took the town by storm. Here also Mdlle Viardot, by her performance of *Orfée*, created, or rather revived an interest for the almost forgotten composer Glück. It is to this theatre that Gounod in a great measure owes his fame, for if previously, and with justice, looked upon as one of the most rising composers of the day, it was not until the production of *Faust* that his name became thoroughly established. Even Wagner, to whom, on

the getting up of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera, with the avowed support of many leading members of society, it was unhesitatingly told by the public that “they would have none of him,” was at least received and cherished here, where his *Rienzi* and *Lohengrin* were given with decided success. It was at the Théâtre-Lyrique that Marimon and Marie Sass first worked their way up, that Nilsson laid the foundation of her world-wide reputation: and during the leaseholdship of M. Carvalho it long held a permanent attraction in that most consummate and exquisitely-finished vocalist, Mdlle Miolan-Carvalho, whose Cherubino, Pamina, Reine Topaze (in Victor Massé's fancifully named opera), Marguerite, and Juliette, were impersonations never to be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Owing to alterations in the Boulevard du Temple, the original Théâtre-Lyrique had been pulled down in the midst of all these triumphs, and its company removed to a new and exceedingly beautiful building in the Place du Chatelet, which in its turn was destroyed by the Communists in 1871. Pending the re-construction of this building, which will, it is said, be effected next year, a remnant of the old troupe has found a temporary home in the little Salle d'Athénée, situated in the Rue Scribe. The most important event, since its re-opening for the winter, has been the revival of *Le Bijou Perdu*, interesting as associated with the earliest successes of Marie Cabel. The plot of *Le Bijou Perdu* is of a nature which will not bear translation, and, as such, was justly censured by the English critics on the introduction of the opera, with its brilliant *prima donna*, to our St James's Theatre in the summer of 1854; but from first to last the interest is thoroughly sustained, its repulsive character softened by the tact with which all French actors, and they alone, whilst giving due point to the humour of the situations, appear capable of toning down and almost removing their often gross indelicacy. The music, though bright, is utterly trivial, and in one part only, the second finale, the charm of which is irresistible, has the composer shown himself worthy of such works as *Le Châlet* and *Le Postillon du Lonjumeau*, or the ballets *La Fille du Danube* and *Giselle*. The personnel of the Théâtre-Lyrique,* as at present constituted, is not strong, but scope is here afforded for the merits of a clever comedian, Lepers, a pleasing tenor, Jouanne, whilst there is a decidedly attractive Toinon in Mdlle Singelée, a piquant actress and a pretty woman, whose vocal merits are great, her facility of execution seemingly altogether without limit.

(To be continued.)

CLOUD-VISIONS.*

A fairy fleet came sailing
Over an opal sea,
A fleet of fleecy cloudlets
Spreading their sails for me.
With the angels' breath to waft them
Over the swelling tide,
Ever they sped and hastened,
Seeking to reach my side.

My weeping eyes had watch'd them
Sail from the setting sun,
With an angel child to guide them
Sitting in every one.
I gaz'd at the holy children,
Perchance one might be mine.
Oh! why was that sea so distant,
I could not reach its line?

So high, and so cruelly distant!
Yet I pierced its mighty space
With a cry soon heard and answer'd
By a child with an angel's face.
Who bent o'er his tiny vessel,
And stay'd the swelling sail,
And whisper'd to me, “O mourner,
So weary, and sad, and pale,
Your tears are the adverse current
I try to stem—and fail!”
I know not if I have dreamt it,
This strange, sweet phantasy;
But now the stretching Heavens
Seem ever a sea to me,
And, when the cloud-fleet cross it,
My tears they never see!

* Copyright.

“RITA.”

DRESDEN.—The post of Artistic Director of the Conservatory, formerly occupied by the late Director-General of Music, Herr Julius Rietz, has been conferred on Herr Franz Wüllner. The new director intends enlarging the present classes for practice in choral singing into a regular school. Furthermore, Dr Pabst will deliver a course of lectures on the history of the German Stage and its literature, while Herr Naumann will deliver another course on Musical Æsthetics.

* The Théâtre-Lyrique was at length permanently settled at the Théâtre de la Gaïeté in the autumn of 1875.

MUSIC A SCIENCE OF NUMBERS.

BY WILLIAM CHAPPELL.

The subject which I submit for your consideration this afternoon is the influence of numbers in music, as in the various combinations of consonances and dissonances which we hear every day, and to show how these are explained by the fundamental laws of the science.

Although music has appeared to many persons a difficult subject, it is really one of the most easily intelligible and one of the most firmly grounded of sciences. It is purely a science of numbers.

The consonances which charm the ear, such as the octave, twelfth, fifth, fourth, and the major and minor thirds, have two concurrent sets of vibrations; the one set produced by the lower string or pipe, and the other by the upper. Although they vibrate at different rates, yet there are periodical coincidences of vibration between them, and these coincidences sound with much more power upon the ear than the vibrations which are non-coincident, or sound apart. It has been calculated that two hammers striking simultaneously upon an anvil have, through the greater displacement of air, fourfold loudness, instead of merely double. The same law applies to musical sounds. Coincidence of vibration is more briefly expressed by its synonyme, "consonance;" and all non-coincident vibrations are included in "dissonances," meaning only that they sound apart. In a musical sense, dissonance is the medium between concord and discord, running from one into the other; for, in the most pleasing intervals, there are some non-coincident vibrations, and when these become very numerous, they overpower all concord. This will be shown in the sequel.

Suppose we take one long pianoforte string or an organ-pipe. The lowest sound it can produce will be that of its whole length, and this may be made the foundation of an entire scale of consonant notes, for every aliquot part of the length, being such as will measure without any remainder, will be also a multiple of the vibrations of No. 1. Thus No. 2, the octave, is half the length and vibrates twice as fast as the whole string. No. 3, the so-called twelfth, or octave and fifth, is a third of the length of No. 1, and it vibrates thrice as fast. Then, if we sound No. 3 with No. 2 instead of No. 1, we throw off the lower octave and have the fifth only, or 3 to 2. It is essential for consonance that the intervals should be aliquot parts of No. 1, for if otherwise, we should only create discord. The musical law is expressed very simply, that the number of vibrations is in inverse ratio to the length of a string.

The scale of all consonances is called the harmonic scale, copies of which are before you. It is exemplified by string or pipe. Let us consider, first, the *Æolian* harp, on which the winds alone produce the consecutive sounds. The strings are tuned in unison, except the two outmost, one on each side, and those are covered with wire, and tuned an octave lower. When the wind blows quickly enough to sound the bass strings, which we will suppose to have tuned to C on the bass clef, with 128 vibrations in a second of time, it is the whole string which sounds first, and the rapidity of the wind must be doubled before the harp will sound any change of note, and that note will be the octave above the first. It has already been said that the octave is produced by half the length of a string, and that it vibrates twice as fast as the whole—but mark the coincidence between the music and consecutive numbers; 1 and 2 have no note between them, although the sound jumps from the whole length to that of the half! When the bass strings sound the half length they have divided themselves into equal halves by a node, and that node creates tension in opposite directions, the one ventral segment pulling, as it were, against the other. These self-forming nodes may be easily seen by daylight, and at night by throwing a light upon the string. They were shown at our first *conversazione* in these rooms by Mr Spiller, and at the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association by Mr Ladd. The gust of wind which sounds the octave, or half length of the bass strings of the *Æolian* harp, sounds at the same time the whole length of the gut strings, because they are tuned to that pitch. Then, as the wind rises, subdivision goes on in both with every multiple of 128 vibrations for the bass, and of 256 vibrations for the tenor strings.

The reason for tuning the *Æolian* harp to a low pitch is, that the strings may be more easily acted upon by the wind. We read, poetically, of hanging one in a tree, but it requires a much stronger draught than it will get there, except during a hurricane, when no one will care to go to listen. Our late lamented Vice-President, Sir Charles Wheatstone, F.R.S., fixed a single violin string under a very draughty door, as an *Æolian* harp; and he calculated the increase of draught caused by lighting a fire in the room, and by the opening of an outer door, by the rising pitch of the note. The varieties produced by this string have been described as "simul-

taneous sounds," but they were purely consecutive. Anyone may satisfy himself that it could only be so, by repeating the experiment with a good violin string. The change of note is simultaneous with the change of nodes in the string. Mere undulations, or irregularities of vibration, will not change the note, but injure the quality of the tone. All the curves that a string may describe in vibration have been calculated by mathematicians, but only when nodes are formed are they of any importance in music.

Often have I experimented upon harmonics or natural sounds, in former years, and have watched the changes of node, and have heard the simultaneous change of note. The experiments may be tried by any one who has access to a harpsichord, or a very old grand pianoforte. The tension is too great in modern instruments to allow free play to the string. Raise the damper and strike one of the longest uncovered strings with a hard pianoforte hammer near the bridge. The changes follow in numerical order, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, as in the paper before you, and the sounds ascend by octave, fifth, fourth, major and minor third, harmonic seventh, to the third octave, and then to the major and minor tones. It is difficult to attain the highest of these numbers, but the harmonic seventh, No. 7, is readily distinguished by its unusual sound.

In the *Æolian* harp the rising pitch of the sounds is caused by the increasing rapidity of the wind; but it is not so on a pianoforte. It is there due to gradual contractions of the string till it ceases to vibrate, and sinks to rest. The vibrations of a long string are widely discursive, but they become gradually more and more contracted as the nodes of the string diminish in length. The point to be remarked is that the sounds jump over intermediate discords—all are consonances—all aliquot parts: all the sounds are multiples of No. 1. It matters not whether it be wind, string, or pipe; in each of them Nature teaches us the scale which is to resolve all musical doubts, all disputed chords. She indicates all the bases for musical intervals, the more remote ones adapted only for melody, and the nearest for consonant harmony.

To prove the case further we may take an illustration from a pipe. It must not be from those which have lateral openings, or keys, because they shorten the column of air artificially, but from such instruments as the coach horn, or hunting horn, the so-called French horn, or the trumpet without valves.

The fundamental tone, No. 1, or lowest sound it can produce, is derived from the whole column of air within the tube. To produce No. 2 the rapidity of the breathing must be doubled, and then the column of air within the horn divides himself into two equal halves, and the sound is an octave above; so that, if the first note be tenor C with 256 vibrations in a second of time, this treble C requires to be blown at the rate of 256 vibrations to produce it. Here, again, we arrive at the identification of sounds with numbers; for, just as there is no intermediate number between 1 and 2, so is there no intermediate sound between 1 and 2, its double in vibrations, produced by half its length, upon the horn. The numbers run both ways. They are fractions as to length of tube, and multiples as to vibrations. Again, just as there is an intermediate number between 2 and 4 (the second octave), so is there one intermediate sound, and one only; it is No. 3, which is produced by a third of the length of the tube, and is the fifth above No. 2. The fifth and fourth divide the vibrations of the octave equally between them, so that the fifth is three times No. 1, and the fourth immediately above it is four times. This, notwithstanding the diminution of the musical interval. The names which we have adopted for musical intervals are usually calculated from the keynote, as from C to E a third, from C to F a fourth, and from C to G a fifth, but these names are not real quantities and are rather confusing than an assistance. The octave is not an eighth but half, and the double octave is not a fifteenth, but a quarter of the length of No. 1, and vibrates four times as fast. Octaves are powers of 2, thus 2, 4, 8, 16, and 32 are successive octaves. But the octave 4 to 8 has only four sounds, and these are our major and minor third, and two others, divided by the harmonic seventh, which we do not use. From 8 to 16 are eight sounds, of which we use three, the major and minor tones, and the so-called diatonic semitone, as from B to C. It is really the smallest of the eight tones, and not a semitone. The next octave is from 16 to 32, and that is all of semitones, while 32 to 64 is all of quarter-tones. After that, the octave is divided into eighths, sixteenths, and thirty-second parts of tones, among which it is only useful to note (and that only among musicians and mathematicians), that the so-called "comma," having the ratio of 80 to 81, is the eighth of a tone above the third of any key—as it is above E in the key of C. We have lately had mathematicians among us who are not *musical*, and who have, therefore, proposed to divide an octave into "twelve equal semitones." This is pure geometry and not music. In music there

cannot be even two equal semitones within an octave. If our friends will only change their theme from twelve equal semitones into twelve *equally tempered* semitones, and give us their experience of the proposed sounds when heard *with the bass* (which seems not to have yet been taken into account,) we shall gladly avail ourselves of their research, on the grounds of modern expediency. In the meantime we must be content to leave the tempering of a scale in the hands of experienced practical men, who, judging only by their ears, as they always will, have hitherto satisfied our immediate requirements.

The interval of a fifth is 2 to 3 in ascending and 3 to 2 in descending, but, as the figures are usually placed over the upper note in scales, the 3 is written above the 2 as in the scale in your hands (the third of them), where it appears over G, referring to C as 2.

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Judging from the unanimous satisfaction expressed by the audience assembled on Monday to hear the most familiar and popular, if not exactly the best, of Verdi's operas, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre may be congratulated upon an undertaking which bids fair to be artistically successful and remunerative into the bargain. Because a large number of amateurs as partial to Italian operatic music as any of its special promoters during the regular season are prevented, through circumstances needing no explanation, from indulging in this exotic luxury at a period when all the world of fashion is in town, there seems no intelligible reason why they should be deprived of it altogether. The director hints thus much in his announcement and in his spirited resolve to try the experiment. The argument put forth in the second paragraph of his statement is not quite so clear. Dwelling upon the impracticability of presenting new or unknown works in the recognized season, he believes that a favourable opportunity will now be afforded for departing from the ordinary routine by which no operas are presented to the public but those with which it is already thoroughly familiar. The general conviction, however, is that precisely the "thoroughly familiar" will be most likely to attract at reduced prices in the winter; and Mr Mapleson himself would appear to have borne this in mind, seeing that he advertises but two novelties, one of which, by the way, can only be accepted as a "novelty" on the strength of certain modifications found expedient by the composer himself after its production at St Petersburg, for the Imperial lyric theatre of which capital it was expressly written. Here reference is meant to Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, which Mr Mapleson himself was first to introduce into this country at the old theatre in the Haymarket. The absolute novelty to us will be the *Ruy Blas* of Signor Marchetti, according to all accounts decidedly successful in various towns of Italy. It is to be hoped that an English verdict of approval may endorse that of Signor Marchetti's native country. At all events, his music will be quite new to our amateurs and connoisseurs.

In view of the actual series of performances certain alterations have been devised in the auditorium which in no way detract from the general opinion that the new Her Majesty's Theatre is one of the prettiest, if not one of the most strictly commodious, houses of entertainment the capital can boast. The entire centre of the grand tier of boxes has given place to a handsome "dress circle." The rows of stalls are reduced to eight, the remainder being devoted to what is ordinarily termed the "pit." Into the question of charges for admission it is not within our province to enter; nevertheless, it will hardly be out of place to suggest that a glance at the stalls and pit on Monday might lead to a suspicion that the prices—for the pit at any rate—are too high. The galleries were crowded; and from this department, as might have been expected, came chiefly the uproarious applause, "re-calls," and demands of "encore."

The *Traviata* was just the work to select for such an occasion; and seldom has its tuneful, spirited, and sometimes essentially dramatic, music been more heartily appreciated. The performance, it may at once be said, was remarkably effective. The leading characters were all more or less efficiently sustained by artists to whom the opera presented no sort of difficulty, and who, by the way, were one and all attached to Mr Mapleson's company during the summer of the present year. Then the orchestra, between fifty and sixty in number, with Signor Li Calsi, a thoroughly experienced conductor, at their head, and Mr Weist Hill, ably supported by Mr Amor, as principal violin, was in every respect competent, having no insignificant share in the successful result. The chorus, too, was highly efficient; and what opportunities Verdi has given to that important feature of his score need not be insisted on. The heroine of the evening was Mdle Caroline Salla, one of Mr Mapleson's most

valuable recent acquisitions. All the praises awarded to this lady's talents and endowments some months ago were fully justified on the present occasion. Although French by birth and training, Mdle Salla is rapidly acquiring the Italian method, which, once obtained, is the surest passport to the loftiest sphere of operatic song. Her Leonora is thoughtfully conceived and thoughtfully carried out—so well-balanced, indeed, as to satisfy the most exacting taste. Her vocalization is not yet perfect, and she should be warned against straining those notes in the higher register so lavishly taxed by Verdi—never famous for taking into account the physical resources of those charged with the representation of his soprano and tenor parts. This alone prevented her singing in the "Miserere" from being as irreproachable as her acting, in depreciation of which not a word can be justly written—for Mdle Salla is an actress of the genuine stamp. The scene, however, to which Signor Fancelli, the imprisoned lover, lent important aid, was encoored with enthusiasm, and repeated accordingly. Signor Fancelli's Manrico has been often described; and it is only requisite to add that in the lachrymose *andante*, "Ah! si ben mio," with its fiery sequel, "Di quella pira," he obtained the usual applause, added to a double re-call. Mdme Demeric-Lablache, by her forcibly dramatic impersonation of the witch, Azucena, also won the cordial approval of the audience; while Signor Galassi, as the Conte di Luna, was honoured by the never-failing encore for the air, "Il balen del suo sorriso," which he gave with strongly marked expression. The subordinate characters of Inez, Ruiz, and Fernando were allotted to Mdle Bauermeister (always welcome), Signors Rinaldini and Broccolini. The descent of the curtain was followed by reiterated plaudits, the leading artists being twice summoned before the lamps. It was altogether a most successful performance. As Mr Mapleson announces a fresh opera for every evening in the week, we must reserve future criticism for a general notice.—*Times*.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8th:—

Fantasia, in F major	W. T. Best.
Aria Pastorale, <i>Le Prophète</i>	Meyerbeer.
Toccata and Fugue, in C major	Bach.
Adagio and Finale, from the Notturmo for wind instruments	Spohr.
Bourrée, "Pastor Fido"	Handel.
Overture, founded on the Austrian Hymn	C. Haastinger.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 10th:—

Overture, <i>Stratonice</i>	Méhul.
Andante-Cantabile	Omer Guiraud.
Organ Concerto, in G major	Handel.
Duet, "La Regata Veneziana"	Rossini.
Air, with Variations, in G minor	J. L. Hatton.
Concertstück, in C minor	J. G. Töpfer.

DORA SCHIRMACHER AT THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC.

To Mdle Dora Schirmacher, a young lady of whom artistic Liverpool may be proud, the place of honour in the concert scheme was allotted, a position fully justified by her really splendid playing. Her *début*, some three years ago at the musical festival, gave promise of great things to be expected, and those anticipations were to the highest degree realized by her performances last evening. Her studies in Leipzig (where, at the Gewandhaus Concerts, her public successes have been great) have brought out her inborn powers, and it may now be unhesitatingly stated that Liverpool has added in her person another true artist to the great world of music. Schumann's grand concerto, noticeable, perhaps, more for the opportunity given to the performer to display the power to overcome the greatest difficulties than for catching popular ears, was played by Mdle Schirmacher with an originality of reading, an *élan* and *aplomb*, to be envied by players having the advantage of more years and enlarged experience. All the inner passages were delightfully brought out, whilst signs of the very best taste in giving expression to the composer's ideas were abundant. In her two selections from Chopin the first proved a splendid sample of *cantabile* playing, whilst the second was simply a wonderful display of digital dexterity. The young lady's success was undoubted and marked, and it may safely be prophesied that a great career is before her.—*Liverpool Courier*, Nov. 7.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE CONCERTS of the TWENTIETH SEASON will take place as follows, viz. :—

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 1877	MONDAY, Jan. 14, 1878	MONDAY, March 4, 1878
MONDAY, Nov. 19, 1877	MONDAY, Jan. 21, 1878	MONDAY, March 11, 1878
MONDAY, Nov. 26, 1877	MONDAY, Jan. 28, 1878	MONDAY, March 18, 1878
MONDAY, Dec. 3, 1877	MONDAY, Feb. 4, 1878	MONDAY, March 25, 1878
MONDAY, Dec. 10, 1877	MONDAY, Feb. 11, 1878	MONDAY, April 1, 1878
MONDAY, Dec. 17, 1877	MONDAY, Feb. 18, 1878	MONDAY, April 8, 1878
MONDAY, Jan. 7, 1878	MONDAY, Feb. 25, 1878	MONDAY, April 15, 1878

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Twenty MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given as follows, viz. :

SATURDAY, Nov. 17, 1877	SATURDAY, Jan. 19, 1878	SATURDAY, March 9, 1878
SATURDAY, Nov. 24, 1877	SATURDAY, Jan. 26, 1878	SATURDAY, March 16, 1878
SATURDAY, Dec. 1, 1877	SATURDAY, Feb. 2, 1878	SATURDAY, March 23, 1878
SATURDAY, Dec. 8, 1877	SATURDAY, Feb. 9, 1878	SATURDAY, March 30, 1878
SATURDAY, Dec. 15, 1877	SATURDAY, Feb. 16, 1878	SATURDAY, April 6, 1878
SATURDAY, Dec. 22, 1877	SATURDAY, Feb. 23, 1878	SATURDAY, April 13, 1878
SATURDAY, Jan. 12, 1878	SATURDAY, March 2, 1878	

AN EXTRA CONCERT,

(Not included in the Subscription), will be given

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 10, 1878.

On which occasion two of Beethoven's Posthumous Quartets will be performed.
Executants—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

THE FIRST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 12, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Schumann.
DUETS, { "Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege" } Mdles FRIEDLANDER	Mendelssohn.
{ "Wo hin ich gehe" } and REDEKER.	
VARIATIONS on a Theme in E flat, Op. 35, for pianoforte alone—Mdle ANNA MEHLIG	Beethoven.

PART II.

TRIO in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdle ANNA MEHLIG, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Sig. PIATTI	Mendelssohn.
DUETS, { "Beim Scheiden im Garten" } Mdles FRIEDLANDER	Rubinstein.
{ "Lied der Vögel" } and REDEKER.	
QUARTET in B flat, Op. 65, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Haydn.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.	

THE FIRST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 17, 1877.

To commence at Three precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in A minor, Op. 29, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Schubert.
SONG, "Thou'rt passing hence"—Mr SARTLEY	Sullivan.
VARIATIONS in F minor, for pianoforte alone—Mdle ANNA MEHLIG	Haydn.
ROMANCE in G, Op. 40, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA	Beethoven.
AIR, "Revenge, Timotheus cries"—Mr SARTLEY	Handel.
TRIO in B flat, Op. 52, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdle ANNA MEHLIG, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI	Rubinstein.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.	

Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

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Editorial, Advertisement, and Publishing Offices—1, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. P.O.O. payable to G. D. ERNEST & Co., at the Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, Post Office.

Subscription, post free 2s. 6d. Half Yearly; 5s. Yearly.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

DEATHS.

On October 18th, at Hastings, JOSEPH KIRKMAN, Esq., of Soho Square and Sunny Side, Gold Hawk Road, after a short illness, in his 88th year. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

On October 20th, at Colmar, Alsace, Madame STOCKHAUSEN, the once celebrated singer of Swiss and Tyrolean melodies, aged 75.

On October 26th, at Cologne, Herr PAUL LUTGEN, aged 65.

On October 26th, at 27, Lorne Gardens, Hanover Gate, in his 21st year, GEORGE, the only son of ADOLPHE POLLITZER.

On November 2nd, after very great suffering, Herr CASPAR SUPPUS, violinist, aged 77.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAUL MOIST.—Anaxagoras was not Anaximander, nor was Anaximander Anaximenes. These were Greeks. As well say that Averroes was Albohatus, and Albohatus Avicenna. These were Arabs. Ask Dr Francis Hueffer, who can tell you about Cornelius—the musician, not the painter.

DR GLUM.—No. Melkym Chacknazarian. Dr Glum is wrong about Dittersdorf. The composer of the *Battle of Prague* was Ditters, who signed himself "Kotzwara." Ignace Pleyel's "German Hymn" is an air with variations. His *Concertante* is quite a different thing. Ignace was a pupil and (in London) weak rival of Haydn. He wrote many quartets now unremembered. Camille Pleyel, the pianoforte manufacturer in Paris (husband of Marie Pleyel, the great pianist), was his son.

POLKAW.—Percy Bysshe Shelley has only left us five sonnets—"Ozymandias," "Lift not the painted veil," "Ye hasten to the dead," "Political Greatness," and "To Byron." Read them attentively. All are fine, but "Ozymandias" is a masterpiece. Read also the sonnets of Wordsworth.



At the Key and Vulture—Uttolizer.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—I can't!

DR STUMP.—You must!

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—I always thought that a pillar stood fixed as Cardinia—

DR STUMP.—The goddess? You mean Carna—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—Cardinia. She presided over hinges; but August insists that "the principal melody" * * * is, so to say—

DR STUMP.—"So to say"—good as "the mobbed Queen"—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—"So to say, the pillar of the whole structure" * * * on account of its reintroduction in most of the principal movements—

DR STUMP.—"Most of the principal movements"? How many principal movements?

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—I heard a great many too many, and was on the look out. But August says, "the soft melodious flow of orchestral sound"—

DR STUMP.—"Soft melodious flow" is good—a "soft flow" excellent, without "melodious"; a "soft flow of orchestral sound," "a flow of sound," in fact, is judicious.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—But how can "a pillar" be "reintroduced"? And how can a pillar "lead very effectively into its succeeding movement"? I thought a pillar was a stand-still—

DR STUMP.—As a stone—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—Or a sponge—

DR STUMP.—With no mouths—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—A sponge is all mouths. Ask Académus, who wrote about Schubert's symphony—

DR STUMP.—And a pillar cannot be a movement. Ask Sir Flam-borough—

Wraith of SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.



SIR FLAMBOROUGH (*pondering*).—By Jove! What does August mean by "after an extension of some twenty pages of the score"? Where's Arthur?

Lightning and thunder.

VOICE OF ARTHUR (*from Purgatory*).—Let me alone. I must come to the end of my "D," or I shan't get hence. You can't extend one page of the score, much less twenty. Let me alone!

SIR FLAMBOROUGH (*shivering*).—Oh, don't! "A tremolo E" what's that?

VOICE OF ARTHUR.—"A delicious rebelfry" * * * "a sudden stop through a sort of monologue." Let me be quiet and finish my D.

SIR FLAMBOROUGH (*pondering*).—Oh, blessed voice!

[Wraith vanishes.]

Pause.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—You see, I can't go.

DR STUMP.—You must—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—After what Arthur has declared?

DR STUMP.—Certainly. Leave Arthur to his "D." Besides, August says—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—"A. M."?

DR STUMP.—August says that the "sort of monologue"—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—What sort of monologue?

DR STUMP.—Pooh! The "sort of monologue"—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—"Monologue phrase"—

DR STUMP.—Monologue phrase seems to say—"I, Hercules, son of Jove"—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—What Hercules? There were forty-three of that name—

DR STUMP.—Hercules, Jove's son by Alcmena—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—Poor Amphytrion! Poor Iphiclus! Fortunate Eurystheus! Ask Huetter—

DR STUMP.—The "sort of monologue phrase seems to say"—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—According to August's interpretation, or that of Monsieur Saint-Saëns?

DR STUMP.—Bother Monsieur Saint-Saëns! According to August, the "sort of monologue would seem to say, 'I, Hercules, son of Jove, will not join the riotous train of Bacchus'—"

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—The choice of Hercules?

DR STUMP.—The choice of Hercules.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—Hercules was a muff. Virtue and pleasure may assort.

DR STUMP.—You must go to hear Saint-Saëns, if only for "the last point of the prefix," to which August refers.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—"The last point of the prefix" is good. I've heard it once, and don't want to hear it twice, that "point of the prefix."

DR STUMP.—But Saint-Saëns—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—Who, by the shade of Heliogabalus, is Saint-Saëns?

DR STUMP.—He that represents flames by "little flickering mordants"—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—Bites?

DR STUMP.—"Mordants in the wood wind"—

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—"Wood wind" is good; so is "flickering mordants." But seriously, what is Saint-Saëns?

DR STUMP.—"Something about Wagner," according to the Baron Charles Mouton de Kenni.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—I can't!

DR STUMP.—You must! You shall have a preciput.

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS.—Preciput be blowed! I went!

VOICE OF ARTHUR (*from Purgatory*).—Ach Teufel! Donner und Blitzen! I shall never finish my "D." (*Lightning and thunder.*) Where's Head?

WRAITH OF SIR FLAMBOROUGH (*faintly, from afar*).—Ubi!

PROFESSOR FOURLEGS and DR STUMP (*in unison*).—Both this old inn! It's haunted. (*Exeunt hurriedly from Key and Vulture.*)

To Dr Francis Hueffer.

Schluss folgt.

RONCONI.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your correspondent, "D. P.," has made a note upon my article on "Opera in France," &c., to the effect that I had forgotten "the brief reign of Ronconi." Had he carried his eye a few lines above, he would have seen that the management of the Théâtre-Italien by Ronconi was duly recorded in its proper place—i.e., immediately preceding that of Mr Lumley. Signor Corti had the theatre for the season of 1852-3; Ragani for 1853-4 and 1854-5; and Calzadò undertook the direction in the autumn of 1855.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

14, Arlington Street, Nov. 6, 1877.

[How about Bagier?—D. P.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is to be hoped that Arabella Goddard, in the course of her tour in the British isles, may not come across Dr Hans von Bülow, at Glasgow. She might prove that the "petticoat" was better than the "swan-tail" and "opera hat." Gounod promised to pick up all the notes that Arabella let fall during her performance of a concerto at the Crystal Palace. At the end, when Arabella asked for them, the gallant Frenchman said—"Madame, j'ai les poches vides." Had Dr Hans von Bülow asked the same favour of the composer of *Faust*, that composer would, at the conclusion, in all probability, have said—"Monsieur, j'ai les poches remplies. J'en ai même plein le gilet."

MILAN.—The first appearance of Adelina Patti at the Scala, as the heroine of the *Traviata*, was an overwhelming success. More next week.

It is pretty generally known that the musical papers left by Mendelssohn at his death were ceded by his heirs to the Royal Library, Berlin, on condition that the State should give 4,200 marks annually for distribution among students of music. After the papers had been handed over to the authorities of the Library, one of the heirs became incapable of managing his affairs, and the guardian of his children, who are minors, has protested against his wards' share in the papers being given up without a pecuniary equivalent, which he estimates at 21,000 marks. His claim will be paid by the Government, and an item for the amount inserted in the next budget. The students' allowance will, however, be diminished in consequence 1,050 marks a year.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

NORTH BRITTON HALL.—The third of the series of concerts, under the direction of Mr Richard Mackway, took place on Monday evening, when several duets, trios, and rounds were sung to the satisfaction of the audience. Messrs Richard Mackway and Prestridge gave, with effect, Benedict's "The moon has raised" (*Lily of Killarney*); Mr R. Mackway sang Ascher's popular "Alice, where art thou?" gaining unanimous applause, as did Mrs Prestridge in Randegger's "Cradle Song." Misses Julia Craven, Louise Stevenson, Messrs H. J. Whittingback, and Sidney Mackway were the other vocalists. Mr Robert Goodwin accompanied the music.

MR JOHN CROSS, a young and rising tenor singer, gave his "first concert" on Monday evening, the 20th ult., at Barnsbury Hall, Islington, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was well attended. Mr Cross sang, with taste and feeling, "Home of my heart" (*Lurline*), and was called upon to repeat Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" Mmes Tennant, Lisé Thomas, Cooke, Messrs Rawlinson, Hicks, and Norman were the other vocalists. Miss Lizzie Dell and Mr John Jefferys were the solo pianists. Mr Jefferys also accompanied the vocal music.

MR SYDNEY SMITH gave his first pianoforte recital on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 7th, in Willis's Rooms. The vocalists were Mdle Ida Corani and Mr Cummings; the pianist was Mr Sydney Smith, assisted by a pupil; the accompanists being Sir Julius Benedict and Mr W. Ganz. The following is a list of the pieces played by Mr Sydney Smith with his well-known execution and expression:—

Prelude and Fugue, in D major (Bach); Gigue in G minor (Handel); Sonata in A major (Scarlatti); "Cynthia," Serenade, and "Souvenir de Bal," Valse Caprice (Sydney Smith); Fantasia on Wagner's opera, *The Flying Dutchman* (Sydney Smith); Impromptu, in G flat (Chopin), and Air Hongrois (Liszt); "Undine," Study, for the Left Hand alone, on "Com' è gentil" (by request), and "Le Bivouac," Caprice Brillante.

Mr Sydney Smith's new compositions, "Cynthia," and "Souvenir de Bal"—the first an elegant serenade, and the last a brilliant valse caprice—are, judging from the effect they produced upon the audience, likely to rank with the most admired of the pianist-composer's works. The applause, at the conclusion of each, was hearty and unanimous. Mr Sydney Smith did not fail to let his admirers hear some of their old favourites. He gave them "Undine," "Le Bivouac," and his famous study for the left hand (introducing "Com' è gentil"), with so much effect that he had great difficulty in resisting the evident wish of the audience to hear them over again. Besides the pieces named, Mr Sydney Smith played, with his clever pupil, Miss Annie Wilson, the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, and Thalberg's Concertante Duet on Themes from *Norma*, arranged for two pianofortes. Mdle. Ida Corani sang a cavatina by L. Rossi, an aria by Ricci, and "The Page's Song" (one of the recent popular contributions to the repertoire of the Promenade Concerts at the Royal Italian Opera House), composed by Signor Arditì. After each

performance, the young and clever vocalist received well-merited applause. Mr Cummings, always welcome, gave, with artistic expression, Beethoven's "Adelaide," a charming song of his own composition, "Star Gazing," and Mr Roeckel's "Only for thee." Mr Ganz was accompanist.

A CONCERT was given by Sig. Jervis Rubini in the Vestry Hall, Chelsea, on Thursday, November 1, before a numerous audience. Amongst the vocalists was Miss Matilda Roby, whose rendering of Signor Fiori's "Beloved" deserves special commendation. Able assistance was given by Miss Helène Arnim, Messrs Rudland, Rubini, Kruse, and George Weige. Mdle Vittoria de Bono performed some violin solos in a highly satisfactory manner, and Mdle Laura Fioretti and M. Emile von Koettlitz, pianists, contributed solos and duets, which added materially to the pleasure of the evening.

PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—On Saturday, November 3rd, the City Hall was crowded. Mdme Sinico-Campobello, Miss Emma Howson, Messrs Campobello, Hilton, and Shakespeare were engaged as vocalists, and M. Niedzielski as violinist. "The most artistic singing of the evening," says the *Glasgow Herald*, "was displayed by Mr William Shakespeare, in Handel's 'Deeper and deeper still.' Many of the passages were delivered with a breadth of phrasing and conception such as are but rarely heard. His rendering of Bennett's charming song, 'Maiden Mine,' was equally fine. A popular item was the duet for Mr Shakespeare and Mr Hilton—'Love and War'—of course, encores. It is gratifying to find that the endeavours of the directors of the Abstinents' Union to give concerts supported by such distinguished artists meet with their just reward."

Will of Teresa Tietjens.

The will and codicil, both dated August 21, 1877, of Mdle Teresa Carolina Johanna Tietjens, late of No. 51, Finchley New Road, St John's Wood, who died on the 3rd ult., were proved on the 26th ult. by Alfred Markby and Charles Green, the executors, the personal estate in England being sworn under £16,000. As the accounts as to the disposition of her property which have already appeared are very misleading, we now give a correct abstract. The testatrix bequeaths to her sister, Henrietta Bell, £1,000; to her sister, Augusta Theresa Kruls, £200; to her cousin, Emma Drögemöller, £500; and to her executors, £100 each, all free of legacy duty. Her freehold house, No. 51, Finchley New Road, her freehold ground-rents in Belsize Road, and her leasehold house, No. 53, Finchley New Road, the testatrix leaves upon trust for her said sister, Augusta Theresa Kruls, for life, and at her death to her (testatrix's) niece, Augusta Kruls, absolutely. All her furniture, plate, household effects, jewelry, laces, horses, and carriages, she gives to her two nieces, Augusta Kruls and Maria Bevigiani; £5,000 is left upon trust for her brother, Peter Tietjens, for life, and after his decease to all his children. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves upon trust for her sister, Augusta Theresa Kruls, for life, and afterwards for her three children, Fritz Kruls, Augusta Kruls, and Maria Bevigiani. Any property or interest given to any female is to be for her separate use, and free from the control, interference, or debts of any husband. The testatrix declares that she is a naturalised British subject, and domiciled in England.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—The prospectus for the 46th season has just been issued. The season is to commence on Friday, 23rd November, with a performance of Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, Mmes Edith Wynne and Patey and Messrs Vernon Rigby and Santley being principal vocalists. This will be followed by Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, on 14th December, and the same composer's *Messiah* on 21st December. The after Christmas concerts will be devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Crotch's *Palestine*, Costa's *Naaman*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*. The great novelty of the season will be the production, for the first time in England in a complete form in the concert orchestra, of Rossini's celebrated oratorio, *Moses in Egypt* (*Mosè in Egitto*). Sir Michael Costa continues as conductor, and the principal vocalists already engaged are Mdmes Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Osgood, Blanche Cole, Anna Williams, Julia Elton, and Patey; Messrs Vernon Rigby, E. Lloyd, Cummings, L. W. Thomas, and Herr Henschel, and Mr Santley.

LISZT AT ROME.*



The other day at a service held in the church of Santa Maria dell' Anima to celebrate the Saint's day of the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, the Abbate Liszt was conspicuous above anyone else for the number of his decorations. We saw only his breast; if we had gently raised his short cloak, we might, perhaps, have perceived the distinctive mark of a chamberlain, a key fastened or embroidered on the right hand side of his cassock, for the reader must know that Liszt is a chamberlain at the courts of several reigning princes, one of these courts being that of Saxe-Weimar. People have not forgotten the first time he displayed all his decorations. It was on Easter Sunday, in the basilica of St Peter, on the occasion of his first visit to Rome, some fifteen years ago. He wore a dress coat and white necktie and followed the procession, creating a profound impression on the crowd. He attended at this epoch the Cartani saloons, the rendezvous of all the literary and artistic celebrities of Rome, and the saloons of the Princess Rospigliosi, originally Duchess of Cadore, where there was a great consumption of wit every evening. He soon became the lion of the season. Whenever the Princess gathered her intimate friends around her, and Liszt promised to make one of these privileged beings, the Princess never failed adding, in the form of a postscript to the cards of invitation: "M. Liszt will be with us." Whereupon her friends flocked around her. Liszt is averse to playing at parties for the behoof of amateurs. One evening, when he had gone to one of the excellent dinners given at the Academy of France by M. Schnetz, its director, the French Ambassador, M. de Grammont, I believe, who was one of the party, begged Liszt to sit down at the piano. Liszt refused point blank; the ambassador, however, was not disconcerted. "Monsieur Liszt," he said, "in the name of the Emperor, I ask you to take your place at the piano." "I bow at the name of the Emperor," replied Liszt, "and I obey." But he rarely played more than a single piece. One evening he dined at the table of a duchess, who thought she might ask him to play something. He did so. Not satisfied with this, the lady asked him to play a second time. This was too much for Liszt, who observed that he had fully paid for his dinner.



Liszt's visit to Rome was made for an object which he pursued with great activity. He wanted to obtain from Pius IX. a divorce for the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein, whom he wished to marry. The report had already got bruited about that the Pope had granted the divorce, when one fine day Liszt left, without saying good-bye to any one. His marriage had ended in smoke, *seu fumus in auras*, and his friends received a visiting card bearing the words: "Abbate Liszt, the Vatican." He had actually installed himself at the Vatican, where he followed up the object he had in view. The post of master of the Sistine chapel had been vacant since the death of the celebrated Bazili. Liszt contended for the honour of replacing him. But at the Vatican the music of the present is preferred to the music of the future, and the pianist's application remained unheeded. From the Vatican he passed to the Monastery del Rosario on Monte Mario, whence he used to drive down of an evening to town, reading his breviary by a lamp which he had had hung up inside his carriage. At present he is the guest of Cardinal von Hohenlohe, at the Villa d'Este, Tivoli.



CHEMNITZ.—The Singacademie lately celebrated the 60th anniversary of its foundation.

* From an article published, some little time ago, in the *Italia*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE CONCERTS.

The Classical Saturday Concerts of the Alexandra Palace, which had been for awhile suspended, were re-commenced on Saturday last with every prospect of success. The musical direction has been confided to Mr Frederic Archer, the able organist of the Palace, who has succeeded in collecting a fine orchestra of fifty-two performers, with Mr A. Burnett as leader, MM. Zerbini (viola), Boumann (violin), Radcliff (flute), Horton (oboe), Tyler (clarinet), T. Harper (trumpet), Hutchings (bassoon), Mann and Waterson (horns), C. Harper (contrabasso), Hughes (ophicleide), and other artists of well-known ability. The first half of the concert consisted of selections from Mendelssohn. The performance of the A major symphony sufficed to show the excellent quality of the orchestra and the remarkable ability of the conductor. Mr Archer was evidently master of the score; a finer performance of the symphony it would be difficult to conceive. The beautiful second movement, *andante con moto*, was encored. The *presto saltarello* was taken rather more rapidly than usual, and with good results. The execution of the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with which the concert began, had the strings been completely audible in the *ppp.* parts, and the bass trombone less predominant in the *tutti*, might have been pronounced almost faultless. In Weber's *Oberon* overture, Mr Mann and Mr Waterson greatly distinguished themselves in the horn passages. The Alexandra Palace Choir gave the choruses from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, and the triumphal chorus from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, in only a few instances showing that further rehearsal would have been advisable. A *duo concertante* for flute and pianoforte, composed by Mr F. Archer, admirably played by that gentleman and Mr Radcliff, is nevertheless more appropriate to a drawing-room than to so large an arena. The principal vocalists were Mrs Patey, who gave "O rest in the Lord" delightfully, and Mr Pearson, who sang "The Garland" and "Eily Mavourneen" with much taste. The audience, numbering over 3,000, were hearty in their applause. The concert ended with the Coronation March from Meyerbeer's *Prophete*. The Saturday Classical Concerts will be continued at intervals of a fortnight, and on the intervening Saturdays Handelian performances are to be given in the Central Hall by the Alexandra Palace Choir, accompanied on the great organ by Mr Frederic Archer.—*Globe*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

One might reasonably conceive that those who manage the music at Sydenham have enough to do, in order to keep before them the whole range of classic art. But with all this, they contrive to have an eye upon the calendar. Not an anniversary of importance escapes them, and so surely as the time of an illustrious birth or death draws near, so surely do we receive an intimation from the Palace that it will meet with a formal recognition. Saturday last was, within a day, the thirtieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's death. On Nov. 4th, 1847, the overworked brain of the most popular and, in some respects, the greatest composer of his time ceased to labour, while as yet work lay around unfinished, and the sanguine soul, forgetful of the worn-out body, was looking forward to even higher things. And on the 3rd of November immediately past some thousands of amateurs, belonging to the people who appreciated Mendelssohn so well, gathered to hear in *memoriam* one of his greatest works. It is something for a man's fame, not only to endure for a generation, but to be a power at the end of it; and this is the best answer to all the silly folk who, because every hero must needs be the butt of a lot of unheroic carpers, chatter deprecatingly about the author of *Elijah*. In view of the place Mendelssohn retains among his brethren, the very force of contrast reminds us of Wagner's sneer concerning him—"Having nothing to say, he said it in a gentlemanly manner." So, then, is it to "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" that the world has listened for thirty years without finding out its hollowness and emptiness? And, having for all that time worshipped what it thought to be a god, has the world really adored a genteel tailor's dummy? So says the Oracle of Bayreuth; but the weight of evidence is against him, and for the present we shall go on esteeming the gentlemanly nothings of Mendelssohn, even as a select few regard the rugged and ponderous utterances of his detractor.

The Mendelssohn programme of Saturday included, first, the overture to *St Paul*; next, the air, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," from the same oratorio; and, lastly, the *Lobgesang*. . . . It was gratifying to hear the prelude to *St Paul* so well executed; it was gratifying to hear Miss Mary Davies—who would be a great singer if nature had given her adequate physical power—deliver the touching air with so much pathos; and it was, above all, a treat to receive the symphonic movements of the cantata as rendered to perfection by the band. The solos in the

Lobgesang were entrusted to Miss Robertson, Miss Mary Davies, and Mr Barton McGuckin, at whose hands they had a satisfactory measure of justice. Music of this kind does not show off Miss Robertson's distinctive qualifications, but the young lady acquitted herself throughout with intelligence, and should be specially commended for observing, in the short solo, "The night is departing," the precedent first set, in Exeter Hall, by Madame Nilsson, who made it fall on the ear as though sung in the distant heavens. Mr McGuckin did good service in the great *scena*, "The sorrows of death," of which he showed an artistic comprehension, and for the interpretation of which he possesses adequate vocal means. Mr Manns, as usual, conducted the instruments admirably

The novel feature at this concert was a concerto (MS.) for violin and orchestra, written by Herr Max Bruch for Señor Sarasate, who played it on Saturday for the first time in public. Herr Bruch himself conducted, so that the work was heard to the greatest possible advantage, and, we must add, made a legitimate impression. Although based, as to structure, upon classic forms, it is in certain respects a very individual composition. Thus, the first movement is an *adagio* instead of an *allegro*, and the second a semi-rhapsodical recitative instead of a carefully wrought-out *adagio*. The finale is a *rondo* in the old and well-established form. Taken as a whole, the aim of the concerto is not pretentious. Instead of a symphony with violin solo, such as Beethoven wrote, Herr Bruch has given us a solo in three movements, with orchestral accompaniments and interludes, *secundum artem*. He was, perhaps, wise to aim no higher, because then he might have missed his mark, whereas now he has hit it. All the movements are interesting, and adapted to display the soloist; but we like best the *adagio*, which, in its alternation of tender pleading and passionate remonstrance, brings to mind the chief and most touching characteristic of Schubert's genius. Señor Sarasate played admirably; with no great power of tone, it is true, but with real taste, and perfect mastery over the resources of his instrument. Both composer and executant were twice called back to receive the plaudits of the audience.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Hans von Bülow and Cherubino.

(From the London "Figaro.")

I have received a good-humoured and quite characteristic letter from Dr Hans von Bülow, and of which I append a translation. The occasion for Dr von Bülow's courtesy has passed, but both the letter and its enclosure are so exceedingly characteristic that they will still be of interest to all. There are some points on which I must confess I am not in agreement with Dr von Bülow. But that he can write a capital letter there is no question whatever. I fear I did contribute to Dr von Bülow's "bad humour," but I fancy the contest hurt neither of us:—

"DEAR CHERUBINO,—Some years ago you did me the honour to ask me to add my autograph to your collection of celebrated and more or less guilty criminals. I abstained at the time from acceding to your caprice, as I was in a very bad humour. Confess, my dear sir, that you had done your best to contribute to it.

"To-day, as I no longer dispute the palm with the half-dozen petticoat pianists about whom *St James's Hall* goes mad, and only considering London as a station on the road to Scotland—moreover, appreciating very highly the political tendencies and social wit of the *London Figaro*—I cannot resist the inclination to repair my former puerile but honest incivility. If this does not suit you, light your cigarette with the enclosed scrap, and throw it into your fireplace. America has so pachydermatized me that there is no longer a chance of wounding me by such proceeding.

"Your very humble servant,

"HANS VON BÜLOW.

"Sydenham, November 6, 1877.

"Napoleon III., amongst other good things, has emitted the axiom that 'one destroys only that which one replaces.' Replace, then, as soon as possible, in the interest of good music, Messrs W. C., A. M., Dr. W., by Messrs Henry Gadsby, Charles Hallé, Arthur Sullivan. Everybody will be gratified, and the intelligence of the minority will be as well satisfied as the instinct of the majority of His Majesty the Public.

"Hans von Bülow.

"Sydenham, 6th November, 1877."

[Now, ye time-serving, virtuoso-hunting "petticoat pianists," say a word for yourselves. Arthur Chappell *won't* do it, if you *don't*; but "Cherubino" *will*. If not, an appeal should be made to Anton Rubinstein, who is certainly not of the "petticoat" order of pianists.—E. J.]

BURNAND ON'S BOX.

(To the Editor of "The Theatre.")

SIR,—In *The Theatre* of the 30th I find:—"The *Musical Box* at the Gaiety still refuses to 'go,' and will soon give place to the promised version of *La Cigale*." This statement is incorrect, and is unfair both to the actors and to my adaptation of *Le Homard*. I admit that the works might have been a trifle stiff on the two first representations, when, perhaps, either the *Musical Box* wanted oiling, or the audience had not been sufficiently wound up. But I saw it last week, and, so far from refusing to "go," it was "going" immensely. The laughter from a crowded house was hearty and continuous, and there was a genuine "call" for the performers. I am not saying anything about the merits or demerits of this nonsensical trifle, which is capitally acted all round. All I do say is, that I have seldom heard a farce go better than the *Musical Box* on the night in question. I am told that this was not an exception, but that it goes equally well every night. Of course, my *Musical Box* will be withdrawn when *La Cigale* is ready, as the latter is a three-act comedy-drama. With this and a short *lever de rideau*, and the burlesque to finish, the programme will be full enough in all conscience. Had the *Musical Box* "refused to go," it would soon have gone—out of the Gaiety bill; Mr Hollingshead being about the last manager in London to run a failure.—I remain, sir, faithfully yours,

F. C. BURNAND.

Friday, Nov. 2, 1877.



MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since the date of my last letter there has been no lack of musical entertainment in this city. Mr Hallé's weekly concerts have recommenced, and the twentieth season of these justly-renowned performances seems likely to be as brilliant as any of its predecessors. The band was never so strong, and one realizes in listening how great is the advantage of constant practice, without which it is, of course, impossible to secure those lights and shadows of orchestral effect which never fail to gratify experienced amateurs. At the first of these concerts, a fortnight ago, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Beethoven's Festival Overture, and a new overture, *The Normans*, by Dietrich, were in the programme. Mr Hallé played, with the orchestra, Chopin's Spianato and Polonaise, and, as a solo, Raff's Menuet and Tambourin in B flat. Herr Henschel was the singer. Last Thursday Mendelssohn's *St Paul* was given, with Mmes Sherrington and Patey, Messrs Guy and Henschel, as principal singers. Herr Henschel's delivery of the solos of *St Paul* created a great sensation. It is long since Germany has sent us so finished a vocal artist. Perfect phrasing—in fact, an irreproachable method, combined with rare dramatic instinct and unflinching taste—enable this young artist to achieve the highest kind of success. The performance of *St Paul* was gratifying in other respects, and the choir well drilled by the zealous chorus-master, Mr Hecht, had been strengthened by the addition of nearly fifty boys, whose fresh voices told well in the chorales.

At the Concert Hall, the band of which has been considerably augmented, there was an interesting concert last week, the chief orchestral feature of which was a *Suite* by Lachner. Mlle Mehlig played one of Chopin's concertos, and Miss Gaetano was the singer.

Mr De Jong's second fortnightly concert was very well attended. In addition to the orchestral performers, the singing of a vocal party, including Mdme Sinico, Miss Howson, Mdle Franchi, Messrs Shakespeare, Hilton, and Campobello, gave great pleasure.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company is attracting large audiences this week at the Prince's Theatre, and among the novelties promised are Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* and Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.

The Kennedy's Scotch entertainments have proved very popular in Manchester. Since John Wilson's time we have never heard the songs of Scotland so admirably sung, and Mr Kennedy combines humour and pathos so artistically that he would have achieved a great success on the stage, had his ambition turned in that direction.

Herr Max Bruch, the distinguished German composer, visited Manchester about a fortnight ago. He was entertained at dinner by the Liedertafel, and attended a *conversazione* of the St Cecilia Society, where he accompanied Herr Straus in a Romance for the violin.

Manchester, November 7th, 1877.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LIVERPOOL.

In these days of higher musical development and the Wagnerian "Tone Drama," with its ghouls, goblins, ghosts, mythological birds and beasts, patent fog, concealed orchestra, and all its other aids to a proper and well-regulated intellectual emotion, it is almost a condescension on the part of a musical critic to sit through the meanderings of an old-fashioned work like an opera by Rossini, Verdi, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Auber, or even Beethoven. Doubtless these were all great men, but their ideas of musical drama were decidedly illogical. They wrote melodiously, and observed the laws of musical form and development; their music gave pleasure, either in or out of the opera, and people came away from hearing it with its melodies still haunting the willing mind. But this is all being changed, and the prophets teach us that melody is vulgar, that form is a mere antiquated embarrassment, and that, for philosophical reasons, exaggerated fairy tales make a better foundation for the construction of a "tone drama" than do the merely human incidents which constitute the plots of most operas of the past. But, as we are writing for many who are not yet quite educated up to this belief, and who don't think it a sin to enjoy music which they can follow and comprehend, we feel no compunction in recording the success of the short season of Italian Opera at the Alexandra Theatre. The works chosen for representation were well rendered, and included *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and *Der Freischütz*. The great merit of the representations has been in the excellent all-roundness of the various casts; and, to particularise, we should have to give a perfect catalogue of names, a great many known to Liverpool opera-goers, and a few not known. Foremost among the latter are Mdle Caroline Salla, who appeared on Monday night as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*; and Mdle Anna de Bellocca, who essayed the part of Rosina in Rossini's delightful *Barbiere*. The former with a very fine voice and finished style, surmounted the difficulties of the exacting part allotted to the heroine in Verdi's opera with the greatest success. Mdle de Bellocca is also a highly cultivated vocalist. We have to welcome the reappearance of Signori Bettini and Foli in Mr Mapleson's company—the one for his voice, and the other for his perfect vocalisation. Band and chorus were excellent and responded to the *baton* of the able conductor Signor Li Calsi, with intelligence, the general result being an *ensemble* seldom surpassed on the provincial stage. The mounting of the several operas was exceedingly good, and reflected credit upon the resources of Mr Saker's establishment.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

SONNET.—THE SKY SONNAMBULIST.*

Oh spirit of the night, why dost thou roam
That cold immensity of calm, the sky?
What crazy dreams have led thee from thy home
Of the Western slumbers? Do thy fancies fly,
With sleep's strange wings, to piercing heavens' dome?
And, revelling free beyond, does thy heart sigh
For Liberty's twin sister, Love? Dost yearn,
Oh splendid slave, whose daily couriers burn
Their path through beauty—yearn'st for sympathy,
That wire of the heart, without which no delight
Is pure? A mortal thou couldst not discern
For littleness; and whom thy mournful light
Makes sleepless, his yearnsharing soul doth turn
On thee, and seek desire's content to learn.

* Copyright.

Pelkato.

"BUY A BROOM."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The following extract from Parke's *Musical Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 229, relates to the subject of your correspondent's query:—

"1826. Vauxhall Gardens opened for the season on the 20th of May. The new managers engaged the following eminent performers: Mdme Vestris, Mdme Cornega, Miss Stephens, &c., as singers, and Mr Bishop as composer and director. Bishop's talent lay dormant nearly the whole of the season; he produced nothing but a ballad, called 'Buy a broom.'"

The words of this ballad were by J. R. Planché. It was published in 1826 by Goulding; but as the title-page states that it was "sung by Miss Love at Vauxhall," it would seem not to have been adopted by Mdme Vestris until afterwards.—Yours truly, G. A. C.

WAIFS.

It is stated that Verdi is busy on a fresh opera.

Professor Julius Stern is progressing favourably.

Ole Bull, after visiting Milan, is now at Brussels.

Sylvia is a hit at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Circo Milano, Turin, has been sold to a tramway company.

Gounod's *Faust* was performed at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the 550th time, on the 6th October.

Mdle Marie Dumas resumed her Sunday morning *matinées* at the Théâtre-Lyrique on the 4th inst.

The hundredth performance of *Paul et Virginie* at the Théâtre-Lyrique took place on the 3rd inst.

The Pope has created Sig. Augusto Moriconi, organist of St Peter's, a knight of the Order of San Silvestro.

The Schubert Society held their first meeting on Wednesday, for the practice and trial of new compositions.

Signora Teresa Singer has gone to Naples, where she is to make her *début* at the San Carlo as the heroine in *Norma*.

Herr Albert Parlow, of Stettin, is about to make a tour through Germany and Belgium with his orchestra of 130 musicians.

The health of Sig. Coppola has lately occasioned serious anxiety. The veteran composer is more than eighty-six years of age.

M. Faure left Paris a short time since for the Hague, whence he intended visiting Brussels, to sing in *Faust* and *Hamlet*.

Mad. Marchesi has resigned her professorship of singing in the Vienna Conservatory and accepted a similar post at Brussels.

Under the signature of "Italicus," the King of Sweden contributes excellent musical criticisms to one of the leading Stockholm papers.

"Lord, have mercy on us, miserable singers," would be an appropriate opening prayer for many churches where they have congregational singing.

M. Gevaert, director of the Brussels Conservatory, lately made a short stay in Milan. He is collecting materials for his *History of the Music of Antiquity*.

The first performance of the New York Oratorio Society this season is announced for the 15th inst., *Judas Maccabæus* being the work selected for the occasion.

Dr Gunz has been created an honorary member of the Dutch *Matschappij tot Bevordering der Toonkunst*, and invited to visit Rotterdam to receive his diploma.

Herr Johann Strauss's new work, *La Tsiganne*, which is really the music of *Die Fledermaus* fitted to a new libretto, has been successfully produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance.

Mad. Marie Roze will sail early next month for America, to fulfil her engagement as a member of the Strakosch company, which will include also Mad. Ilma di Murska, Miss Kellogg, and Miss Cary.

Messrs C. Kegan Paul & Co., are about to publish a volume of sermons by the late Charles Kingsley, entitled *All Saints' Day, and other Sermons*, which will contain his last sermon preached in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Blanche Lucas, who has been singing lately at Messrs Gatti's Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, is—says *The Courier*—"established in public favour, her appearance being always the signal for prolonged applause."

Macfarren's Opera company commenced a six nights' engagement at the Alexandra Theatre and Operahouse last evening, with Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. Further particulars next week.—*Choir*. [Who's Macfarren?—D.]

Signor Schira's opera, *La Selvaggia*, already received in various towns of Italy with such unanimous favour, is to be immediately produced at the Liceo, at Barcelona, after Gounod's *Faust* and the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer.

M. Visentini has opened a subscription for thirty nights (Thursdays), extending over seven months, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The price for an admission to the *avant-scènes* is 1,800 francs, while an orchestra-stall costs 250.

The season was inaugurated at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, on the 4th inst., with *Pohuto*, the principal characters being sustained by Mlle Urban, Signori Tamberlik, Pandolfini, and de Reszké, with Sig. Usiglio as conductor.

Among the novelties promised this winter at the Czech Theatre, Prague, are *Zavis*, a four-act romantic opera by Rozkosny; *Selma Sedláčková*, a two-act comic opera, by Dworák; and a new version of Smetana's opera, *Die Vdova*.

Herr Johann Strauss has left Paris for Vienna. He will return, however, accompanied by his brother, Herr Eduard Strauss, to the former capital during the Grand International Exposition and bring with him his famous Vienna Orchestra.

ZARÉ THALBERG.—Many offers have been made to this charming and accomplished *prima donna* to sing at the Liceo, in Barcelona, where she now resides, previous to her return to fulfil her engagement with Mr Gye, at the Royal Italian Opera. Up to this moment, however, she has declined all propositions.

Sig. Sivori and Herr Raphael Joseffy, the Hungarian pianist, commenced on the 1st inst. a concert tour through Italy. The tour will last till the middle of next April. [Why don't Joseffy come to London, and match himself with our Bülows, Rubinstains, &c. We would back him against any of them, now that Tausig is gone.—D. P.]

Among the artists secured by M. Strakosch, for his European and American tour, is Mlle Estella de la Mar, who has received her artistic education at the expense of the King of Holland, and is a pupil of M. Georges Cabel's. Though only 17, she is to be paid 200,000 francs for her five years' engagement, and her stage-name is to be "*Faustina*" (after Boccaccio?).

In our obituary of this day we record the death of Herr Caspar Suppus, the violinist, a native of Mayence. He came to this country with Herr Schumann's German opera company, in 1840, when Mr Ganz, the father of Mr Wilhelm Ganz, was conductor. Herr Suppus died on the 2nd November, at 24, King Street, Soho, at the age of 77, leaving a widow (aged 82), totally unprovided for.

The following novelties will be produced this winter at the Paris Opéra-Comique: *Une Nuit de Noces*, three acts, words by MM. Sardou and de Narjac, music by M. Deffès; *Suzanne*, three acts, words by MM. Cormon and Lockroy, music by M. Paladilhe; *Pépita*, two acts, M. Delahaye; *Le Chariot*, one act, words by M. Daudet, music by M. Léon Delahaye; one act by M. Théodore Dubois; and three acts by M. de Narjac, with posthumous score by Grisar. To this list must be added the revivals of *Le Déserteur*, *Cinq-Mars*, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *L'Étoile du Nord*, and *La Perle du Brésil*. [Not a word about Auber! *Fi donc!* The Parisians don't appreciate their really great composers.—D. P.]

The organ belonging to the New Public Halls in Glasgow is to be formally "opened" on Monday evening, November 19th, by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool. The opening of the Halls themselves is to be the great event of the approaching musical season in Glasgow, and is likely to be a particularly imposing affair, all the tickets having, I hear, been bought up in view less, I suspect, for the benefit that is to be done to the cause of music than to basking in the presence of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Musically and naturally, it seems a pity that the enterprise is to be begun with a performance of *The Messiah* rather than of Professor Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake*, especially as the oratorio is to be given at any rate in Glasgow on New Year's Day. Religiously, however, the scheme could not have a better benediction than will be pronounced by the hallowing strains of the great Handel.—Choir.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Franz von Holstein's romantic opera, *Die Hochwälder*, was successfully produced at the Stadttheater on the 23rd ult. The composer was called on after the first, third, and fourth acts. The performers were called at the end of every act.

ROME.—On the occasion of a dinner given by Herr von Keudell, to the German Ambassador, Liszt took part with his former pupil, Sig. Sgambati, in his "*Faust Symphony*."

COLOGNE.—Herr Langenbach with his orchestra from Bohn has been giving concerts here every Thursday. *The Creation* was performed at the first Gürzenich Concert, the vocalists being Mad. Walter-Straude, from Bâle, Mr Candidus, from New York, and Herr Schelper from Leipzig.

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On MONDAY next, Nov. 19th, GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Rundo (his first appearance in that character); Mephistophiles, Signor Del Puente; Valentino, Signor Galassi; Wagner, Signor Franceschi; Siebel, Mdle Anna de Belocca; Martha, Mdle Lablache; and Margherita, Mdle Alwina Valleria.

On TUESDAY, Nov. 20th, "LA SONNAMBULA." First appearance of Mdle Marie Marimon.

On WEDNESDAY next, Nov. 21st, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." The Opera will commence each evening at Half-past Seven; Doors open at Seven. Prices: Orchestra Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Grand Circle Seats, 10s. 6d.; Box Seats, 6s.; Pit, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 4s.; Gallery Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, One Shilling. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d. to 24 4s.

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More about Blackmailing.

Under the various titles of "*Journalistic Comity*," and "*Keep on lying, something will stick*," we read the following in the *New York Arcadian* of Nov. 1:—

When we suspended *The Arcadian* during the three summer months, and announced that we would resume publication on the first Thursday in September, nearly all the papers announced the fact, some with kind remarks, some without remark. Sole and alone, Mr. Byrne, of the *Dramatic News*, announced that *The Arcadian* was busted, that the editor was not sick in health, but sick of losing money, and that the paper would not appear again. He therefore deliberately stated an untruth, to throw the suspicion of untruth upon us. When, in September, we resumed publication as promised, and all the papers gave us so extremely kind notices, Mr Byrne was accidentally introduced to us, and we asked him why he had made such a malicious and untrue statement at the time? He replied:—"I really believed it to be true; but in the next number of the *Dramatic News* I will correct it and announce your resumption." Needless to say that he never did, though he made an unsolicited renewed promise for the number after the one alluded to. When the advertising puff of Mr Lake burst over the papers "that somebody tried to blackmail Miss Abbott," a story which certainly never happened, and which they come out with now after seven months, because she is just making a tour in the country, some papers observed an expectant silence, some instantly repulsing the calumnious lie that we had anything to do with it. Alone in the whole press, Mr. Byrne, of the *Dramatic News*, again took the matter up in a doubtful manner, and not daring to say the thing was at all probable—the lie being too glaring to be propagated—he pretended not to know what to believe; but he insinuated that the existence of our paper was put in jeopardy, unless we could prove that we had nothing to do with an affair with which certainly nobody had anything to do.

The proof of an accusation lies with the accuser. We said what we had to say: that, except once at the house at dinner, we never came near the place, that we had no paper at the time, and could not propose to publish a good or a bad article. We have not seen Miss Abbott or Mr Lake for seven or eight months, and we were consequently quite out of the question—even if there was anybody in it. This is conclusive for any honourable man—not so for Mr Byrne. Still, if we understand the expression: blackmailing, rightly, it is the act of a man who tries to get in exchange for publishing an article a certain big or small sum. But when he cannot publish anything, the blackmail is simply impossible, we should think, because what should and what could the people be asked to pay for? Every one of our acquaintances saw the truth clearly. Mr Byrne, an intelligent man, saw through the whole advertising dodge from the beginning; but it suited his purpose to ignore the truth and to pretend to believe what he knew was not, and could not be true, because it furnished him the means of throwing a doubt upon the editor of a paper which got criticisms and news that his paper cannot get, and which he therefore would be very glad to get rid of! We are neither so petty nor so jealous as to say deliberate untruths, because it might increase our sale. The fun of it is, that the first news we got about the whole matter was that Mr Byrne was the man "wanted;" but when we stated this fact we instantly added, that, disbelieving the whole story, we were sure nobody could be guilty of what had never been done. *Sic vos non vobis*.

We have received too many letters to pass them over, asking us how we could condescend to answer a charge made by so disreputable parties, when any enemy we may have, became such simply from our telling always the truth. Other correspondents advised us to smash the nose of the partner who had one, and to break the bones of the Chipan-no-nosey—the other man. That would just be playing their little game; to get a few dollars somehow, when the very foundation of the dirty paper they immortalize themselves in has been started with money got for assault and battery. Again, we are asked why do not you write to Mr Lake or to Miss Abbott, and make them state that they never made an accusation against you. To this we say that Mr. Lake does not admit that he has anything to do with the whole report, but that neither he nor Miss Abbott will ever write that to us; because they are too happy to let a doubt hang over the head of the man who, although he knew that a rich fool had declared he would puff Abbott on the community if it cost him 50,000 dols., never took any notice of this fact, but stuck to his opinion unmoved, and that opinion not favourable to the ideas of the man who pretends that "there is no Nilsson and no Patti who can compare with her." The old dodge, whenever any critic will not do what singers, or people infatuated with them, want him to do, "Oh, he writes her down because I did not pay him," is too thin to serve now, and the whole affair is quite clear.

After Miss Abbott had proved her mediocrity as a singer in three concerts and two operatic performances, we began publishing in *The Arcadian* some retrospective criticisms, among these the question of sending girls to Europe, there to study singing. Therein we demonstrated that Miss Abbott had learned nothing worth mentioning, nor did two other American girls, who have, however, nobody to force them, with 50,000 dols. power, upon the community; and we showed that her ordinary quality of voice and her defective studies did not entitle her to any position above the one she occupied before she left for Europe. Barely was that article published, when we received a letter in the handwriting of Mr Rose, though not signed by him, to say we had made enemies of the whole clique patronising Miss Abbott, because we had expressed an opinion different from theirs. And we live in a free country! Anyhow, there was not the slightest hint at a suspicion of money, although the letter was bitter enough. Just what this meant now becomes apparent, for, after seven months, somebody is denounced in the *Mercury*, for having gone round to actresses trying to blackmail them, when a note purporting to come from Miss Abbott is sent to the editor of the *Mercury*, but not in her handwriting, as is now shown; who it comes from, nobody knows:—notice how they all proceed anonymously, just like people who say the truth fearlessly—and telling a story which, on the face of it, is a lie, because no journalist would even before his printer give himself away with such a double-faced article. Once the lie started of an attempt never attempted, it only remained to find some organ mean, dirty, dishonourable enough to publish the second lie, for which the first one had been launched, the name of the men who are accused of doing what never had been done. After all these honourable proceedings are completed, they hide behind the screen of their anonymous cowardice. Let the papers call them liars, cowards, anything; but nobody comes forward and says: "Here I am; I said so." Of course not! They know too well that they would confess to having said an indefensible lie, and that they would be taken to task and punished for the libel. So they find it a great deal more convenient to launch the malicious calumny, and then to wait. "Somebody will still believe it," but that is not so; the truth leaks out, the lie is disbelieved, and, as Voltaire said:—

"There will always be somebody smarter than you; that is all the world!"

The Scarecrow.*

Around is the raving grey sky,
Around is the raving grey heath:
See-saw, many feet high,
And the same in the pool beneath.
Many feet low and high,
I swing in the windy night sky.
Grindeth and shrieketh the chain,
Whistleth and whirlleth the gust:
With a grin dragged by humour and
pain, [is just
O'er the place where the deed that
Was done (and I do it again [crane.
In my dreams, with grim gloating)
Ha! ha! ha! In the depths below
He rots—No! The curdling blight!
I quaff the cool blasts as they blow;
That wine lends a leaping delight!
Your health *vis-à-vis*: in the flow
Of the storm we will skip to and fro.
Not a star from the firmament shone,
The moon by black clouds was bound;
Little light for the deed to be done,
But the dumb-looming snow on the
ground, [alone,
When I brought him out here all
And smote him as dead as a stone.

* Copyright.

Of snow-hidden ice a thick band
Lay hard on the pool, but I smashed
A hole with my bare bloody hand,
And in it his body I dashed. . . .
They missed it, but said, "Here shall
stand
The gallows tree, high o'er the land."
My death eye it snowed again,
In a suit of pure white I was wound;
It ceased on a limitless plain
Of calm.—
The past it was drowned,
For me, with its joy and its pain,
And I writhed and wept on my chain.
Even now do my cold tears flow,
Quietly splashing the scum
Of the deep glassy water below:
While a skinny old bird doth come
And tickle my skull—"Oh dark crow,
These bones were pick'd clean long ago."
Around is the raving grey sky,
Around is the raving grey heath:
See-saw, many feet high,
And the same in the pool beneath.
Many feet low and high,
I swing in the windy night sky.

Polkath.

SIG. BRIGNOLI IN AMERICA.—Signor Brignoli appears to have stopped growing old several years ago. He has lost none of his voice this long while, and time of late seems to have affected him only as gin and water affected Silas Wegg—it has "mellowed the organ."—*New York Tribune*.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—When General Gourko recently reported to the Czar that he had captured seven tabors of Turkish infantry, his Majesty, turning to his favourite aide-de-camp, General Tikal-tobieski, said, "*I am much pleased about the tabors, but what about the loot?*"—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A series of six festival concerts, under the management of Mr Rea, was given last week in the Newcastle Town Hall, in aid of the Infirmary for the sick and lame poor of the counties of Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham. This excellent charity being in debt, the assistance of music was invited to relieve its pecuniary embarrassments. A long list of patrons, including titled, wealthy, and distinguished persons of the neighbourhood, was secured. If the duties of patronage are fulfilled by merely granting the right to publish names, then those elevated personages advertised performed their part in a worthy scheme; but if personal attendance or active co-operation was understood and undertaken, then assuredly many of the patrons failed in their responsibilities, for the assemblages (particularly on the *Messiah* night) were too meagre to admit the idea that they were earnest in the cause of the charity, or felt interest in the sublime strains of the greatest of oratorios. Doubtless, the patrons have other ways and opportunities of helping the funds of the Infirmary, yet it is to be regretted that on this occasion they proved such unreliable allies to music in the cause. Time was when the artist needed the name of a patron, wherewith to pass current in society. Happily, those days are past and gone; no credentials but merit are now necessary to gain admittance, and secure the favour of the great art-loving public. Charlatans often steal into momentary notice at the expense of charity. Calamity—whether of famine, fire, flood, or pestilence—befals a neighbourhood, arousing the slumbering instincts of Christian charity, upon which virtue's humbug trade; nobodies rush to the front, announcing to a credulous public that they will give their disinterested and distinguished services at some entertainment for the benefit of sufferers. The only benefits accruing from such exhibitions are reaped by the projectors, either by gratification of vanity, scrapings of petty cash, or advancement of self-interest. The concerts conducted by Mr Rea were so admirable, as not to need any extraneous help. Worthy in themselves, they were worthy the cause they so eloquently pleaded. The programme embraced music appealing to a class wider than the limited circle of fashion—unto all with souls attuned to divine harmony.

The "series" opened with the *Messiah*, a work consecrated by genius, and dedicated by custom to the holy cause of charity. Whenever the generosity that springs from piety needs calling forth, its strains are heard, for, in its entirety, it echoes the angels' song, "Glory to God; peace on earth; goodwill towards men." The performance, on the whole, was excellent. Amongst the executants the choristers must be mentioned, for they did credit to Mr Rea, their indefatigable teacher. There is no department of work undertaken by provincial professors more valuable than that of organizing and training choral bodies. By doing this they prove the most effective agents for diffusing a love for, and practice of, good music among all communities. Doubtless, Mr Rea has experienced difficulty and worry in this branch of his professional duties, but the efficiency of his choir, their docility and attention in following every beat of his *bâton*, and the enthusiasm of their efforts, must have repaid him for trouble and time expended. The sopranos and basses possess excellent voices; neither are the tenors behind in merit; though the contraltos, as in many choirs, are weak, and scarcely maintain the balance of tone. All, however, were accurate and earnest. "For unto us" was encored, and the "Hallelujah" was worthy of the honour of a like distinction. The *tempi* throughout were somewhat faster than usual, and lessened the dignity of certain numbers. Whenever a feeling of hurry is felt, reposeful enjoyment is destroyed. Brevity of pause between each number is commendable; it promotes continuity; yet speed will not remove that heaviness complained of in these rapid times. If Handel's oratorios are too long for present taste, let numbers be omitted, and the interest quickened in the remaining pieces by greater variety of power—by light and shade; but do not destroy the majesty of their movements. The soloists were Mme Edith Wynne, Miss D'Alton, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Mr Lloyd gave a vigorous and most effective rendering of "Thou shalt dash them," which the audience thoughtlessly wished repeated.

On Tuesday evening Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* was given for the first time in the north. The merits of this high-class work have long been recognized by musical students; and it has also received the approbation of the public. Amateurs of Newcastle are indebted to Mr Rea for this opportunity of hearing it. Such opportunities are scarce, as a first-rate band is necessary to do it justice. This essential Mr Rea provided by engaging an orchestra of fifty London performers, led by Mr Pollitzer, and comprising such well-known names as Roberts, Woolhouse, Reynolds, Radcliffe, Barrett, Tyler, Pheasant, &c. Smart's charming instrumentation was, therefore, in capable hands, the only fault observable being an undue display

of force. The players found they had something to play, and went at it with might and main. The music of *The Bride of Dunkerron* may prove Smart's *chef d'œuvre*. Thoughtful, earnest, and scientific, it seizes with dramatic instinct upon the vivid points of the story, and utilizes scholarly resources to heighten passion and situations. The trio and chorus (No. 10) "Where art thou?" is an evidence of such skill. A melody of intensity is varied to suit the sentiments of the three characters; interwoven with subordinate motives of a kindred nature, it is sustained by orchestral figures, consistent and continuous, at the same time subservient to the general effect, the climax of which is reached when the chorus enters with themes relating to the catastrophe of the story. Combinations so skillful are rare. The principals were judiciously selected, being Mme Edith Wynne, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Mme Wynne gave the soprano part with great expression. The choristers were, excepting in one number, efficient, especially so in the "Chorus of Sea Maidens." At the termination of the cantata Mr Smart, who was present, was called out from amongst the audience, and cheered with an enthusiasm that made the blood tingle in observers; the effect it had upon him was seen in the glow of delight, that sent the blood mantling over his cheek. The second part of the programme was miscellaneous, containing music by Nicolai, Sullivan, Mendelssohn, Weber, Auber, and Mozart. Mendelssohn being represented by the Pianoforte concerto in G minor. Mr Rea played the lovely and ever varied music allotted to the piano with the ability of an experienced executant, and with the ardour of a lover enraptured with the mistress of his soul. He was loudly and deservedly applauded.

Rossini's *Sabat Mater* was given on Wednesday evening to a much larger audience than was present on either of the preceding nights, and the prospects of the financial success of the concerts became brighter. It was not only a large but an enthusiastic audience. The Italian melodies seemed to go straight to the hearts of the listeners, kindling unwonted pleasure. The band and chorus were excellent, performing the *finale*, "Amen, in sempiterna secula," with unusual accuracy. The principals were Miss Anna Williams, Miss D'Alton, Mr E. Lloyd, and Signor Foli. "Cujus Animam" was delivered with great breadth of phrasing and beauty of voice by Mr E. Lloyd, who wisely declined to repeat the exhausting effort. Mme Wynne and Mr Bernard Lane joined the above named vocalists in the miscellaneous second part. Mr Woolhouse also assisted by playing, with considerable success, a violoncello solo, "Souvenir de St Petersburg," by Servais. Thursday evening was devoted to *Elijah*. The part of the prophet was undertaken by Sig. Foli, whose depth and quality of voice called up memories of Staudigl, Formes, and Weiss—earliest representatives of the grandest part ever composed for a bass. The orchestra was efficient, and the chorus, always competent, was sometimes grand, the *tempi* never failing to be suitable and correct. A still larger audience was present on this occasion. Is *Elijah* to supersede the *Messiah* in popularity? Mme Patey received quite a demonstration when she came on the platform, in the second part, which she justified by singing beautifully, and rewarding her admirers with a repetition of "O rest in the Lord."

The novelty of the week was reserved for Friday evening, when Dr Armes (organist of Durham Cathedral) made his first appeal to a concert-public by introducing his cantata, *Hezekiah*, written specially for the "Infirmary Concerts." The managing committee must be congratulated upon having at hand such an able and ready friend, and the neighbourhood upon possessing a composer of such strength. Dr Armes, who framed his own libretto entirely from Scripture, showed true modesty and sound judgment in limiting the text to a simple narrative of events; thereby avoiding temptations to expand the subject into the dimensions of a musical drama, embracing characters and incidents that would tax untried talents too severely. Modern theorists insist upon musicians being their own poets; Dr Armes has, to some extent, fulfilled this requirement, by being his own compiler. Taking from a mass of materials that which suited his musical proclivities, he left untouched that demanding musical treatment in a branch of the art not within his absolute experience. Sound and learned music, in the shape of services, anthems, and organ fugues, has been familiar to him from childhood; whilst dramatic music has been merely a study, not a daily and hourly practice. *Hezekiah* proves Dr Armes to be a composer with leanings towards the ecclesiastical school; yea more, it places him amongst the highest of the clever and active young men now leaping and capering upon the whilom drowsy organ-stool. The first few bars of the cantata set the hearer at his ease. He was immediately aware that the composer is no novice in contrapuntal art, and assured that the science of harmony is familiar to him. He sees that the music has the dignified mien and majestic carriage of the fathers and nobles of the art. Everything, then, is taken for granted

as sound and scholarly; science is at the helm, though the craft may not be wafted or impelled by genius. The ancient lines upon which musical fabrics were usually erected are now called into question. It is contended by some that the placing together of separate pieces—solo, duet, trio, and chorus—is false to nature and art. The walls of the chambers of melody and halls of harmony, with the connecting passages of recitative, and every other arbitrary partition, they would break down, contending they form prison cells where genius is chained and kept in servitude. "Music," say they, "should not copy the architect, nor any other worker, but go to nature. It should not build, but grow like the tree of the forest. All parts should be related and tied together as intimately and naturally as root, branch, stem, leaf, and blossom, all vivified with the glorious currents of poetic life." Dr Armes does not affect to have caught the spirit of these modern doctrines, but inclines rather to old forms. He has built; but the building is well-constructed, harmonious in proportion and style. Unlike some composers of the composite order, who build one room Purcell, another Handel, a whole storey Mendelssohn, daubing the outside with Wagner stucco, and proclaim to a gaping world something new, *Hezekiah* has unity, whether or no that unity may spring from individuality. Dr Armes conducted with ability. The vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Mme Patey, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas. To the tenor is allotted the music assigned to the title rôle, and Mr Lloyd gave it with a fervour and dignity that made the part stand out in all necessary prominence, heart-broken utterances being relieved by manliness of voice and style which secured general sympathy and appreciation. The chorus and band did their duty nobly. The composer received an ovation at the termination of his work. Such applause should be an incentive to further efforts and greater successes. A series of well-chosen songs, by the above-named artists, joined by Miss D'Alton and Mr Bernard Lane, followed. The choir gave Mr Rea's charming part-song, "Parted." The quality of this composition would have justified Mr Rea in placing something more considerable of his own in the programme; but he is an artist as modest as true. Mr Pollitzer played his own Romance and Polonaise with effect. This gentleman is also a real and unaffected artist. Saturday evening's programme was of a popular order, giving delight to a large audience. The "classical," however, was not forgotten, inasmuch as Mr Walter Bache played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, while the orchestra gave a fine performance of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. Mr T. A. Alderson did excellently throughout the week as organist and accompanist; and it need not be said that Mr Rea conducted with untiring zeal and consummate tact. P. G.

November 12th, 1877.

The programme of the first of the concerts at the Chatelet, so admirably directed by M. Colonne, was a long one, made longer by the intolerable system of encores. The selection included Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," the fourth movement (*Marche au Supplice*) being encored and repeated. On the back of the printed programme were unfolded the poetical ideas which originated this extraordinary work. Could not Chopin have made us feel the force of an idea of that kind in one of his waltzes or nocturnes better than Berlioz, with his five movements and the help of two bells? Merely a suggestion.* The piece next in importance was C. Saint-Saëns Concerto "en sol mineur" (G minor—"By Abbs!"), played by Mme C. Montigny-Rémaury. This lady, who has a light, facile finger, and considerable powers of execution, was most deservedly recalled for her spirited and intelligent performance. Moreover, she played "sans book." Perhaps, by-and-bye, we shall have conductors and men at arms performing their allotted tasks "sans book." An *intermède* from Gluck's *Orphée* was the occasion of exhibiting the talent of the chief flautist in the orchestra, M. Conté, who played well and with deserved success some ballet music from Rameau's *Fêtes d'Hébé* (the latter part encored). *Die Zauberflöte* (divine Mozart!), and the Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with which Mendelssohn (like Meyerbeer, in another way—see *Le Prophète*), seems to have fixed the boundaries of the "Marches" (King Arthur's "Marches"), completed the programme, and left the hearers satiated "at the full." P. G.

*[By no means. The suggestion is a bad one. Compared with Berlioz, Chopin was a morbidly sentimental flea by the side of a furiously roaring lion—or a corner in a garden (where sensitive plants, convolvuluses, and other timid flowers of weakly nerve, abound) to a vast, unshaven, impenetrable forest, infested with savage beasts, whose hunger and thirst must be incontinently appeased.—P. P.]

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At Mr Hallé's concert last week, Spohr's "Power of Sound" was the symphony of the evening, and a finer performance of this interesting, and presumably great work, was never heard in Manchester. Mr Hallé played Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante in E flat with the orchestra, and several solos from Chopin. The overtures were Weber's *Oberon* and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, with Wagner's ending; and the singers of the evening were Mdles Friedländer and Redeker, both of whom are always welcome here.

Mr De Jong's concert, on Saturday, was very well attended, the attraction being a troupe of travelling artists, of whom Mme Trebelli was the most famous, and, as might be inferred, without the names of the others being given, the most accomplished. Mdle Basillet did not quite fulfil the expectations raised by the announcement that she was "the eminent soprano from St Petersburg." Miss Annie Williams, always pleasing here, and Mr Barton McGuckin has been a great favourite since his first appearance in Manchester. Herr Conrad Behrens, the popular basso, Mr E. Cowen, and a clever violinist, M. Jaquinot, were also of the party.

At the Prince's Theatre crowded houses have assembled nightly, to hear the Carl Rosa opera company. *Maritana*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Satanella*, and *Faust* are still attractive, and Macfarren's *Robin Hood* has been given for the first time in Manchester. But the most brilliant success of the engagement has been Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This brilliant and sparkling opera is admirably put on the stage, and the principal parts are all admirably supported. Mr Aynsley Cook's Falstaff is more than clever, and Mr Lyall, as Slender, is a Shakespearian study. Miss Gaylord's Mrs Ford is one of that accomplished lady's best impersonations; and Miss Yorke, Miss Cora Stuart, Mr J. W. Turner, Mr Ludwig, and the other actors all deserve commendation. Prediction is proverbially unsafe, but I shall be astonished if, when Mr Carl Rosa next goes to London, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* does not prove one of the most attractive operas in his repertory. Let us not forget to add that Mme Blanche Cole is singing splendidly, and that in *Maritana*, Marguerite, Maid Marion, and *Satanella*, her brilliant vocalization has been as much admired as ever. Mr Packard, too, is received with well-deserved favour. To-night Mme Blanche Cole will sing in *The Crown Diamonds*.

To-morrow night *Judas Maccabeus* will be given at Mr Hallé's concert, with Mme Nouver, Mrs Knox, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli as the solo singers.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr Frederic Archer.

MONDAY, OCT. 29th.—Sonata, in D minor (G. Merkel); Allegretto, in D (Frederic Archer); Prelude and Fugue in G major (Book II., No. 7) (J. S. Bach); Grand Fantaisie de Concert (J. Callaerts); Overture, *Stradella* (Flotow).

TUESDAY, OCT. 30th.—Grand Chœur, in E flat (A. Guilmant); Pastorale (P. Trillat); Adagio and Allegro (Second Symphony) (Haydn); Selection, *Lara* (Maillart); Overture, *Il Templario* (O. Nicolai).

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31st.—Sonata, (No. 2) (Hamilton Clarke); Allegretto Scherzando (Sonata, in D, for piano and cello) (Mendelssohn); Schiller March (Meyerbeer); Andante con Moto (Second Symphony) (A. Hesse); Overture, *Der Schwedensee* (R. Emmerick).

THURSDAY, NOV. 1st.—Grand Chœur, in D (A. Guilmant); Serenade, in F (Hamilton Clarke); Selection, *L'Étoile du Nord* (Meyerbeer); Toccata and Fugue on the name BACH (J. A. van Eyken); Overture, *Egmont* (Beethoven).

FRIDAY, NOV. 2nd.—Fantasia, in C minor (H. Berens); "La Pastorale" (A. Maily); Prelude and Fugue, in E major (E. F. Richter); Selection, *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer); Overture, *Justin* (Handel).

SATURDAY, NOV. 3rd.—Sonata (No. 1) (Mendelssohn); Andante (Sonata for cello and piano, in B flat) (Mendelssohn); Selection, *Elijah* (Mendelssohn); Overture, *Athalie* (Mendelssohn).

KÖNIGSBERG (PRUSSIA).—The first Orchestral Concert, under Capellmeister Hillmann, took place at the new Bourse, on Tuesday, the 6th of November. The second part of the programme contained Beethoven's Second Sinfonie (in D major). The introduction of a soloist on so exceptional an instrument as the harp proved a matter of congratulation for the concert direction, and might be imitated with equal results elsewhere. Mr Lockwood, a recent acquisition of the director of the opera (Herr Stägmann), played the difficult but effective fantasia of Pariah-Alvars, dedicated to Thalberg, with such finished execution as to win a general and deserved re-call.

MUSIC A SCIENCE OF NUMBERS.

BY WILLIAM CHAPPELL.

(Concluded from page 747.)

And now for the practical use of these figures, for, although the harmonic scale may be referred to, they are most easily remembered. All young pupils are taught the difference between an octave, a fifth, a fourth, and a third, upon the pianoforte, and it is only to associate the numbers with those intervals, to find out the best bass, and every admissible bass. All octaves are in the ratio of 2 to 1, whether it be 4 to 2, 8 to 4, or 16 to 8. All fifths are in the ratio of 3 to 2, all fourths in that of 4 to 3, all major thirds 5 to 4, and minor thirds 6 to 5.

For instance, in the key of C, C to F above it is a fourth, and F is No. 4, therefore, the F, two octaves below, is the consonant bass; whereas, if we strike G with the C above, C becomes the natural bass to that interval. The most consonant basses are always found in the lowest numbers, because the proportion of consonant vibrations is there greatest. Thus, from D to G is also a fourth, in the key of C, but the numbers are 9 to 12, with a remote bass in C, and there will be 21 vibrations, of which only two will coincide in every cycle—1 of the 8, with 1 of the 9. Then, the proportion of non-coincidence will be so great as to make the sound unpleasant to the ear. But as 9 to 12 is in the ratio of 3 to 4, we have the best bass in these lowest numbers, and take G. By the various basses to intervals we modulate into other keys.

At the International Exhibition, held at South Kensington in 1862, Mr Saxe, the eminent inventor of Saxe Horns, exhibited an immense horn with an exceedingly long coil of tube, and, perhaps, standing six feet in height. When asked by the jury the object of this excessive size and length, he answered "C'est pour jouer dans le cinquième étage"—"It is for playing in the fifth octave," and he produced with facility any of the sixteen tones and semitones of that octave from it. Half the length of any open conical tube is expended upon its second note, the octave. No human power could have blown the low notes of that horn. Supposing it to have been tuned to the lowest C upon the pianoforte, with thirty-three vibrations in a second, as the usual French pitch, it would have had 66, 132, 264, and 528 for his first, second third and fourth octaves, while his fifth octave would commence on treble C, with 528, and extend to C above the lines with 1056 vibrations in a second of time. It would thus be within the power of the lungs. He utilized only from the 16th to the 32nd part of his enormous tube, but it gave him the command of the semitones.

This great encumbrance of length is not necessary in a cylindrical stopped tube. It will take up its own octave according to the ratio of its length to its diameter. We have here an example, in a resonating tube invented by Sir Charles Wheatstone just fifty years ago. The lecture for which he invented it was afterwards reported in the twenty-fifth volume of the *Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and Art*, January to March, 1828. Both he and I knew Eulenstein, an accomplished musician, whose admirable skill in playing upon the Jew's harp was the inducing cause of that particular lecture. Eulenstein had a peculiar facility for contracting and expanding the cavity of his mouth, through the pliability of his very thin cheeks and by the management of his tongue, so that he could fit them for any harmonic note within a certain compass. Wheatstone then gave the law, that a perfect harmonic scale might be drawn from a single tuning-fork, or from the vibrating tongue of a Jew's harp, by resonators adapted, or adapting themselves, to multiples of the original number of vibrations. "I took," said Sir Charles, "a tube, closed at one end by a movable piston, and placed before it the branch [or prong] of a vibrating tuning-fork of the ordinary pitch—C. The length of the column of air [within the tube] was six inches. On diminishing the length of the column of air to three inches [by moving up the piston], the sound of the tuning-fork was no longer reciprocated [in unison], but its octave was produced." "It is, therefore, evident from experiments," says he, "that a column of air may vibrate by reciprocation, not only with another body whose vibrations are isochronous [or in unison] with its own, but also when the number of its own vibrations is any multiple of the sounding body." Again, he says: "No other sounds can be produced by reciprocation from a column of air, but those which are perfectly identical with the multiplications of the original vibrations of the tuning-fork or the tongue of the Jew's harp." I produced the original tube in this room about two years ago, to check a recent theory—that resonators strengthened the ear, and answered only in unison, and Sir Charles ordered this one for me, made by Mr Groves, under his own superintendence. The improvement in this is, that the piston now works in a groove and is not liable to stick. Two

octaves are produced from the tongue of one Jew's harp as rapidly as the piston can be moved up and down. There is no slurring between one sound and another, but clear jumps from one multiple to another, and every one of them may be arrested and heard by itself by checking the piston. But, although I am glad to produce this tube before those who were not present on the last occasion, and to do honour to the memory of our eminent vice-president, who declined to refer in any way to himself, I have another motive also. This is a principle which has never been utilized. We have had pipes stopped at the top, like the usual pitch-pipe, but they have been found too slow in action to be suitable for any other purpose. This is rapidity itself, and might surely be utilized for some such purpose as pedal pipes for an organ. The piston can be balanced outside to the greatest nicety, and one such pipe will take the scale of C, and another that of F. All that is required is to blow across the top in the manner of the Pandean pipes, or, as it appears, better still, to set free a fan or cogged wheel at the mouth tuned to each of the two fundamental notes. The wheel might be set free by the action of the foot upon the pedal. It is now well known that the length of a 32 or a 16 foot pipe may be greatly reduced by breadth of scale. We Europeans have made little, if any, use of resonators, and yet they have been long in use in Java. The drawing on the wall is of an instrument, brought from Java by Sir Stamford Raffles more than half a century ago. There is one of the same kind in the British Museum. But this is perhaps of greater interest, as it may have suggested to Wheatstone the principle of the resonating tube. The natives of Java cast metal plates which they suspend in a row upon strings, and strike them with drum-sticks, which are fitted into circular heads. As all cast metal is more or less false in tone, owing to inequalities and lack of homogeneity, they place some of the largest bamboos, cut to short lengths, and placed upright, under the metal, to make the true sounds of these resonators overcome the false harmonics of the metal plates.

Resonators were used in the theatres of ancient Greece—we here find them used in Java; but these powerful auxiliaries to tone still await their development in modern Europe.

And now, in conclusion, permit me to draw your attention to a harmonium with two keyboards, the upper one having four octaves of our scale tuned without tempering, and the lower with the five octaves of the harmonic scale, and the sixteen notes in the fifth octave. Much has been said of the harmonic scale, and this is perhaps the only instrument on which the harmonics can be fully heard and sustained for experimental use.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Le tour du Monde en 80 jours has proved such a "grand spectacle," that the managers have decided to give it a run of twenty-eight consecutive nights, and one or two afternoon performances. It is magnificently mounted. The *troupe* of artists, the ballet of thirty, the scenery, machinery, costumes, and the elephant, are all from the theatre of the Porte St Martin, Paris. The first night it began at 7, and the curtain fell at 1.35 a.m. on Sunday morning. The Salle Monsigny has been crammed on each of the four representations, and the "regisseur" has a hard time of it, from 10 till 4 daily, booking places a week in advance. *La Belle Hélène* "came off" on October 27th, when Mlle Flachot delighted every one by her impersonation of the heroine. *Don César de Bazan* and *Latude* (a long drama) are the only other novelties since I last wrote.

As we are likely to be "going round the world" every evening for seven hours (beg pardon! eighty days) for the next fortnight, I do not expect to have anything to write about, so pray don't send me to the right about, if you do not hear from me till December.

I hear that M. Brasseur, of the Palais-Royal, Paris, is retiring shortly from the stage, and is making "ses adieux" in *La Cagnotte*, *La Mariée du Mardi Gras*, *Le Carnaval d'un merle blanc*, *Le plus heureux des trois*, et *Doit on le dire?* and that Gil Perée, of the same theatre, is very ill with typhoid fever.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-mer, 7th Nov., 1877.

WEIMAR.—M. Camille Saint-Saëns has been stopping here to superintend the production of his opera, *Samson et Dalila*, at the Grand-Ducal Theatre. The first performance is fixed for the 18th inst. He has, also, been playing at Leipsic, Warsaw, Breslau, Cassel, Brunswick, and other towns.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 20th season of these excellent entertainments, which have done so much for the progress of musical taste in a serious direction, began on Monday night, at St James's Hall, in the presence of a numerous, attentive, and thoroughly art-loving audience. Conspicuous among the rest were the shilling tenants of the orchestra, who time out of mind have constituted a solid bulwark, and by their keen appreciation of the "chamber-compositions" of the great masters exercised a sympathetic influence. Mr Arthur Chappell has acted prudently in allowing no encroachment whatever upon the privilege of those who were really the first and have remained the most constant among his supporters. Without the "shilling orchestra," the Popular Concerts would hardly have maintained the high position universally accorded them. The aristocratic and fashionable world came after, not leading, but led by less pretentious members of the community—which in the case of Italian opera, now so generally popular with all classes, was precisely the reverse. It is, however, in any circumstances, gratifying to observe that such music as, from November in one year to mid-spring in the year following, may be heard, week after week, in St James's Hall, obtains at this period, and has for many years enjoyed, unanimous recognition. This, in the instance of the Popular Concerts, could never have occurred had the scheme upon which they were originally instituted been once departed from, or, in fact, in any material sense disregarded. Happily their founder, wise in his generation, believed that there existed in London a public not only able to understand but likely to support such entertainments; and thus the quartet, sonata, and all the diversities of this especially engaging form which the plastic art of music is enabled to assume, no longer appeal exclusively to a privileged few, but to the enquiring and anxious-to-be-instructed many. In accordance with his almost invariable custom, on the first night of a new season, Mr Arthur Chappell's programme was made up of recognized masterpieces, with artists in every way competent to give them due effect. There were two quartets for stringed instruments, a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and a pianoforte solo—not, be it understood, a mere vehicle for the exhibition of pretentious "virtuosity," but a classical piece from the pen of a classical composer. The quartets were the first of Schumann's "Op. 44," and one by Haydn in B flat, in its way never excelled even by that genial and prolific composer—as truly "Father of the Quartet" as he was "Father of the Symphony." Schumann's work—styled "in A minor," though the *allegro* and *adagio* are both in F major—is, perhaps, the best of the series of three (his only attempts of the kind that are known) inscribed to his contemporary and intimate friend, "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy." Though placed before, instead of after, the quartet by Haydn, the elder composer fairly stood his ground, if only on account of a more spontaneous flow of melody, and, with less apparent labour, far greater power of development, derived from a mastery of the art of counterpoint to which Schumann could lay no equal claim. The quartet players on the present occasion—Mdmé Norman-Néruda, acknowledged "Queen of Violinists," and, by the way, a somewhat formidable rival to the accepted "Kings," of the instrument she professes, Herr L. Ries, who has held the post of second violin since the Monday Popular Concerts were set on foot (February, 1859), Mr Zerbini, not only a perfect master of the viola, but an accomplished musician in the bargain, and Signor Piatti, who now, as for very many years past, stands alone among violoncellists—were equally at home in Schumann and in Haydn. A more deeply considered—a finer execution, in short—of each quartet could hardly have been dreamed of, even by their respective authors. Schumann's work, with its earnest thought and occasional reminiscences of Mendelssohn, has never been more thoroughly enjoyed. Those who left the hall before that of Haydn lost a treat which all who stayed to hear it, from the first note to the last, fully appreciated.

The pianist was Mdlle Anna Mehlig, an artist of superior attainments, not less conversant with Beethoven than with Mendelssohn, whose wonderful Trio in C minor (No. 2), in which she was supported

by Mdmé Néruda and Signor Piatti, began the second part of the concert. Mdlle Mehlig selected for her solo display the ingenious variations composed by Beethoven on themes already employed in his music to the ballet of *Prometheus*, and used some time later, to still higher purpose, in his magnificent *Eroica* symphony. They present many difficulties, but none such to give the slightest trouble to the fair German pianist, whose admirable performance, listened to with evident interest, won general and well-merited applause. There was no other solo. The vocal music, exclusively German and contributed by German artists of acknowledged repute—Mdlles Friedländer (soprano) and Redeker (contralto)—comprised two duets by Mendelssohn and two by Rubinstein, all extremely well sung. The accompaniments to these were played by Sir Julius Benedict in the finished manner for which he is eminently distinguished. It may be remarked of this programme that every piece, vocal and instrumental, the Moldavian Rubinstein's duets excepted, was German, and that the performers, vocal and instrumental, were exclusively foreigners. The fact gives rise to considerations not undeserving future comment. Viewed as a whole, however, the 593d "Popular Concert" was fully worthy its precursors, and calculated to maintain the repute of an institution which has taken firm root in the public musical mind.

The first Saturday concert is announced for the 17th inst., when, among other things, Mdmé Norman-Néruda is to lead Schubert's charming "Styrian quartet" in A minor, into the feeling of which she enters so heartily.—*Times*.

DR BUNNETT.

(From the "Eastern Daily Press.")

At a preliminary meeting, held at the Guildhall, the Mayor of Norwich (R. Coller, Esq.) in the chair, it was unanimously resolved to give a complimentary concert, for the benefit of Dr Bunnett, in St Andrew's Hall, on the 28th inst. It was felt that Dr Bunnett was entitled to some mark of sympathy in not obtaining the post of Cathedral organist after a faithful and most successful deputyship of more than a quarter of a century, and that without such expression of public sympathy he would appear to remain under an undeserved censure. A committee was then formed to carry out the project, which included the names of the Mayor, Deputy Mayor, Clara Sewell Read, Esq., M.P., and the most influential people of the city; Mr Alderman Howlett as hon. treasurer, and Mr Charles E. Noverre as hon. secretary. The committee have already secured the services of Miss Blanche Lucas (soprano) and Miss Annie Buttwerworth (contralto). Sir Julius Benedict has consented to come from London and conduct, and also play in a pianoforte duet with Dr Bunnett. Mr. H. Kingston Rudd and others have also offered their services, and Messrs Broadwood & Sons have volunteered to send one of their concert grand pianofortes expressly for the concert. Further arrangements are being made to insure for the concert a complete success in every particular. It appears vain to hope the Dean will reverse his former decision. One gentleman from Halifax has already been down, but his visit proved unsuccessful. Negotiations are, however, it is believed, opened with another gentleman, which, it is currently reported, may result in the appointment being filled. We are quite confident that no one but a third or fourth-rate musician, or one of small experience, will come to Norwich under the circumstances.

NAMES OF COMMITTEE.

R. Coller, Esq., Mayor	E. Cooper	Walter Ovenbury, Esq.
E. K. Harvey, Esq., Deputy Mayor	Horace Hill, Mus. Bac.	H. Kingston Rudd, Esq.
J. J. Colman, M.P.	F. A. Mann, Esq.	Francis Salton, Esq.
C. S. Read, M.P.	Alfred Merler, Esq.	Henry Stevenson, Esq.
Godfrey Barnard	Samuel Newman, Esq.	J. O. Howard Taylor, Esq.
Edward S. Bignold	William Norgate, Esq.	Rev. J. C. Girling

HAMBURG.—Herr Franz von Holstein's historico-romantic opera, *Die Hochländer*, has been produced at the Stadttheater with complete success. The composer and author—for Herr von Holstein has written both libretto and music—had to appear repeatedly on the first night.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Faithful to his pledge, the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre gave his subscribers no fewer than six operas last week—and each, it should be added, with a certain general efficiency. The *Trovatore*, with which the projected series of representations began, was followed by *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the part of the heroine being sustained by Mdle. Alwina Valleria with her accustomed ability and success. It is no little to say in favour of this clever lady that whenever, in no matter what circumstances, her aid may be required, she is always prepared. With such competent and willing artists at hand, the manager can rest assured that the doors of his establishment will be open to the public for some kind of entertainment more or less acceptable. Their value, if only on that account, is genuine. But opera-goers need scarcely be reminded that Mdle. Valleria has merits claiming independent recognition; and a strong sense of this was manifested in the hearty approval bestowed on her impersonation of Donizetti's most romantic heroine. Beyond stating that the other conspicuous parts in *Lucia* were entrusted to Signors Fancelli (Edgardo) and Galassi (Enrico), it would be superfluous to add one other word about an opera which, though unequal in various respects, has, since its first production at Naples more than 40 years ago, kept a place in the Italian repertory wherever Italian music is esteemed.

As Mdle. Anna di Belocca was indisposed on Tuesday, which explains why *Lucia* was substituted for *Il Barbiere*, so Mdle. Mila Rodani, another young singer of charming promise and already admitted talent, was indisposed on the following evening. On this occasion, however, there was no necessity to change the opera—*Un Ballo in Maschera*—an experienced and invariably ready artist being again at disposal, in the person of Mdle. Bauermeister, who sustained the part of Oscar—not merely with credit to herself—but to the satisfaction of her hearers. This was fortunate for Mdle. Caroline Salla, who thus enjoyed an opportunity, in the character of Renato's unhappy wife, for renewing the favourable impression created by her Amelia on the occasion of her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre in the spring and summer season. That the young French lady is an actress of the true stamp was shown both in the scene of the stolen interview with Duke Riccardo, who so unworthily requites the services of his truest friend, Renato, and in that where Amelia is compelled by her husband to draw the paper which affords its vengeful recipient the privilege of assassinating his liege and master. In both instances Mdle. Salla was admirable. A little more physical power alone is wanting to enable her to become a lyric comedian of the first rank; and even this may be attained. It is long since a stranger at once so accomplished and so sympathetic has appeared among us. A new tenor, moreover, who assumes the stage-appellative of "Runcio" may also thank Mdle. Bauermeister that the *Ballo in Maschera* was not laid aside for another work. "Signor Runcio," then—since as such we are bound to style him—achieved a real success. He is the fortunate possessor of a tenor voice, the quality of which, from the very beginning, invited attention; and, what is of equal consequence, it appears to have been cultivated in the right direction. Without being prepared to offer a definite judgment as regards the absolute claims of this new tenor, or speculating with confidence upon the chances of his future career, any well-instructed amateur must have felt that the necessary means were there, and that if Signor Runcio, not quite persuaded of his own absolute perfection, as happens frequently to beginners (tenors especially), thinks seriously of studying his art, the fairest prospects are open to him. Taken as a whole, his Riccardo the other night would fully justify such an opinion. Signor Runcio's voice is at present inadequately developed; but its tones are seldom otherwise than agreeable, while he has the rare merit of discretion, never over-exerting himself, and thus never open to the charge of exaggeration. To have written thus much amounts to something more than ordinary praise of a young aspirant; and when it is added that Signor Runcio bears himself well on the stage, and seems to enter with earnestness into the spirit of the words he has to deliver and the character he endeavours to portray, no more need be added—at least for the present. He was received with general acceptance, and, in our opinion, deservedly so. At the same time, doubtless, he will shortly challenge consideration in another part, not necessarily more important, but of a different complexion. It will suffice to add that Signor Galassi was the Renato of the evening, Mdme. Demerio Lablache being Ulrica; and that the execution of the music, under Signor Li Calsi's superintendence, was almost uniformly excellent. The famous quintet, "E scherz' od è follia," in which all the chief artists took part, obtained its customary *encore*. The next opera was *Rigoletto*, noticeable, as before, for the thoughtful and elaborate impersonation of the Court Jester by Signor Del Puente, the other leading parts falling once again to Mdle. Valleria (Gilda) and Signor Fancelli (the Duke),

Mdme. Lablache assuming that of Maddalena, while the subordinate characters were in more or less efficient keeping. To *Rigoletto* succeeded *Le Nozze di Figaro*, in which a fresh new-comer, Mdle. Parodi, made her *début* as the Countess, singing with taste and feeling both the airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono," in the latter of which she was, with justice, greatly applauded. We hope to hear more of this lady. The other parts were in more or less experienced hands. Mdme. Marie Roze, for example, was Susanna, and Mdle. Anna di Belocca played the sprightly page, Cherubino, in the sprightliest manner, looking the character, as may be readily imagined, and winning an *encore* in the always attractive romance, "Voi che sapete!" The most marked vocal success of Mdme. Marie Roze was in the soliloquy of the garden scene, "Deh vieni non tardar,"—unanimously applauded. The *Figaro* was Signor Galassi; the Count Almaviva, Signor Del Puente; the other personages being represented with equal care and intelligence. But Mozart's inimitable work has of late years, happily, become almost as familiar as the most widely-known of *bond fide* Italian operas; and to do more than reiterate the fact of its being ever welcome is unnecessary.

The opera on Saturday evening was *Robert le Diable*, with a cast little different in its important essentials from that of last summer, when Mdle. Caroline Salla was the Alice. For example, we had again Signor Fancelli as Robert, Signor Foli as Bertram, Signor Rinaldini as Raimbault, Mdle. Valleria as Isabella, and Mdme. Kati Lanner as the Abbess, in the scene of the resuscitation of the nuns. There remains, therefore, only to speak of the one novelty in the cast—the Alice of Mdme. Marie Roze. The career of the young French lady selected expressly by Auber to undertake the leading part in *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, one of the freshest and most genial, though one of his latest operas, has been uniformly successful; but it is only of recent years that she has devoted herself to opera in which the higher dramatic attributes are indispensable. Her Alice may be pronounced her worthiest achievement in this new line, and certainly justifies friends and admirers in believing that she is destined sooner or later to make it her own. Mdme. Roze being only engaged for a month at Her Majesty's Theatre, and subsequently going to America, it was but fair that she should be allowed this opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her powers. That her assumption of Alice was highly approved by the enormous audience crowding the theatre on Saturday night was evidenced by the frequent applause. In her first air, when Alice communicates to Robert his mother's final bequest, she made an impression not to be mistaken; while in the cavern scene (Act 3) in the soliloquy, "Nel lasciar la Normandia," she strengthened that impression, which the subsequent interview with Bertram, where Mdme. Roze's acting was both earnest and intelligent, further confirmed. The succeeding trio (unaccompanied), in which Robert, as well as Bertram, takes part, was equally successful. After this it may be well understood that the grand final trio (Act 5), the culminating point of the opera, was effective in comparison. In short, Mdme. Roze may be congratulated on a performance more than ordinarily good of one of the most difficult parts in the modern lyric repertory. She must strive, nevertheless, to reach still nearer the goal she clearly now aspires to. She has genuine intelligence, added to proportionate physical resources, to the further cultivation of both which she must apply herself with artistic perseverance. Mdle. Valleria was *encored* in "Robert, toi que j'aime," and fully earned the distinction.—*Times*.

Mr. Mapleson continues the nightly performances of Italian opera, so as to show that, in the absence of a "star," he is alive to the value of a good *ensemble*. The parts in each work are so well filled that none, save the unreasonably exigent, can fail to derive enjoyment from them, and there is little doubt that the manager will obtain the support of all amateurs who love opera for its own sake rather than for the sake of those who may chance to be famous among its interpreters. *Il Barbiere* had been announced for Tuesday night, with Mdle. de Belocca as Rosina, and Sig. Bettini as Almaviva, but neither of these artists was able to appear, and, in the emergency, Mr. Mapleson put up *Lucia*, with Mdle. Valleria as the heroine, Sig. Fancelli as Edgardo, and Sig. Galassi as Enrico. Mdle. Valleria again asserted her value as a clever singer and an acceptable actress; one, moreover, who shows good judgment by never pretending to do that which lies beyond her powers. Her means are considerable, as we have often pointed out, and she uses them well, while carefully refraining from putting upon them an undue strain. On this occasion she several times won the attentive regard of the audience, who did not fail to bestow genuine applause. The other principal artists engaged upon Donizetti's well-worn opera have played in it so often that it will suffice to speak of them as sustaining their several reputations, and helping in the old measure to attain a good general result.

Un Ballo in Maschera, one of Mr Mapleson's revivals last season, was produced on Wednesday, the part of Amelia being sustained by Mdle Caroline Salla, who, if we remember rightly, made her *début* in it. Again this accomplished young lady achieved a success beyond the power of cavil. That her efforts were appreciated to the full extent of their worth we do not say, but worth does not depend upon acknowledgment, and Mdle Salla's representation of the unhappy heroine deserves to be accounted of uncommon value. The artist's success in the trying third act was gained by means of good singing and intelligent, often powerful, acting, while in the scene of the fatal lottery Mdle Salla deepened the impression previously made, and won the plaudits of every amateur in the house. Mdme Lablache did good service as Ulrica, and Mdme Bauermeister, in the absence of Mdle Rodani, through illness, sang Oscar's music very acceptably, though she lacked the necessary sprightliness of manner. Signor Galassi was a familiar Renato, and not less welcome than familiar; the conspirators were represented by M. Gonnat and Signor Franceschi, and the part of Ricardo served to introduce a *débutant*, Signor Runzio, who promises to be a tenor of much value. Signor Runzio has a fairly good stage presence; though showing no signs of being a great actor, he goes through the business of his part like an artist of intelligence and experience; he has an agreeable voice, sufficiently strong, and at the same time flexible, and he sings as one trained upon a good legitimate method. We must, of course, know more of this gentleman before presuming to estimate his exact worth; but it is something that he should have created a desire to know more, and won, at a stroke, the favourable consideration of his audience. His future appearances cannot fail to command attention. The general performance of *Un Ballo* under Signor Li Calsi's direction was satisfactory; but we do not approve the introduction into the ball scene of some commonplace, not to say vulgar, dance music for an object scarcely worth the risk of censurè.—*Daily Telegraph*.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

The second town in the kingdom has at length removed one cause of self-reproach. Till last night Glasgow had no public hall worthy, by reason of dimensions and general convenience, to be the meeting-place of its citizens. The want was sadly felt in connection with musical gatherings, and as long ago as 1871 steps were taken towards the erection of a suitable building. Obstacles, however, stood in the way of immediately carrying out the scheme then proposed, and the festival of 1874 had to be held in the old and inconvenient City Hall, amid the odours of onions, cheese, apples, and other miscellaneous wares, collected in the market underneath. The promoters of the new public edifice, however, persevered in their enterprise, and now the resolution of a few private persons, unaided by public funds of any sort, has endowed the town with a really splendid and commodious building, well situated, and adapted for all sorts of gatherings, and not over a market. The new hall includes many apartments; in them the Glasgow folk will be able to dine and dance and make speeches to their hearts' content, and with an amount of convenience altogether foreign to past experience. But here I am only concerned with the music-room, which is one of the finest as well as one of the largest in the Kingdom. Its length is 185 feet including the recess wherein stands the back gallery, the width is 75ft, and the height 58ft, this measurement being larger than that of the Manchester Free Trade Hall, the Town Hall of Leeds, and both St James's and Exeter Halls, in London. At public meetings the apartment will accommodate 3,800 persons, but the directors do not propose to admit anything like that number when concerts are given, recognizing the fact that the mind can hardly be free to enjoy itself, when its close ally, the body, is uncomfortable. They have a second set of benches, allowing more ample space and making fuller provision for corporeal ease; but even under these circumstances the hall will receive 2,300 persons, each one of whom is guaranteed a fair share of space by arm-rests between the seats. The interior decorations are said to be as yet unfinished, and their prevailing loudness of colour may receive some modification; while, in any case, the Glasgow climate will speedily tone down whatever at present seems glaring. Among the conspicuous features of this imposing room is an organ of 64 sounding stops, built by Messrs T. Lewis & Co., London, and having a case about which many diverse opinions are likely to arise in point of general design and of detail. This erection so harmonizes with the architectural plan of the interior that, apart from a moderate show of gilded pipes and a plentiful display of emblematic figures, its real character is not very clearly suggested; but if the musical effect of the instrument suffers no harm, the architect may be permitted to do what he likes outside, and there is every reason to believe that

the organ, even should it offend some eyes, will please every ear. In regard to the important matter of acoustics, the hall is credited, as far as it has yet been tried, with success, and on this account the Glasgow amateurs should present a thank-offering to the goddess Chance, who has bestowed upon them a prize in what is avowedly a lottery, and who, moreover, has crowned her goddess by the gift of an efficient ventilation. Seeing how many able architects have tried to secure like results, as the inevitable outcome of a theory, and have wofully failed, there is cause, indeed, for gratitude. Henceforth, Glasgow, where music has long been making real progress, can put forth all its energies under fitting conditions, and amateurs everywhere will expect to see the Triennial Festival become a permanent and flourishing institution.

The inauguration, as it is called here, of the new building took place last night with a performance of *The Messiah*, before a crowded and brilliant audience. With a Royal Princess residing not far away, it was to be expected that the canny qualities of Scotchmen would suggest the desirableness of securing her presence, with a view to utilizing the strength of Scottish loyalty. This was done accordingly, and the opening ceremony took place in presence of her Royal Highness the Marchioness of Lorne, who, accompanied by her husband and Lady Elizabeth Campbell, arrived in Glasgow from Roseneath, yesterday afternoon, and in the evening were the guests of Sir Jas. Watson. On reaching the hall, where the royal party received military honours from a guard of Highland volunteers, a simple and appropriate incident took place, namely, the presentation to the Princess of a silver gilt casket, containing a programme of the concert and a description on vellum of the building. The presentation was made in a brief speech by Mr John Matheson, jun., Chairman of the Executive Committee; and, after a still more brief acknowledgment, the distinguished visitors were escorted to the great hall, where they were received with every mark of respect, the chorus singing the "National Anthem," accompanied on the organ by Mr Best, in a style more fanciful than effective. This formal welcome over, the oratorio began, and in course of time, when the Princess had been sufficiently stared at after the manner of Britons, it received attention.

As the present musical resources of Glasgow will come under review later in the week, *apropos* to doings of more import than a performance of *The Messiah*, my present task is a light one, being simply to state that Handel's masterpiece was, on the whole, effectively rendered, though not without here and there a blemish; that the soloists, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme. Patay, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli discharged their familiar task with success; and that the audience went away gratified with the entire proceedings. To-morrow evening Professor Macfarren's cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, will be produced for the first time in public, and on Friday Herr von Bülow conducts a Beethoven concert.—*Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph*, 14th November.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 15th:—

Rhapsodie sur Cantiques Bretons (No. 2)	C. Saint-Saëns.
Romance, "Could I through ether fly"	Mollqua.
Allegro Marziale (G major, Op. 60)	Weber.
Air with Variations and Finale	H. Smart.
Fantasia Pastorale	W. T. Best.
Overture, <i>Le Prê aux Clercs</i>	F. Hérold.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 17th:—

Overture to the oratorio <i>The Last Judgment</i>	Spohr.
Andante (A minor)	Th. Salomé.
Organ Sonata	W. T. Best.
Adagio (E major)	G. Merkel.
Allegretto from the Sixth Quartet	Haydn.
Finale—Allegro pomposo (G major)	H. Smart.

NANCY LEE.—We are informed that the sale of this ballad exceeds the number of two thousand copies a week, a circulation that has, we believe, never before been reached by any English song.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.—The sum of £600, being the amount of the surplus arising from the Eisteddfod, has been applied as a contribution to the funds of this College.

THE subject of M. Gounod's new opera, *Maitre Pierre*, is taken from the life of Abeillard and Héloïse.

They do "leap out to meet him."

(Dedicated to Dr. Hans von Bülow.)



Rubinstein (about English orchestras).—"They don't leap out to meet me! *Et il me faut ça. Oui, absolument, il me faut ça.*"

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 19, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in B flat, No. 9, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, M^{rs}. L. RIEZ, ZER-
BINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*
SONG, "Thou art weary"—M^{me} ANTOINETTE STERLING *Sullivan.*
PRELUDE AND FUGUE, in G minor, for pianoforte alone—
M^{lle} ANNA MEHLIG *Back.*

PART II.

TWO MELODIES, for violinello, with pianoforte accompani-
ment—Signor PIATTI *Molique.*
SONGS, "Istse Hoffnung" *Schubert.*
"Beim Sonnenuntergang" *Grieg.*
"Ihr Auge" *Franz.*
M^{me} ANTOINETTE STERLING.
QUARTET in E flat, Op. 38, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and
violinello—M^{lle} ANNA MEHLIG, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA,
Mr ZERBINI, and Signor PIATTI *Rheinberger.*
Conductor Mr ZERBINI.

THE FIRST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 17, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in A minor, Op. 29, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, M^{rs}. L. RIEZ, ZER-
BINI, and PIATTI *Schubert.*
SONG, "Thou'rt passing hence"—Mr SARTLEY *Sullivan.*
VARIATIONS in F minor, for pianoforte alone—M^{lle} ANNA
MEHLIG (first time) *Haydn.*
ROMANCE in G, Op. 40, for violin, with pianoforte accompani-
ment—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA *Beethoven.*
AIR, "Revenge, Timotheus cries"—Mr SARTLEY *Handel.*
TRIO in B flat, Op. 52, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—
M^{lle} ANNA MEHLIG, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and
Signor PIATTI *Rubinstein.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Austin,
28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street;
Lamborn Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond
Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street,
E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co's, 50, New Bond
Street.

DEATH.

On November the 14th, CHRISTOPHER LONSDALE, Esq., of 26, Old
Bond Street, in his 83rd year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR FLUFFAM OF SWAFFAM.—If Mr Gale were a composer, and
called on 500 times after his last new opera, we undertake to say
that he would answer the calls, and make the bows, so expeditiously
as not to prolong the duration of the performance five minutes. Sir
Fluffam is altogether wrong about G. F. Pinto, who only left one
concerto for the violin, which it is a pity M. Sainton does not know
and play.

DR GLUM.—Our correspondent asks—Is "Runzio or Runcio the
correct orthograph?" We can only reply—"Whichever you please,
Dr Glum."

ITALIAN OPERA AT MOSCOW.

(By Telegraph.)

Yesterday Beignani's benefit—"Huguenots"—with
Christine Nilsson, Luc, Masini, Jamet, Rota—house
crowded—no places to be had for the last fortnight—one
thousand pounds average receipts—Nilsson immense—
public enthusiastic—great ovation, flowers and presents
to artists and bénéficiaire—performance lasted till an
hour past midnight in consequence of re-calls—Season
going on splendidly.—(From our own correspondent—Moscow,
Nov. 12th.)

NOTICE.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive
four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

FROM time to time, mankind is visited by a scourge in the
shape of a disease. Now, the calamity will assume the
shape of the plague; anon, it will crop out as yellow fever;
then, Proteus-like, it will be transformed into cholera. Nor
is it the material world alone that suffers from attacks of this
description. The realms of art are also subject to fierce
epidemics, and among the latter we will mention a complaint
which may be termed "protonyctiasy," or, expressed in more
homely language: "firstnightism," and which specially
affects the lyric drama. It was first wafted to our shores
from abroad, perhaps from the Continent, and presents several
points of resemblance to bunkumitis, so universal, unfortu-
nately, in America. Despite the attempts of all sensible
persons to stamp it out, it has developed among us to an
alarming extent. The symptoms are too well known to
demand minute description here. A new opera is produced,
after a preliminary flourish of mysterious paragraphs in
various newspapers, and of flaming posters upon innumerable
walls. The house is crowded by an audience mostly made up
of the composer's friends and admirers—worthy members of
society, gushing over with enthusiasm, but lamentably
deficient in discrimination, or wilfully perverse in not making
the slightest use of it. Scene after scene, and act after act is
applauded, till the house rings again, and the glass-drops of
the chandelier vibrate like so many aspen leaves. The singers
are vociferously applauded, and summoned to the front, on
every possible pretext; and occasionally, it would almost
seem, on no pretext at all. To do them justice, they are by
no means lax in obeying the summons. The members of the
orchestra are applauded; the conductor is applauded, and
honoured with a call; and the scene-painter is applauded and
similarly distinguished. By-the-way, we may be permitted
to observe, as a fact worthy of remark, that scenic artists,
when responding to the flattering invitation of the public,
frequently display a marked predilection for appearing in their
working suits of coarse canvas, splashed all over with huge
daubs of colour. This is, of course, because they are taken
quite unawares. As their modesty never allows them to
suppose they have done anything to deserve so high a compli-
ment, their managers really ought to tell them to prepare
themselves for such a contingency, by donning a costume
more appropriate, in our opinion, to the occasion, though less
like the garb of a house decorator and grainer on wood. As
for the composer of the new opera, who shall describe the
honours showered upon him! The calls before the curtain,
the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, the waving of
handkerchiefs, and the flourishing of hats! But to study
protonyctiasy in its greatest virulence, we must see it raging
in an Italian theatre. There it is, indeed, something terrible.
The public behave, for the time, as though demented. Not
only are all the symptoms we have mentioned, as marking
the disease in London, to be found among the children
of the Sunny South, but they are found there awfully
intensified. To instance the recall symptom alone. The

composer has to appear, not merely two or three, but from thirty to forty, times; and ingenious gentlemen, with a calculating twist of mind, have amused themselves by reckoning how far a composer walks, in one evening, when thus continually advancing from behind the first wing to the float, and back again. The distance might not appear much to Mr Weston or Mr Gale, and no doubt those gentlemen would, at the shortest notice, or at no notice at all, be prepared—if we may be allowed an expression more emphatic than refined—"to do that little lot on their head." Still, an ordinary pedestrian might well feel somewhat tired, and inclined to sit down, after traversing it. But, just as we may pluck the flower: safety, from the nettle: danger, the composer may, in ninety cases out of a hundred, console himself for his unwonted fatigue by the reflection that he will not be required to go through it a second time. Like the rivers of Southern Europe, the torrents of Southern enthusiasm, when swollen to the utmost, soon subside, and leave the poor composer high and dry in the midst of utter indifference, exactly as our usually more sober Thames carried a coal-barge, last winter, over the towing-path between Richmond and Isleworth, and deposited it in the midst of the Deer Park, never to be thence removed, save after being broken up.

But what we must particularly deplore, in connection with protonyctisy, are its after-effects, and notably the suspicion which follows in its train, as certainly as ankylosis follows rheumatic fever. We will give a case in point; and, indeed, it was this very case which suggested to us the foregoing medico-lyrical disquisition. To adopt the measure of time generally supposed to be patronised in all compacts by which Dr Faustus and other misguided beings have bound themselves, for a consideration, to the Evil One, about "a year and a day" have elapsed since Herr Ignaz Brüll first produced, at Vienna, an opera entitled *Das goldene Kreuz*. The accounts we received of it bore, as we thought, such signs of protonyctisy, that our suspicion was immediately aroused, and we put down the success achieved by the new work as a first-night triumph of the ordinary kind. But we were mistaken. *Das goldene Kreuz* had really hit the public extremely hard; it made its way through Germany, from town to town, and from capital to capital, with marvellous rapidity. The composer, a very young man, and, before then, utterly unknown, to the general public at least, suddenly found himself famous. He had flown in a month or two up to those giddy heights, and that allegorical temple, which others reach only after toiling for years along a rugged road strewn with all kinds of obstacles, and beset by every sort of pitfall and disappointment. There is nothing so successful as success. It is not surprising that managers should have been eager to secure Herr Brüll's services, or that Herr Brüll should have been perfectly willing to listen to the offers made him. The result is a fresh work from his pen. His second venture, *Der Landfriede*, an opera in three acts, was performed for the first time at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, on the 4th October; on the 18th of the same month, it was played at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin; and on the day following, the 19th, at the Theatre Royal, Munich, being received at all three with every mark of favour. Such a thing is almost unprecedented in the annals of the German lyric stage, and would seem to mark the inauguration of a railway system of success in these matters.

We heartily congratulate Herr Brüll, both for his sake and our own. The discovery of every new composer of merit is a public benefit. But there is an old saying: *Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide*. We may be over-sceptical, but from

certain letters we have received, and from various criticisms we have perused, we fancy we can detect the presence of protonyctisy. We trust we are mistaken, and that *Der Landfriede* is all that Herr Ignaz Brüll's admirers represent it. We shall be among the first to rejoice at such a result. Meanwhile, in the interest of all concerned, we would venture to give the young composer, in perfect sincerity, a piece of advice: let him not be in too great a hurry to produce his third work. According to all we can gather, his second would have lost nothing by his spending a little more time on it. If it is true that,

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,"

it is no less undeniable that, if we are in too great a hurry to seize the opportunity, we may slip into the stream and, like Piesco, when heading his conspiracy at Genoa, perish miserably, at the very instant our prospects are brightest.

X.

DR HANS VON BÜLOW.

The fiery Doctor of the keys has confided another secret to our pleasant contemporary, the *Figaro*. Read "Cherubino":—

"Herr Dr von Bülow has written an article in the *Leipziger Signale* for next week on Herr Max Bruch's violin concerto, recently played at the Crystal Palace. Dr von Bülow's present opinion of it is that the concerto is a 'not transformable reformed fiddle mountain mouse.' From this I gather that he and I hold a very similar opinion concerning it, although, of course, Dr von Bülow expresses that opinion in more elegant language than I can hope to do. However, Dr von Bülow has at least the courage of his opinions, and in these days of milk and water, honest outspokenness is interesting, even when tinged with the eccentricity of genius."

Dr Hans von Bülow seems to take a pleasure in being chaffed by "Cherubino." He is in good hands, and we commend him to St Cecilia, when next he goes to Rome, and assists the Abbate Liast in kissing the toe of "Pio Nono."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A FEW weeks ago we quoted a paragraph from *Land and Water* which we inadvertently neglected to acknowledge. What will be thought of an American journal (*The Wisconsin Appropriator*), which absolutely transplants the paragraph from our columns without mentioning the name of the original thief! We live in a perplexed world.

"LE ROI EST MORT," ETC.—Two "Go's." At the Alhambra *King Indi-go* went so well as to be, now, *King Indi-gone* altogether; and in his place *Madame An-got* is started, an' go-ing all right.—*Punch*.

GUSTAVE DORÉ, who, besides being a great painter, is passionately fond of music, has purchased a villa in the neighbourhood of Paris. On the *façade* of the villa, the visitor perceives a peculiar inscription: the notes representing the words: "Do Re Si La Do Re." Translated into everyday French, this represents: "*Domicile à Doré*," or, into equally everyday English: "Doré's Domicile;" but it is impossible to render in the latter idiom the pun expressed in the artist's mother tongue.

THE *London Musical World*, an old-established paper, which combines the experience and calm of old age with the irrepressible vigor of youth, brings a controversy about the right way to say: "Music-critic," or "Musical critic." Let them come here, and the affair will be decided very soon. "Music-critic" is a man who criticises music; "Musical critic" is a critic who is musical. In England, where they don't admit that a man can be a "Music-critic" without being musical, they may fight about the expression; but here, where a man is a "Music-critic" by the simple fact that he writes about music, and mostly is not only not musical, but knows no more than any shoeblack about music, we would have to say: "Mr P. and Mr S. are 'Music-critics'; Mr H. and Mr E. are 'Musical critics.'"—*New York Arcadian*.

ONE day, as Mrs Mathews informs us, her husband and Incedon were travelling together on the top of a stage-coach, soon after the death of Incedon's first wife, to whom the singer had been devotedly attached. A very consumptive-looking man was also a passenger. Incedon's heart was touched by the poor fellow's sickly appearance, and he entered into conversation with him. He enquired after his companion's health, and learned that the object of his pity was going home to be nursed by his friends. When the coach stopped, Incedon, addressing the invalid for the last time, said: "My good man, we're going to leave you. It's my opinion, my poor fellow, that you're bespoken; you're now, I take it, as good as ready money to the undertaker, in fact, you're booked, so there's a seven-shilling-piece for you, and, when you go to heaven, and see my dear sainted Jane, pray tell her you met me, and that I'm well." The invalid stared, took the money with a humble bow, but made no reply to this extraordinary address, which he doubtless supposed to come from a lunatic.

KELLY, the well-known singer and composer, was celebrated for his "bulls." Looking through a hole in the curtain at Drury Lane Theatre one evening, he turned to the author of *The School for Scandal*, who happened to be standing near him, and said quite seriously: "Mr Sheridan, you can't stick a pin's head into any part of the house; it is literally choke full; but how much fuller will it be to-morrow night when the King comes?" On another occasion, as he and Mrs Crouch were performing together in *Lodoiska*, they were the victims of an accident which nearly proved fatal. As it was, Kelly was so much injured as to be obliged to lie up for some time. After his recovery, he met his gifted manager, whom he rather puzzled by suddenly asking: "Suppose, Mr Sheridan, I had been killed by the fall, who would have maintained me for the rest of my life?"

A FAIR and distinguished musician, M^{me}. Boiss, whose exquisite taste in art is well known to amateurs of curiosities, has just enriched the museum of the Paris Conservatory of Music with a charming Italian spinette. The instrument, in an admirable state of preservation, and ornamented with fleurs-de-lys, bears the date of 1564, and was given in 1575 by Henri III. of France to Baltasarini, better known as Beaujoyeux, a name he owed to his good spirits, and composer of the *Ballet comique de la Reine*. The spinette is the more interesting historically because it corroborates an assertion made some time since by M. Gustave Chouquet. That gentleman, in his *Histoire de la Musique dramatique*, cited an authority proving F. J. Fécis wrong in stating that Baltasarini did not visit France before 1577. As early as 1568, the musician was valet-de-chambre to Catherine di Medici, who soon afterwards created him intendant of her musical establishment. We now know that Beaujoyeux enjoyed the favour of Henri III., as well as that of the Queen Mother, and we must, perhaps, conclude, from the present made him by the French monarch, that he played not only the violin, but the harpsichord likewise.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

ON Saturday evening last another of the series of ballad concerts, under the direction of Mr W. Bevan, was given in the new and capacious Assembly-rooms of the Kilburn Town Hall, a building well calculated for music, the acoustics being all that could be desired. The programme was varied and satisfactory. The West London Orchestral Society, consisting of forty amateur players, well drilled and evidently up to their work, under the leadership of Mr W. R. Cave, gave Boieldieu's Overture to *La Dame Blanche*; the first movement of Mozart's Symphony in D; Hermann's Overture, *Couronne d'Or*; Mendelssohn's "Cornelius" March; and Gungl's brilliant set of waltzes, "Grafton-Berger," in a style creditable to all concerned. Miss Saidie Singleton, of the Royal Academy of Music, sang Randegger's "Peacefully slumber" (re-called) and Balfe's "I'm not in love, remember" (encored), to the evident delight of the audience. Miss Webster, a pupil of the London Academy of music, who possesses a fresh and charming soprano voice, sang Horn's "Cherry ripe," and songs by Taubert and Sullivan, in all of which she met with general approbation. Mr Steadman, the well-known tenor, gave "Tom Bowling" and "The Thorn" exceedingly well, and was loudly applauded, Signor Monari-Rocca singing, with more than usual effect, some popular buffo arias. Mr A. J. Barth played Pauer's pianoforte fantasia, "The Cascade," and also accompanied the vocal music. Mr W. Bevan has reason to congratulate himself on the success of these concerts.

PROVINCIAL.

MR C. HALLE AND MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA gave a pianoforte and violin recital in the concert-room, on Saturday, when there was a large and fashionable attendance. Mr Hallé played upon one of Messrs Broadwood & Sons grand concert pianofortes—a powerful instrument. The programme consisted of compositions of the greatest composers, and the artistic performances of Mr Hallé and M^{me} Neruda won enthusiastic appreciation. The recital was in every way successful.—*Malvern News*, Nov. 10.

MACFARREN'S *LADY OF THE LAKE*.

(From the programme of the Glasgow Choral Union.)

The cantata of *The Lady of the Lake* was composed, at the request of the Glasgow Musical Festival Executive Committee, expressly for performance at the opening of the New Halls in Glasgow. The Commission was proposed at the beginning of 1874; much time was spent in the selection of the subject, more in the adaptation of the poem to lyrical purposes, and the composition was completed in January, 1876, timely for the proposed Festival of that year.

Oct., 1877.

G. A. MACFARREN.

OPERA IN FRANCE AND NORTH GERMANY.

Reminiscences of 1873.

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 745.)

The Opera-Comique, the handsome but ill-ventilated Salle-Favart, in the Place Boieldieu, has lately been giving *Le Pré aux Clercs*, the swan-song of the lamented composer, Hérold, who, within a few weeks of its original production, died in January, 1833, just when he was beginning to realize the expectations of his numerous friends, and the results of his own labours and aspirations. Notwithstanding a certain dryness which more or less characterizes all his compositions, and so detracts from their beauty, *Le Pré aux Clercs* is a very fine opera, well meriting adaptation and translation to our Italian stages; for the music attracts by its vigour and originality, whilst the story is interesting, and lends itself readily to those opportunities for spectacle which year by year appear to be more imperatively demanded by London audiences. The tenor air, "O ma tendre amie," in the first act, is charming; the duet, "Les rendez-vous de noble compagnie," of a breadth and brilliancy worthy of Rossini. The bravura, "Jours de mon enfance," as a combination of pure melody and florid difficulty, is unsurpassed. The trio, "C'en est fait," in the third act, is delicious. The performance on this occasion gained nothing from the cast, which was, on the whole, decidedly inferior, with the exception of the Mergy (Duchesne), and Isabelle (M^{me} Miolan-Carvalho). The latter incomparable artist is at present engaged here; and though now in the autumn, or, more correctly speaking, the Indian summer of her career, is singing with nearly all her former fluency, grace, and charm. *Le Pré aux Clercs* is now withdrawn to insure the proper preparation of Auber's *L'Ambassadrice*, which will be the next production. In the interim *Richard Cœur de Lion*, by Grétry, has been revived. The firm lines, intellectual forehead, and benevolent features depicted in the bust of Grétry, which stands in the foyer of the Opera-Comique, render it difficult to believe, what his biographers assure us, that whilst one of the most prolific composers—on one occasion he produced no less than five operas in a year—he was one of the most intolerant and egotistical of men, avoiding the society of his fellow-musicians, despising and denying their merits, living surrounded by a circle of sycophants, who believed in his music alone, to the exclusion of all other compositions. Yet he was the contemporary of such men as Cherubini and Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven. Of the sixty-seven operas which emanated from his pen, the majority are now forgotten, though a very few may now and then be heard. *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, a charming little operetta, was frequently given as a *l'été de rideau* in the late Théâtre-Lyrique, and *Richard Cœur de Lion* is from time to time heard. On its reproduction at this theatre in 1841, the instrumental score was revived and enriched by Adolphe Adam, and was included, as thus arranged, by Mr Mitchell, in his excellent series of French representations at the St James's Theatre, during

the early months of 1850. Subjoined are the original and present casts :—

	1784.	1873.
<i>Richard</i>	Philippe	Duchesne.
<i>Blondel</i>	Clairval	Melchissidec.
<i>Le Seneschal</i>	Courcella	Nathan.
<i>Florestein</i>	Meunier	Bernard.
<i>Williams</i>	Narbonne	Neveu.
<i>Antonio</i>	Rosalie	Nordet.
<i>Marguerite</i>	Colombe	Thibault.
<i>Laurette</i>	Dugazon	Isaac.
<i>Beatrice</i>	Desforges	Rizzio.
<i>Mathurin</i>	—	Davoust.
<i>Colette</i>	—	Nadaud.
<i>Mathurine</i>	—	Decroix.

The plot turns upon the captivity of Richard in Austria, and his rescue by Blondel. Florestein, governor of the castle, is in love with Laurette, daughter of a valiant Crusader and Welsh knight, Sir Williams (!) whose achievements in Palestine did not prevent him from being outlawed on his return, and who has therefore conveniently taken up his residence in the neighbourhood of his sovereign's prison. Here also is staying a certain Marguerite, Comtesse de Flandre, who (Berengaria of Navarre having been apparently ignored by the librettist) is represented as the betrothed wife of the English king. Blondel, having discovered the object of his search, inveigles Florestein into a clandestine meeting with Laurette outside the castle walls, whereupon the latter is promptly arrested, the liberation of Richard as speedily effected, and, on the fall of the curtain, the various personages, including, of course, "Sir Williams," are all, like the good people in fairy tales, to live happily together ever after. There is also a pretty underplot relating to the golden wedding of an old village couple, and the betrothal of their grandchild, Colette, with Blondel's page, Antonio. As regards the music of this most interesting revival, the orchestral writing, even with the skilful augmentations of M. Adam, may sound thin and old-fashioned to the present generation, accustomed to the elaborate scoring and over-scoring of more recent composers; but, notwithstanding, the vitality of the old opera is wonderful, whilst its melodies are as genuine and fresh as if written yesterday. Respecting instrumentation, there is an interesting anecdote related by M. Fétis of Grétry. An argument having arisen one day in the saloon of the Opera-Comique, where many eminent musicians had met together, as to the instruments which produced the greatest effect in exciting the emotions of the audience, several opinions and theories were put forward. "And what," said the others to Grétry, "is yours?" "Gentlemen," was his answer, "I admire your sentiments, I respect your views, but I know a secret which surpasses them all." "And what, then?" "Truth!" And that this pertinent remark was exemplified in the music of *Richard Cœur de Lion* cannot be gainsaid. How thoroughly pastoral are the opening chorus, "Colette c'est demain," in the first act; the village *fête* and rustic dance to celebrate the re-marriage of old Mathurin, with the chanson, "Qu'en dites vous ma commère," in the last! How intensely dramatic Blondel's great air, "O Richard, O mon roi," and the famous duet, "Une fièvre brûlante," for Blondel and Richard! The storm of applause as distinguished from mere *claque*, which burst forth from every part of the theatre at the conclusion of these last two pieces, was pleasant to hear, and thoroughly deserved. Amongst the rest of the music may be mentioned the quartet, "Ah si c'était le gouverneur," the duet, "Un bandeau couvre les yeux," the air for Blondel, "Que le Sultan Saladin," in the first act; the spirited march which ushers in the second, followed by Richard's air, "Si l'univers entiers," and the trio, "Il faut," at the commencement of the third act. The effect of this revival upon the audiences of the Opera-Comique is indisputable, its success complete, and gratifying to witness, in spite of the melancholy reflection that, wide as has been the spread of musical erudition since the days of Grétry, the inborn gift of melody has increased in no commensurate degree. The majority of the characters in *Richard Cœur de Lion* are so many sketches filled with that perfection of *ensemble* found in this house, but calling for no particular remark, with the exception of old Mathurine, a little bit of character-acting, worked up by Mme Decroix with that skill which is so often found amongst the minor artists of French theatres; so rarely in our own. The interest centres in Richard and Blondel. The former was excellently done

by Duchesne, a tenor possessing a far greater share of natural endowments than the majority of singers attached to the Opera-Comique; but, though a showy and painstaking artist, his voice sounds as if it had been prematurely forced, instead of properly developed, and his singing is marked by an occasional coarseness, which it can scarcely be hoped that he will now correct, seeing that, after having been several years on the stage, he exhibits exactly the same merits and demerits as at his first appearance. On the other hand, Blondel, originally written for a tenor, finds an admirable representative in Melchissidec, who further shows himself to be an excellent musician, judging by the manner in which he accompanied himself on the violin in "Que le Sultan," and "Une fièvre brûlante." Grétry is said to have sat up all night to compose the latter air, with what result its undiminished popularity is sufficient testimony. It is the keystone of the opera, recurring incessantly during the three acts, and may be considered typical of the all-pervading spirit of loyalty which distinguishes the character of Blondel.*

(To be continued.)

BENEDICT'S ST PETER IN EDINBURGH.

The music lovers of the Scottish capital continue to vex the soul of Professor Blackie. Unaffected by the reproaches of that redoubtable champion, who would alternate overtures and symphonies with reels and strathspeys, and follow "In questa tomba," with "Jock o' Hazeldean," they persist in cultivating foreign art to the exclusion of that which is national. Here is the Edinburgh Choral Union, for example, going on in its old way, as though the picturesque professor had never uplifted a warning voice, and with eloquent finger pointed out the proper course. No doubt this is provoking, but after all, and apart from any question of comparison, some non-Scottish music may be found worth hearing. So think the members of the Union aforesaid, and so think a goodly number of their musical friends and neighbours. Edinburgh, however, is not well provided with means and appliances for the highest manifestations of the "divine art." Like the much bigger and richer town of Glasgow, it has no resident orchestra, a distinction which, thanks to the German Charles Hallé, belongs to Manchester alone of all provincial places. The fact can never be mentioned without humiliation. Were these huge and wealthy towns of ours on the continent, each would have its band, to say nothing of its opera-house. But it is no use complaining, though doubtless the genuine amateurs of Glasgow and Edinburgh blush for shame when calling to mind that, despite abundant wealth and a population of three-quarters of a million or thereabouts, they cannot give a good orchestral concert without drawing the players from London. In another respect Edinburgh is badly off. To-day Glasgow will open its splendid new Music Hall, but the capital remains satisfied with the small and, for concert purposes, objectionable room in George Street. On the other hand, Edinburgh possesses a choral society of which a good deal might be made in course of time, and it is this association that chiefly upholds the cause of music here, by giving every winter a series of orchestral and choral concerts on a fairly efficient scale.

The first concert of the present season took place last night when Sir Julius Benedict's oratorio, *St Peter*, was performed. *St Peter* had been heard before by the same audience, and with emphatic approval, judging from the crowded state of the room at its second presentation. So much the better for the taste and judgment of Edinburgh amateurs, to whose decision all of us that recognize the abounding merit of the work may appeal from the cold neglect of the English metropolis. In London, *St Peter* seems to be forgotten, and is assuredly ignored. Nevertheless, it contains some of its composer's best music, and may, taken for all in all, claim to rank among the first art creations which the latter half of the nineteenth century has witnessed. About this no difference of opinion can arise where opinion is guided by true culture. The value of the oratorio would perhaps have been greater had not the veteran master shrunk from casting it in a purely dramatic mould; but no such consideration affects the worth of the music *per se*. In this respect, it may be asked with confidence where among modern productions do we find nobler ideas, a larger fund of melody, more graceful and delicate orchestration, or a plainer impression of a masterful hand? Edinburgh answered these questions indirectly, but with complete significance, last night, when the pick of its amateurs reheard the work with attention and manifest approval. The audience were not allowed to applaud by the rules of the body under whose auspices they had met; but there

* Has our able contributor ever heard the *Richard Cœur de Lion* composed by Sir Julius Benedict for the Norwich Festival?—D. P.

are better, because less conventional, methods of showing satisfaction than by clapping hands and encores. To these recourse was had, and the "sensation" which ran through the hall at the close of many of the numbers proved how thoroughly the music had been enjoyed. Here let me pay a deserved compliment to the conductor and members of the Choral Union. The music of *St Peter* is no child's play. It demands both fine voices and instruments, skill of the highest order, without a due need of which even a passable performance cannot be given. This consideration might, under all the circumstances of the case, have diverted the attention of the Choral Union to something less exacting. That it did not so, speaks as well for the courage of the members, as, on the whole, the performance spoke for their ability. But now for the performance itself.

If I have to point out more than one or two shortcomings in what was done last night, I hope no perversive Scot will attribute the fact to the prejudice or arrogance of a Southron. In the world of music we are all one nationality, and so closely bound up together, notwithstanding superficial divisions, that when one member rejoices, the others have cause to rejoice with him. In no spirit of captiousness, therefore, let me plainly indicate faults which here call for amendment. To begin with, the conductor—Mr Adam Hamilton—should master the important art of skilfully wielding the baton in recitative. The elaboration of modern recitative, and the prominence now given to the orchestra in it, casts a heavy responsibility upon conductors, who need for its due discharge the highest qualifications of their craft. Mr Hamilton appears scarcely alive to this fact, and some portions of *St Peter* were not consequently as well given as otherwise they would have been. Nor can I say that the orchestra, albeit made up of experienced players, was faultless. That the music lacked the familiarity of the *Messiah* or *Elijah* is true, but that is no excuse. Nothing, indeed, can palliate that carelessness too often obvious in the ranks of a professional orchestra, especially where the conductor inspires no fear—carelessness that last night found its highest illustration in the gambols of an instrument the performer upon which had missed an entire number. As regards the chorus, let me first of all give well-earned credit to the sopranos, whose energy and skill were beyond praise, never flagging in the discharge of their difficult task, and never straying from a path hard to follow. Their singing was a feature in the performance that none can recall without pleasure. Of the other vocal departments so much cannot be said. The altos were too weak for effect; the tenors lacked quality in a serious degree; while the basses were rough, and wanted precision and decision. Moreover, the chorus, as a whole, lacked finish. Its observance of light and shade left much to desire. Some of the subtler evidences of good training were entirely absent. In pointing this out, however, I do not forget that the season is only just beginning, and that better results will assuredly be apparent later on. The soloists were Madame Nouver, Madame Enriquez, Mr Cummings, and Mr Wadmore, of whom the gentleman carried off chief honours. Mr Cummings puts upon everything he takes in hand the mark of a refined and accomplished musician, and his singing was throughout noticeable for purity of taste in union with well-considered expression. Nothing could have been better than his delivery of the various recitatives and airs, especially of "The Lord is very pitiful," a masterpiece of tender and touching effect. Mr Wadmore fairly made his mark in the music of the Apostle, which he sang with a quality of voice together with an intelligence and feeling suggestive of high hopes for his future career. Madame Nouver was scarcely at home with the exacting airs she had to sing; but Madame Enriquez made a genuine impression in "O Thou afflicted." There only remains to add that the oratorio, some portions being omitted, was heard to the end by most of the audience, who thus gave themselves an opportunity of appreciating the masterly final chorus.—D. T.

STANBRIDGE EAST.—The *News and Frontier Advocate* of St John's (Quebec) has, in its issue of October 26th, an account of a concert given by Herr and Mdme Bohrer, both well-known members of musical families, the lady (formerly Miss Chatterton) being a harpist of more than ordinary ability. On the occasion under notice she played Godefrid's "Danse des Sylphes" and Frederic Chatterton's variations on *The Carnival of Venice*, and, with her husband, a grand duet on Irish airs by Oberthur. "The duet," writes the *News*, "evidently produced a marked effect on the audience, who had hitherto been somewhat cold and undemonstrative, notwithstanding the efforts of the artists, which would have roused many a critical assemblage. Herr Bohrer's playing was excellent, from the Sonate Pathetique of Beethoven down to a valse by Chopin. Miss Lizzie Scott was the vocalist."

MACFARREN'S LADY OF THE LAKE.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

(Continued from page 737.)

Coming to the subject in hand, we must approach the *Lady of the Lake* with all the diffidence which an imperfect acquaintance with the matter induces. One hardly would like to criticise a picture from viewing a steel engraving of it, and a scarcely accurate idea of a work for instruments and voices in concert is to be obtained from perusing a pianoforte score. Inasmuch, however, as this is the only clue we have to the structure of the work, it must, for the present, suffice for our guide, rendering us able to give an opinion of the cantata in its principal features, whilst we must necessarily reserve all speculation as to the probable effectiveness of the musical illustration when the all-important element of the instruments appears in connection with it. Mdme Nathalie Macfarren has prepared the book, which is almost a literal transcription from Scott, save where the narrative is made impersonal, or here and there a verb altered to suit the purposes of dramatic characterisation. The task has been deftly and skilfully accomplished, save in one instance, which certainly cannot escape observation. Had the original poem run in the way in which it now appears, Mdme Macfarren, would, we think, have been justified in altering it, as the episode to which we allude is obviously a glaring mistake. We refer to the situation where Fitz-James receives the hospitality of Roderick Dhu—not knowing, of course, under whose roof he is resting. Almost every one knows the lines spoken by Fitz-James:—

"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As free as 'tis nobly given!"

Then the poet, to show the true, innate courage of both these men—foes on account of their race, and bitter enemies on account of the feud supposed to be raging between them—makes them "lie peaceful down, like brothers tired," side by side, and sleep till morning, without a thought of treachery or foul play. But it is quite another thing to make both these men boast of this very qualification of bravery (which according to the narrative, they should possess unconsciously), and indulge in a long duet of the lullaby type. It is utterly unlike—not Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu—but two tired men, to sing themselves off to sleep. What the obvious intention of the poet was, is the portrayal of Fitz-James, accepting the situation as it offers, and throwing himself down at once upon the rude couch spread for his slumbers. Dr Macfarren would do well to think over this number, and give to the chorus the narration which now fits so awkwardly the mouths of the two chief persons of the tale. The score contains twenty-four numbers, and the *dramatis persone* are as follows:—Ellen, the Lady of the Lake, soprano; Malcolm Græme, and Blanche of Devan, contralto; James Fitz-James, the Knight of Snowdoun, tenor; Roderick Dhu, baritone; James, Earl of Douglas, and John of Brent, an English yeoman, bass. There is no overture, its place being taken by a preludary chorus, or "Foresong," as it is termed,—"*Harp of the North*"—a very charming and flowing melody, albeit the first phrase recalls a snatch of one of the best known of Mendelssohn's *Leider ohne Worte*. The "local colour" or imitation of the Scotch method is not so apparent here as in the main body of the work, where the peculiarity of the imperfect scale affords abundance of scope for the composer's ingenuity. Both verses of the "fore-song" are mainly identical, though the accompaniment differs in each. It is written in E flat, and has for the second-subject a bold and striking transition into the key of G flat, whence the return to the original tune is most skilfully contrived. Very charming is this number, full of the glamour which the words so ably express. Thus the work starts under the most favourable auspices. No. 2 is a chorus, "The morning sun his beacon red had kindled on the mountain head," in 9-8 rhythm, which has a clever point of imitation at the words, "The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay." The introduction of the horn phrase, alluded to in the verses, also is unconventional. The couplet,—

"And when the Brig of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone—"

is given to the chorus in recitative, and then follows immediately the duet for Ellen and Fitz-James, dealing with their first meeting. The opening phrase of this—or rather the symphony—ought to be attentively noted, as this afterwards plays an important part, slightly modified, as one of the principal *leit-motives* which are to be found in the cantata. After the first part, partaking of a colloquial nature, a change is made at the words, "Silently, silently glides the bark," a pretty though not ambitious movement in 6-8; and the whole concludes with an *allegro brillante* in the initial key (E major), where Ellen bids Fitz-James enter the enchanted halls. Now follows (No. 4) the chorus, "Soldier, rest," an *andante tran-*

quillo, in A flat, 6-8, to which succeeds a scene for Fitz-James, of a highly dramatic nature, the key note struck in the opening lines,—"In broken dreams the pictures rise of varied peril and surprise." This gives Dr. Macfarren plenty of chance for the introduction of the leading-motives of the foregoing movements, not of the duet only, and for some melodramatic declamation, which savours a little of the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*. The restlessness of the dialogue is, however, relieved by a melodious *andante soave*, in A, 6-8, "The wild rose, elegantine and broom," which gives place again to impassioned utterances, till Fitz-James is supposed to awake, and "his midnight orisons said o'er," turns to rest, and banishes bad dreams. Now comes a very excellently written four-part song, for first and second sopranos and first and second contraltos, "Not faster yonder rowers might," in B flat, 3-4, destined, or we mistake very greatly, to be one of the most popular numbers of the work. No. 7 is a scene for Ellen, in which the duet-motive appears again; after the introductory recitative, "I am anxious for him still," &c., comes a pleasing ballad in D major, 2-4, "For me whose mercy scarce conveys," which gives way to an *allegro agitato* in the tonal minor, in which Ellen expresses her determination not to wed Roderick, and the principal feature in which is the reiterated syncopation of the rhythm. A brilliant peroration in the major passes for an effective climax, the entire score being of sustained dramatic quality. The boat song, No. 8, "Hail to the chief," is written in E minor, with plentiful use of the Scotch idiom. A short solo is here introduced for Roderick. The whole number will probably be found extremely interesting and effective in performance. No. 9, a trio for Ellen, Malcolm and Douglas, is didactic, and might drop out of the narrative altogether, for all the assistance which it gives the action; *per se* it is very agreeable, however, and as concerted music is generally more acceptable than solos, it will doubtless have its due weight. In the following section, we find Roderick's proposal for Ellen's hand refused, and hear of the manner in which he is dared to fight by the courageous young Grame. A very marked rhythm pervades this number, which opens with a quartet, and winds up with a duo, or rather dialogue, between Malcolm and Roderick. Here what may be called the "Roderick" motive is plentifully employed.

In No. 11, Roderick declaims the anathema:—

"Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heroes their holiest dew."

The occasion, as all may know, is the sending abroad of the cross of fire to summon the clan McAlpine. The chorus is also employed here, and again in the prophecy which the banshee is supposed to utter—"Who spills the foremost foeman's life, that partly conquers in the strife." Dr. Macfarren has overcome the difficulty, or rather the incongruity of a body of various voices singing a phrase supposed to be uttered by one, by making the choristers sing in unison; but even then this device is open to question, especially when any attempt to realism is made. A few explanatory bars for chorus and Roderick (No. 12) now ushers in Ellen's well known prayer "Ave Maria! maiden mild," the setting of which must inevitably suffer by comparison with Schubert's, though the composer has admirably caught the spirit of the theme. The chorus next describes Roderick's assembly of his clansmen, and with their welcome of their chieftain the first part comes to a termination. The *alla marcia* is a spirited movement, and the chorus is employed with excellent antiphonal effect; we might wish, however, that something bigger had been done with the welcome of the chieftain by his warriors.

(To be continued.)

VIENNA.—It has not yet been decided who is to be Herbeck's successor at the Society of the Friends of Music, but it will, in all probability, be Herr Helmesberger, who has, by-the-by, been temporarily entrusted with the direction of the rehearsals and concerts. It is also likely that the same gentleman will be promoted to the position of first Court Chapelmaster, and that his own place of second Court Chapelmaster will be conferred on Herr Pius Richter. Another aspirant for the vacant post is said to be Herr Dessoff. The members of the Singakademie gave a performance on the 6th inst., in the large hall of the Academical Gymnasium, to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's death. The programme comprised two eight-part songs, "Weihnachten" and "Am Neujahrstage;" an address by Dr H. Wörz; "Nachtlied," Mendelssohn's last composition; "Rondo Capriccioso in E for pianoforte;" Air from *St Paul*, "Gott sei mir gnädig;" Sonata in D major for Pianoforte and Violoncello; and three movements from the cantata, *Aus tiefer Noth*,

A TIETJENS MEMORIAL.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

In due course, no doubt, the cemetery at Kensal Green will add to its historic monuments one in remembrance of the great artist who recently passed from amongst us. But the amateur of the future, who desires to look upon a Tietjens memorial, should not be compelled to go to a place of graves. He should find it in the living and active world where Tietjens herself played so great a part, and amid the scenes in which she was so conspicuous a figure. We are happy to know that some of those who admired the artist in life share our impression as to the most fitting tribute now that she is dead, and that it is proposed to raise funds by subscription for a bust of Tietjens, to be placed in the vestibule of Her Majesty's Theatre. To this end, a committee will probably soon be formed, and contributions invited. Meanwhile, the propriety of the step, and of the particular manner in which it is suggested to be carried out, can hardly fail of general approval. All who have been in sympathy with the career of the regretted artist, all to whom she has ministered in the exercise of her vocation, all who knew the amiability of her personal character, especially her readiness to help in every good work, and all who now lament her death, will give some measure of assistance towards a permanent and tangible memorial of her greatness. She could raise none for herself, because the creations of the vocalist, unlike those of the poet, painter, or sculptor, "melt into thin air" as rapidly as they are poured forth. Her "counterfeit presentment" in marble would be a centre for pleasant memories to gather round years hence, and what place so fitted for it as the house where she began and ended her English career? Should the pedestal bear the inscription "Valentine, 1858; Lucrezia, 1877," recollection now, and history hereafter, will fill up the interval with a list of triumphs more than sufficient to justify the highest manifestation of the feeling which finds expression in "storied urn and animated bust."

THE WINTER SEASON AT WIESBADEN.

(From a Nassau Correspondent).

Wiesbaden, the Queen of German Spas, situated about 2½ miles from the Rhine, build in a high romantic and beautiful valley, enjoyed even amongst the Romans a great fame for its hot springs and their beneficial healing powers. The town itself formerly the residence of the Duke of Nassau, now the seat of the prussian government for the province of Hesse-Nassau, counts according to the last census a population of about 49000 souls. In this number is included a colony of english families, who are staying here all the year round numbering about 900 persons. The influx of strangers, visitors and pleasure seekers is pretty considerable and amounts according to government statistics from 56 to 72000 annually, comprising some of the highest aristocracy not forgetting some of the best english society. Owing to its mild climate, Wiesbaden, is not undeserving known, on the continent, as: "the German Nice" in consequence of which, it is much frequented by invalids. The german emperor even, has for years deigned to stay amongst us for some weeks each year.

His imperial highness the Crownprince and princess of Prussia and Germany with family have only arrived a few days ago with the intention of dwelling at Wiesbaden during the winter. Princess Louise of Prussia, the Langrave of Hesse with suit and other notabilities, have reached this town as well. Wiesbaden is getting more and more an abode of luxury and pleasure. Everything is being done to entertain and amuse the distinguished visitors. Trade and industry are of course very limited at Wiesbaden. There is certainly some commerce in wine, the town being near and in close connection with the Rhinegau.

Entertainments take place in particular at the Cursaal and at the Theatre Royal. At the former place of amusement concerts are the order of the day, some of the most celebrated artists cooperating. On the whole, Wiesbaden furnishes in regard of music the greatest and newest works; I shall report of this more explicitly, in my next. To change the matter of entertainment, sometimes discourses are held by learned men, concerning the newest scientific and artistic matters. The band of the Cursaal is paid by the municipality and is lead under the splendid conduction of the able leader, Mr Lüstner, a gentlemen, who by the bye observed is a violinist of considerable fame. The musical programm, contains the newest pieces and Wiesbaden may congratulate itself in having such an able man at the

head of the orchestra. The theatre, a government institution under direct patronage of the German emperor, who annually contributes no trivial sum for its maintenance, is celebrated for its splendid operas. The orchestra upheld by government, consisting of about 70 members, is very ably conducted by the excellent leader, Mr William John, to whose exertions it is due, that the band in question is considered one of the very best in the whole of Germany. This is saying a good deal, for, Germany is the home of all music. By such splendid musical leadership, it is unnecessary to mention that the operatic company is equally excellent. Amongst the songstress deserves to be mentioned before all others, the Prima Donna Miss Rolandt a young lady not 18 years old, a novice who has only took to the stage a few months ago. Miss Rolandt possessing extraordinary musical talents, has a very sympathetic sweet voice of eminent method. She sings nearly 3 octaves with the greatest facility, and brilliancy never singing false. There is no doubt that this young lady will astonish the world ere long. She could even now sing in London with the greatest success, its dramatic songstress, Missis Kebizeck-Löffler, is engaged, this lady is very good in singing Wagner operas having a very good voice.

Miss Pessiak, Miss Muzell and Miss Nesch represent the other principal female singers. The first lady sings pretty well, has a splendid figure and is a splendid appearance on the stage she is a scholar of the celebrated Italian Professor Lamberti. Miss Muzell a lady of some note sings the parts of lighter music, whilst Miss Nesch sings alt and is very excellent. Of singer we will not omit to mention the two tenor Mr Ledérer and Peschiér. The Bariton Philippi indeed a very great artist. Mr Fiehr the Bassist, who sung the roll of Hagen at the Bayreuth festival plays. The choirs are excellent. For the culture of song different societies are uniting at Wiesbaden, particular mention deserves the great Oratorio called *Cäcilien Verein* conductor Mr Charles d'Estér. Chamber-music, is equally cultivated. Messrs Kebicek, Müller, Knotte and Hertel are arranging quartets very often and it must be said that the marvellous execution is admired very much, and great frequent prevailing its principally such families do reside at Wiesbaden, who have retired from business having formerly lived in great towns, it is evident that the residents have great pretensions and that but first class executions are valued, accordingly but first class performances are given.

During the season the most distinguished artist appear before the public. Not merely stars of this country but artist from all countries, England not having failed in sending its contingent; for instance Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Signor Piatti, Mr Oberthür and others to numerous to mention, have cooperated in concerts at the Cursaal. If reports speak true, even the world renowned Sims Reeves will sing this winter at Wiesbaden.

Wiesbaden Novemb. 1877.

BEAUTIFUL BREEZES.*

PART-SONG.

<p>Beautiful breezes! spirits of air! Hov'ring around us, gentle and fair; Roving like fairies from shore unto shore, [them o'er; Scatt'ring the vapours that clouded</p> <p>Wafting contentment wherever ye go, Fanning the brow that is aching with woe, Chasing the spirit of sickness away, Changing the night of Despair into day.</p> <p>In at each casement, like angels, ye fly, Kissing the cheeks of the babes as they lie; • Copyright.</p>	<p>Whisp'ring sweet dreams in each fair sleeper's ear, Visions of hope, that dispel ev'ry fear. Thence o'er the ocean, all laden with balm, [in the calm; To free the frail barque that lies dead Upwards to heaven then softly ye rise, Quickly before you the dark storm- cloud flies.</p> <p>Beautiful breezes! roam thro' the world, [furred, Whilst ev'ry banner of Freedom, un- flutters before you all trembling with glee, [free. For ye are the emblems of all that is</p>
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LEWIS NOVEA.

Twenty-five manuscripts had been sent in by the 31st October, the last day that any work could be received, for the prize of 10,000 francs offered by the City of Paris for the best musical composition, to be publicly performed in the Palace of the Trocadéro during the Universal Exposition of 1878. The judging-committee consists of twenty members, ten being elected by the Municipality and ten by the competitors. The first ten are MM. Ambroise Thomas, François Bazin, Hérold, Emile Perrin, Vaucorbeil, Ortolan, Gastinel, Cherouvrier, Banderali, and Le Roux. The members selected by the competitors are MM. Gounod, Massenet, Guiraud, Colonne, Franck, Léo Delibes, Saint-Saëns, Boulanger, Guilman, and Lenepeveu,

THE DANISCHEFFS.

(From the Liverpool "Porcupine.")

This drama deals with Russian social life, and is written by a Russian gentleman in collaboration with M. Dumas fils. The adapter has had a double difficulty to deal with; he has had not only to present in an English form the strange forms of Russian life, but he has had to contend with the double refraction arising from the use of M. Dumas' spectacles in the observation of little-known and half-civilized Russian society. The cardinal point in the drama, upon which the action turns, is the relations that exist between Osip and Anna. United by a forced marriage, by the unexampled generosity of Osip in favour of his master, Count Vladimir, who loves and is beloved by Anna, that marriage remains a mere ceremony; actuated by nobler motives than those of Shakspeare's hero, Osip acts to Anna as Bertram to Helena. There is, however, no moderation in the generosity of Osip. He is all goodness, all self-denial, all self-abasement—very fine qualities in their way, but not natural in such excess. Granting the possibility of his acting so nobly towards the woman he loves, but by whom he is not loved, we think it an unnecessary gilding of gold to make him refrain from all attempts to gain that love; the degrading proposition that his wife should be the paramour of Count Vladimir is accepted humbly by him and submitted to her by his own lips—of course, to be indignantly refused by Anna; but the mere mention of such a thing should not be heard in a high-class drama. There is too great a want of restraint shown in heaping up the measure of Osip's devotedness to an absurd extent; the sublime finally merges into the ridiculous when this victim of circumstances asks forgiveness of the proud Countess, the origin of all the troubles and distress of the piece. This indeed is too much. Certain scenes and characters descriptive of Russian daily life are marked by a fault which, we suppose, must be inevitable in such cases; they partake of the unspeakable dullness and stupidity which they describe. There is a mysterious personage, one Zakaroff, a publican, who deals in bribery, gives away a trifle of 100,000 roubles, which he appears to carry in his coat-tails as petty cash, and in other respects supplies local colour to the piece; an object which is likewise served by the cigarette-smoking of the Princess Lydia, by the presence of Lindver, who does nothing but play the piano, by Princess Borio, who is sleepy and forgetful, and by Dr Koureff, who is sleeping and—sleeps. One feature alone was lacking to the dull, depressing picture of Russian society—the everlasting card-table.

WAIFS.

The Théâtre des Variétés, Montpellier, is burnt to the ground.

M. Faure has been singing with his usual success at the Hague.

Mad. Christine Nilsson has met with an enthusiastic reception at Moscow in *Mignon* and *Faust*.

The Russian composer, Tchaikowski, is engaged on a grand opera, with a libretto founded on Pouschkin's *Eugene Onegin*.

An American musical association, called the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, have made a successful concert-tour through Canada.

M. Alphonse Leduc, well known for his cheap bijou editions of operatic scores, has been nominated an "Officier d'Académie."

Mr Theodore Thomas's series of Orchestral Concerts in Music Hall, Boston (U.S.), was announced to commence on the 14th inst.

Dr Ferdinand Hiller has completed a new oratorio. The eminent composer has been nominated *socio illustre* of the St Cecilia at Rome.

Herr Hellmesberger will probably succeed Herr Herbeck as conductor of the concerts given by the Society of the Friends of Music, Vienna.

M. Albert Millaud, member of the Paris press, author of the librettos of *Madame l'Archiduc* and *Le Péché Véniel*, is made knight of the Legion of Honour.

"Cherubino," in the *Figaro*, states that Mad. Arabella Goddard is engaged by Mr John Boosey for the Thirteen London Ballad Concerts after Christmas.

A man never realizes the value of a breath, says the *Boston Courier* (U.S.), until he finds himself unable to whistle after running a block or two to catch a horse-car.

Thirty years elapsed on the 4th inst. since the death of Felix Mendelssohn. On the 1st January next, the copyright of his works expires in Germany, and any one will be at liberty to publish them.

A third supplement to M. Félix Clément's *Dictionnaire lyrique* has recently been published. It contains a list of operas produced in France during the last three years, with analyses. [Better than the others?—D. P.]

They have found an honest politician in Georgia (U.S.), and propose to blow him up with dynamite, so as to give all the States of the Union a piece each.

M. Lemmens is expected in Paris, where he intends giving a course of instruction on the organ. He also proposes introducing several of his own works to the Parisians as well as a new method of accompaniment for plain-song.

M. Victor Schoelcher has made a second present to the library of the Paris Conservatory. It includes a large number of old English art-journals, with other works equally valuable, among them being Mattheson's *Grundlage einer Ehrenpforte*.

The Joublochkoff electric light resembles the moon, and there is no smoke or heat from it. "When our theatres are lighted by it," observes the *Boston Courier* (U.S.) "the young men will have no excuse for going out frequently to get a breath of fresh air."

M. Vergnet, who now sustains the part first played by M. Salomon in *Le Roi de Lahore* at the Grand Opera, Paris, has signed a fresh engagement for two years with M. Halanzier, at a salary of 36,000 francs for the first year, and 40,000 for the second.

Mlle Caroline Salla replaced Mlle Parodi, as the Countess, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, on Thursday night. Mlle Marie Marimon has been added to the company at Her Majesty's Theatre, and will, it is expected, make her appearance on Thursday, in the *Sonnambula*.

M. Léo Delibes has returned to Paris. He will re-visit Vienna to superintend the production of his new work, *Jean de Nivelle*, which Herr Jauner is desirous of having performed at the Imperial Opera-house in the above capital at the same time that it is played in Paris.

On Thursday evening there was a "recital" by Dr. Spark, of Leeds, on the large organ erected in the City Temple. Among other pieces, he introduced his "Concertstück," composed for and played by him at the Leeds Festival. Dr. Spark intends also to play his "Concertstück" at the Bow and Bromley Institute this evening.

The Committee of Musical Auditions at the Paris Universal Exposition is divided into six Sub-Committees, namely of: 1. Administration and Finances; 2. Free Societies, French and foreign; 3. Organ; 4. Chamber Music; 5. Orpheons; and 6. Picturesque Music. Under the last head is included the music of Eastern nations, gypsies, and so on.

At a meeting of the governors of the Royal Dramatic College, at the Adelphi Theatre on Wednesday, the 7th inst., Lord Wm. Lennox in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That as it is impossible to keep up the Royal Dramatic College and provide for its inmates, through want of sufficient support, there being at this moment no funds for the current expenses except by selling out the remaining sum of £1,000 in the New Three per Cents., the council do forthwith take such steps as the Charity Commissioners may advise to dispose of the property and to provide for the inmates."

The winter season of Italian opera began at Her Majesty's Theatre with a performance of *Il Trovatore*, under conditions such as fairly encouraged a hope of success for the enterprise. Mr Mapleson has completely adapted the interior to his new requirements. Having to depend upon the mass of the public rather than upon the aristocratic few, he has made a "pit" by abolishing half the stalls, while the boxes in the grand and first tiers, save a few on each side, have been swept away. The aspect of the house does not, of course, gain by changes like these; but that matters little so long as the humbler lovers of opera are accommodated and content with what is done for them. As regards the stage, it would be absurd to look for the completeness which is a *sine quâ non* during the regular season. Italian opera is an expensive article, and cheapness can only be gained by a corresponding sacrifice of quality. But if among Mr Mapleson's winter company we find none of the stars that blaze in summer, if his orchestra be fewer in number, and his chorus less strong, it does not at all follow that the performances must be inefficient. Instead of this, it is likely that Mr Mapleson will give his supporters a series of representations valuable on account of all-round merit. He has a good working company, and the orchestra and chorus are equal to their duties, while in Signor Li Caisi he possesses a conductor thoroughly experienced and capable. Assuming that the public, as distinct from the ordinary opera-going classes, really appreciate lyric drama, there is no reason to anticipate anything but success for Mr Mapleson's "experiment."—*Daily Telegraph*.

BERLIN.—A special morning concert was given on the 4th inst., the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death, by Stern's Gesangverein, under the direction of Professor J. Stockhausen, in the Singakademie. The programme was furnished conjointly by Mendelssohn and Mozart. The principal compositions were the 114th Psalm, for eight-part chorus and orchestra, Mendelssohn; "Sprüche

zu Kirchenfesten", Mendelssohn; and *Requiem*, Mozart. The Berliner Sinfonie-Capelle, headed by Herr Badecke, as conductor, contributed materially to the success of the *matinée*. There have been numerous other concerts recently. Among the most important may be mentioned the Monday Concerts of Herren W. Hellmich and L. Nicodé, which were inaugurated on the 5th inst. in the Singakademie; the concert of Mad. Clara Schumann and Mad. Joachim, the two ladies being assisted by Herren Joachim and Hansmann; the concert given by Schnöppf's Vocal Association to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation by a grand performance of Handel's *Messiah* according to the Mozart-score; and Herr B. Bilse's Symphonie Concert, at which two novelties were produced—a "Concert-Allegro, for Violoncello," composed by Davidoff, and played by Herr Louis Lübeck, and a *Serenade* in F major, by Herr Ignaz Brüll. The last work, consisting of six movements, Allegro, Intermezzo, Scherzo, Andante, Intermezzo, and Finale, made a highly favourable impression, and was greatly applauded.

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OPERA IN FRANCE AND NORTH GERMANY.

Reminiscences of 1873.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 780.)

CHAPTER I.

The two classes of grand and comic opera at Brussels are united in one home, the Théâtre de la Monnaie, a house corresponding in size as nearly as possible to our Drury Lane Theatre. The decorations, which are distinguished by a profusion of gilding in every part, are rich, but decidedly heavy, and the introduction of satin damask on the elaborately moulded box-panels of the five tiers of open galleries has a most tasteless effect. The interior, however, is luxurious and comfortable in all its arrangements. Those behind the curtain, on the other hand, are anything but satisfactory. The operas of *Faust* and *Les Huguenots* will afford a fair specimen of the talents of the company employed in the more important works of the repertory, and which includes as tenors Leroy and Warot; basses and barytones, Bœquie, Rondil, Echetto; soprani, Mesdames Gannetti, Mezeray, Hamackers, and Marie Battu. Mme Marie Battu, who was formerly attached to the Grand Opera in Paris, and to our Covent Garden, may be remembered as a useful and meritorious artiste of the second rank, painstaking and correct in all she attempted, but not interesting. Since her engagement at Brussels Mme Battu has filled the post of *prima donna assoluta*, and has a great reputation here, but her voice is now much worn, nor has she any particular dramatic ability to compensate for the fatigued condition of her vocal powers. Any one who remembers the Grand Opera some twelve years back will recognize the name of Mdle Hamackers, who in such parts as the Princess, in *Robert le Diable*; Urbain, in *Les Huguenots*; the Page, in *Le Comte Ory*; and Jemmy, in *Guillaume Tell*, charmed alike by the freshness of her voice and the striking beauty of her face and figure. During the somewhat long interval, time has wrought little change in the personal charms of Mdle Hamackers, whilst it has apparently improved her singing, which is now highly finished, and her performance of Marguerite di Valois would have proved thoroughly satisfactory in any theatre. Mme. Gannetti, the heroine of Gounod's *Faust*, has true sentiment, and a good method, but is wholly without the power requisite for so large an arena. Of the men, Bœquie has a good voice, and promises well. Rondil and Echetto are respectable—nothing more. Leroy, a young tenor from the Opéra-Comique in Paris is a good singer in light music, but was quite overweighted in the part of Faust. The only member of the *troupe* with any real pretensions to high excellence is Warot, the representative of Raoul, in *Les Huguenots*, whose voice is a tenor, pure, sweet, and coming entirely from the chest. Although occasionally given to altering the text of his music, by the substitution of florid embellishments, neither opportune nor in good taste, Warot is an admirable singer and actor, appearing, indeed, a very "Triton amongst minnows" in surroundings of such mediocrity. As for the comic opera here, it is apparently in even a worse plight. *Fra Diavolo*, provided the rendering be only respectable, is one of those operas which can scarcely help, so to speak, playing themselves, so exquisite is the orchestration, so irresistibly catching are the melodies. But if it were possible for the opera to sound tedious and heavy, the possibility was certainly achieved on this occasion. The Zerlina (Mdle Mezeray) and Pamela (Mdle Aurélie) looked well and acted with spirit, but sang persistently out of tune. The part of Fra Diavolo was well played by Leroy, who, if occasionally given to exaggeration, has at least learnt to sing, and in the lighter music of Auber's captivating opera found a rôle more suited to his means than Faust, appearing to great advantage in the long *scena* "J'ai révue mes amis," at the commencement of the third act, in which, and in the following rondo, "Il faut nous hâter," his employment of the falsetto, if scarcely legitimate, was at any rate most skilful, and in its effect perfectly charming. The representatives of the other characters were beneath mediocrity, nor would they require notice, but that the singers should be so imperfect in their text as to come to a dead stop, and then take up the music, as best they might, some bars further on; and that such incompetence could actually be tolerated without openly expressed

condemnation by the audience, is proof of what the *habitudes* are accustomed to put up with, and of the state of musical disorganization to which the theatre has been reduced since the time, in 1845, when its company of that day migrated to the old Covent Garden, and by their performance of *Les Huguenots*, and other masterpieces of the great French school, foreshadowed as it were the lasting popularity which these works achieved on the subsequent foundation of the Royal Italian Opera, as well as amply vindicated the merits of the Brussels Opera in England. The orchestra, though numerous, is sadly deficient as regards many of the leading instruments, and very coarse in its accompaniments. The male voices of the chorus are excellent; indeed the soldiers' chorus in *Faust*, the "Rataplan" in the *Huguenots*, were among the few good items in the execution of those operas, but the other branch of this department is very weak. The scenery and dresses were of the shabbiest description; in fact the entire stage appointments of the Théâtre de la Monnaie have a third-rate provincial air, which it is surprising and disappointing to find in the leading musical establishment of so rich and prosperous a country as Belgium. Infinitely more interesting is the clever little company of the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, comprising MM. Mario-Widmer, Jolly, Charlier, Mesdames Luigini, Desclawias, Delorme, who, having returned for the winter to the Alcazar, are giving Adolphe Adam's pretty operetta *La Poupée de Nuremberg* and *Le Roi d'Yvetot* (a new and amusing opera-bouffe, for which a young composer named Vasseur has written the music), with all that spirit and perfection of *ensemble* which rendered their efforts so popular in London during the late summer. There is, indeed, a care and sense of completeness in their performance which may be looked for in vain at the theatre of greater pretensions.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

TO MILA RODANI.

Nay, not the nightingale, whose flood of song,
Thrilling the summer-silence of the night,
Awakens in a passion of delight
The Eastern Rose to listen all night long—
Nay, not this nightingale that sings among
The roses of the valley, was the bright
Rare bird, gold-plumed, whose utmost-faring flight
Led for a space amid our singing throng.

Nay: but a linnet whose notes, silver-clear,
Heard in the North when winter is outspent,
Wakens the violet, she came nigh and lent
The loveliest melody the spring woodlands hear.
A bird whose notes are gracious to the ear
As to a soul a breath of violets' scent.

Belfast, Nov. 26, 1877.

F. F. M.

HAMBURG.—Herr Diener met with an enthusiastic reception at the Stadttheater as Eleazar in Halévy's opera of *La Juive*, the members of the orchestra being called on by the audience to play several "flourishes" in his honour. He was well supported by Mesdames Robbinssohn and Peschka-Leutner.

MILAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mad. Adelina Patti is more popular than ever, and the first four, and "only," performances at the Scala have been supplemented by as many more. Some of the fair and gifted artist's admirers gave her a serenade before the Hotel Cavour, in the Piazza of the same name.—Sig. Ponchielli's new three-act opera, *Lina*, has been produced with success at the Teatro dal Verme, the composer being called on thirty-four times the first night—twenty-seven times during the performance, and seven after the fall of the curtain. The principal characters were confided to Signore Brambilla-Ponchielli, Riccardi, Signori Bertolasi, and Vincentelli, who acquitted themselves more or less satisfactorily. The orchestra, under Sig. Giraldini, was well up to its work, and the scenery obtained two calls for the painter, Sig. Tencalla.—At the Carcano, Sig. Sacchi's new opera, *Cleopatra*, has been produced with but very doubtful success.

THE SORCERER.

(From the "Graphic.")

The production of *The Sorcerer* at the Opera Comique, on Saturday night, was a real success—so real, indeed, as to encourage the belief that it will be lasting. That the work—"comic opera," or whatever special definition it may legitimately claim—is one of singular merit, few who have witnessed and heard it can reasonably deny. With Mr W. S. Gilbert and Mr Arthur Sullivan each at his best, it would be hypercritical to look for failure; and, both conditions being fulfilled in *The Sorcerer*, the result was what, without risk of disappointment, might have been anticipated. Mr Gilbert has adopted an old and much revered legend—that of the "philtre," or love potion—as the basis of his libretto. His treatment of this legend, however, belongs exclusively to him, and to no other. Nor Thomas of Ercelesbourne ("the Rhymer"), nor Rusticien de Pise, nor Malory himself would have recognised it again. The readers of *The Graphic*, however—better informed through our last Christmas number—can draw their own inferences. For this reason—to say nothing of the ample details published on Monday by our daily contemporaries, we are absolved from the task of describing the plot. Enough that what, through the agency of Dame Bragwaine, was with fatal results administered to Sir Tristram, son of Meliadus, and to King Mark's wife, "the Belle Isonde" (we use the nomenclature of *Mort d'Arthur*—our own cherished romance), is by Mr Wellington Wells, chief of an established house of "family necromancers," administered to the whole population of a village with no more fatal results than such as are provocative of mirth irresistible. The secret belongs exclusively to Mr Gilbert, who, in lieu of making folks weep bitterly, compels them to laugh until tears of a healthier sort are engendered—the *risum movère*, rather than the *lacrymas excire*, being his especial aim. This he has accomplished with admirable skill, doubly fortunate in his Orphean confederate, Mr Arthur Sullivan, one of the most gifted of Britain's musical sons, whose co-operation with the author of *Pygmalion*, *The Palace of Truth*, &c., has—witness the inimitable *Trial by Jury*, &c.—been already more than once successful. Both author and composer have reason to be gratified with this outcome of their united efforts. *The Sorcerer* made "a hit—a palpable hit"—on Saturday night, at the Opera Comique, and kept the audience in one continuous state of hilarity. At the same time, let it not be thought that the music of Mr Arthur Sullivan is limited exclusively to parody and burlesque. On the contrary, while it is comic where the pure comic element is essential as Mr Gilbert's own verse, dialogue, and incident, it not seldom speaks eloquently on its own account, forcing, without exaggeration, his subtle confederate to look, in spite of himself, serious—to sob, in short, like Heraclitus, instead of gibe after the manner of Democritus. Mr Sullivan possesses the happy art of assuming gravity while affecting to be gay; and this makes him all the more fitting partner for Mr Gilbert in works like *The Sorcerer*, where frequently the mock seriousness of that which is spoken and acted constitutes at the bottom what Shakspeare's Nym would style "the humour of it." Half-a-dozen instances might be cited in exemplification, but our space will not admit of detailed criticism, nor is it imperatively demanded. *The Sorcerer*—book and music—will speak for itself to those who have an innate sense of lively wit and genial humour, while for such as are not endowed with this peculiar faculty an analysis would be of little use. Aristophanes was not appreciated by the untutored mass; and had music in the time of Socrates been an art such as two or three centuries have made it for the actual generation, Aristophanes, disposed to call in its aid, and allowing it to play a conspicuous part, would surely have looked out for some Athenian Timotheus like Arthur Sullivan. Then would the "Birds" have chirped in measured tune, and "Frogs" have croaked in harmony! What more need be added, beyond repeating that *The Sorcerer* was a brilliant and richly-merited success? A word of general and unqualified commendation is due to the performers, one and all. The leading singers were Mrs Howard Paul, Misses Alice May, Everard, and Giulia Warwick; Messrs George Bentham, Rutland Barrington, Temple, Clifton, and George Grossmith—two of the gentlemen, the

second and fifth named, being novices before the stage-lights, although few would have set them down for anything less than adepts. Both chorus and orchestra were in every respect efficient, while the scenery and stage arrangements were equally to the credit of those responsible for their accuracy. Mr Sullivan himself was at the conductor's desk.

(From the "Examiner.")

A philosopher has defined the comic element in art as a "close and unexpected juxtaposition of strikingly incongruous things." Mr W. S. Gilbert, in his dramatic groundwork to Mr Sullivan's new opera, has acted on this suggestion. There is nothing intrinsically ludicrous in the idea of a sorcerer as we frequently meet him on the operatic stage, dwelling in mediæval gloom, and surrounded by the paraphernalia of his trade. But when such a person appears in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, and in the attire of a highly respectable tradesman, the "juxtaposition of incongruous things" immediately results, and the effect is intensely comic. Any attempt at inventing a new plot or story Mr Gilbert has in this instance abandoned. The idea of a philtre or charm causing passionate love for the first comer and at first sight—of

"The juice which, if on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees"—

is as old as the sacred legends of India, and as familiar as Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The imbrogio which ensues is also more or less identical in each instance. But here, again, Mr Gilbert adds the amusing element of perfectly modern surroundings. The love potion, which turns the collective head of the village of Ploverleigh, takes the form of an afternoon-tea libation, and is, according to Mr J. W. Wells—the Sorcerer's own testimony—"compounded on the strictest principles; on married people it has no effect whatever." All this may at first sight appear to be of the nature of burlesque pure and simple, and such, indeed, the incidents, and especially the final *dénouement* of the plot, decidedly are. But the story, as we said before, is the least important part of the new drama. It is in the delineation of the characters that the dramatist's gift is chiefly shown, and these are one and all drawn with admirable skill. The silly sentimental lovers, their ceremonious elders, Dr Daly, the lachrymose vicar, and his charming little sweetheart, down to Mrs Partlet, the "eagle-eyed pew-opener," are full of life and individuality. They are seen through the medium of whimsical fancy, which sets at naught the rules of ordinary perspective, but cannot detract from the wonderful realism of the picture.

The character of refined humour as opposed to low comicality is fully sustained by Mr Sullivan's music. That Mr Sullivan is a learned musician, an excellent writer for the orchestra, and a musical humourist of the true order, are facts beyond dispute. But never before have these qualities appeared combined on so important a scale as in the present instance. The *finale* of the first act is an elaborate piece of construction with as many as nine solo parts, independently sustained, and grouped according to their divergent emotions in the most masterly way. Here, also, we meet, in the whispered "aside" of Alexis and Aline, with as pretty a bit of true sentiment as can well be imagined. The *ensemble* in the second act, "Oh joy, the charm works well," is equally well constructed, while the quintet of the same act—*couplets* with intervening bits of concerted music would be the technical description—the lighter vein of comic opera prevails. The introduction to the work also is a charming piece of orchestral writing, in which the composer has largely drawn upon the "Graceful Dance" from his accompaniment to *Henry VIII.*, a circumstance which, by the way, fully confirms our previous remark as to the essentially modern type of that movement. Amongst the happiest touches of humour in the opera is the Handelian character of the music which accompanies the old-fashioned courtship of Sir Mar-maduke Pointdextre and the Lady Sangazure. In other places the claptrap of the modern opera is parodied in the most amusing manner. The preparation of the philtre strikingly recalls numerous "incantation" scenes from popular operas, and such a stanza as—

Now for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffins and toast,
Now for the gay Sally Lunn—

is an admirable equivalent for the familiar "*andiam beviam*" of the lyrical stage. Space will not allow us to touch upon other amusing details in this bright musical conception. Suffice it to say that on the first night the audience was kept in the best of humours during

* They are identical.

the whole performance, and that at the end the most cordial applause fell to the share of both dramatist and composer. To this happy consummation the admirable performance of the work contributed not a little. The artists had one and all entered into the spirit of *The Sorcerer*, and not a hitch occurred from beginning to end. Mr Carte, the energetic manager of the Opera Comique, had given numerous opportunities for careful study under the composer's own direction, and the result proved the soundness of the system. Amongst the uniformly efficient cast, we can only refer to the discreet and yet intensely comic impersonations of Mr Wells the Sorcerer, and Dr Daly, the sentimental vicar, by Messrs Grossmith and Rutland Barrington respectively. Miss Alice May well sustained the part of Alice, the heroine, and Mrs Howard Paul was a gracefully dignified lady of the old school. Miss Giulia Warwick (Constance) is both an accomplished singer and a charming actress. She was, indeed, as sweetly modest and "good a girl as ever stepped," to adopt the parlance of the worthy pew-opener. The full success, in which poet and composer and performer share, is equally a matter of congratulation to playgoers. Here is at last a work of entirely English growth, which bids fair to hold its own by the side of numberless foreign importations. Mr Gilbert's dialogue is, as regards true humour, as superior to the ordinary run of French *libretti* as Mr Sullivan's music is to the clever commonplaces of Offenbach and Lecocq, and it is quite time that our public should realise the fact. Enthusiasts, moreover, may cherish a hope that an early opportunity will be afforded to our rising composer to show his strength on that higher dramatic stage the weakness of which he has so cleverly parodied.

"The modern English comic opera, the joint production of Mr W. S. Gilbert, dramatist, and Mr Arthur Sullivan, composer, has proved eminently successful at the Opera Comique. In spite of the objections of some critics, I venture to think that now, for the first time, this pretty little house is furnished with a class of entertainment that does not belie its name. *The Sorcerer* is in truth a comic opera which will compare favourably with the best Parisian *bouffes*. To be sure, the term "comic opera," as the equivalent of "opera comique," conveys a different idea to musicians and musical amateurs than it does to the ordinary public. But there can be no doubt that the word comic will never bear any technical signification to the majority of English people. Therefore I think there need be no apology made for using it in connection with such works as *The Sorcerer*. It was but natural that this comic opera should, upon its production, be extensively compared with *Trial by Jury*. That it should by some be unfavourably compared with the latter brilliant work is also not surprising. Its subject, however, is not similar to that of *Trial by Jury*, but, indeed, bears a stronger resemblance to Mr Gilbert's fairy comedies. Its libretto is own brother to *Creatures of Impulse*. But it is given in modern costume. It is impossible to describe the many whimsicalities in which it abounds. They are, however, irresistibly diverting; and Mr Sullivan's music is throughout fresh, spontaneous, and suggestive. The various characters which Mr Gilbert's unique fancy has created in *The Sorcerer* are well played by the actors and actresses who have been engaged to impersonate them."—*London Correspondence of the Liverpool "Porcupine."*

IN MEMORY OF JAMES MOTT.

(Late Secretary of the Police Orphanage.)

Ne'er more will throb that heart with vigorous pulse,
A heart nor danger fear'd, nor wily foe;
To perils clos'd, it open'd wide to woe.
No suppliant had from Mott a rude repulse;
Tir'd bounty's lagging steed gain'd fresh impulse
From his quick, guiding word. Each tender mind
Would feel the grief that did his soul convulse,
And emulate his deeds for frail mankind.
His latest hours were spent with charity
To help a stricken artist in distress,
Such calls he answered with alacrity,
And mercy's mission fill'd with gentleness.
The orphan shar'd his tend'rest love and care;
His orphans now need help in their despair.

Nov. 27, 1877.

PENCERDD GWFFWN.

BARCELONA.—A Conservatory of Music has been established here under the direction of Señor M. G. Roig. At present its classes are limited to six—solfeggio, piano, harmonium, violin, violoncello, and harmony; but more will be added.

MR IRVING AND THE PRESS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—My attention having been called to the report of a speech alleged to have been spoken by me at a public dinner at Edinburgh, in which newspaper reporters and critics in general are alluded to in insulting terms, I desire to have an opportunity of putting myself right with you and the members of your staff.

The dinner referred to, at which I was present, was an entirely private one, to which I had the privilege of inviting any guest I chose. On that occasion the conversation turned on a scurrilous pamphlet which had preceded me in Glasgow, Dundee, and Edinburgh, where it was published, and which pamphlet I was then informed had been written by four Edinburgh reporters.

After dinner my health was proposed, and in a jocular manner the way I had been treated by certain few members of the Press was alluded to. In my reply, having this pamphlet and its authors exclusively in my mind, I said, in a bantering sort of way, that it was useless to consider everything that was written about one, as a dramatic critic was a man who required training, experience, and culture, so that his opinions would carry weight—that in every profession there were black sheep—and (still thinking of this pamphlet) I said, that dramatic notices were sometimes written by such people, and estimated their status by the lowest sums earned in their calling.

I further said in the same vein, which the entire company, principally composed of literary and artistic men, thoroughly understood, that "of course I never read the papers"—of course I never did this and never did that, with many other frivolous things too ridiculous to mention, the tone, manner and meaning being perfectly intelligible to any mind except the dullest.

So greatly did I feel my obligations to the Press, that on the occasion alluded to, I turned to a gentleman who was invited to this dinner at my express desire, and thanked him for the kindly and able manner in which (as I thought and had been told) he had criticised me in a daily paper with which he was connected. This gentleman replied that the dramatic criticisms had not been written by him, but by one of his *confrères*—whereupon I begged him to express my thanks to the writer of those criticisms. I then invited him along with my other friends at the table, to supper during the following week. He replied that if able he would gladly come, cordially shook hands, and expressed his pleasure at our meeting.

I should also say that "The Press" was proposed, and replied for in grateful terms by this gentleman.

Judge of my amazement when, on the following morning, I read in the newspaper with which this gentleman was connected, a serious, lengthy, and inaccurate report of the few jesting words I had said at this perfectly private dinner—and in that report no allusion whatever was made to the circumstances under which certain words had been said.

These, Sir, are the simple facts of the case, and I leave it to you, and every member of a profession I so highly esteem, to say whether the treatment I received was justifiable.

In nearly every city I have visited I have been treated by the press with the greatest consideration, kindness, and courtesy; and many of its members I number amongst my personal friends. I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,

HENRY IRVING.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, Nov. 26, 1877.

VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Herr Hellmesberger, the successor of the late Johann Herbeck as first *Hof-Capellmeister*, is the twenty-sixth artist who has held the post since it was first instituted in 1543. Those who held it longest were Salieri, who counted thirty-six years of service, and Philippus de Monte and Johann Josef Fuchs, who are to be credited with twenty-five each.—The Komische Oper, which has ruined six different managements in the modest four years of its brief existence, has been re-opened under a seventh manager, Herr Swoboda. *Otello* was given on the opening night by an Italian company under Sig. Morini, who himself impersonated the hero. This company will continue its performances two or three weeks, to allow Herr Swoboda time to form his German company, and make the arrangements necessary for carrying on the campaign. Perhaps it would have been better had Herr Swoboda done all this before throwing open the doors of his theatre.—The Society of the Friends of Music have given a grand performance of Mozart's *Requiem* in memory of their late conductor, Herbeck. The artists of the Imperial Operahouse and of the Conservatory, as well as the members of the Male Vocal Association and other societies, took part in it. The solos were sung by Mmes Wilt and Gindele, Herren Walter and Rokitanaky. Herr Hellmesberger conducted, and Professor Zellner presided at the organ.

JOHANN HERBECK—DEAD.*

Herbeck dead!—in these two words, which a treacherous illness of scarcely a week has thus terribly combined, there is contained a fearful fact, for which we vainly seek consolation; and every pen that records it must do so tremblingly, and every eye, not yet dried up by artistic and social phariseism, must fill with tears; for not only has Vienna lost in Herbeck one of her most eminent citizens, but she buries with him one of her brightest ornaments, and German Art one of her most vigorous supporters. Yesterday morning, at a quarter to ten, the artist turned his head with indescribable weariness to the right, heaved a deep sigh, and quietly expired, without a pang, and without a struggle, as though he wished to spare the loving ones around him at least that agony. After it was quite light yesterday morning, Herbeck, who probably had heard but too plainly the summons of the Angel of Death, begged that his two friends, Herr Dumba and Herr Schön (Imperial Councillor), might be sent for to his bedside. These two gentlemen came, but the sufferer could not pronounce an intelligible word; he evidently exerted himself as much as he possibly could to say something, but all he could utter was: "Cover me, cover me—cold!" His two attached friends remained with him till all was over. Two days previously, having passed a somewhat less feverish hour than usual, he called his wife and sister, and said: "Send for the priest, my dears; it is not for myself I wish this, but, if it is not done—you know very well there would be too much worry after my death." On the ladies' trying to drive away such gloomy thoughts, he observed with a sad smile: "It's no use your talking—I know best how I am; but, but why could it not have happened after the Ninth! I had so looked forward to it." The last things he conducted—his illness, as we are aware, commenced on Monday, the 22nd inst., the last practice evening of the Singverein—were by Schubert and by Beethoven!

Schubert and Beethoven! It was of these two great Departed that his friend Dumba thought the moment the inevitable had taken place; Herbeck should lie near the immortal singer whom he had been most instrumental in digging out of the dust and rubbish of old archives, and near the gigantic master of the Symphony, for the most perfect interpretation of whose works he would have given his heart's blood. A messenger was quickly despatched to Mährling, to inquire whether there was still a little space left by the graves of Schubert and Beethoven, and, on the receipt of an affirmative reply, Herr Dumba instantly made application to the proper authorities. It is true that Herbeck had often spoken casually of the Nödlinger Cemetery as his future resting-place, but he never expressed a really definite wish on the point; and he was so thoroughly a Viennese, he had so grown up in, with, and for Vienna, that the city or its immediate neighbourhood had undeniable claims upon him.

Herbeck's artistic career is, on the whole, pretty generally known; but some special details of his eventful life, now, alas! terminated, may well be once again recalled to the memory. Johann Herbeck was born in Vienna, on Christmas Day, 1831, his father being a mechanic in somewhat poor circumstances. The child soon exhibited a strongly pronounced talent for music. At the age of ten he was admitted as a singing boy in the Cistercian Chapter of the Holy Cross—hence his unvarying love for the woods and valleys of the Wienerwald, amid which the Chapter lies so sweetly embosomed. He created so great a sensation there that he was taken back to Vienna, that he might study under Rotter. Both as a boy and as a youth, he set with great earnestness about all he had to do, and thus it came to pass that, besides attending to his musical studies, he devoted much time and labour to his general education. He was, accordingly, a man of very varied accomplishments, who, in his leisure hours, took an interest in scientific questions of every kind, and was thoroughly up in all the scientific and political questions of the day.

In the year 1852 Herbeck became director of the choir of the Piarists—a similar position for which he was a candidate somewhat later, at St Stephen's, was given to another competitor; in 1856 in Stegmayer's place and in conjunction with Hanns Schlager, choirmaster of the Männergesangverein; in 1858, Director of the then recently established Singverein; in 1859, artistic director of the Society of the Friends of Music; in

1863, Vice-Imperial Chapelmaster; and, in 1866, First-Imperial Chapelmaster. In 1869, by an unhappy concatenation and misconception of certain circumstances, he was placed in a sphere never really his own, which, however, decided the diagnoses of his doctors may have been, drove the nails home in his coffin. Herbeck was a musician in the most earnest, finest, and noblest acceptance of the term, but not a practical man for the stage; Herbeck was an artist, and not a doer; Herbeck's place was in the concert-room, and not behind the scenes. To the intrigues in the offices of the management, to the machinations of the greenroom, to the petty perfidies, and the shufflings of well-meaning friends, and to the wild extravagances of *prime donne* believing themselves aggrieved and insulted, a man of his mind was not equal, and he was finally obliged to succumb. But his retirement occurred in a manner unexpected by every one who knew how high his name stood in certain quarters. It was on the 16th October, 1869, that Herbeck, then, so to say, still musical adviser under the Dingalstedt régime and Esser's successor in the conductor's chair, made his *début* with the opera *Mignon* (in the old house); on the 21st December, 1870, the *Wiener Zeitung* published his nomination as manager of the Imperial Operahouse, and on the 2nd January, 1871, he held an official reception for everyone employed in the theatre. On the 6th April, 1875, after a series of the most agitating events, and controversies about deficits, Herbeck had concluded his struggles there, his dismissal, as previously hinted, being somewhat sudden, and not characterised by the smooth forms generally so popular in courtly official circles. On the 28th April, 1875, he took leave of the persons employed in the Operahouse, and, on the 4th October in the same year, the Society of the Friends of Music were fortunate enough once more to count as their own him they had so deeply missed. On that evening, for the first time, the members of the Singverein studied once more under Herbeck's admirable conducting stick, which made others so steady and was wielded with such certainty itself, while the concerts of the Society of the Friends of Music again enjoyed from that autumn their old importance which they had lost through Rubinstein and Brahms, who had not sufficient of the instructor about them, and through an interregnum.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DECEMBER.*

When loud through the forest the north wind doth blow,
And in place of green leaves hangs a mantle of snow;
When the fairy-like frost-work decks woodland and moor,
And the robin and sparrow draw near to the door;
When the lake is all frozen, and skaters glide past,
And the cry of the sea-gull is heard on the blast;
When the sun faintly shines on the icicles clear,
Then we know 'tis December, last month of the year.

The last month is passing—though last, not the least;
But, before his departure, he gives us a feast.
Father Christmas approaches, with evergreens crown'd,
And smilingly scatters his gifts all around.
He brings friends and kindred together once more,
And bids those who have riches remember the poor.
But the year now is waning, his end draweth near;
Farewell, then, December, last month of the year.

* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

MEXICO.—Sig. Eugenio Castera, formerly manager of the Grand Theatre, died here on the 6th October. He was in the flower of his age, but had been for some time mad. He was the husband of Signora Angelica Peratta, well known as a singer in America.

BOLOGNA.—Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* has been produced here, but the applause which greeted it was counterbalanced by loud opposition. Signora Durand as Senta, Sig. Carpi as Erik, and Sig. Moriami as the Dutchman, especially distinguished themselves.

WIESBADEN.—The Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Prussia, with their family and suite, lately visited Professor August Wilhelmj, at his villa, the interior of which was elegantly decorated in honour of the occasion. They stayed a considerable time. They appeared greatly interested in the new organ, on which the celebrated artist performed—a present from some English admirers. They were also delighted with their host's violin playing.

* From the *Neues Wiener Tugblatt*, of the 29th Oct.

A LECTURE ON MENDELSSOHN.

A series of popular lectures and entertainments, of a very admirable character, has been set on foot in connection with the Rev. Newman Hall's new church (Christ Church) in Southwark. One of these took place in Hawkstone Hall on the evening of Nov. 19th, when Mr Fred. G. Edwards, organist and choirmaster of the church, known as an able and rising musician, delivered a lecture entitled, "Glimpses into the Life and Character of Mendelssohn." The lecture was illustrated by a copious programme drawn from the great master's works, the extracts succeeding one another chronologically, and being intended to exhibit the development of the composer's genius, and his assured power and versatility in many styles, as well as to give the musically-unlearned of the audience an opportunity of hearing some of the most beautiful of his conceptions worthily rendered.

As far as the limits of his time allowed the lecturer gave an accurate and spirited sketch of Mendelssohn's life, necessarily including some history of the production of the chief of his works. Dwelling more in detail upon the incidents of his life in this country, and refuting the calumny that England is not a musical country, he was loudly cheered. He then attempted, not unsuccessfully, an analysis of the musician's many-sided character, and concluded with a graceful narrative of his last days, adding, we presume for the benefit of the less reflective among his audience, the lessons that were, in his opinion, deducible from the life of the man. The deeply interesting nature of the lecture was testified to by the earnest and sustained attention of the audience, which at its conclusion broke out into hearty applause.

The musical portion of the evening's programme was also under Mr Edwards' direction, and he was ably assisted by Mdme Florence Lancia, Miss Jessie Williams, Miss Annie Cockburn, Mr George Whillier, and the choir of Christ Church, numbering fifty very effective voices. The selections were as follows:—

Capriccio in E minor (composed in North Wales, 1829), played by Mr Edwards; Hunting Song and "On wings of Song" (Dusseldorf, 1834); "Jerusalem" and "How lovely are the messengers" (from *St Paul*, 1836); Hymn from *Festgesang* (Leipzig, 1840); "Praise thou the Lord" (from the *Lobgesang*, 1840); "O hills, O vales" (Leipzig, 1843); "The May-bells and the flowers" (Berlin, 1844); "O rest in the Lord" and "He that shall endure to the end" (from *Elijah*, 1846); and the "Ave Maria" (from *Lorelei*, 1847).

An encore was deservedly bestowed on the part-song, "O hills, O vales," sung by the choir, and on Miss Cockburn's impressive rendering of "O rest in the Lord." It ought to be observed that one is very seldom so fortunate as to meet with an amateur choir so thoroughly trained and effective as this of Christ Church. Their work is conscientious, artistic, and good.

The spacious hall was densely crowded by a most appreciative audience. A popular entertainment so ably carried out, affording an opportunity to the working class and lower middle class of instruction upon so worthy a theme and of intelligent appreciation of the best music, deserves publicity in order that it may have imitators. H. B.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The second of Mr John Boosey's series of four "Ante-Christmas Concerts," in St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, was attended by an enormous audience. The artists, the same as at the concert given last week, were received with equal favour. The programme consisted of many "old favourites," "encores" being in the ascendant. Two new songs, "When thou art near," by Sullivan, and "The Tar's Farewell," by Stephen Adams, sung respectively by Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Santley, met with genuine approbation, and were repeated by unanimous desire.

The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Frederick Walker, gave "The Hunter's Farewell" (Mendelssohn), "Hart and Hind" (Bishop), "The Belegued" (Sullivan), and "King Canute" (Macfarren), in their most finished style; and Miss Margaret Bucknall sustained her reputation as an accomplished pianist by her performance of Thalberg's Study in A, and an Allegro Brillante by Schumann. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the vocal music.

VENICE.—Pietro Tonassi, violoncellist and composer, died in this his native town, on the 5th November, aged 76. He was very celebrated as a contrapuntist and teacher, but his life was one long series of privations, and he died in abject poverty.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting in the Music Class Room, Park-place, Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley presiding, there was a good attendance. The Chairman said,—It may briefly be recorded that the germ of the University Musical Society is to be traced to the year 1866, when, according to classical precedent, it seems to have been realized that not only music and medicine, and music and mathematics, but also music and athletics, would go hand in hand together, and that, as in ancient Athens, these last began to take their old positions as an important element in the training of the youth of "modern Athens," for the germ to which I allude was considerably aided and invigorated by a spirited step of the Athletic Club, under the auspices of which our first concert, ten years ago, was given. The younger association celebrates its Pythian games in the shape of an annual concert in March, and the elder holds its Olympic festival a month or two later. Our last concert in March showed an advance which all competent to judge recognized as highly satisfactory. The increase in the numbers of members during the last six years is gratifying. In 1872 the number was 64; in 1873, 117; in 1874, 204; in 1875, 209; in 1876, 227; and last winter, 236. Mr Small, treasurer, read the financial statement. The income last year was £296 8s. 3d., the expenditure £192 11s. 5d., leaving £103 16s. 10d. to be carried to next year's account. Professor MacLagan, moving the adoption of the financial report, said there were now in the University about 2,300 students—a larger number than had ever matriculated since he had been connected with it, and out of that they ought to have a considerable addition to the Musical Society. Dr Hullah said he examined every year in the various training schools of England, Wales, and Scotland about 1,800 second year's students—one-half of those under instruction at training schools for masters and mistresses—and last year he rejected on account of incapacity only one. He believed there never was born a healthy child, without organic disease, who could not be made to sing. There was a time after which it became difficult to teach music of any kind, and the longer that was delayed the more difficult it became. Children from seven to nine or ten years of age could be made to read with the greatest ease. He concluded by moving a vote of thanks to Sir Herbert Oakeley for presiding. The chairman said they were all much indebted to his fellow professors and Dr Hullah for attending. He then played on the grand organ "Reminiscences of Last Concert" and "Alma Mater," which were received with loud applause.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

DEATH OF MR E. T. SMITH.

A name once associated with the leasehold of several resorts of public entertainment has passed into the obituary. Mr Edward Tyrrell Smith, long identified with the management of various London theatres, expired on Monday morning, after a very brief illness, at his residence, Kennington Park—aged 73. In 1849 lessee of the Marylebone, he became three years later manager of Drury Lane Theatre, which establishment he continued to hold until the autumn of 1862, when he disposed of the remainder of his lease to Mr Edmund Falconer. The Alhambra, in Leicester Square (originally styled the Panopticon), was first opened under the new name by Mr E. T. Smith on Feb. 7, 1858. It was for two years a circus; but in December, 1860, musical performances were given. In this year Mr E. T. Smith undertook the leasehold of Her Majesty's Theatre, which he retained sixteen months. Subsequently he became manager of the Lyceum and Astley's Amphitheatre, besides being lessee of Cremorne Gardens, which he directed from 1861 to 1869. He afterwards opened a theatre near the Elephant and Castle, hard by the "Tabernacle." When English opera was given during the winter months at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr E. T. Smith brought out Macfarren's *Robin Hood* and Vincent Wallace's *Amber Witch*. These acts alone will be recorded to his credit.

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. Faure has been singing in *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorita*, and *Guillaume Tell*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, with the success which always accompanies him. Mad. Fursch-Madier was much applauded as Marguerite in the first of the above operas. *Paul et Virginie* has constituted the attraction on the off-nights. A two-act comic opera, *George Dandin*, words by M. Covelier, music by M. Mathieu, is in rehearsal.—A "Te Deum" by François Riga was performed at the Cathedral of St Gudule on the King's name-day, and the Mass in D, composed a short time before his death by Charles Hanssens, in the same locality on St Cecilia's Day.—The arrival is announced of a company of virtuosos, mostly of a somewhat tender age. Among them is a young violinist named Dengrémont, who has already appeared here once. He is accompanied by Adélaïde Barbé, a fair pianist of eight summers, and Madlle Nizaw, a young lady of twelve, who plays the xylophone.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 3, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in D minor, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI ... *Cherubini.*
SONG, "The Fate of a Rose"—MR SARTLEY ... *H. Smart.*
SONATA, in C major, Op. 2, No. 3, for pianoforte alone—Mlle DORA SCHIRMACHER ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

ROMANCE, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr STRAUS ... *Max Bruch.*
SONGS, { "An die Leyer" ... *Schubert.*
 { "Frühlingsnacht" ... *Schumann.*

MR SARTLEY.

QUARTET in B Minor, Op. 3, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mlle DORA SCHIRMACHER, MM. STRAUS, ZERRINI, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*
Conductor ... *Mr ZERRINI.*

THE THIRD SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 1, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in A major, Op. 18, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
SONG, "When the moon is brightly shining"—MR SIMS REEVES ... *Molière.*
PRELUDE and FUGUE, in E minor, for pianoforte alone—Mlle HAAS ... *Mendelssohn.*
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violoncello (by desire)—Signor PIATTI ... *Veracini.*
SERENADE "Awake, awake"—MR SIMS REEVES (Violoncello obligato—Signor PIATTI) ... *Piatti.*
TRIO, in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle HAAS, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
Conductor ... *Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.*

Sta's, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co's, 50, New Bond Street.

ANNUAL DOUBLE NUMBER OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

The ANNUAL DOUBLE NUMBER of the *Musical World* will be published on
January 5th, 1878.

It will consist of thirty-two pages, and include original literary contributions from eminent writers. It will also contain several new cartoons and humorous sketches by

CHARLES LYALL.

Further particulars will be immediately announced.

Single copies, 6d.; by post, 7d. Annual subscription, as usual, 20s., free by post. Orders received by the Publishers,

DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. (Malvern).—Next week.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *Musical World* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co's, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

ORGAN-IC REFORM WANTED.

UNDER this heading the *Liverpool Porcupine* has the following apposite remarks:—

"Mr Best's organ recitals at St George's Hall have gone on so

long and so smoothly, so regularly and so unobtrusively, that we can well understand how in the public mind there is by this time a sort of comfortable, if vague, assurance that they will go on for ever. And if in the public mind so placid and pleasant a feeling is caused, how much more in the mind official? The mind official is always ready to acquiesce in routine. One of its pet creeds is that things will get on well enough of themselves if they are only let alone; and, unless some pressure is applied from without, matters must reach a pretty pass, indeed, before the mind official, alone and of its own prompting, makes the discovery that there is any need for reform. Now, it is gently to stimulate the somewhat languid intelligence of the department which has charge of St George's Hall that we call attention to the condition into which the organ has been allowed to relapse.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it, it appears that the instrument is in a condition which gives considerable anxiety to its friends. It is suffering severely from what may be called *organic* asthma. It is subject to strange internal rumblings. Its whole system, in fact, is demoralized. What wonder, then, that it should betray resentment at being forced to work in such a parlous state? Organs are notoriously sensitive in temperament; and if, neglected and snubbed, they give way to moody and variable habits, who can be surprised? So, for some time past the public performances of the instrument at St George's Hall have become dogged protests against its private wrongs. In the middle of a fine movement it maliciously contrives that two or more of its notes shall stick together, or that they shall not sound at all; or, waiting for a beautiful *pianissimo*, when the audience are rapt in attention to the melody, it seizes the opportunity presented by the changing of the combination of stops to break out into a volley of startling reports, as though a cartload of bricks had been 'tipped' in its interior, and each individual cube fell bounding and echoing from point to point until it finally reached the floor. Occasionally (this is, we suppose, when its indignation is unusually strong) it breaks down altogether. A consultation between the organist and his myrmidons then takes place, and a quarter of an hour elapses before the offended instrument can be induced to smother its wrath and go on again.

"It will, no doubt, be a matter of surprise to the public who don't attend the recitals to hear that affairs have reached so serious a point. We can assure them, however, that the vagaries of the organ have not been exaggerated; and, now that public attention has been directed to the subject, we hope that steps will be taken to remove all ground of complaint. If we remember rightly, the builders of the organ receive a handsome allowance—about four pounds per week—to keep it in proper order and repair, but its present condition suggests serious doubts as to the mode in which the contract is fulfilled. We don't impute to them, or to anybody, intentional neglect; but it certainly appears that long continuance in one groove, and immunity from public criticism—for the recitals are, somehow or other, rarely noticed in the newspapers—have induced apathy both on the part of the builders and on the municipal committee who have charge of the organ."

Liverpool rejoices in the possession of a great organ, a greater hall, and a greatest organist. She looks carefully enough after the hall, municipal interests being discussed and settled within its walls; but, although this magnificent structure was "inaugurated" a quarter of a century ago with a musical "Festival," under the direction of the late Sir Henry Bishop, music since that event, although taken into consideration from time to time, has hardly received from the Liverpool community the attention which, if only under the circumstances above mentioned, is its legitimate due. The great organ is suffering from a temporary malady which, under the superintendence of competent advisers, might easily be remedied. When we say advisers we mean adviser;—which is equivalent to naming Dr Best the best doctor under the circumstances that could possibly be consulted. Dr Best would treat his patient—the great organ—with the tenderness of a physician who not only wishes to cure his patient, but who *loves* his patient for reasons that require no explanation. His performances on St George's Hall organ have made it renowned, not only through Great Britain but through Europe. Liverpool ought to be proud of this, and take into consideration the services rendered to the art of music by the illustrious organist who has for so many years been one of her citizens. Every amateur

has heard of, and talks about, the performances of Mr W. T. Best on the great organ of St George's Hall, which have conferred upon Liverpool a musical repute to warrant her to hold up her head with pride against Birmingham, Manchester, and even Leeds. Let, then, those amateurs, who wish like the promoters of the Liverpool Festival, which we should like to recognise as "triennial," use their influence in this matter. We would especially refer to Mr Eggars, and men of his stamp. They can do what is imperatively required to uphold the position of Liverpool among the truly musical towns of England. But before all let them see that the great organ of their great hall, which is played upon by their great organist, is put into repair immediately, so that it may redound to the credit of Liverpool as a town loving music for itself and desirous of promoting a taste for it among its half million of citizens. *Otto Seard.*

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE understand that Schott & Co. intend publishing, in the course of next month, the following important works by Richard Wagner: The poem of his new *Bühnenweihfestspiel* (*Parsifal*), *Siegfried* (idyll for orchestra), and a "Sketch of a Pianoforte Sonata."

M^DM^E DABADIE, who enjoyed a short period of popularity at the Grand Opera, died in Paris on the 21st of November, aged eighty-two. Zuline Leroux, a pupil of the Conservatory, came out at the above-named theatre in 1821, as Antigone, in *Edipe à Colone*. The success she achieved caused her to be engaged as "double" to M^Dm^E Branchu. The year following she married M. Dabadie, who also belonged to the Grand Opera, and who had the honour of being the first representative of the hero in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. M^Dm^E Dabadie remained at the Opera fifteen years. Her chief original parts were Sinaïde, in *Moïse*; Lady Macbeth, in Chelard's *Macbeth*; and the Sorceress in Auber's *Gustave III*. In 1835, still young, she was compelled, through an affection of the voice, to retire from the stage, and her example was followed, in the ensuing year, by her husband, who died in 1856.

It was at the concerts of the Conservatory that Beethoven was first introduced by F. Habeneck to a French audience. At the commencement of the present century it was the custom for the violinists who had carried off a first prize at the public competitions of the institution to conduct the concerts in turn; but, as Habeneck displayed especial talent in this respect, the rule was relaxed, and he alone acted as conductor till the fall of the Empire. F. Habeneck gained the first prize of Baillot's violin class in 1804. Annexed is the first French programme in which we find a work—the Symphony in C major—by Beethoven:—

"1807.—22nd February.—3rd Practice of the pupils.—Symphony in A, by L. van Beethoven; Air from Sacchini's *Clémence*, by Eloy; Horn Concerto, by Puncto, executed by Collin, Junr.; Air from Gossec's opera, *Thésée*, by M^Dlle Palet; Fragment from a symphony by Mozart; Trio from Catel's *Artistes par Occasion*, sung by Eloy, Desparmons, and Albert; and Overture to Winter's *Marie de Montalban*.

Not long since, Sig. Lauro Rossi, as announced at the time in our columns, wrote to all the leading pianists of the present day, asking them to compose something for an album, to be entitled, *Homage of Pianists to Bellini*. The following artists have already returned an affirmative answer:—Andreoli, Guglielmo; Alberti, J. J.; Brahms, Johann; Blassmann, Adolf; Bruch, Max; Brüll, Ignaz; Bonamici, Giuseppe; Bülow, Hans von; Cesi, Beniamino; Coop, Ernesto; Claus-Szarvady; Eschmann, J. H.; Esposito, Micheli; Fissot, Henri; Fumagalli, Disma; Golinelli, Stefano; Heller, Stephen; Henselt, Adolph; Herz, Henri; Hiller, Ferdinand; Hans, Bronsart; Jensen, Adolph; Jaël, Alfred; Kiel, Friedrich; Kirekner, Teodoro; Krebs, Mary; Krug, Arnold; Liast, Franz; Litloff, Henry; Lechner, Franz; Martucci, Giuseppe;

Mattei, Tito; Nacciarone, Guglielmo; Palumbo, Constantine; Rubinstein, Anton; Rubinstein, Nicolas; Raff, Joachim; Russo, Michaelangelo; Rossano, Carlo; Rendano, Alfonso; Reinecke, Carl; Schäffer, Julius; Sgambati; Saint-Saëns, Camille; Simonetti, Francesco; Stark, Ludwig; Speidel, Wilhelm; Spindler, Fritz; Scharwenka, Xavier; Sohumann, Clara; Tchaikowsky; Tofano, Gustave; Volkmann, Robert; Vierling, Georg; Wüerst, Richard; and Wieck, Marie.

PRASNITZ, in the Bohemian Erzgebirge, is the centre of the district which despatches the well-known companies of Bohemian musicians to all quarters of the globe, and is especially famous for its harp-girls. Very recently, a large number of the above bands have, according to the old practice, set out, before the arrival of winter, for every part of the world. The majority are bound for Egypt, Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Greece. Russia, the Danubian Principalities, and the northern part of European Turkey, once their most lucrative fields of exertion, have been avoided since the outbreak of the war. It is interesting to glance through the school lists of the villages in the Prasnitz district. They contain the names of some truly cosmopolitan scholars, whose cradles were rocked in Trebizond, Cairo, Constantinople, Varna, Saratov, Niashney-Novgorod, &c. The correspondent of a German paper states that in one school-register he found the name of a boy whose birthplace was Abyssinia, his mother being the wife of the African traveller, Dr Pfund, who was killed during an expedition into the interior. The widow, formerly a member of one of the wandering musical associations, at present resides in Dörsdorf. In explanation of the foregoing, it may be mentioned that many married women accompany their husbands in their protracted peregrinations; hence the variety in the birthplaces of the children. The Erzgebirgian musical companies consist now-a-days of thoroughly trained musicians of both sexes, who visit together distant countries. Their behaviour is most unexceptionable and moral; they command respect wherever they go; and many of the girls, who are not too home-sick, make good marriages. The companies that travel about Bohemia belong in only rare instances to the Prasnitz district and the Erzgebirge, though many of them assert they come thence, and thus bring discredit on the real native companies. Music is the principal occupation of the inhabitants of the eastern part of the Erzgebirge. It finds employment for, and keeps, directly and indirectly, thousands, and is thus an important factor in the prosperity of the country.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

M^DLL^E SAN MARTINOS gave a concert at the Langham Hall on Saturday evening, November 17. The programme contained the names of many well-known artists, and the conductors were Sir Julius Benedict and Signor Romili, the former of whom accompanied his own song, "I'm alone," beautifully rendered by the fair *beneficiaire*. Signor Bisaccia, who was announced for a pianoforte solo, having been prevented by an accident from appearing, the instrumental portion of the concert devolved upon M^Dm^E Emilie Grey (harp) and Signor Scuderi (violin). M^Dm^E Grey obtained a decided and well-deserved "encore" for her brilliant performance of "La danse de fées" of Parish-Alvars. The same compliment was also paid to M^Dlle Martinos, who sang "The Blind Girl," the harp *obligato* part being beautifully played by M^Dm^E Grey. Signori Urio, Monari-Rocca, Francesco Vergara, and Mr Gerard Coventry, vocalists, acquitted themselves with more than usual effect. Signor Scuderi's violin accompaniment to the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, sung by M^Dm^E Sanderini, was a marked feature of the programme.

A CONCERT in aid of the Kilburn Gate Club, given in the Assembly Rooms, Kilburn, on Tuesday, Nov. 20, must have had a successful pecuniary result, the rooms being filled. The concert opened with some part-songs, sung by Mr Greenhill's well-trained choir of boys. M^Dm^E Goodman Russell, Misses Jessie Bond, McClelland, and Frances Brooke, Signor Odoardo Barri, Messrs Greenhill, Coventry, Wiltshire, and Grimsby Jopp, R.A.M., were the solo vocalists. Miss Jessie Bond sang with taste Balfe's "Killarney;" Miss F. Brooke, a song by Miss K. Ward, "Tell me, my heart" (Bishop), and, with Mr Grimsby Jopp, John Barnett's "Singing Lesson" (encored). Miss A. McClelland, Mr E. Barry, and Mr Gerard Coventry also contributed songs with more or less effect. Mr H.

Wiltshire gave a finished interpretation of Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" (encored). Mr Grimsby Jopp (pupil of Mr Cox, R.A.M.), a rising young baritone, sang with taste and expression, especially a new song, written for him, by Mr Wellington Guernsey, entitled "The North Sea Fisher." We must not omit mentioning the capital performance on the violin by Signor Erba of a fantasia solo of his compositions on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Messrs Barth, Partridge, Barry, and Bevan accompanied the vocal music. We have one more remark to make in justice to the artists who give their services gratuitously. It was a miserable, cold winter night, yet in the artists' retiring room there was not a spark of fire in the grate. Some consideration for the artists ought to have been shown, either by the proprietor of the hall or by the parties who gained so much by their exertions.

THE Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden are over (says the *Press and St James's Chronicle* of Nov. 17th). The "Classical Nights" have had their share of admirers, while the ballad nights have held their own. On Friday, last week, there was a most enjoyable programme. M^{me} Nouver gave Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark," and Miss Mary Cummings—a promising *débutante*—"The Lady of the Lea," and both met with success. A novelty was introduced in the shape of a ballad, entitled "No" (the words by Mr Novra), and met at once with approval, being far removed from the ordinary run of commonplace songs. Miss Blanche Lucas, for whom it was composed, possesses a bright soprano voice, and her expressive singing well deserved the applause it obtained.

ATHENÆUM.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—"I send you a few lines to give you a *résumé* of the doings at the Athenæum on Friday, the 23rd [November]. The chief features were Miss Lillie Albrecht's pianoforte playing, Mr Schröter's violin solos, and Mr Moore's singing. Mr Moore is quite young (about twenty), and is only beginning his professional career. Chopin's Polonaise in E flat was charmingly rendered by Miss Albrecht, who never played with greater delicacy and more finished execution. Her second piece, Liszt's 'Rigoletto,' the audience were evidently quite pleased with; and at the conclusion of her performance the applause was so hearty that she was compelled to return to the platform, when she gave her own arrangement of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland.' A quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Mozart, played by Messrs Beddome, Wallis, Ivimey, Schröter, and Hennell, was received with great favour. The 'Readings,' however, were not remarkable. The hall was crowded."

PROVINCIAL.

TORRINGTON (DEVON).—A concert of sacred music was given on Thursday evening, November 17th, in the Town Hall. Selections from the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Spohr, &c., were fairly rendered, especially "Let the bright seraphim," by Miss Sharland, and "If ye will obey my voice," from Mr Howell's *Land of Promise*, sung by Mr Sydney Harper (encored). Mr Backhouse presided at the harmonium, and Mrs Palmer at the pianoforte.

ARUNDEL.—At the concert, under the direction of Mr J. Parry Cole, given by the Mayor of Arundel in honour of the marriage of the Duke of Norfolk with Lady Flora Hastings, the vocalists were Misses K. Oscar Byrne, Marie Stuart, and Mr Gerard Coventry. The programme was made up of compositions by English composers, Mendelssohn's "For these and all Thy mercies" being the exception. Among the most admired songs were Cowen's "It was a dream," sung by Miss Stuart; Sullivan's "Sweethearts," and Glover's "Mary, dear," both sung by Mr Gerard Coventry.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—Mrs John Macfarren has lately given two pianoforte "recitals" to the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society, who keenly appreciated the programmes provided for their entertainment. On both occasions the accomplished pianist fully maintained her well-merited reputation. Among the pieces which created the most powerful impression were Beethoven's Sonatas in C sharp minor and B flat; Weber's "Moto continuo;" Schumann's "Des Abends" and "Traumgeswirren;" Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor; Rubinstein's Barcarolle; and Brissac's "Valse brillante de Bravoure." Some vocal pieces entrusted to Miss de Harpe, who has a full soprano voice of agreeable quality, gave variety to the entertainment.

LIVERPOOL.—The members of the Societa Armonica held their fifty-third "open rehearsal" in the Liverpool Institute, Mount Street, on Saturday, November 24, and a large audience testified to the well-merited public appreciation of their labours. It is gratifying—says the *Daily Post*—to record the steady progress which the society continues to make year by year in the interpretation of some of the most neglected compositions. The concert of Saturday was

worthy of the reputation which the Societa Armonica has now attained, and the prominent position it occupies amongst the musical societies of the town. The following was the programme:—

Overture, *Alphonso and Estrella*, Op. 69 (Schubert); Scena, "Vi Ruvizio" (Bellini); Song, "He was despised" (Handel); Symphony, No. 4, in E flat, Op. 60 (Kalliwoda); Recit. and Air, "A Father's Love" (Wallace); Incidental Music, Louis XIII. (H. Lawson); Ballad, "Enchantress" (Hatton); March, "Abraham" (Molique).

Schubert's overture and Kalliwoda's Symphony were played by the orchestra in a manner which evoked general approbation. Mr H. Lawson's "Incidental Music to Louis treize" evidently interested the audience, who heartily applauded it. The vocalists were Miss Marie Ternan and Mr Orlando Christian. Mr Lawson led the band, and Mr Armstrong conducted.

MAIDENHEAD.—The members of the "Maidenhead Philharmonic Society" gave their eighth concert on Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., in the National Schoolroom. The solo vocalists were Misses Jessie Royd, Lucie Hann, Messrs Mellor and Orlando Christian. The society's orchestra was strengthened by a few instrumentalists from the Crystal Palace, and was led by Herr Rosenthal, who enjoys a deservedly high reputation as a *premier* violinist. The conductor was Herr Schultz, and Mr Goulden presided at the pianoforte. The society has always maintained a high standard, and has preferred giving first-class music, even at the risk of a money loss, to descending to that of a less worthy order. The selection of *Samson* for Tuesday night's concert was a sufficient proof that the society was determined to continue in the course originally marked out. The performance of the oratorio gave evidence of careful rehearsal, the choruses were sung with a precision that raised warm applause; the solos were given with spirit, and well executed, and the orchestra fairly out-did itself.

MR AND MRS GERMAN REED.

Prominent in the small band of clever writers who give wit and fancy to the miniature plays produced at St George's Hall, is Mr Gilbert à Beckett, whose work is light and ever welcome. Working in harmony with Mr Vivian Bligh, Mr à Beckett has contrived one more change out of old but popular materials. If, indeed, the sketch, called *Once in a Century*, reminds the audience of old friends here and elsewhere, it does not follow that it is unpleasant. On the contrary. The only people to be pitied are those with inconvenient memories. Why should we be so accurate on the subject of dramatic situation and comedy complication? We hear a good story at the club or anecdote at dinner, and forget it. The cares of life and hurry of business drive it out of our heads, and we in turn want to be amusing, and to make friends laugh. We are at fault if a certain mental process of patching and piecing is not gone through before the lips are opened. If at any time we are pleased with a song, some consciousness of the pleasure remains, though "we cannot for the life of us remember the tune." But the dramatic situation and idea cling as ivy, to an uncomfortable mind, and the existence of similarity is urged as a reason why the new turn to the old tune should not be admired. This is a mistake. There is nothing new under the sun. Take, for example, *Once in a Century*. We know that the boy and girl lovers, in *Play*, were sent by Mr Robertson into the ruins of the *Alte Schloss*, at Baden, and, thanks to Mrs Bancroft and Mr H. J. Montagu, had a charming love scene. But that is no reason why Mr Arthur Law and Miss Fanny Holland, as Michael Angelo Brown and Lilian, should not do the same thing. We cannot always see *Play*, but are here presented with *Once in a Century*. True Mr Planché wrote a fanciful legend, called *A Romantic Idea*, in which commonplace people were turned by the magic of imagination into mediæval knights, fair maidens, and spectres with hollow coughs; also that Mr W. S. Gilbert, gave us *Ages Ago*, and made the frilled and sworded ancestors step down from picture-frames; but why should we not laugh at Mrs German Reed as Lady Leolinda; at Mr Arthur Law as Sir Bouillon de Beuf (a capital name, by-the-bye); at that comical caricature by Mr. Corney Grain as Humphrey the Headsman. If so, we should miss Mr Grain's song descriptive of the spell, and be deprived of another exercise of that refined burlesque for which Mr German Reed's company is celebrated. The new entertainment is as lively and pretty as its predecessors, and Mr Corney Grain's descriptive song, "At the Seaside," is rewarded with uproarious applause.

MUNICH.—Herr Ignaz Brüll, composer of *Das goldene Kreuz*, was the solo instrumentalist at the first concert of the Musikalische Akademie; Señor Sarasate, at the second; and M. Saint-Saëns at the third.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The Choral Society connected with the Albert Hall began a new series of concerts with a performance of Verdi's *Requiem Mass*, written in honour of Manzoni, and first heard in England, under the personal direction of the illustrious composer, in May, 1875. This was beginning well, if only because of the disposition shown to travel from the beaten track. But as much might have been expected of any society under the direction of Mr Joseph Barnby, who has never manifested a fondness for humdrum routine. To Mr Barnby the lovers of musical progress owe a good deal, and the debt is likely to be increased this season, thanks to the boldness which has set down for performance two works by an Englishman—the *St John the Baptist* and *Joseph* of Professor Macfarren. In saying this we are not necessarily blaming the musical societies which keep to music that is well known and safe. Every institution of the kind has its own public, and if novelty be not popular in the Strand, the acceptance of novelty farther west is no reason why Exeter Hall should run counter to the wishes of its patrons.

We can say nothing new of Verdi's *Requiem*. It has been heard often enough, and discussed at length sufficient to settle its rank and claims, while there is reason to believe that the settlement has not done injustice to a work of high genius. Naturally it was judged by a good many people at the outset according to the ordinary English canons of sacred art, and found wanting in dignity and sobriety. Some called it theatrical, others flippant, and others, again, moved by the *odium theologicum*, regarded it as approaching blasphemy. But straightforward English honesty soon prevails over the twist of prejudice. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was once abused up hill and down dale by the very people who now hear it with open-mouthed delight. So it will be eventually with Verdi's *Requiem*—so it is now in a large measure, the fact winning more and more recognition, that what is sacred music in one country may, as such, be rejected in another, and that for the enjoyment and appreciation of all sacred music one must put aside narrow and local views. The reception of Verdi's work on Thursday was cordial in the extreme. Nearly every movement elicited hearty applause, and the whole was heard with unflagging attention. Of the performance, looking at the difficulties to be overcome, we can speak well. Since last year Mr Barnby has considerably augmented his choir without accompanying increase of strength by loss of efficiency in other respects, so that he now controls a body of singers creditable to the metropolis and able to hold its own against the formidable rivalry of the best provincial associations. The choruses in the *Requiem* were for the most part admirably rendered. Indeed, the performance of the opening number, "Requiem eternum," was a masterpiece of refinement and expression, and such as could not anywhere be surpassed, if it could be equalled. Let all honour be given to Mr Barnby and his choristers for a result so adapted to uphold the standard of excellence at a time when a good deal that is slipshod passes muster. The solos were in the hands of Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Redeker, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Thurley Beale, who, we must frankly state, found it no easy task to keep ahead of the chorus in the race for the prize of excellence. Mme Sherrington—correct, painstaking, and artistic as ever—sang with uncommon fervour and success. Miss Redeker's efforts were marred by a *vibrato* more than usually pronounced; but her knowledge of the work and her adequate conception of its requirements, were obvious. As for Mr Lloyd and Mr Beale, it will suffice to state that they did again, as well as ever, what they had, to the satisfaction of all, done before. The band was excellent, and Mr Barnby conducted with decision and skill.—*D. T.*

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29th:—

Toccata for the Organ (A flat major)	<i>Ad. Hesse.</i>
Andante from the Violin Concerto	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
Organ Preludes { "O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig" } on Chorales { "Herzlich tut mich verlangen" }	<i>Bach.</i>
Allegretto from the Military Symphony	<i>Haydn.</i>
Air, "Sombre forêt"	<i>Rossini.</i>
Finale—Allegro con Brio (F major)	<i>W. T. Best.</i>

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 1st:—

Marche Triomphale	<i>C. Mayer.</i>
Bénédiction Nuptiale	<i>C. Saint-Saëns.</i>
Organ Sonata (E flat major)	<i>Christian Fink.</i>
Andante from the Tenth Symphony (Posthumous Work)	<i>Mozart.</i>
Sabbath Song (Le Chant du Dimanche)	<i>Meyerbeer.</i>
Concert Fantasia on a Welsh March	<i>W. T. Best.</i>

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Manchester, Nov. 23, 1877.

The production of a new symphony is not an everyday affair, and more than common interest had been excited by the announcement that Goldmark's "A Rustic Wedding" was to be performed by Mr Hallé's orchestra last week. It was known that the symphony had been rehearsed more frequently than is customary, and that not a few excellent judges were enthusiastic in their estimation of its merits. For once, anticipation was more than justified, and seldom have the subscribers to these concerts been so unanimous in their verdict about a new work. You would not have space for a long notice of this cleverly constructed and beautiful symphony, or I would send you one of the very eulogistic descriptions which appeared in the Manchester newspapers; and I cannot doubt that a work in which scholarly treatment is so admirably combined with original ideas and poetical fancies will ere long be heard in London. That we shall have Goldmark's symphony again in Manchester before the season is over may, I think, be confidently assumed. Mr Hallé played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto with indescribable finish at this concert, and the charming Mme Marie Roze was the solo singer.

At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday last Mme Sinico's concert party sang. With the popular lady appeared Miss Howson, Mdle Franchi, Signor Urio, and Signor Campobello; Mr Van Biene, the violoncellist, playing a couple of solos.

A new series of Quartet Concerts, under the direction of Mr Hochstetter, was begun on Wednesday last. Sir Julius Benedict's only stringed quartet, a work of great interest, was exceedingly well played by Messrs Risehari, Speelman, Otto Bernhardt, and Vieuxtemps; and the eminent composer, who was present, could not but have been gratified by the performance and the reception of the quartet. Sir Julius was called for, and bowed his acknowledgment of the hearty cheers from the gallery of the Memorial Hall, where the concert was given.

On Monday last there was a pleasant concert at the Concert Hall—one of the "Gentlemen's Concerts." A splendid performance of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony put every one in good humour for the rest of the evening. Mrs Beasley played Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia with considerable brilliancy; and in the second part this clever lady gave a selection from Chopin. Mr Santley, who was in very good voice, sang songs by Rossini, Gounod, Liszt, and Sullivan.

At Mr Hallé's concert to-morrow night the second half of the programme will be devoted to Wagner's music. Here is the whole selection:—

Overture, *La Chasse du Jeune Henri* (Méhul); Aria, "Una voce poco fa," *Il Barbiere* (Rossini)—Mme Trebelli; Ballet des Sylphes, *Faust* (Berlioz); Air, "Le retour des Promis" (Dessauer)—Mme Trebelli; Grand Symphony in B flat, No. 4 (Beethoven); Overture, *Lohengrin*; Air, "Elsa's Dream," *Lohengrin*—Mme Sophie Löwe; "Ride of the Walküren," *Die Walküre*; "Siegfried's Funeral March," *Götterdämmerung*; Ballad, "Traft ihr das Schiff," *Fliegende Holländer*—Mme Sophie Löwe; "The Fire Charm," *Die Walküre*; Introduction to the Third Act of *Die Meistersinger*; Kaiser March (Wagner).

For next week *The Creation* is promised, with Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley as principal singers.

THE "HEZEKIAH."

DR ARMES.

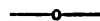
(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The novelty now to be spoken of more in detail is a short oratorio, entitled *Hezekiah*, by Dr Philip Armes, organist of Durham Cathedral. Its production was a bold step on the part of this young composer, for it must be owned that the world has not been taught to regard with favour any work of the kind issuing from a cathedral. We look to the organists of our great churches for very respectable anthems and other compositions used "in quires and places where they sing," but about their chances of success in the concert-room no sanguine notions prevail. At the same time due account should be taken of the fact that the organ seats of our cathedrals are fast filling with a class of musicians who, if not more able than their predecessors, have greater ambition and wider views. The change is in every sense for the better. There was a time when everything great in English music sprang from, or belonged to, the Church, and although that

portion of history can never repeat itself in the same sense, there is no reason why the results of music-culture within the Church should not extend beyond its walls, especially as regards oratorio, which, in strict truth, appertains more to the sacred edifice than to the concert-room. It is well, therefore, when a cathedral organist, as in Dr Armes' case, gives proof of a desire to win success in the highest branch of his vocation. *Hezekiah* is not a pretentious work. The story of the Hebrew monarch gives opportunity as well for imposing effects as for varied and intense expression. But Dr Armes, who is his own librettist, has confined himself to the simple narrative—first, of the deliverance of Jerusalem from the Assyrian, who "came down like a wolf on the fold;" and next, of Hezekiah's respite from death. A great deal of dramatic capital might have been made out of these incidents, but Dr Armes, laudably anxious to walk before essaying to run, has withstood the temptation, and given us that which is not dramatic at all. His work merely embodies the narrative, as told by the Prophet Isaiah, in conjunction with texts which enlarge expression or comment upon incident. From this it will readily be conceived that the book of *Hezekiah* includes no features calling for particular notice. As regards the music, let me say, before pointing out the shortcomings arising from want of experience, that there is ample evidence in it of ability. Dr Armes has something to say, and a mode of saying it, that shows individuality of expression as well as of thought. Otherwise he could not have written such a chorus as "This day is a day of trouble," with its expressive interludes for violoncelli, nor such a sustained and vigorous expression of thanksgiving as "O Lord, I will praise Thee," with its admirable introduction for voices alone; nor such a duet as "The Virgin, the daughter of Zion," which is none the less attractive because its first theme recalls the melody of the Egyptian trumpets in Verdi's *Aida*. Dr Armes is to be commended, further, for avoiding, on the one hand, the grave formality of orthodox ecclesiastical music, and on the other the licence in which church musicians sometimes fancy they must indulge to assert their freedom from church bondage. The Durham organist has in this matter found the happy mean; and his work, without being secular in style, is not too sacred in the ordinary sense of the term as applied to music. But Dr Armes has a good deal to learn before he can hope to make the best use of his natural gifts. He needs especially to study the scores of the great masters with a view to the form and spirit of their orchestration. It is one thing to manipulate the stops of a great organ, and quite another to deal with orchestral instruments, each of which has not only its own "colour," but its own general individuality. The comprehension and right employment of this individuality is the *sine qua non* of an orchestral composer who, otherwise, cannot give to each instrument its necessary independence while making it also subservient to the design of the whole. As usual with inexperienced writers, Dr Armes scores far too thickly, uses his brass with a liberality which robs it of much of its effect, and trusts more to the piling up of sound than to a play of light and shade, the power of contrast and the interest excited by an artistic development of the rich resources at disposal. But neglect of contrast—the most fatal of all sins of omission where music is concerned—appears elsewhere than in the orchestra. We observe it in the form of the choruses, which exhibit the prevailing uniformity of Handel united to means and appliances which put that uniformity out of date. In music this is the golden age of details. To use an architectural parallel, we have done, for better or worse, with Norman simplicity, and have advanced or retrograded, as the reader pleases, to the elaboration of florid Gothic. Composers like Dr Armes should bear this in mind, and learn from a master like Mendelssohn how to vary and enrich oratorio music. Let them notice, for instance, the cunning contrivance shown in such a chorus as "He watching over Israel." No sooner, in this beautiful example, does the first subject establish itself than a second appears different in character and calculated to make a different impression. Presently the first creeps in again, and the two are heard together for a while, before the second yields place, and the entire number is rounded into perfect symmetry. By such means emotional pleasure is varied, and intellectual perception gratified. It would be absurd to counsel a slavish adherence to this or any other form; but something like this is necessary in order that the most may be made of resources which, apart from such variety of treatment, are superfluous. Other points call for observation in Dr Armes' oratorio, but I have indicated those of vital importance, and now shall be content to express a hope, justified by the Durham organist's undoubted ability, that when he next produces a work of the same class as *Hezekiah* there will be observable in it not only a flow of adequate ideas, melodic power, and vigorous expression, but a mastery of modern orchestration and of the art of varied and interesting form.

The performance, conducted by the composer, was adequate to

the claims of the work. Both band and chorus did their duty with zeal and success, while the soloists were one and all efficient. Miss Anna Williams sang extremely well in the duet already mentioned, though lacking necessary power in a trying air, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water." Mdmé Patey gave the contralto music to perfection, as did Mr Lloyd that for the tenor, both artists showing they had studied the work conscientiously and thought it worthy of their high powers. Rarely, indeed, has a new composition enjoyed equal advantages from the co-operation of these eminent English singers. In the music of *Hezekiah* Mr Lewis Thomas proved worthy of his trust, as was to be expected in the case of an artist gifted with so fine a voice and having the advantage of such a ripe experience in the school of sacred music. Mr Thomas's rendering of the air, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions," was a model of unaffected and earnest expression. It is scarcely needful to add that, at the close of the performance, Dr Armes was called for and lustily congratulated upon a promising first effort in the highest walk of his art.—(Correspondence, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)



THE CROWNPRINCE OF GERMANY AND WILHELMJ.

Wiesbaden November 1877. The main topic of the day is the occurrence of their imperial Highnesses the Crownprince and Crownprincess (Princess Royal of England) having deigned to visit Wilhelmj at his countryseat at Mosbach near Biebrich. Wilhelmj enjoys on the whole great favour at the imperial court, being honoured with seldom distinctions.

Their imperial Highnesses and family had attended divine service at the English chapel and afterward's drove to Wilhelmj's habitation to take some tea. The mansion was highly decorated and the high guests were received with great cheering of the populace Mr and Mrs Wilhelmj meeting the imperial personages. A new kind of an organ a present of English admirers to Wilhelmj caused much attention, the more as Wilhelmj played some sacred music splendidly on this new instrument.

In accordance to the command of her imperial highness the Crownprincess, Wilhelmj played afterwards on the violin different compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and Handel.

The performance caused great enthusiasm, the play being much admired by the imperial visitors. Mr Wilhelmj understood it so well to entertain and amuse the distinguished personages, that they stayed till late in the evening. The Crownprincess, who, as is well known, understands very much of music being protectress of the fine arts, was highly satisfied with Wilhelmj's play and mentioned that after such exquisite performance one could barely bear to hear another violinist.

The next day Mr and Mrs Wilhelmj had the great honour conferred to them of being invited to dine with their imperial Highnesses. It is not necessary to state that Wilhelmj complied; the Crownprince and Crownprincess even invited the artist to visit them in January next at Berlin.

The above incident is making the round in all German papers, it being no record that the future German emperor ever having been so condescending towards an artist. In the same way as it is a high honour for Wilhelmj it graces the talents and the amiable character of the future German imperial family.

F. TRAVERS.

THE HYMN OF THE WATERS UPON OLD YEAR'S NIGHT.*

<p>"For ever gone! for ever gone!" The river wails in mournful tone; The gentle brook those echoes In low and trembling accents sings. The star-lit lake's bright ripples sigh The refrain sad, full tenderly;</p>	<p>The foam-lipp'd fall, with mighty roar, Swells out the dirge, "Gone, evermore!" But hark! the surges of the sea In triumph shout "Eternity!" And thus is chang'd the requiem strain To jubilee of praise again.</p>
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* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed by Atlantic Cable with Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe (Author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) for the publication, from advanced sheets, of her new story, *Our Folks at Paganuc*, in the columns of the *Christian Globe*. The story abounds in dramatic incident, written in Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe's well-known style, and full of that mysterious life-principle, the first condition of high art in every form.—(Communicated)

LEIPZIG.—The programme of the Sixth Gewandhaus Concert was composed exclusively of Haydn's *Seasons*.

BUENOS AYRES.—Sig. Pestalardo, manager of the Italian Theatre, is dead.

ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

In the Austrian church of Santa Maria dell' Anima, changed for the nonce into a concert-room, Herr Ernst Schilling recently performed in Liszt's honour the "Tröstungen," a Sonata by Mendelssohn, two Fugues by Bach, and other pieces. The church was filled with the pick of the fashionable world, Roman and foreign. The Host had been removed from the sacred edifice, and the company conversed aloud without any restraint. After a few bars of the "Tröstungen," a door was flung open, the crowd fell back, and Liszt advanced to receive the Princess Karoline Sayn-Wittgenstein, who entered, followed by a servant, and enveloped in furs. She took her seat on a richly decorated chair. Liszt never left her side, and introduced to her the Baroness Haymerle, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, the Ambassador himself, and various other persons. Herr von Keudell, the German Ambassador, was not present, having gone to fetch his wife from Vienna.—The programme of the Teatro Argentina for the approaching season promises *Il Guarany* by Señor Gomez, *Maria Teopolo*, a new opera by Sig. Gaetano Crescimanno, and four performances of Signora Donadio, who will sing in *La Sonnambula* and *Il Barbiere*. In addition to this lady and Sig. Maurelli, engaged for these four performances only, the company will include Signora Fanny Visconti, Signori Marini, Antoni, Capocci, and Wagner.—The Orchestral Society has resumed its concerts, at the first of which the programme comprised Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, Liszt's "Préludes," Glinka's "Jota aragonesa," and a "Serenade" by a Danish composer named Ravukilde, long resident here.

WAIFS.

Mdlle Mila Rodani has left London without once appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre. If her secession, as is generally understood, arose from her unwillingness to undertake the part of Astrifiamante, she can only be praised for her reticence. The part is by no means suited to her, and in fact legitimately belongs to Mdlle Marimon, also a member of the company. Mdlle Rodani is engaged for the winter at Florence.

The report of Señor Gayarre's death is unfounded.

Sig. Marchetti's *Ruy Blas* is to be performed at Leipsic.

M. Gevaert, director of the Brussels Conservatory, is in Naples.

Herr Rappoldi has left Dresden for a concert tour through Denmark.

Sivori, the violinist, has given a successful concert at the Teatro Malibran, Venice.

The Barcelona *Correo de Teatros* has re-appeared under the title of the *Correo Teatral*.

Love, the tooth-ache, a bad temper, and tight boots are things which cannot be kept secret.

Herr Henschel's opera, *Die Schöne Melusine*, will be performed at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

MM. Armand Silvestre and Gaston Serpette have read M. Carvalho a one-act comic opera, entitled *Toby*.

There will be four masked balls this season at the Grand Opera, Paris, with M. O. Métra as conductor.

The first German performance of M. Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* will take place at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

M. Edmond Galabert's *Georges Bizet, Souvenirs et Correspondance*, has just been published in Paris by Calmann Lévy.

Sig. Medica has taken the place of M. Melchisedeck, who, a short time since, unexpectedly left the San Carlo, Naples.

Mr Alexander Reichardt composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far," and other popular songs, has arrived in London.

Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine* is in rehearsal at the Paris Opéra-Comique. Flotow's *Ombre* is, also, in preparation.

Mr Francis Howell's new cantata, *The Song of the Months*, is to be performed at Sevenoaks and Westerham on the 19th and 20th of December.

Under the direction of Mr Isidore de Solla, the first of a series of operas in English (the *Trovatore* of course!) was given at the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

The lectures now being delivered at the Alexandra Palace include one, on Thursday, by Mr Lindsay Sloper, on "Eminent Pianists." No one more equal to the task.

Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* will be performed this season by the New York Vocal Association, under the direction of the newly-elected conductor, Mr Caryl Florio.

Miss Minnie Hauk has been invited by M. Kowalski and M. Vizentini to "create" the principal part in the former gentlemen's *Gilles de Bretagne* at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

The first performance at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, of Sig. G. Villate's *Ziba* is fixed for to-night, with Mdles Litta, Sanz, Signori Tamberlik, Pandolfini, and Nannetti in the leading parts.

A picture of happiness, supreme and complete, is an American Indian lad with two hats on his head, a man's boot on one leg, a woman's gaiter on the other, and a flag of truce fluttering in the wind.

Signor Pinsuti's opera, *Il Mercante di Venezia*, is to be performed at Florence on the opening of the Carnival, Dec. 26, and his other opera, *Mattia Carvino*, during the Carnival at Pisa, and probably at Modena and Venice.

In the course of twenty-eight years Herr Theodor Wachtel has appeared more than 800 times as Chapelou in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*. He first sustained the part during his third engagement at Würzburg in 1849.

Mdme Marie Roze sang before a large audience at the Brighton Aquarium on Saturday afternoon. She was re-called after each song. It is her last appearance at Brighton for some time, as she sails for America on the 20th inst.

Herr Hermann Franke leaves next week for a professional tour in Germany, but will return in January to resume the series of concerts announced for February and March, to take place in the new concert room of the Royal Academy of Music.

The Association des Artistes-Musiciens celebrated St Cecilia's Day by a performance in the church of St Eustache, Paris, of Cherubini's *Messe Solennelle*. The orchestra and choir were under the direction of Deldevez, and Tamberlik was one of the singers.

M. Victor Maurel, lately of the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, proposes giving this winter, in the great towns of France, a series of classical concerts. He will be assisted by Mdlle Derval, of the Opéra-Comique, M. Paul Viardot, the violinist, and other artists.

The first Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association took place at the Music Hall, Boston (U.S.), on the 8th Nov. The programme included compositions by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Julius Rietz, Mozart, and Schubert. Mad. Emma Dexter, was the vocalist.

A poor monomaniac, Charles Hugo, who dubbed himself "Prince of tenors," and inventor of the *Canto-Mimique*, has just died at Milan. He used to recite, play, and sing Homer's *Iliad*, and give concerts in which the jokes of the audience formed a prominent part. Hugo was by birth Hungarian.

Herr Ignaz Brüll lately passed through Berlin on his way to Königsberg with the intention of appearing as a pianist. From Königsberg he returns to Vienna, where he will compose the recitatives required for the representations of his *Goldenes Kreuz* in Italy. —(Wonderfully interesting!)

Miss Florence Sanders (pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes), played the *Barcarolle* and *Finale* of Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor (No 4) at the Crystal Palace Concert on Friday morning, November 23rd, with brilliant success. The talented young pianist was called forward at the end and unanimously applauded.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—After the 26th December next, St George's Hall will be under the entire management of Messrs Alfred Reed and Corney Grain, and will, as hitherto, still be available for amateur performances, concerts, &c., on the afternoons and evenings not devoted to Mr and Mrs German Reed's entertainment.

The Dundee Amateur Musical Society has announced a performance of Mr J. F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, on Wednesday next, and the same composer's *Paradise* and the *Peri* in January. There is to be a chorus and orchestra numbering 150 performers, with Mr Carrodus as leader, and Mr John Kinross, conductor.

The first of the Saturday evening Handel concerts was given in the Central Hall on Saturday evening by the Alexandra Palace choir of 1,000 voices, assisted by Miss Annie Sinclair, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Lachner; Mr M. Smythson conducting, and Mr F. Archer playing the organ. To-day the third of the afternoon series of concerts will be held, and on Saturday evening next another Handelian performance.

M. Koning intends devoting the Théâtre de la Renaissance exclusively to works in the *opéra-comique* style. He has been promised the co-operation of MM. Léo Delibes, Poise, and Salvayre. He pledges himself to give two works by Auber. [At last some Frenchmen—with a German name, by the way—remembers that France once boasted of a dramatic composer named Auber, whose equal is yet to be found!—D. P.]

Signora Marietta Venturi Ricordi, widow of the late Giovanni Ricordi, founder of the musical publishing firm, Milan, died on the 19th November, at Blevio, on the Lake of Como.

Mdlle Toni Hiller, the charming and histrionically-gifted daughter of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, was recently married to Herr Kwast, professor of the piano at the Cologne Conservatory.

The Chevalier Antoine de Kontski is at present in Paris, where he intends remaining for the winter. (He will with his brother, Leopold, the violinist, be remembered in London.)

At the first concert of the present season of the Leeds Philharmonic Society, Miss José Sherrington sang in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and was called upon to repeat the "Inflammatus."

Wagner has won his action against the Vienna music-publisher, Herr Adolf Fürstner, who is to refund the sum received from the Imperial Operahouse for the new music in the "Venusberg."

Some difficulties have arisen between M. Halanzier, M. Gounod, and M. Lemoine, the musical publisher, with regard to the libretto of *Polyeucte*, but it is hoped they may be settled without an appeal to the law courts.

Four new Symphonies have been found among the late Herr Herbeck's papers, and one will shortly be performed at a Philharmonic Concert. The deceased musician was in possession of a considerable number of Schubert's MSS.

The concert tour, organised by Herr Ullman, through Denmark and Sweden, has proved very successful, financially and artistically. The members of the company, Mad. Padilla-Artôt, MM. Wieniawski, Bottesini, Padilla, and Louis Brassin (instead of Alfred Jaell), are now giving concerts at some of the principal towns in Germany.

The late Herr Herbeck left no will. His musical manuscripts will be arranged by Herr Nicolaus Dumba and Professor Epstein. Last spring the deceased received an offer from Dresden of the post of Director-General of Music, but declined it, having resolved, notwithstanding many bitter experiences, not to leave Vienna.

The fifth of a series of six lectures for the "Penge Working Mens' Institute" was given on Monday December, 3rd. The lecture was by Mr Frederic Archer (organist of the Alexandra Palace) his subject, "Popular Music." It abounded with instructive hints and amusing anecdotes. Mr Archer contributed many pianoforte solos, as "illustrations," and his playing of a Fantasia on Welsh Airs, by Sir Julius Benedict, was very clever. The programme was interspersed with songs, done full justice to by Mr Greenhill. Great praise is due to Mr F. S. Knott, the Treasurer and Manager, for his interesting perseverance and unceasing energy in making these lectures as acceptable as possible. Judging from the enthusiasm of the audience, the entertainment proved a great success.—F. A. J.

LAST WORDS! *

(For Music.)

<p>The river sang as it rushed along; The dead leaves fell in a frenzied throng; The drifting clouds flew over the sky; The sad wind moan'd as it pass'd them by, And caught and echoed a wild fare- Whose deathless sorrow no speech could tell.</p> <p>A fair face fram'd in its golden hair, A face that will haunt him everywhere; And the crashing guns and the clang- ing swords [words, That follow her kiss and her parting These whisper a tale to a soldier's heart, [part." A tale whose burden is "Love must * Copyright.</p>	<p>The fight is done, and the land lies red With crimson stain of the bleeding dead; [there And one whose deeds were the boldest Is sought and summon'd with dread despair; [with shot, And, hewn with sabre and pierc'd They seek their hero, and—find him not.</p> <p>And still on that heart so bold to dare Lies a tress of tangled golden hair; But none of those pitying eyes can see How bitter the end of love may be. A parting kiss and a treasur'd tress, And a young heart broken across the sea!</p>
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NOTES OF TRAVEL.*

Or would you prefer for a title: "Inappropriate Remarks on Things in General," O my respected patron of many years? I at once call your attention to the fact that one part of the above heading may agree too well with the contents of my articles, and that you may feel bound suddenly to stop your recent puff of my talent as a writer of operatic notices (of course, at watering-places only). By the way, was not there a slight flavour of irony about that said puff? Is it quite certain that you did not mean to characterize me as a Jack-of-all-trades? However, be that as it may,—

"Bin fremd dem Literatentreiben,
Kann ungedruckt im Pultbleiben."

The fact is, it amuses me to chat, purposelessly, with you, *public* or *privatim*, and I am amply rewarded for my trouble by a friendly smile from you in your study. I have, unfortunately, no connection with the ideal Corinth, where the much-lauded fair friends of Herren Eckert, Hiller, and Lindau are said to thrive, and I sometimes suffer from a yearning to unbosom myself. It matters, therefore, little to me whether you preserve the dry flowers of my ink-bottle in your herbarium of epistolary celebrities, or —. Our good friend Pohl, poor fellow, is unfortunately not in so enviable a position. It was absolutely necessary for his "Friendly Letters from Bayreuth" to be printed at any price. To ensure his pamphlet's appearing with any approach to neatness of form, he was compelled, *nohlens pohlens*, to dedicate it to the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the second husband of Herr Brendell's widow.

He would probably have been glad enough to select a fair being, younger and prettier than the individual chosen, as his addressee; Herr Pohl, however, like myself, seems unable to obtain letters of recommendation to — Corinth. But this is enough in the way of prelude, as the key is settled.

I.
BRUSSELS.

25th October.

Thomas dead.—Meyerbeer still alive—Robert . . . but not the Devil . . . and Richard . . . but not Cœur-de-Lion.—Gratification, despite the police, of the impulse to manufacture operas.—Conductororial pantomimism.—Sansculottism in the Pianoforte Playing of the present Day.

You see, respected Sir, that I have not been in America quite for nothing; I have gone through a course of study of the Yankee newspaper style, and it is with unconcealable satisfaction that I perceive spreading over your features a look of electric expectation, like that in the case of a "fifth," at the fourth desk of the first fiddles in the hall of the Gewandhaus, when a new Canonic Suite is being played. Do not be alarmed, I am not cruel, and you shall not snap, or "go off with a bang," like the fifth in question. I can now quite imagine the feeling, for, on Thursday evening, I myself was very near it—"going off with a bang," to wit—in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at one time with rage and at another with weariness. Had I been a crowd in myself I might have confounded the little successor of the great Auber at the Conservatory with the wholesale murderer of the same name at Bremen, translating dynamite by *embêtement*. (He has nothing to do with Theodor Thomas of New York.) I say: "near it;" I was saved solely by the partially very admirable manner in which the persons engaged performed their tasks, and by the friendly way in which my colleague and respected neighbour in the parquet, M. Louis Brassin, shared my torture. I shall speak further of my benefactor presently, when I have somewhat got over my excitement; the latter would render me without more ado capable even of "praising asses," were such a course not forbidden by the virtue which after we have cut our wisdom teeth becomes a duty; I mean *modesty*. The fact is that it was especially myself who was the "ass," for having had the hardihood to appeal from the miserable impression produced on me by the perusal of *Hamlet* in the pianoforte score to the impression acoustically receivable from a scenic representation.

The empty nothingness, devoid of all special physiognomy, which marks Thomas's music, as likewise its pretentious conceit, was then for the first time apparent to me in all its glaring

brightness. Even in purely technical matters, such as the instrumentation, where Meyerbeer has shown us that, like Vatel, a man may by skilful preparation render even boot-soles palatable, I was most bitterly disappointed. The only miserable joke my ear came across was in the second act: the goings-on, not so droll as repulsive, of a saxophone which was new to me, a bastard of bass-clarinette and English horn, a pair of wooden bellows, certainly not generated by any natural combination, and therefore, thank heaven, not destined to live. Do not think, my dear Herr Senff, that I went to the theatre afflicted with German prejudices or specific musical whims. The sounds of *Fidelio*, the opera with which I had entered on my duties as conductor, had completely died out of my ears, and, shortly before leaving Hanover, I had thrown my whole heart into directing the production of *La Muette de Portici* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Still less, though a Wagnerite *de la veille* (I have been one for thirty-five years, that is, from the very first performance of *Rienzi* at Dresden, in October, 1842), am I to be reckoned among the adversaries of the great Giacomo; on the contrary. With the approbation of my new chief and old colleague, Herr von Bronsart, I hope to give during this present season a comparatively model performance of *Les Huguenots*, such as the latter work needs (unfortunately!) more than *Lohengrin*, which, by the way, can be and is given as it ought to be given, in Munich alone, where it is so performed *par ordre de Mufti*. Nor has my reverence for Shakspeare ever excited me to consider it a crime, in MM. Verdi and Taubert, for instance, to transfer *Macbeth* to music-paper, though I cannot help thinking that with his *Lustige Weiber von Windsor* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*) Otto Nicolai did the great Briton higher honour. The boldness of philosophizing in notes (the setting of the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," to a certain extent the most endurable bit in the opera, is, however, purloined from Berlioz' *Damnation de Faust*) would, moreover, not have offended me in the least; I became inured to this sort of thing, prompted by earnest intention, from *Tristan und Isolde*. So, naively *sine ira et studio*, I listened to M. Thomas's strains ("abgeschiedene Vielfraßerei," as David sings in *Die Meistersinger*), and, thanks to M. Brassin's spiritual consolation, continued listening up to Ophelia's scene of natation at the end of the fourth act. The result is short: a most deep-seated conviction on my part of the rottenness of this usurper of the inheritance left by Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and the most open-mouthed astonishment at those gentlemen who lay down the law, and who are incapable of distinguishing apparent life and apparent death. There is no doubt that M. Thomas writes correctly, and "academically," if you like, something in the same fashion that M. Jules Simon conducts politics; but mere smoke is the most the absence of talent in him can produce, accompanied, as the latter is, by such importance that, in its want of character and style, it cannot clear even the rock, want of taste, a rock generally avoided by educated French musicians. Verdi with all his former roughness, and even with his present queer notions, is quite another kind of fellow, and M. Thomas is not above levying the most continuous loans on him. I say nothing of Gounod; that composer's want of character, or euphemistically speaking, his "eclecticism," has method about it, and in his own circle he has notions which his intellectual guardians did not possess before him. In a word, he belongs at all events to the first of the two classes of operatic composers in which I would divide the entire species—though the worthy non-elect among the so-called "German" incapables desirous of musicalizing dramatically will not agree very cordially with the notion—the said two classes being those who can add something to the *hurdy-gurdy*, and those who are compelled to borrow the most necessary things from it. The dislike I entertain for those of the last sort—a dislike I am least capable of surmounting when, devoured by the same thirst for success as their more frivolous but more highly gifted brethren, they pretend to the orchestra and the critics (they are not able to swindle the singers and the public), that it is solely from "modesty" that they neglect the means of success—induces me now personally to beg Herr von Flotow's pardon for all the rude things once written and spoken by me against him. When, at a period of such operatic poverty, of such noisy sterility as the present, Master Giacomo is loudly cried down, and the pigmies of to-day, jealous of his triumphs, appeal, as they cry him down, to the *Olympian audacities* which Robert Schumann hurled against the presumed Antichrist, forty, and Richard Wagner twenty-five years ago, we

* From the *Leipsic Signale*, edited by Herr Senff.

must simply rep'y: *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*. Schumann understood just as much about an opera as Rossini understood about a symphony; Wagner was guilty of injustice with greater consciousness, though he may be excused in consideration of the hard laws of a "struggle for existence." But "everything has happened before," says Ben Akiba; let the reader call to mind how adverse Weber was to Beethoven, &c. Epigoni, however, who do not deserve being named in the same day with Wagner, even as a specific musician, and whose most striking success will never equal the *flauto d'estime* achieved by *Genoveva*, should, before they are bold enough to try to write operas, poke their respected noses a trifle further into the scores of men like Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and see whether they possess sufficient talent to derive some little practical benefit from the process. The more sensible among them might then come down a peg or two and grow rather disheartened, which would be all the better for poor operatic conductors. For the others I will cite the winged words of Arthur Schopenhauer: "*When a book and a head cannon together and produce a hollow sound, that is, once for all, not the fault of the book.*"

But do you not think, my dear Herr Senff, that it is time for me to conclude my digression? "The art of wearying consists in holding nothing back," says a French moralist. I will, therefore, cure my attack of sentimentality by a bit of triviality, and quickly tell you something which will interest you most deeply. It is that Mdle Hamackers, though no longer a young, was a very excellent, and, vocally, blameless, Ophelia, and that M. Devoyod, who played Hamlet for the first time, achieved a success as brilliant as it was merited. The chorus astonished me by its precision and freshness; and the orchestra was, in every respect, wonderfully good. I was agreeably impressed by the deep depth of the space it occupied, so indispensable an element for the promotion of discreet accompaniment, without anything threadbare about the tone; I was less edified with the arrangement which strives to realize the old periwig-principle of separating the strings from the wind with the reform introduced at Berlin by "Cæsar" Spontini, nearly sixty years ago (and long since adopted in large towns like Vienna, Munich, Dresden, &c.). It is true that bow instruments ran correctly like a red thread through the whole territory, but the contrast, equally important for audience and performers, between *brass* and *wood* had been neglected. The person of the evening who possessed the greatest attraction for me was the conductor, M. Dupont, a brother of the well-known virtuoso on the piano and Conservatory-professor. He is one of the most circumspect, most gifted with delicate feeling, most "ubiquitousish," and consequently most warm-blooded and most active of his "caste." These conductorial pantomimics ruffle me less than others, as I know the reasons which make them necessary in complicated modern works. The inhabitants of small German towns, accustomed to pitiless metronomes of flesh and (not too much) blood, who, for instance, have never witnessed a good operatic performance in Italy, take great umbrage at them, and, not having the courage to look over the conductor, are apt to complain that their enjoyment is interfered with. *Il est difficile de contenter tout le monde et son père*. Such must be the consolation of a man when people find fault with him, and when, not having learnt to squint, he is unable to combine the discharge of his duty, which is to signal orders for preparation, of encouragement, and of animadversion to the four quarters of the compass, with a stylobatic bearing of the upper portion of his body.

And now, by way of farewell to-day, a word of thanks to my faithful companion in suffering, M. Brassin! I cannot tell you, O my respected patron, what good it did me at length to meet once more a "real pianist in trowsers." Such beings, especially when real individualities, have now become as rare as the "pianists in petticoats" have become legionary. And—your hands on your hearts, ye admirers of the fair sex—is there one pianoforte virtuoso who can artistically reproduce, for instance, Beethoven's G major concerto, Op. 58, unless he knows the score inside-out and upside-down? But can any fair pianists do so, except their queen, Mad. Clara Schumann! It is not difficult to draw a conclusion. Ladies' emancipation is beginning to discredit pianoforte playing. The gap occasioned by Carl Tausig's early death has not yet been filled up; I believe, however, that it may be by M. Louis Brassin. Despite his grey hair, he is as fresh, bodily and intellectually, as he is mature; he has, hitherto, not condescended to be his own propagandist, though his

talent, as a composer as well as an executant, would have fully justified such a course. He sacrificed long since all interest in himself to his "*Nibelungen* belief." His new paraphrases of fragments from *Der Ring* are the best and most useful things I have seen. Yet he, by no means, belongs to the non-independent Bayreutherians,* whose organ is the Fritzian *Monitor of leading Motives*. His three new pianoforte studies: "*Impressions d'Automne*," for performance at concerts, I warmly recommend to all those among my colleagues who are good enough to consider me not quite incompetent in such matters. He is moreover meditating a second Concerto—so it is time to think about the first.

Perhaps it is rather like offering you mustard after dinner, my dear Herr Senff,† if I recall to your mind an amusing anecdote, dating from 1862, and related of Dr Liszt and Chevalier de Kontaki at Darmstadt; but it is worth warming up again.

Attired in his most magnificent Spanish uniform à la Marfori, the Polish martyr in search of court-concerts called upon the Grand Ducal *Capellmeister*, and solemnly offered, in the guise of a present, the first copy of his latest offspring in the instructive line: *L'Indispensable du Pianiste*, to the said Grand Ducal official. "My dear friend," observed the latter, "when you again want to indulge in a bit of humbug, you may as well do it in a slightly less rococo style. For my part I can assure you, as a person not entirely devoid of experience in such affairs, that I know of only one real indispensable du pianiste—and that is a decent pair of trowsers—Countersigned,—*Quant ben Bulew.*"

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

(A Moral Mediæval Ballad.)

The wind was cold, the sky was dark,
It was too early for the lark
Which slept within its nest,
When sounded loud the clarion clear.
The Red Cross Knight growled out,
"I hear!"
And turned again to rest.

Upon his pillow sank his head;
Once more it roused him from his bed,
That clarion at his door! [cried.
"Awake, Sir Knight!" the Page-boy
"All right!" a drowsy voice replied,
"Just wait five minutes more."

Again, again the trumpet-call
Came echoing from the outer wall;
He knew he must arise:
So out of bed he jumped, and rubbed
His shiv'ring form (they never tubbed),
And yawned with watery eyes.

His hands were red, his feet were cold,
He felt infirm, and weak, and old;
His Squire brought a light:
Then to his lips strange oaths arose—
His eyes were red, bright red his nose;
He was a red, cross Knight!

Then first he donned his shirt of mail—
A trifle stiff about the tail—
Which made the Warrior frown!
In armour he encased his toes,
And, with a view to warm his nose,
He kept his beaver down.

Then, ere his charger he bestrode,
From off his mind he took a load
By kicking left and right;
The Seneschal, the Warder, Page,
He kicked, nor cared for youth nor age,
This very red, cross Knight!

Loud cried the Squire, "*En avant!*"
The surly Knight growled "*Get along!*"
"You stupid ass!" he said.
The snorting horse the sharp spur feels,
And throws, with two upheaving heels,
Its rider o'er its head!

Within an hour there came a Leech,
Who found him wandering in his
speech,
With hot and fevered brow.
"He went upon his head," quoth he;
"The consequence of which will be
That he'll go off it now."

Imaginary Turks he slew,
As fiercer and more red he grew,
Then sank, as slain in fight!
"He," says his monumental stone,
"Was, of all Red Cross Knights ere
known,
The Reddest, Crossiest Knight."

THE MORALS.

One Moral is—Your temper curb.
Another—Sleepers don't disturb
Whatever hour may strike.
No one is bound to be exact;
Sleep, or arise, when called. *In fact,*
You just do what you like.

VIENNA.—The Society of the Friends of Music, desirous of subduing the importunate echo in their concert-room, are experimenting with a "sound-net," made of rope. Herbeck was busy with the same idea shortly before his death.

* In the German expression "*Bay-Reuthknechte*" there is a verbal jingle not to be reproduced in English.—TRANSLATOR.

† The reader, if unacquainted with German, must know that *Senf*—which, with the exception of an *f* too little, is the name of the editor of the *Signal*—signifies "mustard." What signifies it, if it does?—TRANSLATOR.

OPERA IN FRANCE AND NORTH GERMANY.

Reminiscences of 1873.

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 812.)

The Opera in London being always sung in Italian, the compositions of the French, German, or any other school, in order to be introduced there, must necessarily be adapted; and however welcome they may be in this form to amateurs—who indeed have to accept them thus, or not at all—a certain incongruity cannot well be avoided. For even supposing the singers and the work to be of the same nationality, as is not unfrequently the case, since our opera companies are truly polyglot, the former have still to sing their music in a foreign language, and are thus, to a greater or less degree, in proportion to the versatility of their talent, hampered in their ability of interpretation. Then, again, it often happens that the dialogue in the original version was spoken, and so musical recitatives must be composed, spoken dialogue being, for some reason impossible to divine, seeing how sweet and flowing the language is, tabooed on the Italian opera stage. And these recitatives no matter how skillfully prepared and fitted, inevitably convey, to some extent at any rate, a sense of patchwork. The primary idea of the composer—unavoidably, it may be—is sacrificed. The joinings, however artistic, are—only joinings after all. The foregoing remarks, however, are no plea, nor should they be, for confining the repertory of this or that theatre to any particular school. Opera, like everything else, thrives best by interchange and variety. The wider the list of composers included in the plan of any operatic management, the higher does that management stand in the estimation not only of the *dilettanti*, but in that of the general public. Only it must be acknowledged that when an opera of one country is presented in the language and by the artists of another, however acceptable and successful it may be, something is lost in the transition—it is not quite the same thing. And that some operas are more capable than others of adaptation to the Italian stage, is a fact no less certain than difficult of explanation. All frequenters of Covent Garden will admit that Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, as there given, has in it a "go," if the expression may be allowed, which could not be exceeded in the Opéra-Comique—its original home. Yet the same composer's *Le Domino Noir*, which pairs off with Rossini's *Il Barbiere*—than which no higher praise can be given—when produced there, left an impression of clumsiness difficult to be comprehended by those who have only witnessed its effect, and its undying popularity, in Paris. The *Oberon* of Weber was Italianized for Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860; and, notwithstanding the difficulty of efficiently casting so elaborate a production, retained its hold upon the audiences until the destruction of the Old House seven years afterwards. *Der Freyschütz* is different. It has been refitted for foreign stages by M. Hector Berlioz and Sir Michael Costa, the merits of whose arrangements have been justly upheld, each by their separate circle of admirers. But the idiosyncrasy of the opera is such, and the goblin legend is so purely national, that it cannot be disguised either by French or Italian dressing-up. Grand as its music may be, there is an angularity in *Der Freyschütz*, when given elsewhere, impossible wholly to round off or conceal. To be presented in its most effective form, it should be heard in Germany, and in Germany alone. When lately performed at Hanover, the overture was superbly played, although not more so than it has been, times out of number, in England and elsewhere. In the very first chorus, however, after the rise of the curtain, and even yet more in the mocking refrain to Killian's air, which immediately follows, the difference was indescribably great. For the chorallists not only sang and acted, but contrived somehow to throw a distinctness and individuality into their respective parts, which was to a stranger nothing less than extraordinary; and throughout the three acts every person, from the highest to the lowest, concerned in the representation, conveyed the idea of being thoroughly at home. Of the principals, Kaspar was intrusted to Herr Bletsacher, said to be past his prime, a fact which would otherwise be difficult to discover, for his voice and method were irreproachable, his general performance very striking. The Max was Herr M. Müller, who is engaged here for two years, and is at present in the first stage of his career. Herr Müller is an excellent actor,

but does not seem as yet to have acquired complete control over his organ, a resonant and powerful tenor, though it would not be easy to take exception to his singing in the famous "Durch die Walder" ("Through the forest"), which could scarcely have been rendered more melodiously or correctly. The Agathe, Fraulein Aglaia Orgeni, formerly a pupil of Pauline Viardot, may be recollected as having sung at Covent Garden early in the season of 1866, but did not remain in England long enough to confirm the good impression which her few appearances then created. The voice of Fraulein Orgeni can never have been really fine, and, whether from some temporary cause, or physical decay, is just now nearly extinguished, but both as a singer and an actress she proves worthy of her great preceptress, being "every inch" an artist. In her delivery of the well-known scena, "Nie nacht mir der Schlummer," breadth, sentiment, expression, could not possibly be surpassed; vocal power alone was wanting. Fraulein Pauli, a daughter of the admirable leading violinist of the theatre, was the representative of Aennchen. She is only twenty years of age, and her powers are as yet undeveloped, but she played the part nicely, and sang it very carefully. Aennchen would seem to be traditionally handed over to a *comprimaria*, although the music is of no mean importance, and as an acting part its gaiety forms a most effective foil to the pensive melancholy which distinguishes Agathe. This is not, however, the only instance of a rôle—and its music—sacrificed, in the first place, to that professional jealousy and caprice which lead vocalists to imagine that the co-existence of "two suns" is as impossible in the operatic firmament as elsewhere—until by long custom it has come to be regarded as of merely secondary consequence. True that, out of respect for Mozart, Madame Viardot once sang Papagena, in *Il Flauto Magico*—at Covent Garden, in 1851—to the Pamina of Grisi; but then Madame Viardot was in every sense an artist such as few have ever been, and self-abnegation in the cause of art is a quality unhappily rare. Something of the same feeling might be traced in the present performance of *Der Freyschütz*, when Herr Schüssler, by accepting the small part of Ottokar, who only appears in the last scene, not only reflected credit on himself, but, as might be concluded, raised the character to a prominence of which in less able hands it might not have been deemed capable. The perfection of the orchestra and chorus need not be dilated upon, whilst in the matter of spectacle the Wolf's Glen, with its practicable waterfall and burning trees, its fiery skulls and phantom processions, had so awful a reality that it was absolutely a relief when the curtain fell upon such a chapter of horrors. Possibly the incantation scene was never more powerfully or graphically depicted before.

(To be continued.)

A STUDY.*

I.	V.
The evening sea is bright, And the air is still; She's seated silent, in the light Of the sunset, on the window-sill.	The twilight rises slow, The sky has bled; From her quivering bosom and neck like snow, [dead: On the Alps, at night, the flame is
II.	VI.
The face of earnest yearning Is tinged by the glow, And faint are the flashing beams with burning, [flow. Lost in the hair's black passionate	Flown from her fairy skin And gloomy tresses. [within, Her pale breast heaves as tho' Love were Mid wild and lovely wildernesses.
III.	VII.
The smoke of her cigarette About her twines, Like a halo of living spider's-net, And round its tender birthplace pines.	And still with feverish eyes I gaze, till she seems To fade and be merged in the tints of the skies, [sight dreams. But it's only the tears which give my
IV.	VIII.
Dead are the sun's last rays. I muse in the gloom Of the one-windowed chamber, and all my gaze [bloom. And sense is rapt in her delicate	The sea is a sea of night, And the air is chill; She's seated, silent in the light Of her beauty, on the window-sill.
* Copyright.	Polkano.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Dec. 10.)

The past week was neither the least active nor the least interesting of Mr Mapleson's pre-Christmas season, several of the more attractive operas before given being repeated, and one added that never fails to draw a "house." *Ruy Blas*, of course, figured in the list, for the operatic public is large enough to require several representations, in order that curiosity might be exhausted. But it becomes more and more evident that Marchetti's work cannot hold its ground in this country, where amateurs care little for pretty music if attended by dramatic weakness or impropriety. Should Mr Mapleson, or any other manager, bring out a *light* opera from the pen of the Italian master, there would be a pre-disposition in its favour; and that is all that has come of *Ruy Blas*. *Faust* was given in the course of the week, with an important change of cast; the part of Marguerite being assumed by Mdle Marimon, and that of Mephistopheles by Signor Foli. There is good reason to doubt whether Mdle Marimon does well when she plays characters of sentiment. She is a brilliant singer—so brilliant that very few indeed are her equals—and as a comedian, using the word in its restricted sense, she is frequently happy (witness the music scene in *La Figlia*); but the range of her dramatic feeling is narrow, and parts like that of Marguerite are outside its limits. This, however, by no means implies that Mdle Marimon's performance on the present occasion was destitute of charm, and it will be accepted without question that her singing of the *air des bijoux* met with extreme favour. As a vocal display nothing better could have been desired; while throughout the opera proof appeared that a vocalist of rare acquirements was in presence. Signor Foli reassumed his old character under conditions of much difficulty, because year by year the public grow not only more familiar with, but more appreciative of, the impersonation which, immeasurably before all others, they regard as ideal. Comparisons may be odious, but are inevitable; and it is only fair to point out how, as in this case, an artist, without directly challenging them, may be placed at a disadvantage through their operation. There is not a doubt that in every scene Signor Foli's Mephistopheles was put alongside that of M. Faure—sometimes with an unfavourable result which was, also, necessarily unjust. The assumption should have been regarded for itself alone, and given the credit due to an exercise of laudable ambition warranted by the artist's resources. That Signor Foli was loudly applauded for his singing of the Calf of Gold song and the serenade it is superfluous to mention. The other leading characters were sustained by Mdle de Belocca (Siebel) and Signor Runcio (Faust).

On Thursday, Mr Mapleson added *Don Giovanni* to the popular repertory, and was rewarded for so doing by a very full house. Mozart, indeed, as represented by *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and his masterpiece, is the hero of the season. The Wagner fever, which raged so furiously amongst us for some time, subsided—it was but "as the crackling of thorns under a pot"—without affecting, in ever so slight a degree, general content with opera as Mozart left it. So it must ever be when the dominion of pure and true music is assailed. You cannot make a fantastic slave of that divinity. She has a classic habit of winning her cause, and old "Timotheus," even if his name be Wagner, has to "yield the prize." *Don Giovanni* was very fairly cast on Thursday evening, with Mdme Marie Roze as Donna Anna, Mdle Valleria as Donna Elvira, and Mdle de Belocca as Zerlina, the male characters being represented by Signor Bettini (Don Ottavio), Signor Del Puente (Don Giovanni), Signor Monari Rocca (Leporello), Signor Zoboli (Masetto), and Signor Brocolini (Il Commendatore). A strong cast, measured by some we wot of, this can hardly be called, but it sufficed for the pleasure of the audience, and did in an acceptable degree a measure of justice to the work in hand. The successes of the evening when *Don Giovanni* is performed can, as a rule, be foretold with small danger of error. But the rule has exceptions, and it sometimes happens that the public, passing over their most favourite numbers, give to others the largest measure of approval. This was, to some extent, the case on Thursday. "La ci darem," sung by Mdle de Belocca and Signor Del Puente, met with its usual encore; but, on the other hand, "Batti, batti" excited no demand for a repetition, nor did the favourite trio of masks, while the supreme reward was bestowed on Signor Del Puente's "Deh vieni," and Signor Bettini answered two calls after "Il mio tesoro." Signor Bettini, by the way, who always sings the music of Don Ottavio very carefully, had a marked success throughout the evening, warm applause, and a re-call, for example, following his delivery of "Dalla sua pace." Into minute criticism of the performance it is hardly worth while to enter. Enough, as regards the leading characters, that Mdme Roze made a strenuous effort to succeed in the important part she assumed, that Mdle Valleria was intelligent and artistic as Elvira, and that Mdle de Belocca looked charming in her pretty Spanish dress;

while, if not a model Don, Signor Puente offered a very fair conception of a proverbially difficult rôle. The band and chorus were not less efficient than in other operas equally well known. *Der Freischütz* on Friday and *Les Huguenots* on Saturday brought the week's work to an end.

This week is the last of the present season, and, from the announcements already made, it seems that the production of *La Forza del Destino*, with Signor Verdi's amendments, has been postponed. Judging from what the public know of the opera in its old form, Mr Mapleson need not distress himself by fancying that he has given cause for serious disappointment.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the last fortnightly meeting of professors and students, which took place on Saturday, Dec. 8:—

Fugue, in B flat, organ (Bach)—Mr G. F. Smith, pupil of Dr Steggall; Two-part Song, "Greeting" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Sophia E. Jones* and Miss R. Dunn* (pupils of Mr Regaldi)—accompanist, Mrs Clarke; Fantasia, in C minor, pianoforte (Mozart)—Miss E. M. Turner, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Song (MS.), "A Glimpse" (Charlton T. Speer, Student)—Mr George, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Mr C. T. Speer; Sonata, in F, pianoforte (Paradies)—Miss Alice Davis, pupil of Mr H. R. Evers; Slow Movement from Concerto in D, violoncello (Raff)—Mr Elliott,* pupil of Mr Pettit; Recitativo, "Oh patria," ed Aria, "Di tanti palpiti," *Tancredi* (Rossini)—Miss Bashford, pupil of Mr Benson—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Prelude and Fugue, in C sharp, No. 3, pianoforte (Bach)—Miss Fosskett, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Sonata, in B flat, Op. 65, No. 4, organ (Mendelssohn)—Mr Corke, pupil of Mr Rose; Adagio, in D (MS.), pianoforte and violin (F. Sewell Southgate, Student)—Mr. F. Sewell Southgate, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. B. Jewson, and Miss Julia de Nolte (Professors' Scholar), pupil of Mr Sinton; Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (Sullivan)—Miss Cornish, pupil of Mr Goldberg—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Sonata, in E, Op. 14, No. 1, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Edith James, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Cantata *Exulta* (Carissimi), the accompaniment by Ridley Prentice—Miss L. Evans and Miss Henderson, pupils of Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Miss Ethel Gould (Lady Goldsmid Scholar); Dix-sept Variations *Sérieuses*, in D minor, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Fortey, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Quartet (MS.), "Blow, blow, thou vernal gale" (A. Jarratt, Student)—Miss Kendal, Miss E. Thomas, Mr Seligman, and Mr A. Jarratt, pupils of Mr H. Banister, Mr Gilardoni, Mr Garcia, and Mr Fiori; Duet, in E flat, pianoforte (Silas)—Miss Law* and Miss Holmes, pupils of Mr Kemp; Air, "The Morning Prayer," *Eli* (Costa)—Miss Lily Twyman, pupil of Mr Fiori—accompanist, Miss Alice Heathcote; Sonata, in F, violin, double-bass, and pianoforte (Corelli)—Mr Sutton (pupil of Mr Sinton), Mr C. B. Waud (pupil of Mr White), and Mr Sewell, Balfé Scholar (pupil of Mr Westlake).

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18th:—

Procession March (<i>Ruins of Athens</i>)	Beethoven.
Andante Cantabile (A flat major)	Omer Giraud.
Prelude and Fugue (E flat major)	J. L. Krebs.
First Impromptu (C minor, Op. 90)	F. Schubert.
Air with Variations and Finale (F major)	W. T. Best.
Overture, <i>La Barcarolle</i>	Auber.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 16th:—

Fantasia (G major)	Bach.
Andantino (E major)	C. V. Alkan.
Organ Concerto (D minor)	Handel.
Pastorale (<i>L'Organiste Moderne</i> , Book 5, No. 2)	Lefebvre Wily.
Adagio from the First Organ Sonata	F. Kümstedt.
Overture, <i>Jessonda</i>	Spohr.

LEIPSIC.—At the seventh Gewandhaus Concert, Joachim performed a Concerto by Viotti, and two pieces by Spohr. His "Elegiac Overture" was executed, under his direction, by the orchestra. The great musician was enthusiastically greeted.

* With whom this subject is a second study.

CARL ROSA AT MANCHESTER.

The Manchester *Examiner* and *Times* speaks as follows about the production of Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* by the Carl Rosa company:—

"To Mr Carl Rosa's enterprise and discrimination the amateurs of Manchester have been indebted in former seasons for many previously impossible gratifications; not only has he produced well-known operas with a completeness in every department seldom secured in the provinces, but he has permitted us to hear important works which until his day had been either entirely neglected or seldom given. It is pleasant to remember that Mr Rosa's confidence in the success of good music well performed met with great encouragement in the past, and assuredly it is not less so to record that his production of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* was received with such favour by a crowded house as to warrant the belief that it will become one of the most popular in the repertory of the company. This opera, though very popular in Germany, and has been given in London at both Italian Operahouses, has been almost unknown to the English public. Why it is not easy to determine; the libretto, compiled by Dr Mosenthal, includes the most telling situations in Shakspeare's comedy, and the music from first to last is thoroughly attractive. Bright, genial, and graceful, often brilliant, and never commonplace, it combines to a remarkable extent some of the pleasantest features of the melodious Italian with the more scholarly characteristics of the German school. The composer, thoroughly impressed by the spirit of the comedy, allows nothing to interfere with the irresistibly humorous story, and, in spite of alterations, the lover of Shakspeare is never offended. In the English version, by Mr Hersee, the dialogue is, indeed, taken entirely from Shakspeare, and thus, though the author has not attempted to intensify the local colour of his opera by any affectation of the style of early English music, or, indeed, by any free use of archaic forms, the language of Shakspeare must always tend to make this opera dear to an English public."

Our respected Lancashire contemporary then enters into an analysis of the music, in connection with certain situations and incidents of the plot, which London readers, who have been regaled with many columns, in many newspapers, on the same subject, would hardly take the pains to read. From this he goes on to the performance, his appreciation of which is for the most part worth quoting:—

"Of the performance we are able to speak in the highest terms. Mr Rosa never produces a new work without due rehearsal, and in this case Manchester had the advantage of successful repetitions at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Leeds. The scenery was all exceedingly pretty, the costumes picturesque and artistic, the 'business' of the forest scene was very well managed, and the principal artists—we may add the band and chorus also—might have been as familiar with *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as with *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*. Miss Gaylord has seldom been seen and heard to greater advantage than as Mrs Ford; she sings the music, to which her sympathetic voice is admirably adapted, with fluency and intelligence, and she acts with unfailing spirit and vivacity. Miss Yorke is also very effective as Mrs Page; she must have studied the music with care, and she has not often acted more cleverly. Miss Cora Stuart in Anne Page shows herself possessor of a sweet though not very powerful voice, her song in the last act and duet with Fenton being both very favourably received. Sir John Falstaff is, of course, the hero of the opera, and Mr Rosa is fortunate in having so versatile and accomplished a singer as Mr Aynsley Cook to take the part. No character, indeed, comes amiss to this very clever artist, and his Falstaff is assuredly one of his best parts. He sings the music with great care and with all the requisite gusto; his love-making scenes and his carousals are equally happy, and his terror excites our laughter by perfectly legitimate means. Mr Cook, indeed, may be complimented for avoiding extravagance in scenes where exaggeration might perhaps be pardoned. We do not always expect high-class Shakspearian comedy on the operatic stage, but the fat Knight has often been less faithfully represented in the legitimate drama than by Mr Aynsley Cook in Nicolai's opera. Another exceedingly effective impersonation, which we do not hesitate to call Shakspearian, was Mr Lyall's Master Slender. The 'make-up' of this consummate and truly original lyric comedian would excite the envy of Mr Marks, and his quiet humour might be studied with advantage by many actors supposed to be comic, who are often nothing if not obtrusive. Mr J. W. Turner's Fenton is careful and measured; he sings the music with nice feeling, and we have seldom heard him use his fine voice more skillfully. We have had occasion to notice the conscientious and painstaking efforts of Mr Ludwig in less important parts, and it is gratifying to record his satisfactory

appearance as Master Ford; as singer and actor he contributed materially to the general effect. Similar praise may be given to Mr Snazelle. Mr Dodd, as Dr Caius, is droll, if not quite according to tradition. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was enthusiastically received, and with excellent reason."

Let us hope that a similar reception may be accorded when Mr Carl Rosa introduces this English version of Nicolai's opera to his London patrons at the Adelphi.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The fourth of Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concerts was given on Wednesday evening. St James's Hall was completely filled, and numbers were sent away, unable to gain admittance. Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley, both at their posts, were received with unusual warmth. Mr Reeves was in excellent voice. "The Requitel," "Come into the garden, Maud," and "My pretty Jane" produced more than usual demonstrations of approval, and vociferous demands for repetition; but Mr Reeves would only return to the platform and bow his acknowledgments. Vincent Wallace's "The Bellringer," Stephen Adams' new ballad, "The Tar's Farewell" (words by Mr F. C. Burnand), and Molloy's "The Vagabond" were Mr Santley's contributions to the programme. He was compelled to sing again the first and second, but resisted the demand for a repetition of the last. Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Maybrick, established favourites at Mr Boosey's concerts, met with their accustomed success. Mr Lloyd, after "My sweetheart when a boy" (which he sang admirably), was unanimously recalled; and Mr Maybrick, after "The Village Blacksmith," was encored, when he gave his popular song, "Nancy Lee." The London Vocal Union, headed by Mr Frederick Walker, took their usual "positions," and sang their best. It would have been more gallant to accord "place aux dames;" but better late than never; we will make the *amende honorable* the first time we have a chance of again writing about them. We can only now state that Mrs Osgood was as attractive as ever; Mme Antoinette Sterling (sterling as ever) was called upon to repeat "The Old Sailor-Wife;" Miss Orridge (looking interesting as ever) sang with true pathos Henry Smart's beautiful song, "The Lady of the Lea;" Miss Beata Francis, a rising young vocalist, met with general approval; and Miss Margaret Bucknall, in Beethoven's Polonaise in C and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," confirmed the good impression made at previous concerts. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the vocal music. The next concerts are announced for Saturday morning, January 5th, and Wednesday evening, January 16th.

THE DRAMA AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Boulonnais are a strange race. They like grand operas, opera comique and bouffe, demand during the winter months drama, comedy, vaudeville, &c., but never patronise them. Since *Le Tour du Monde* has been withdrawn M. Froment has placed on the boards of the Salle Monsigny *Les Dominos Roses* and *L'Etrangère* (not to mention *Le Bossu*, for the delectation of a Sunday audience), interpreted by the same talented company which drew crowded houses for 25 consecutive nights with *Le Tour du Monde*. Well acted, and well put on the stage, these pieces were worth a visit. "Mauvais temps," &c., is an excuse; but why did a hurricane burst during most of the run of *Le Tour du Monde*, and yet the house filled? The fact is, the Boulonnais is an animal who must have his ears tickled by music *quoi que ce soit*, and if a hurdy-gurdy were only to put in an appearance in a drama, all the world (Boulonnais world) and his wife would flock to hear it. *Les Dominos Roses* was perfectly played, but wanted a "little go." *Les Dominos Roses* will be repeated on Saturday, preceded by *Le petit Faust*. *L'Etrangère* was also well acted. *Les Cloches de Comeville*, with an old friend, M. Kellotz (tenor), and a new soprano, will be given to-morrow. A concert is being got up for the benefit of aged "pumpers" (i.e., *sapeurs pompiers*), who, having assisted at so many fires during half a century, want to be put out themselves. After being put out of the service, they want to be kept warm!

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dec. 5, 1877.

WEIMAR.—The Biblical opera of *Dalila*, by M. Camille de Saint-Saëns, has been produced at the Grand Ducal Theatre.

* This has nothing to do with Oxford degrees.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WOULD-BE PIANIST.—The *Sonate Melancolique* of Moscheles only consists of a single movement, in F sharp minor. Moscheles published a grand sonata in E major, which he dedicated to Beethoven. This should be heard at the Popular Concerts—where not a note of Moscheles has ever been given. A hint to Agnes Zimmermann.

INQUIRER.—All we have to do with public artists is to criticise them as representatives of the art they profess. How they may live privately, is their own affair—not ours.

DR BLIDGE.—Dr Bledge be blowed! 500,000 bouquets! How long did it take him to count them? And who allowed him to inspect them?

DILETTANTE.—The *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa has been played at both our Italian operahouses—under Mr Gye, as under Mr Lumley.

AN OLD OPERA-GOER.—Mlle Anna de Belocca was encored in the second air given to Siebel in *Faust*, on the night to which our correspondent refers. Moreover, she well deserved the compliment, having sung the air to perfection. We quite agree with "An old Opera-goer" as to the beauty of Mlle de Belocca's voice, and the quiet grace of her acting.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877.

THE Manchester Examiner and Times, in noticing a performance of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, by Mr Carl Rosa's excellent company, objects to certain "anachronisms" in the maps hung on the screen in Mr Ford's house, and further asks—"What was Bardolph smoking, we wonder? Not tobacco, surely, near two centuries before Sir Walter Raleigh?" About the screen anachronisms of Mr Ford we have nothing to say;—as well talk (ask the learned Dr Hueffer) of Rome being enslaved to a bald-pate Nero:—

—et calvo serviret Roma Neroni!

But with regard to the other part of it, we may be permitted to observe, that the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is by no means the Falstaff of the days of Henry IV. and Prince Hal. Heaven forbid! It was a whim of Queen Elizabeth's to make the fat Sir John what he could never, under any circumstances, possibly have been—in love, that is to say, with other than himself, or Mrs Quickly (on conditions). So, then, let Bardolph smoke as him listeth. This Bardolph was a Bardolph of Queen Elizabeth's imagining; and Sir Walter Raleigh, who composed his *History of the World* in the Tower, had previously put down a velvet cloak for his future "Bess," in order that she might not wet her precious feet—which she did all the same, whereof we have concurrent testimony. Falstaff in the "*Wives*" is a miserable Falstaff compared with the Falstaff who stretched out two men in buckram into eleven (seven of whom he "paid"); or the Falstaff who said, "Two misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green let drive at me behind—it was so dark, Hal, thou couldst not see thine hand;" or the Falstaff who slew Percy, after letting Douglas ride over him "a kimbo;" or the Falstaff who said to Poins—"I call thee coward! I'd see thee d—d ere I call thee coward;" or the Falstaff who described Master Shallow, and who—who—who did, and uttered, many other things of note worth a dozen "*Merry Wives*." Falstaff is not Falstaff in the "*Wives*," and Shakspeare did no more than write up the "doubtful" (Wagner) play called *The Merchant of Venice*, comprising (Bassanio excepted) hardly a single character that is not more or less contemptible (so unlike Shakspeare).

Could Otto Nicolai have painted musically, or musically

painted, the real Falstaff? No—a thousand times no; no more than could Michael William Balfe. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. He could (feebly, it must be admitted) paint such a fiery Templar as the one conceived by that greatest of literary "scenic artists," Walter Scott; but he had no more idea of Shakspeare than a hammer, a needle, or a scolopendra, of the Immortality of the Soul. Therefore, let Bardolph smoke in peace, and perform his functions. Bardolph was hanged for stealing "a pix of little price" (ask Pistol), before the *Merry Wives* was dreamed of; and, as Nym would say,—"that is the humour of it." Bother anachronism, where the play itself is an anachronism. Did ever woman (Catherine of Russia unexcepted), imagine such a thing possible—to say probable would be to say too much? No—never. Falstaff in love! *Quid tum?*

Thophilus Quer.

To Sir Flamborough Head.

Macfarren's "Joseph."

THIS great work—greatest of its kind, beyond comparison, since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—was performed, for the first time before a London audience, on Tuesday night, at the Royal Albert Hall. Mr Joseph Barnby and the Albert Hall Choral Society deserve much credit for the idea of bringing forward such a splendid example of English art; but they would have deserved still more had they devoted sufficient time to its preparation. Those who enjoyed the inestimable advantage of hearing the truly magnificent performance at Leeds, under the direction of Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren—unless they had perused the score, so as to become well acquainted with its manifold beauties—could hardly have believed that the *Joseph* before them was the *Joseph* which, three months ago, had transported them to the seventh heaven of delight.

"Is that you, Joe,
Old Joe?"

No, it am 'Punch'—"

—said the late Gilbert A'Beckett, twenty-nine years since. "No," indeed—a thousand times "No;" it was not our Yorkshire *Joseph* (Heaven bless those Yorkshire singers!), but quite another thing. Why, however, shirk the truth? The Royal Albert Hall, no matter what remedies may be devised, can never be made favourable to musical effect. As Coleridge says, in the *Ancient Mariner*:—

"Water here, water there,
And not a drop to drink!"

so may it be said of the Royal Albert Hall—

Echo here, echo there,
And not a sound to speak!

It must be added that a looser performance, take it for all in all, is almost without precedent—owing, in a large measure, as we have hinted, to insufficient preparation. Nevertheless, *Joseph* is still *Joseph*. It remains, and must ever remain, a masterpiece. At Exeter Hall the admirable Sir Michael Costa would have rendered it intelligible enough (no disparagement to Mr. Barnby); and at Exeter Hall, as the last great work of an illustrious Englishman, it should have first been heard in London. But what can we expect from the Sacred Harmonic Society, which all these years has left our own Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* out in the cold? That *Joseph* was heard with unmitigated pleasure, and its composer called for at the end, to be enthusiastically applauded, need hardly be said. But this is beside the question.

The leading singers were Mmes Lemmens-Sherrington, Patey, and Osgood; Sig. Foli, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley. Dr Stainer, of St Paul's, was at the organ—the right man at the right instrument (no euphemism intended).

Septimus Widd.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MISS MINNIE HAUKE has concluded a successful tour in Holland under the direction of M. Strakosch. She was assisted by the violinist, Ole Bull, and Fr. Rummell, pianist. A previous starring engagement at Liège, Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, during which the operas were *La Traviata*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Faust*, also resulted in great triumphs for Miss Hauke, and crowded houses for the managers. Little Minnie Mignonette, now the spoiled child of the Brussels public, which at first snubbed her, has signed a second engagement for two months, on higher terms than previously, with the director of the "Monnaie." During this engagement she will sustain the following new characters: Carmen, Julie, Selika, Virginie, and Elsa. She has them all, the pretty "fogy," in her head and heart. Her eyes will do the rest.

THE sale of the Sax Collection was brought to a close on the 6th inst. The total realised was about twelve thousand francs. The principal lots fell to M. Gustave Chouquet for the Museum of the Conservatory, Paris (fifty-four instruments); to M. Mahillon, for the Museum of the Conservatory, Brussels (some fifty instruments); and to M. Charles Meerens, for the private collection of M. César Snoeck, at Renaix in Belgium (some thirty). The chief acquisition made for the Paris Conservatory is the collection of Saxophones is about 800 specimens. M. Meerens is preparing a catalogue, to be published next year.

ADELINA PATTI returns to the Scala, Milan, next March, after singing at the Paganini, Genoa; the Pergola, Florence; the Apollo, Rome; and, the San Carlo, Naples. Her success at Milan exceeded anticipation. (*From a private letter.*)

MR. CARL ROSA has returned to town. In consequence of the destruction by fire of the Worcester Theatre, the tour of his celebrated opera-company, now playing at Bolton, is shortened by a week. The London performances begin in February, at the Adelphi Theatre.

WE read, in some London and New York papers, that Adelina Patti has been a failure at Milan. That, it may be presumed, is the cause why she is engaged (at her own terms) in all the other important Italian cities, and, moreover, is to give ten more performances (at her own terms) in the capital of Lombardy (where she failed!) The truth is that Mme Patti's success has been extraordinary. How this world is given — &c.

MR. GEORGE OSBORNE, the eminent pianist and composer, has started for a tour in the East. His first destination is Palestine.

DISTURBANCES have been reported from Glasgow. We do not believe one word that has been written. Dr. Hans von Bülow is the least Atlantic of *litterateurs*. Read the letters to his friend "Mustard"—of the *Leipzig Signale*. They are pure *Saxradian*.

WHAT the Crystal Palace Concerts are to orchestral music, the Monday and Saturday Concerts are to the more modest branches of the art—the quartet, the sonata, the song. Their close in March marks the beginning of the musical interregnum, their opening in the dreary month of November the commencement of a more tuneful epoch. As to the unrivalled position of these concerts, not as regards London only, but England, and, we may safely add, Europe, nothing need be said now. Several enterprises have been started of late years, with the laudable object of popularizing the classical and modern masterpieces of chamber music; but none have attained a position at all equal to or even approaching the universal excellence of the Popular Concerts. As in former years, Mr. Chappell has engaged a brilliant array of artists.—*Examiner.*

MISS DORA SCHIRMACHER's *début* at the Monday Popular Concerts was a decided and well-merited success. We shall have more to say about it in our general notice of the pre-Christmas

series. Mr Charles Hallé's return to the post he has occupied with such distinguished honour for eighteen years was hailed with enthusiasm. Mad. Norman-Néruda is still the Patti of violinists, and Piatti still the Patti of Piattis.

ERRATUM.—In a notice of the Grosvenor Gallery last week—for "Mr and Mrs Dorrell, so well-known and esteemed in the musical profession," read Mr and Miss Dorrell. With regard to Mrs Dorrell, we can only say that such a personage is at present *in nubibus*. Nevertheless, we may add, according to trustworthy information, that—*Il (Dorrell) y pense.*

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SIGNOR GUIDO PAPINI gave a *matinée musicale* on Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 28, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, by permission of Major Wallace Carpenter. The vocalists were Mdlles Lisa Perdi and Bauermeister (by permission of Colonel Mapleson), Mme Papini, and Mr William Shakespeare. The instrumentalists were Mr Stoëger (pianoforte), Signor Pezze (violoncello), and Signor Guido Papini (violin). Signor Papini—evidently a favourite with the "upper ten thousand"—played several of his own compositions: "Conte Oriental," a Ballata in B minor, the Andante and Finale from his Second Concerto, and the Romanza from the same work; as well as Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins," Vieuxtemps' "Souvenir Caprice," and two movements of Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor (with Mr Stoëger and Signor Pezze). Mr Shakespeare sang "Ecco Ridente" (*Barbiere di Siviglia*) and a charming song by Mr Walter Austin, "Chi è;" Mdlle Lisa Perdi gave Gounod's "La Serenata" (violoncello *obligato*, Signor Pezze); Mdlle Bauermeister a song by Lord Dunmore, "Liebesgeständniss" ("Tell me truly"), accompanied by Signor de Rialp (pianoforte) and Signor Papini (violin); and Mme Papini some Variations by Paganini, on Paisiello's "Nel cor più." Mr Stoëger played some studies by Chopin and his own "Valse Brillante" in a way that showed him to be a pianist of the highest ability. Signor Alessandro Romili was accompanist. The room was crowded. More ought to be heard of Signor Papini, one of the most finished and accomplished of Italian artists.

MDME TALBOT CHERER, an "associate of the Royal Academy of Music," and a well-known and highly esteemed professor of singing, gave a "vocal recital" in the new concert room of the institution in Tenterden Street, on Tuesday evening, December 4th. The programme was, so to write, somewhat historical, beginning with Alessandro Stradella, and ending with Arthur Sullivan. As the curiosity of our readers may possibly be aroused by what they read, we will satisfy it by subjoining the list of compositions after the order in which they were given:—

PART I:—Song, "Let my entreaties!" Aria di chiesa (1667) (Stradella); Aria, "Vo solcando un mar crudele" (Leonardo da Vinci); Song, "My heart ever faithful" (Bach); Recit. and Air "If guiltless blood" (Susanna) (Handel); Aria, "Sen vola lo sparvier"—The Nightingale's Song—Admetus (Handel); "Ave Maria" (organ *obligato*, Mr C. W. Le Jeune) (Cherubini); Cavatina, "Nel cor più non mi sento" (Paisiello); PART II.—Cantata, "Mad Bess" (Purcell); Songs, "Would you taste the noontide air" (Comus), "Where the bee sucks" (*Tempest*), and "The Soldier tir'd" (*Artaxerxes*) (Dr Arne); Song, "By the simplicity of Venus' doves" (Bishop); Song, "The Abbess" (Henry Smart); Song, "The lost cherd" (Sullivan).

The endeavours of Mme Cherer to interest her audience (a large one) were crowned with success, and our readers will, we doubt not, agree with us that the talented projector richly deserved it. Not only does the musical research of Mme Cherer deserve to be recorded, but her musicianly style deserves the highest praise. Messrs Le Jeune assisted Mme Cherer by playing instrumental compositions (solo and in "combination"). Mr E. M. Lott was accompanist.

MR W. F. TAYLOR, organist and choirmaster of the Parish Church (St Mary's), Battersea, and well known by his vocal and instrumental compositions, gave his annual "parochial concert" in the Vicarage Room, Battersea, on Thursday evening, December 6th, under the patronage of the Rev. Canon J. Erskine Clarke (Vicar), the clergy of the district, churchwardens, members of Parliament, and leading parishioners. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the room was well filled. Mr Taylor had the assistance of Mdlle Gilbert, Misses Stansfield, pupil of Mr Taylor (her first appearance), Kathleen Oscar-Byrne; Messrs J. Parry Cole, R.A.M., and Ernst Gaskin. Miss and Master Taylor (aged eleven and nine) played a duet for pianoforte and violin. Mr Gerard Coventry was announced to sing, but at the last moment sent a "medical excuse." The concert was satisfactory in every way. The singing of Mdlle Gilbert

was highly appreciated. Misses Stansfield and Byrne were called upon to repeat Mr W. F. Taylor's song, "I loved in days gone by," and "Barney o' Hea;" and Mr J. Parry Cole, Mr W. F. Taylor's "Saucy Jane" and his own "Married Life." Not less successful was the instrumental portion of the concert. The performances of Miss and Master Taylor were greatly applauded; their duo, "March of the Men of Harlech," with variations for violin and piano, was unanimously encoored. Mr Taylor played with great skill Liszt's "Illustrations of the Prophet," earning a hearty re-call; and Mr Gaskin (a pupil of Mr Taylor's) did credit to his instructor. Several concerted pieces, by the principal vocalists, and part-songs by the choir of St Mary's, were well rendered, and a Christmas song and chorus, "The King of our Saxon Yule," must be specially praised. The accompanists of the vocal music were Messrs Dawre, Taylor, and J. Parry Cole.—A.B.

THE students of the London Academy of Music lately gave two *sorées*, under the direction of Professor Wyld, at St George's Hall. Among those whose progress was specially noticeable were Misses Kate Griffiths, Hutchinson, and Fuller, vocalists; and Miss E. Bonson, pianist. M. Marlois and Herr Lehmyer were the accompanists.

MR C. J. BISHENDEN'S concert was given, for the *début* of his pupil, Mr W. H. Nelson, at Langham Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 4. Mr Nelson possesses "any amount" of voice, but must work hard before he can obtain—what no doubt he aims at—a high position as a vocalist. He, of course, was well received, and called upon to repeat both his songs. Mr Bishenden assisted his pupil by singing "The Village Blacksmith," &c. Misses Guest, Britton, and Leigh were the other vocalists. Dr Bernhardt and Mr Mew played some duets for the pianoforte and harmonium. Mr Mew was conductor.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The *Guardian* has the following:—"Miss Blanche Lucas has again entered upon a brief engagement at the Aquarium. She is a great favourite; her songs are not only exquisitely rendered, but they are varied and well selected; and the reception which she met with was not only most encouraging, but a well-merited tribute to a talented and rising young artist." Miss Lucas appeared each evening during the week, and also at the afternoon concerts (Wednesday and Saturday). Mr Vernon Rigby sang "The Thorn" and "Sound the alarm" in his best manner.

BRISTOL.—The *Messiah* was given in Colston Hall, on Thursday evening, November 29, and attracted an enormous audience. The chorus numbered about 300, assisted by an orchestra of nearly 40. The solo vocalists were Miss Julia Wigan, Miss Florence Wydford, Messrs Harper Kearton and Lawford Huxtable. Miss Julia Wigan, says *The Daily Post*, delighted every one. Her voice, rich and melodious, is enhanced by her refined and cultured style. This was manifested in the pure and elevated feeling with which she gave the recitative, "There were Shepherds," and again in the bravura air, "Rejoice greatly," rendered with an artistic finish that elicited loud applause. As an example of expression and vocal grace, we may instance her refined delivery of "Come unto Him," in which she again evoked the warmest applause. The conductor was Mr Stanley Hatton.

BANBURY.—One of the best concerts, writes *The Guardian*, we have had for some time was given in the Corn Exchange on Thursday evening, November 22, when Mr Phasey, the celebrated euphonium player, gave us an opportunity of hearing some singers new to Banbury. They were Mdme Ida Gillies Corri, Mdme Alice Barth, Mr Bernard Lane, and Mr Henry Corri. Mr Fountain Meen was the accompanist. The vocalists are members of the Crystal Palace Opera Company. The programme included Mozart's comic opera, *The Impresario*, and a miscellaneous selection. Mdme Alice Barth's song, "Tell me my heart," was remarkably good, and the demand for its repetition unanimous. Mdme Barth, however, gave "Cease your funning" instead. Mr Bernard Lane, sang Blumenthal's "The Message" exceedingly well; and Mr Phasey sustained his high reputation by a splendid performance on the euphonium of "O ruddier than the cherry," which was enthusiastically encoored.

VIENNA.—Oberthur's overture, *Rübezahl*, with which Ed. Strauss began his series of concerts at the Grand "Musikverein's Saal," has been repeated, and again met with a flattering reception. The work which, by the bye, is published in score and parts by Schott & Sons, at Mayence, has now been performed in most of the principal cities of the continent.

CONCERTS IN VIENNA.*

The banner and token of the present concert-season is still our lively remembrance of Herbeck. Up to the present moment, every important musical performance has been, over and above everything else, a memorial solemnity in honour of the Departed whom we love so well. Like the great Cid, who, when his corpse was set on horseback, won a battle after his death, Herbeck's shadow flits like a victorious hero before his faithful hosts. His spirit transformed the concert-room into a church, where the notabilities of musical art in Vienna performed there Mozart's *Requiem* for the great soul mourned by all. The programmes of the Society's Concerts are still those drawn up by Herbeck's hand—in them he still rules from the grave as "Artistic Director;" in the air from *Graf von Gleichen*, he arose before us as the discoverer of Schubertian relics; with his last orchestral work, the members of the Philharmonic paid homage to him as a composer; and of what we have lost in Herbeck, the conductor, we were reminded by the last performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

Herbeck's Symphony in D minor, performed at the second Philharmonic Concert, is the last work composed by him, and, as regards sterling merit and musical concentration, one of the most excellent things he ever wrote. In the first place, it strikes us by an innovation hitherto unknown:† the co-operation of the organ. The part for this instrument is *obligato*, and determines from the outset the character of the entire work. This notion of the organ was probably suggested by the large instrument in the hall of the Musical Association; once accepted, it must have exerted a seductive influence over one so fond as Herbeck was of new and choice musical effects. In his first Symphony (C major), he made a similar *obligato* use of the harp through all the four movements, not as Berlioz did, in the service of a definite poetic meaning, but for the sake of the brilliant effects of sound. Herbeck was attracted, in the first instance, by the harp, and in the second by the organ, as a source of acoustic impressions never before essayed in the symphonic style. Both instruments lead inexorably to non-symphonic bye-ways: the harp to the stage, and the organ to the church. A harp-symphony will, to a certain degree, sound Meyerbeerish, and an organ symphony, Bachish. Of the two somewhat strange guests, the latter is certainly the more noble and powerful; by its mere sound the organ imparting to every musical composition a deeply earnest and religious character. Herbeck had experienced, in the hall of the Musical Association, the grandiose and incomparable effect of the organ in completing the mass of sound in oratorio; but the idea of employing it in a symphony was a natural, while, at the same time, a new and dazzling idea. A happy idea, in my opinion, it is not. As an *obligato* orchestral instrument, the organ immediately clutches for itself the supremacy over everything else, and this supremacy is very hard to bear all through a symphony in four movements. The organ's mighty roar swallows up, like a greedy flame, all the other instruments. In addition to this acoustic despotism, the "King of Instruments" exercises æsthetic despotism: its ecclesiastical character permits of no secularization; it forbids the charming mobility, the change of mood, and the dramatic life, which we require from the modern symphony. The contrast of character in the four movements—that undisputed art-law of the symphony—is brought down by the organ to a minimum. Herbeck felt this drawback, and therefore allowed the organ to rest during the Scherzo. But, in consequence, the Scherzo differs palpably from the style of the other movements. Perhaps the composer would have done better had he entirely omitted the Scherzo (the least successful of all the four movements), and returned to the old form of the symphony in three movements. Prelude, Andante, and Finale would have constituted a far more homogeneous and less fatiguing whole. If Berlioz built up his "Symphonie Fantastique" in five movements, instead of the usual four, why should not another son of the present century venture for once upon the number three?

(To be continued.)

A STRAY THOUGHT.

There are feelings which never are told
By the wildest or tenderest word;
But our sighs all their passion unfold,
In our sobs all their anguish is heard.
Chains, never in life to be broken,
Tell the heart a close prisoner is;

* Copyright.

Yet the links were flung o'er it with
Of just only a long, silent kiss. [token
And when the rent spirit doth quiver
In the throes of its lingering death,
Its love-wall, "For ever and ever!"
Floats up mutely to God with its breath.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

† Arthur Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam," the composer being an Englishman, of course, must not be taken into account.

SERIOUS AND BUFFO OPERA IN VIENNA.*

(Concluded from page 815.)

At the present moment, a new three-act operetta, *Tivolini, der Bandit von Palermo*—in the original, *Le Pompon*, by Charles Lecocq—is being performed with the best results. The immense success of *Madame Angot* has seduced the composer, besieged by managers on all sides, to wring from his industry more than his musical capabilities sanctioned, at least, in so short a time. Not one of his subsequent works attained the freshness of *Madame Angot*, though, at the same time, it must be confessed that no other was supported by so happily imagined and so skilfully conducted a libretto. Lecocq has exhibited no diminution of zeal and careful work in his later buffo operas, and, like the rest, *Tivolini* is to be recommended for its becoming tone and graceful realisation. Lecocq's praiseworthy efforts to refine buffo opera, and raise it to a higher artistic level, takes him near, perhaps too near, *opéra-comique*, properly so called. The short farcical story of *Tivolini* is filled by him with music to overflowing. The index contains nineteen musical scenes, many of which include three or four numbers, making up some thirty in all. This is a great deal too much for a buffo opera, in which we do not like to see so great a concession made to the music at the expense of the action and of the amusing dialogue. Of these numerous pieces, there is scarcely one of marked originality and thorough effectiveness, though we meet with much that is pleasing, joyous, and graceful. We would especially distinguish Piccolo's first couplets in G major; the chorus: "Ila le pompon, le pompon," in the first *finale*; Fioretta's romance: "Une Voix," in the second act; and lastly, the scene in court (chiefly effective through the acting). The funniest and most applauded number, the buffo trio: "Durchgebrannt," is composed by the *Capellmeister*, Herr Brandl. The opera has the advantage of being excellently performed. Knaack and Blasel provide admirably for those who like a laugh, while Mdlle Meyerhoff and Herr Rüdinger delight the lovers of graceful singing. Herr Rüdinger, the tenor, surprised us most agreeably by the good taste he displayed, especially in the first act; in the afterpart of the evening he was unfortunately compelled to force his small but pleasing voice. However, he is a valuable acquisition for the Carl-Theater in characters demanding a refined vocal style.

When we have acknowledged the becoming tone and appreciated a few pretty numbers, we have done all *Le Pompon* deserves; it does not possess the importance and value attributed to it by certain Paris papers. There is a journalistic party busily intent in France on praising its hero, Lecocq, to the clouds at the expense of Offenbach. For originality and freshness of talent, for wealth of melody, and for a spirit of rhythm, however, Lecocq is in no way to be compared with Offenbach. Consequently Offenbach's extraordinary gift of musical comicality is only to be found a hundred times diluted in Lecocq. Offenbach has repeated himself very unmistakably, and fallen off considerably; but even in his subsequent and less pretentious works, such as *Margot* (*La Boulangerie*), *Madame l'Archiduc*, &c., he still presents us with musical *aperçus* which would never have struck Lecocq, and comic scenes of which Lecocq would never have been capable. Offenbach possesses, at any rate, an original style, and a particular *cachet* of his own; we instantly recognize him in his own operas as well as in those of others. Lecocq owes the style he has cultivated so successfully to the example set by Offenbach, just as he owes him the commencement of his career. As founder of the Bouffes Parisiens, Offenbach offered a prize for the best setting of a one-act buffo opera, *Le Docteur Mirabolan*. No less than sixty-eight composers tried for it—a remarkable sign of musical fertility in France! The prize was obtained by Georges Bizet (the composer of *Carmen*) and Lecocq between them. *Mirabolan* was played on alternate evenings, first with Bizet's music and then with Lecocq's; but neither setting was especially successful. Since then (1867) Lecocq presented the public with numerous buffo operas, but only one, *Fleur de Thé* (performed as *Theebülthe* at the Carl Theater), proved anything like a hit. His first great success was achieved (in 1872) by his *Cent Vierges*, and the greatest of all by his *Madame Angot*, which was composed immediately afterward, and which ran in Paris for more than four hundred successive nights. Yet, while decidedly inferior to Offenbach in original and spirited invention,

Lecocq enjoys one advantage over him, the richer store of resources derived from his musical education. Lecocq is a thoroughly trained musician; he gained in his time, at the Conservatory, the first prize for composition, and a second for organ playing. Such systematic schooling was beyond the reach of Offenbach, who was flung from out his struggles for daily bread into the most brilliant triumphs and the most exhausting exertions. A proof of such musical erudition as few composers of buffo operas could give, has just been furnished by Lecocq in his edition of Rameau's famous opera, *Castor et Pollux*. Rameau, to whom a monument has lately been erected in his native town, Dijon, was the first Frenchman who, carrying much further the work of the Italian, Lully, marked an epoch in the history of French grand opera. By his original system of harmony, by his operas, and, lastly, by the considerable influence he exercised on Gluck's style, he occupies a very important position in the estimation of every musician. The more deeply, therefore, do we feel the inaccessibility of his scores. Even of his most celebrated and best opera, *Castor et Pollux* (1737) there is only one engraved score in existence, and that has become a very great rarity. The manuscript scores vary exceedingly from each other, and there are no pianoforte arrangements at all. Lecocq has devoted the leisure hours of several years to preparing a faithful and complete pianoforte score of the work with the text, and this has just been published in a handsome and convenient form by Legoux of Paris. Beyond, as well as within the borders of France, this conscientious work will be joyfully welcomed; though it will hardly attain such widespread popularity as *Madame Angot*, it will, in its way, do M. Lecocq no less honour.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

—o—
WAIIFS.

Mr Carl Rosa and his company have been playing this week, with their accustomed success, at Bolton. All lovers of English opera look anxiously for their return to London, and their opening performance at the Adelphi Theatre.

Many besides musicians are partial to a bar's rest.

Mrs Osgood is expected back in America next spring.

The Teatro Alfieri at Genoa has been destroyed by fire.

La Statue and *Gilles de Bretagne* are in active rehearsal at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Liszt is at Pesth, where he will pass the winter. (Hope it won't be cold.—D. P.)

M. Louis Ketten is nominated professor of singing in the Conservatory of Geneva.

Herr Abert, Royal *Capellmeister*, Stuttgart, has completed a new five-act opera, *Ekkehard*.

The death is announced of M. Ch. Desolme, founder, and formerly editor, of *L'Europe Artiste*.

Herr Martin Röder has been appointed permanent director of the Società del Quartetto, Milan.

Bathylle, by M. W. Chaumet, will be revived at the Paris Opéra-Comique before the end of the month.

Mdlle Bilbaut-Vauchelet has made her *début* at the Paris Opéra-Comique as Isabella in *Le Pré aux Clercs*.

Mdlle Mendes makes her *début* at the Paris Opéra-Comique in *Un Jour de noces*, by MM. Sardou and Doffès.

The new Politeama Ariosto, to be inaugurated in May, at Reggio (Emilia), will accommodate 2,000 spectators.

Sig. Jacovacci has engaged Adelina Patti for a series of performances at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, in February.

Mdlle Grandjean, who discovered Herr Theodor Wachtel, and was singing mistress in Hamburg, has died in a hospital.

After a two months' concert tour in Belgium and Holland, Rubinstein revisits Paris to superintend the production of his *Nero*.

Paisiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia* has been revived at the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele, Ancona. The work has not been often performed since Rossini reset the libretto (1812).

There is a report that Mdlle Rita Sangalli will take advantage of her leave of absence from the Grand Opera, Paris, to appear during the Carneval at the Teatro Comunale, Trieste.

Exactly one hundred years will have elapsed on the 3rd August, 1878, since the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, was opened, the opera on the first night being Salieri's *Europa riconosciuta*.

Camillo Sivori, Lauro Rossi, Antonio Bazzini, and Antonio Cagnoni, are created honorary members of the Academy of St Cecilia at Rome. (Interesting news and startling!—D. P.)

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Herr Wilhelm Ronnenburger, Royal Prussian Chamber-Musician, has just celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary. In honour of the event the Emperor Wilhelm conferred on him the title of Royal Prussian *Concertmeister*.

Mr Frances Howell's new cantata, *The Song of the Months*, is to be given, for the first time, at Sevenoaks, next Wednesday evening. The soprano and tenor parts are entrusted to Miss Ellen Horne, and Mr Albert James. Mr Howell will conduct.

Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, with Mr Grist's new version of the words, was given at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday. The cast included Mme Cave-Ashton, Mme Alice Barth, Miss Florence St John, Messrs Bernard Lane, George Fox, and R. Temple. The well-known trio, "My Lady the Countess," was encored, and the opera is announced for repetition on Monday next.

BELLS.*

A ROMANCE.

I.	Yet not in notes of sorrow; But with a joyful wedding peal, Oh! ye will tremble then.
Ye melancholy bells! Ye know not why ye're ringing; Set not the teardrops springing From sorrows that ye bring to mind, Ye melancholy bells!	IV.
Oh, doleful is your sound! Your clear and plaintive knelling A sorrow-tale is telling: [twin'd Ye're breaking now the hopes that A mourner's heartstring round.	And then ye will ring on! To-day in tones of sadness; To-morrow, peals of gladness; Ye'll sound them both, yet never feel A thrill of either one.
III.	V.
And ye will ring again! And ye will ring to-morrow, * Copyright.	Ye ever changing bells! Oh! many ye resemble, Who ever throb and tremble, Yet never knew what moves them so, Ye ever-changing bells!

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